

FOCUS on Healing

Since 1982

Vol. 15 No 3

\$5.95US/\$7.25 Canada

Dream Network



A Journal Exploring Dreams & Myth

Inside:

World Wheel

Vijili

The Healing
Language
of Dreams

Marc Ian Barasch

Compassion
Lessons

Barbara Shor

Healing in
the Heart of
Your Dream

Graywolf

Poetry, Reviews,
Networkers!



".... for nothing
will remain
after the storm
and the fire,
save the beauty,
ecstasy and
perfect, naked
truth of who
you are as a
light being."

Mayan Oracle



Subscriptions: 1-800-861-3732

WHOOSH!

In the midst of a summer solstice starlit night, while camping in the mountains by a clear little mirror-like lake which is surrounded by ancient primordial forest, I have this dream:

*I am traveling through the universe in my light body with all of my friends.
There is great song and laughter, a joyous party is going on.
As I am looking out upon the vastness of the universe,
I happen to notice a distant blue light, like a twinkling blue diamond or sapphire.
Traveling at the speed of light, in an instant
I am near this wondrous gem in the middle of eternity.
The closer I get, the more beautiful and intriguing it becomes.
Suddenly, its gravitational pull has me and I feel the sensation of falling
rapidly in the pit of my stomach.....WHOOSH!
In the next moment, I am hanging naked from a doctor's hands.
I am encased in a human body!*



*Off in the distance, I hear my friends laughing.
They think this is hysterically funny.
As their voices trail off in the distance, I can hear them singing,
"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."
Thus begins a new reincarnation.*



On Our Cover

"Flamedance" ©

.... represents profound transformation and purification that fire brings: clearing old patterns, judgments, past experiences, memories and expectations. The essence of flame purifies and transmutes feelings, clearing and purifying all that is not needed and releasing hidden power and potential in order to know true healing and freedom.

"Cling not to this or that, for nothing will remain after the storm and the fire, save the beauty, ecstasy and perfect naked truth of who you are as a light being..." from The Mayan Oracle. Spilsbury & Bryner. Bear & Co. Santa Fe, NM: 1992
 Moab, Utah artist, ViviAnn Rose, combines her fine art B&W photography with oil painting to achieve super-realist images that keep viewers guessing about what it is they are looking at: a painting? a photograph? Both. Nationally recognized in 1994 by the Artist's Magazine as the best in mixed media, she has exhibited from coast to coast and has been included in international shows.

A limited print run of "Flamedance" lithographs, size 26" x 40" are available by sending check or money order for \$135 + \$10 (S&H) to: ViviAnn Rose, 1337 Powerhouse Lane 27, Moab, UT 84532. For information on her workshops, commissioned portraits or to view additional artwork, She can be reached at her studio in Moab at phone / fax (801) 259-8757.

Founder
 William R. Stimson, Ph.D.

Council of Advisors
 Stanley Krippner, Ph.D.
 Marcia S. Lauck
 William Phillips
 Barbara Shor
 Graywolf/Fred Swinney, M. A.

Editor/Publisher
 H. Roberta Ossana, M.A.

Advertising
 % Dream Network/ Main Office
 (801) 259-5936
 Email: DreamsKey@sisna.com
 PO Box 1026, Moab, UT 84532

Cover: © "Flamedance"
Artist: ViviAnn Rose, Moab, UT

Quote from The Mayan Oracle. Spilsbury & Bryner Bear & Co. Santa Fe, NM: 1972

Book Review Editor
 Suzanne Nadon (contact info, p. 42)
Contributing Artists, Editors & Poets

Chris Grassano
 Lorraine Grassano
 Deborah Koff-Chapin
 Joy Gates
 Susan Hickman
 Mary Saint-Marie
 Angela Mark
 John Montiero
 Will Phillips
 Noelle A.C. Powell
 Scot D. Ryerson
 Michael Shores
 Noreen Wessling

Editorial Assistance
 Cydney Helen Domenick
 Kelly MacArthur
 Lynn Shafer
 Phil Schuman

Dream Network

SUBSCRIPTION IN(FORM)ATION

DN 15 #2

One Year: 4 Issues

Φ \$22 Regular U.S.
 Φ \$30 Canada, Library
 or Mexico/Air
 Φ \$38 Foreign/Air

Two Years: 8 Issues

Φ \$40 Regular U.S.
 Φ \$55 Canada, Library
 or Mexico
 Φ \$65 Foreign Air

Website: <http://www.hmtp.com/new/dream/dream.html>
 All Canadian & Foreign orders, U.S. funds please.
 Subscriptions start with the issue following receipt of order.
 2 & 3 year price reductions apply to gift subscriptions, as well.

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ St. _____ Zip _____

Please make checks payable to: **Dream Network**
 1337 Powerhouse Lane, Suite #22, PO Box 1026, Moab, UT 84532
 or phone 1-800-861-3732 Visa, MC & AmEx Subscriptions, only.

Table of Contents

©1996 Dreaming Humanity's Paths

- 3 **WHOOSH!**
- 11 *The Earth is a Native American Woman*
- 29 *Taking the Leap*
- 36 *The Celebration.... or What Died?*
- 69 *Breathe the Stars*

Special Focus on the Ways Dreams HEAL

- 12 **World Wheel:
Cross Cultural & Earth Healing with Art & Ritual**
by Vijali
- 18 **The Healing Language of Dreams**
by Marc Ian Barasch
- 20 **Healing in the Heart of Your Dream**
by Graywolf/Fred Swinney
- 23 **Trusting the Dream and the Dreamer**
by John Mackenzie
- 24 **A Healing Dream.... "Laid It On The Line"**
by Mary Flaten
- 25 **Stardust Spilling in the Sky** *by Lorraine Grassano*
- 26 **Compassion Lessons
Cultural Transformation & Healing**
by Barbara Shor
- 30 **Dreaming to a Healthier I** *by David F. DeLoera*
- 33 **Healing the Ancestral Roots**
by Gwendolyn Endicott
- 35 **Sometime the End is Not Nigh,**
or, How it Feels Not to Die *by Charlotte Bell*
- 37 **Dream Man Walking** *by David Morse*
- 46 **Wolf Into Fish: A 'Dream Reading'**
by Charles de Beer
- 49 **Healing Messengers of the Night**
by Noreen Wessling
- 53 **Now I See....** *by Antara*

In Every Issue

- 7 - 11 **Responses: Letters from our Readers** ♡ ↔ ♡
- 38 - 40 **Dream Inspired Poetry**
- 42, 43 **Book Reviews** *by Suzanne Nadon & Roberta Ossana*
- 62 - 67 **Networkers/Dream Groups/Classified**

Upcoming Focus For Volume 15 No. 3

Questions:

How did you come to better understand symbolic language and metaphor? How do you distinguish symbolic and metaphoric, rather than literal, messages/meanings in your dreams?

We Welcome Your Submission

Lifeline: Four Weeks after receipt of this issue.

NOTE Regarding Submissions:

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

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

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

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

Editorial

Focus on Healing....

Heal (verb) To.... ameliorate, gain, improve, mend, rally, recover, rehabilitate, revive, cure, fix, make well, mend, revive, remedy, repair, restore.

This issue is *extremely* focused... extraordinary in variety but nearly all of the contents center around the theme suggested in our last issue: Dreams and Healing. It is filled with inspiration and validation that our dreams are indeed in service to healing *on all levels*: planetary, community, family and individual.

♥♥♥♥ A Four Heart rating (much more significant than two thumbs up!) to all who have contributed. It is a particular pleasure to introduce you to some of Moab's dreamers and artists. Our cover art, FlameDance, the opening birthing vision, *WHOOSH!* and *World Wheel: Cross Cultural Healing with Ritual and Art*, all emanate from individuals inhabiting this red rock desert land.

Healing Dreams....

I'd like to share two significant healing dreams of my own that I hope hold meaning for you and ask you to consider them through the eyes of an individual who is predominantly reasonable, linear, logical:

Lecture on Releasing Steam

A college professor is giving a lecture to my class. He is pointing to the image of a pressure cooker with particular emphasis on the steam release valve.

As he does so, he explains that this is an example of how we are to release repressed emotions.... a little at a time.

Mass Transit Healing

I am on board a passenger train with a well-known healer. We are looking toward the seats which are filled with passengers who are wrapped in white bandages from head to toe. I ask the healer what

*has happened to these people?
She informs me that
this is a healing journey.
I am to be healed
and to assist in healing others.*

What a genius.... the Dream-Maker! When I had these dreams in the '80s, I admit they perplexed me; today, their meaning is lucid. Still, many people tilt their heads and say "That's weird!" when one shares such dream imagery. And truly, if you consider these events taking place in what we consider to be 'normal' reality, it *is* weird! What college professor is going to lecture on the similarity between a pressure cooker release valve and repressed emotions? And, what an experience it would be to see a train full of.... mummies!

The most basic—yet challenging — of necessities in dreamwork is developing skills in comprehending the intriguing language of the soul. No small task.... because it is, most often, uniquely individualized and, at times, a universal language.

Our Next Issue....

Thus, the **Question** to be explored in our next issue: What processes do *you* employ in clarifying, then integrating, the symbolic language and metaphors in *your* dreams?

Let's really dive into this one! Share *your* insights, techniques, experience.... for the benefit of all dreamers.

Changes...

Dream Network is in a process of challenging and positive transformation. The changes, though in too embryonic a stage to articulate with clarity at this time, are responsible for our lateness in getting this issue out. In order to satisfy our obligation to you, we have created an expanded issue and will do so again in December. We also decided to compromise our cover stock in order to experience full color.

Please share your *Responses* soon.



Expressions of Gratitude....

After many years of valuable service to dreams and *Dream Network* as Advisors, Ingrid Luke and Kelly Hunter are moving on. Ingrid finds herself overly occupied with her family's business in Central Oregon and with the launching of her two lovely daughters into their college years; she remains available to you as one of our valuable *Networkers*. Kelly is going through a delightful transition and has recently moved to the Virgin Islands. Wow! Thank you, both, for all that you have given!

Gail Arrenholz-Roberts recently called and requested extra copies of this issue of DN for the purpose of networking and marketing in Illinois. It is this kind of help that we genuinely appreciate. If you are so inclined, please be in touch. There are a number of ways in which you can help! Thanks, Gail.

Erratum: Vol. 15 No. 1

Page 3, *Dreaming Humanity's Path: It Will Take a Spiritual Reawakening*, should have read.... "I'm in an outdoor, country setting where I give a spontaneous and impassioned speech concerning the state of the world. Feeling greatly inspired, I speak in simple terms. I inform my audience that "it will take a spiritual reawakening" to deflect us from our present course of destruction...."

In *Responses*, pp. 10-11, the letter entitled DNJ. *A Community Sharing Its Dreams with the World*, was submitted by Barbara Shor. Apologies.

Responses

Letters From YOU!

On Dreaming

We have all been to the landscape of the dreamworld.

By studying our dreams, we can understand ourselves so that we can learn and grow in a subtle way.

It seems that everyone is looking for more meaning in their lives, a higher purpose. But most of us ignore our sixth sense. Not being aware of dreams is comparable to wearing a blindfold or using earplugs through life. We have been given an avenue to the inner world, a pathway to the life of the soul.... and most of us ignore it.

Dreams hold unlimited possibilities.

It's a miracle that we can lie perfectly still, our bodies asleep in our beds and our spirit/minds can travel long distances — no distance is too far — through time, reviewing the past, checking out the future.... we can even meet with our loved ones who have died.

In the dream we use all of our senses. We can see, hear, taste, touch and smell. Amazing.... and we don't even use our bodies! We can hear other people's thoughts even though they're not talking. We can read their minds.

In the dream, thoughts take immediate realization. Awake, thoughts take "time" to happen. In the dream, time expands and contracts. We have all the time in the world and change is always happening.

We dream for many different reasons: to release our feelings, to examine past lives, to explain life's daily events, to solve problems. We have flying dreams, healing dreams, time travel dreams, precognitive and discovery dreams. We have dreams of the collective

unconscious.

People all over the world are waking up to the importance of the dreamworld. There is a spiritual upheaval going on. By paying attention to our dreams we can directly access the mystery of this hidden side of our personalities.

We are coming to the end of a millennium. One thousand years of looking outside of ourselves for all of the answers has not worked. It's time for us to turn within where all of the answers to all of the questions in the universe are waiting to be found.

Cosmic consciousness is the connection we all have to one another. There is a world underlying the three dimensional framework we call reality. In this other world, we can collectively communicate and together accomplish incredible miracles.

We create from our collective souls. Because of this, we have a responsibility to do planetary soulwork, where all of us work under the surface of everyday situations, for world peace and health and harmony.

If people would give some time and attention to this endeavor, together we could help our planet. The Earth is our creative endeavor. It is what we are. It's all an extension of ourselves.

Dreams hold universal secrets. They're a way to uncover the unremembered past and the unknown future. They defy space and time. They connect us to all living things. They tell us what death is like. They're a way to communicate with others, living or dead. Dreams heal us.

Everyone's ideal person lives within the soul of their dreams.

Carol Glazier, Highland Park, IL

Harriet Found Us!

I discovered a recent copy of *Dream Network* in a book store.

I read it from cover to cover

and can't wait for more!

Enclosed is my check to cover costs for a one year subscription and for the last issue published before my subscription. Thank you!

Harriet Berman, Monterey, CA

Planning a College Course: *Anthropology of the Unconscious*

Thanks so much for publishing our joint article, *A Dream Sharing Community in Extension*, in the last issue! Please credit Gordon Bernstein, a professional photographer and personal friend, for my photograph. The whole issue was very inspiring for me, as I am working with a community organization in my town for the first time after living here for 16 years! My dreaming is helping to guide our efforts to control growth and development and to preserve wild space. I see this as a parallel effort to the enrichment I receive from my own 'wild' spaces.

I'm planning a new upper-level college course for the winter/spring of 1997 entitled *Toward an Anthropology of the Unconscious*. This will make use of many of the ideas I've found in *Dream Network Journal* in the last few years on dreaming in other cultures. If anyone knows of some particularly good book-length studies of this in non-Western societies, please let me know.

Curtiss Hoffman, 58 Hilldale Rd.

Ashland, MA 01721

email: C1Hoffman@bridgew.edu

DNJ, a fine journal....

Dreaming Humanity's Path/ Dreams of Guidance for Humanity (Vol. 14 No. 3) is a beautiful issue and DNJ is a fine journal, every issue. I will send several issues on to others in my network and hopefully some will subscribe who haven't already. You all do fine work for the dream community.

Joy Gates, NY, NY

We Need Your Dreams!

You are cordially invited to participate in a new, groundbreaking book, being compiled by the editor of The Amityville Horror, W.D. Fields & Me and Jane Roberts' Seth Books.

We're developing a whole new theory of how dreams work and how to make them work for you. Already we've made some potentially major discoveries, with implications that reach far beyond dreaming itself. To nail them down, we need a broad sampling of dreams to use as raw material, examples and case histories.

All dream accounts will be anonymous. Any names and identifying details will be changed. No dream will be attributed to any specific contributor. This way, you can be as open and honest as you like, with no embarrassment.

In return for the right to publish your dream accounts, you'll receive a complete understanding of your own dreams and how they work.... including:

1) Categorization and analysis of each dream you submit;

2) Specific answers to your questions about dreams;

3) Advance previews of what we've learned so far. You'll be able to stop the book in mid-sentence and make it cover topics of interest to you; and

4) An ongoing series of proven exercises that other contributors are using to remember, decipher and direct their dreams.... including one simple, effective method that lets you "retrieve" and replay half-remembered dreams while fully conscious.

To get started, please send us a typed or handwritten account of your most memorable dream, one that you can still remember now, years later.

Feel free to tell us about your most recent dreams, too. But be sure to include their waking context: whatever issues and conflicts were on your mind for a day or two

before the dreams occurred.

For more information, call or write: Tam Mossman, 4225 North Marshall #2, Scottsdale, AZ 85251 or phone (602) 994-4118.

The Holy City

What happens when whole people interact with whole people? They form a network of whole people, of course! Each individual is self-directed and unaddicted to either substance, relationship or work. Each person has a sense of personal mission, comfortable with the Divine as co-creator, and knows the dark as a place for regeneration. The energy between such people isn't entropic, it is synergistic. They form a community where the whole is greater than the sum of the parts.

The work ahead, for me, is to identify and deal with the last (or latest) addictive patterns in my life, to redefine my sense of mission and purpose based on my own God-given talents, to build networks of support with individuals who are themselves whole and self-directed, and to serve my family and community.... dedicating a generous amount of time to personal recreation and inner work.

I believe that the archetype which best describes this pattern is one called the Hexagram. Unlike the mandala, which describes personal wholeness, this model speaks of an interpersonal reality, a "whole person community." In the hexagram, the six points are made up of two trinities, one masculine and one feminine. The masculine trinity can be seen in the Christian trinity of Father, Son and Holy Ghost, or Gillette and Moore's trinity of Warrior, King, Magician. The feminine trinity can be seen in the Chltonic Trinity of Maiden, Mother and Crone. When the points within these two trinities are linked they form a hexagram-like honeycomb, a container for the sweet juices of a fulfilling, creative and

interdependent life. The hexagram is a more detailed elucidation and an evolution of the Father-Mother theology of my third phase. Interdependence has replaced personal wholeness as the spiritual ideal.

I do not yet live in community, and the Holy City is still but a vision. Yet I feel it and sense it as if I were right there, at the threshold. Today I stand at the gate, connected to only a very few people. I often feel the pain of those still thrashing, blind in the wilderness. Yet despite the despair, disillusionment, pessimism, war and burning times which still rage on outside the great walls, I know there are also people ahead of me, inside the gates, building. One soulful gift, one piece of art, one lucid article, one volunteer service and one day of work after another, they are laying their conscious efforts like golden bricks in rows and columns. They are building paths of pearls and walls studded with precious jewels. They are forging the Holy City for all to share.

I am dressed as a bride, ready to commune with my destiny. Dare I enter?

"And God will make his/her home among them." Revelations 21:4

Suzanne Nadon, Ontario, Canada.

We are simultaneously walking ancient terrain and charting unknown territory in these pages.

Act on the impulse!

Share *your* experience and insights with us.

Unless you indicate otherwise, we consider all letters for this column and do, of course, reserve the right to edit.

We welcome & invite *your* RESPONSES & QUESTIONS!

Address to Letters

%DN PO Box 1026

Moab, UT 84532

Dream Network: High Octane Fuel

At last I found you! What a relief to find other "Big Dreamers" or those with Dreaming Medicine, as I call it. Always I have wanted to find a way to honor those magnificent teachings, healings, initiations and experiences of other times and dimensions that occur as I leave this reality and enter others. Just when I thought I would have to write a book or something huge like that to put my dreams out there, along comes the *Dream Network!* Where have I been? Dreaming, I guess.

From early childhood to now, I have had to work the dreams alone, as most people's dismissive reactions were, "Wow, you sure have wild dreams, wish mine were like that." By working my dreams, honoring them and asking for help as I drift asleep, I receive clarity about myself and understanding of the world and reality in general. I've experienced immense growth as I followed the guidance given to me or tried to answer what was put before me by Masters in the Dreamtime. The dream world has taught me more than any other person, college or job has about who I am and why I am here. I now value them as incredible jewels of wisdom that are meant to be shared. The star people, Shamans, Gods and Goddesses are all present and available to heal, guide and assist.

Russell Lockhart's article, *Whispers and Murmurs*, Vol. 14 No. 4, is brilliant; this man is visionary at it's best. I agree wholeheartedly on the importance and value of the dreamer and the dream to the larger community. The possibility of using the dream to inspire, create and steer the evolution of society is fantastic and gives me hope for the future. As it was before, so it shall be again. I applaud his words for sparking in me the energy to take

my dreamwork to a new level, to take a look at what's been coming through me in a different way: validation, as it were, that yes, my dreams do have worth beyond my own personal growth. Long have I felt that I and others have been given keys and that when we shared them, the doors to the hidden truths would open and answers to my ancient mysteries would unfold. I look forward to submitting some of my "treasures" soon and submitting original artwork to accompany it.

My personal taste is not so much for the Freudian/Jungian analytical psycho-babble, because one can always go to textbooks for that... rather it is for the cutting edge visions and endless possibilities that the dreamworlds contain for personal and planetary enrichment. This dreamer casts her vote to that end.

The *Dream Network* forum and Lockhart's inspirational article have been food for my soul and high octane fuel for my Dreamtime. Thank you both from one who comes from the stars bringing change and transformation in service to Spirit.

Antara, Santa Cruz, CA

A.H.O.A.

I am more than happy to add my voice to the one journal that is doing more for the psychological and spiritual health of its readers than any other. I am very much impressed with the *Dream Network* because it shows some real intuitive insight into the beauty and the mystery of the Dream World and it brings it all back into the world of reality.

The art work is always the first thing that attracts my attention. Not to mention the covers; they are really beautifully done. But it is the articles both individually and collectively that earns my respect....

and that is exactly why I have recommended it to several members of Asclepiads, who have subscribed.

I am thankful for this splendid opportunity to help and participate in the life cycle of *Dream Network Journal*. May the Masters inspire all of our efforts.

Dr. David F. DeLoera, Ph.D.
Asclepiads A.H.O.A. Calumet City, IL

Raising Our Vibratory Levels

The *Dream Network* and especially *Dreaming Humanity's Path* are wonderful, rare and desperately needed medicine. Thank you to the many people responsible. Here is a possible seed of a suggestion from waking and a dream to match.

Would it be possible to create a partly public face for the present informal Dream Network Community? That is, a public face to address and discuss various solutions to social problems, solutions which spring from dreams? Sort of dream brainstorming in local communities which might organically develop a national or international character. Of course, it should remain apolitical but address social needs as, for example, Newt Gingrich has been trying to do politically. It could be some kind of connection between Barbara Shor's shared dreaming groups and the public at large. Erich Fromm in one of his books mentioned that the Talmud was inspired by dreams of the Jewish elders. This could be a democratic Talmud for modern times, to combat the blues that seem to be going around every country. Perhaps a publication to supplement the *Dream Network Journal* (for dream insiders?) designed for all people as a source of brainstorming new ideas to perceived problems (as the Statue of Liberty requested!). Perhaps

something similar to the Body Shop's philosophy of philanthropy.

Here's the dream to match:

Raising Our Vibratory Levels

This is a casual office. A noise happens outside. Something's happening. A man made of bright white marble stone walks in. He seems to be the famous classical statue of Mercury (Hermes). His movements are lithe. He talks to us office workers about how we humans can raise our vibratory levels and evolve. My colleagues don't believe him and when I give him serious attention bordering on awe, admiration and wonder, I am considered crazy and foolish by my colleagues. They are disdainful of both Mercury and me. I am excited and will leave them behind in lower vibratory frequencies.

Again, thank you sincerely for such a fabulous publication as the *Dream Network Journal*. It should be considered a national treasure. That may be possible if we try to derive our values from the perspective of Earth 5,000 years from now, as described in Barbara Shor's visualization (Vol. 14 No. 4). What will we look like to those people who are studying the 20th and 21st centuries? Can the public at large be introduced to such vast vistas? That alone would surely solve many social ills.

Here's wishing the success of *Dream Network*.

Erick Cusimano, Yokohama, Japan

We DESIRE to meet your needs! Ask Questions, Give Suggestions, Critique, Share Dream Related Experience, and Ideas for Future Issues!

**Please send one or all of the above to: LETTERS
% Dream Network
PO BOX 1026,
Moab, UT 84532**

Have you experienced "Pharaoh Dreams"?

I would like to know if — and what — kind of experience readers have with the so-called "Pharaoh Dreams," i.e. dreams that consist of two successive episodes, portraying the same situation or message by means of different symbolism. Such as the dreams described in Genesis 41. 1-7. The Bible, in the words of Joseph, says about those dreams that they will certainly come true because "God has decided about it and will promptly bring it to pass." (Gen.41, 32). For those who don't have an old testament handy, I will exemplify with one of my own recent dreams.

Invaded Structures

- 1) *I see a tree being invaded by ants or similar insects. They eat all through the stem up to the branches.*
- 2) *I see a house being invaded by a vine or tree. The tree grows into the walls and the house falls apart.*

The dream suggests an illness to me, maybe a cancer, destroying a body. There were, at the time, several sick people in my circle. The closest was my stepfather, who was suffering from multiple mieloma, a cancer of the bone marrow. Since this is the destruction of part of the bone, the hard, supporting element of the body, I concluded that the dream symbols most likely referred to his situation. We knew that his illness was terminal, but considering his generally strong constitution, we hoped that he would survive at least 1 to 2 years. However, he died less than 3 months later. Was there a purpose in the warning? In hindsight, much hardship could have been avoided if I had traveled sooner to be with him for a month before his death, rather than only ten days, when he could no longer communicate effectively. However emphatic the dream message, by its vagueness, it only succeeded to upset me... but did not move me into action. Today, I

would perhaps try to incubate a dream to find out the identity of the person.

I restate my question: Have other dreamers had this type of "double dream," and was it unfailingly prophetic, as Joseph contends?

Marianne Kriman, Westfield, NJ

If you have comments or answers to Marianne's questions, please submit via our "Responses" column so that other readers may learn, as well. (Ed.)

Eagle Symbolism?

As a clinical social worker with the Veteran's Administration., most of my practice is with a combat veteran population in treatment for post traumatic stress disorder (PTSD). I am very involved in dreamwork, sandplay therapy and nightmare treatment and am often challenged to help search out the vast world of symbols presented by clients on their path of healing and individuation. One frequently occurring symbol is the eagle.

I would very much appreciate receiving information that may add to understanding the symbolism evoked by eagle from a cross cultural perspective of myth, art, religion and related historical studies. Your contribution may prevent valuable ideas from being omitted by my own literature review. More importantly, it will help to make the outcome of this effort even more meaningful.

If possible, please send your contributions by October 31, 1996 as I would like to use the information as part of a project paper for sandplay therapy and dreamwork.

Information may be Faxed to (206) 582-8440 or mailed to 9902 Onyx Drive SW, Lakewood, WA 98498. I can also be reached by calling (206) 582-8440, extension 6153 (daytime) or (206) 582-1467 (evenings).

Thank you for your help!

Bob Coalson, Lakewood, WA

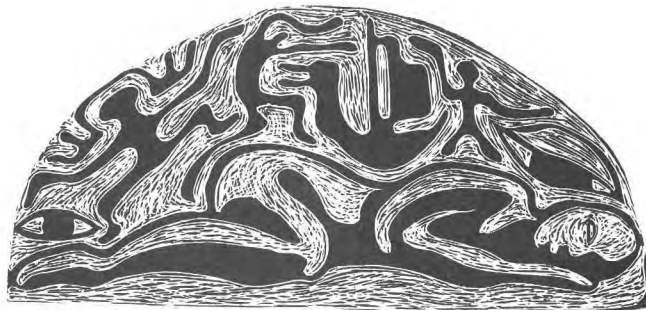
....Dreaming Humanity's Path....

The Earth is a Native American Woman

.... a rapidly vanishing dream.
All I recall is a vague image
of much activity and words, something like....



*"It's OK! The frantic activity is on the outside only.
Underneath, the sleeping woman stirs.... ."*



With it comes an image of....

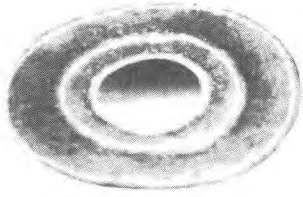
*....the Earth filled with the body of a Native American female
and the Earth's crust, a scattered, rough energy.*

She feels strong, silent and awakening....

*her stretching-awake movements initiate many surface changes
that we see as cataclysmic (earthquakes, volcanoes, etc.).*

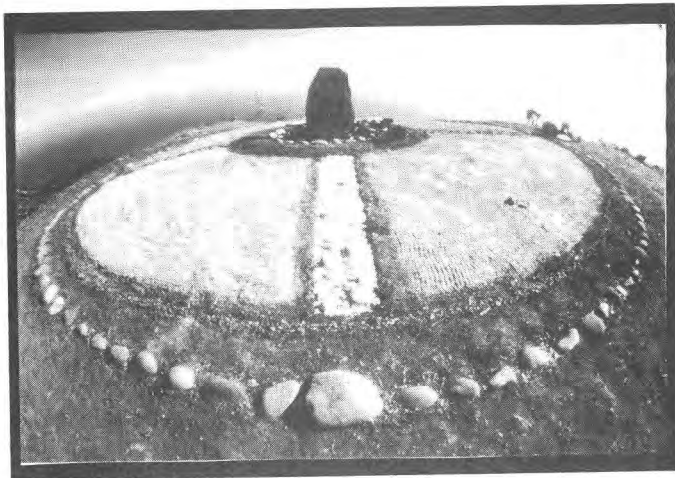
W
o
r
l
d

W
h
e
e



*Cross Cultural & Earth Healing
with Art & Ritual*

by Vijali



Earth Wheel • Malibu, CA USA

The World Wheel; Theater of the Earth, emerged from dreams, meditations and experiences over a period of many years, perhaps my whole life. The threads of dissatisfaction with the Los Angeles environment, the pain of isolation in the life style and the art scene, the longing for family and community.... pushed me into leaving studio art and into another concept of art, family, and world community.

The activities that take precedence in our adult life often stem from our childhood. In order to find my destiny I had to reach into myself to understand the roots of my own despair. My mother and father divorced when I was two years old and I was placed in child care homes. My mother was schizophrenic and was committed to the State Mental Hospital. Eventually, I lived with my grandparents and was enrolled in a girl's private school. Eastern philosophy was introduced to me by my father

when I was nine years old. At fourteen, I made the decision to enter the Vedanta Convent, where I stayed for ten years.. I feel very thankful for my early beginnings. Because of my childhood, I always had unfulfilled needs of family, but since I hadn't experienced a conventional upbringing, my idea of family grew to become a world family. The solution and healing for my own despair and sense of isolation was to find the web that connects all life.

What was the form of life and creativity that could contain this new perception of myself and the world as one inter-connected existence? I became frustrated with the commercialism of the art scene and in 1974, I closed my studio, gave away all my possessions.... except what could fit into my VW bug. With just a hammer and chisel and a few paints carried in my backpack, I started carving stone outcroppings in wilderness areas.... areas that felt sacred to me. This search for a new way to work led me to Peru, Mexico and many areas around Los Angeles.

One day as I was roaming the Santa Monica Mountains, I came upon a weather worn boulder and felt drawn to sit in front of it in meditation. As the warmth of the early morning sun penetrated my back, it seemed as if a doorway opened into the stone and also into the understanding of who We are. Within this seemingly solid matter moved a luminous energy, the substratum connecting all of life.

I lived as a hermit for five years just to establish that experience. Nature seemed to be the only environment that would support and sustain this new understanding of myself. Society is always saying; "Look, we are separate, we have to kill ourselves running around developing our egos, grabbing for ourselves to survive. We have to stay young, accomplish." Nature was the only support I could find that was saying, "We're all one. We are in this process together. We are in continual change, but that's OK."

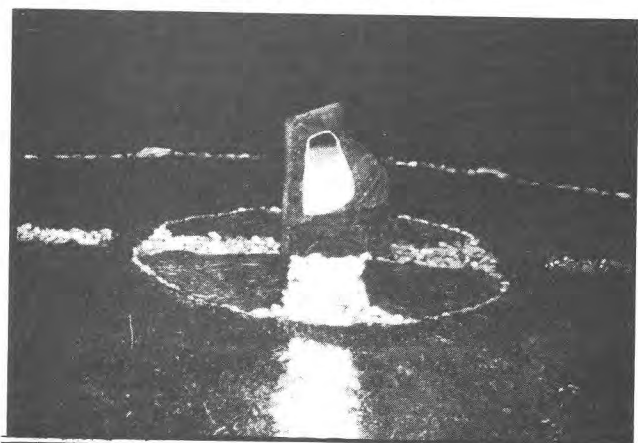
While living in the mountains, I had a dream:

*I saw myself creating stone sculptures
in a giant circle
and drawing people who didn't speak
my language into community ceremonies.*

The dream seemed to be nudging me to leave my life as a hermit. I felt that I needed to go back into the world, a sense of returning.... but go back on my own terms. To somehow walk a path that was saying every second that we are one, we are not separate, that we are one family and that we are connected with all people, plants, animals and the earth.

But I didn't know where this circle of my dream lay. One day, in 1986, I whirled a world globe keeping my finger on the same 40th degree parallel. As it turned, twelve nations leapt out at me: California USA, Seneca Reservation Upstate New York, Spain, Italy, Greece, Egypt, Israel and Palestine, India, Tibet, China, Russia and Japan. At that instant I realized that these countries formed the giant wheel of my dream. At that very moment I started preparing for the World Wheel.

The first earth sculpture and ceremony of the World Wheel came about just at the time of the Harmonic Convergence in 1987. I needed to start at my birthplace before I had the right to expand out into other countries. This event, "*Western Gateway*," was on Eric and Mary Lloyd Wright's land in Malibu, California, USA. An Earth Wheel honoring the four directions with colored stones, was created with the support of the community. The center symbolizes the harmony of the male and female principles with a standing stone rising from a fire circle. A performance was created by the artists Georgianne Cowan, Anne Mavor and myself, in response to three questions that have been the basic questions of my own life. The first question is; "*What is our essence?*" The second; "*What is our problem?*" And the third; "*What are our solutions, what can heal us?*"



"Spirit Within Matter" SIBERJA

These questions continued in each country to act as a framework for listening, creating together learning about who We are. They have been answered both personally and globally. The sculptures created round the Earth remain behind as permanent installations to be used by the local community and continue to connect the 12 points of the World Wheel long after the project's completion. I feel it is important to establish new sacred sites that are potent for us today. We can all do this by our presence on earth locations that have been established through ceremony and the creation of earth art. These sculptures are touchstones to return to and to carry away in our memory the essence of that sacred spot, reminding us of our own essence. With the generosity of the Wrights, their land in Malibu has been a living example of this.... where the site has been continually used in ritual since the first ceremonial day of the World Wheel.

Out of a response in every country to each person, each situation that presents itself, I returned to what I felt was the origin of art. A time when the shaman as artist created cave paintings in a process of ritual and vision for the nourishment and direction of the community.... when theater was a spontaneous expression (perhaps first around the warming fire of the evening, depicting the hopes and fears of the community.) This was a time when art was not a commodity but an integral part of life, uniting the earth, plants, animals and humans into one interdependent family.

The world became my studio. The sculptures carved from stone outcroppings and surrounding earth became not only the setting for theater/ritual but were an intrinsic part of the performance. And from that time on, I kept expanding the borders of what sculpture was, what art was, so that it more and more became life itself; it became everything in the environment.... the people around me, their problems, hopes and dreams for the future. This new way of creating art eventually led to developing community and what I call Theater of the Earth: a synthesis of art, spirituality and peace activism.

This one art form contains all my passions and loves and plenty of opportunity for my own stretching. It is large enough to hold my interest for the rest of my years because it embraces the whole of life. The circle, in itself, represents community in the sense that each spoke of the wheel has a quality that is different from every other spoke of the wheel. The differences really make the harmony: the differences of the people within the community, the differences of the countries, all create the whole.

The second event of the World Wheel was at the home of Twylah Nitsch (Yehwhennode Two Wolves). She is an elder of the Seneca Indian Reservation,

Upstate New York, USA. I felt the importance to represent the native culture as well as the occidental culture in the States. Beginning in the early 80's, Tywlah taught me the Seneca Medicine Wheel, which later inspired the form of the World Wheel. The stone sculpture *Unity* and performance *The Peacemaker*, emerged out of our time together on the reservation. Through the process of Theater of the Earth, many factions on the reservation where reunited.



"Woman of Space Pregnant with Sun" SPAIN

When I left the States, I sold my car, gave away my possessions and totally abandoned any kind of base for myself. That was another step toward dropping barriers of separation.... separations between people: my house and your house, your country and my country. The first country outside of the States was Spain. I arrived with shaky knees, not knowing anyone. It took me time to find the right environment and it was Jan Semmel's mountain retreat in Alicante by the Mediterranean Sea. Christine Serrentino, arriving from Massachusetts, USA and Joaquin Gil (Nitai) from Lorca in southern Spain, helped develop the site. There, we held a ceremonial council at the location where I carved and painted *Woman of Space Pregnant with Sun*. A circle of twelve people gathered from all over Spain, six men and six women. In their response to my three questions, I learned that the arrogance of holding to past history was considered the problem and that leaping into the contemporary future of a global family, was their solution.

The fourth event was held in Etain Addey's summer community nestled in the Umbrian forest outside Gubbio, Italy.... where sculptures and performance became *Voices of the Umbrian Forest*. The performers, as the animals of the forest, dialogued with the audience, speaking of the destruction of its forests and the killing of

the returning wolves leading to our own alienation from the earth. By involving local participants, a community voice began to evolve through the imagery of Theater of the Earth. A global language has developed leading to a new mythology of the earth. I could see the beginnings in Italy where the story of Adam and Eve was re-enacted. The serpent became the "good guy," representing the kundalini, the transformative energy that is necessary for the change of consciousness. And Adam and Eve took equal responsibility in taking this journey toward awareness.

The fifth site was in Greece on the island of Tinos in beautiful Livada Bay adjoining Antonis Darmis's land. *Phidousa, Snake Woman* was performed among my cave paintings called *Gaia's Laboratory*, and a giant carved Serpent reflected ancient healing rituals of the island, where sea lapped against boulders. Many of the people on the island had never been to Athens which is only a four hour boat ride. But the people connected so strongly to the World Wheel that after the performance they gave a fiesta! At that time they presented their own creations of poetry and music and danced in gratitude for their connection with this World Family. And I realized that even without leaving their home, they could feel a part of something larger than the island.

At this point in my journey, I ran out of the money from my personal liquidation.... then Andrew Beath, the founder of the Earth Trust Foundation, decided to match donations up to \$1,000, as a grant for each country. I was able to continue my pilgrimage with about 1/3 of my expenses coming from the sale of my small sculptures, 1/3 from donations from friends and 1/3 from grants. The completion of the World Wheel came about through the Flow Fund, a Rockefeller grant.

The sixth site was in the desert of Egypt on the South Gallala Plateau. *Woman with the Sun at Her Forehead and Moon at Her Feet* was carved in a limestone outcropping.



*"Woman with the Sun at Her Forehead and Moon at Her Feet"
South Gallala Plateau, EGYPT*

I arrived in Israel at the time of the killings at the Wailing Wall. Everyone was depressed and in a state of tension. Many times I was caught in tear gas and not only heard gun shots but supported friends whose families had been injured. Wata, an Israeli friend, introduced me to other Israelis and obtained permission for the World Wheel event to be held at the Dead Sea. I lived with my new Israeli and Palestinian friends and together their children planted the *Tree of Peace* in a circle of stone sculptures on the banks of the Dead Sea; the seventh World Wheel site. The Palestinian children in the House of Hope gave the answers to my questions: "If we can look through the eyes of someone from a different culture, we can understand them and then we can love each other. This can bring peace."

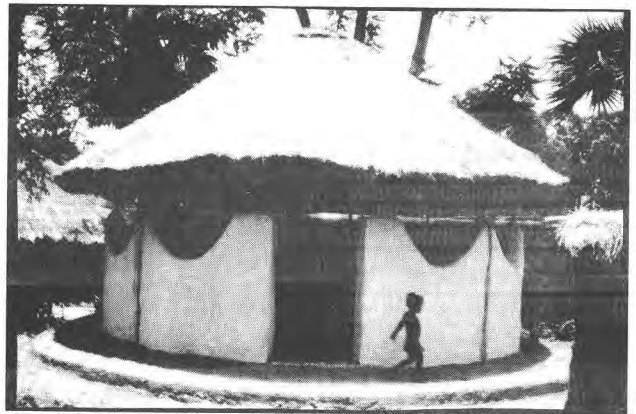
In India, boundaries further melted. After living for a month in a cave in the Himalayan Mountains at Rewalsar, I took a train heading for Santiniketan in West Bengal, where the poet Tagore had lived. On the train, the Bauls, Bengali folk musicians, were singing. They earn their living by singing and begging in towns and on trains. Their music is so down-to-earth, the *Blues of India*, and their appearance so fascinated me that I kept giving them little coins to stay in my compartment of the train. Finally, they invited me to their village. They are so very poor, yet so hospitable. They spread a mat under a tree and the children of the village came and danced and sang and put garlands around me. I just fell in love with the village and people. A hut was located for me in a tribal (Shantili) family's home so that I could live close to them.

I learned a tiny bit of Bengali and taught them a little English, and we had wonderful conversations because the Bauls are so philosophical. I asked them the three questions I ask in every country. They answered, "We come from the womb of our mother. We really come from the mother who is the Earth. We are part of the Great Goddess. Our essence is the Great Kali." I asked, "What is the imbalance in your lives and in your village?" They replied: "We are exhausted and under strain all the time because we have to go out and wander so we can make money. When we come back, we don't always have enough money for our family's food." And my third question, what could heal their problem? They answered, "To really love our singing and not worry about the future. Just to keep on doing what we are doing, but give up anxiety and be God conscious every moment of our day."

As I stayed with them, I became aware that the tribal village was made up of mixed castes, some of whom look down on the Bauls because they beg by singing. I kept imagining them all sitting down in a circle. Finally I saw what was needed: *a communal house*, a commons, a lodge where they could come together. Here they could practice and perform their music, have their own ceremonies, and it could serve as a schoolroom for their children.

Some land was found at the home of Basudev Das Baul, one of the folk singers and his wife Urmela. I started working by drawing a circle in the earth. I hired two people of low caste, who needed work badly and had experience in building the typical huts of the area. I paid for materials but some things were donated. The Bauls only sing; they don't do any physical work. At first they just watched me, their honored guest, hanging out with the low castes in the mud. One Baul started to help, then his brother came, then the father, and pretty soon someone else in the village would stop and say, "Oh, my goodness, you don't do it that way; here, let me show you." And they would come help. That's how it happened.

On the day of the consecration of the building, everyone came. The Bauls sang responses to the three questions.



*"Mandala House" A communal house for Baul Folk singers
Bengali, INDIA*

In Tibet, our destination was Shoto Terdrom where Buddhists nuns live as hermits in one of Tibet's most beautiful and sacred places. It is surrounded by spectacular mountain ranges with two rivers and a hot springs. Its mineral waters are known to cure all ills of the yoginis and yogis practicing in the area. This sacred site at 16,000 feet, contains caves where Padmasambhava, an Indian who came to Tibet in the 8th century to establish Buddhism, lived and practiced for part of their lives. There we met Tendzin Chodron, who is known to be an incarnation of Yeshe Tsogyel. In her final testament, Yeshe Tsogyel said she would "project an emanation" who would always live at Terdrom. We cleared out a cave at Shoto Terdrom that was filled with eroding stone and was obviously not used. I would go there every day to meditate and after the meditation would carve and paint a *Rainbow Bodhisattva*. At the time of its completion we had a ceremony in which we buried a stone blest by the Dalai Lama and earth from all the World Wheel countries. Our stay was timeless.



"Rainbow Bodhisattva" Shoto Terdrom, TIBET

China was a surprise for me. I arrived not knowing anyone. I took a train to the city of Kunming because before I left the States, I had been given a telephone number of someone in that city. I called the number and was immediately invited to the University to give my slide talk. The people were charming. They told me they loved the idea of the World Wheel but that I should not waste my time in trying to get permission to work in any public park. "The government would never OK the project and because of the red tape it would probably take three years to get an answer of No," they said. Within three days I received a call from the Government for a meeting. On our appointed day, a representative from the park bureau arrived and said, "We have heard about the World Wheel for peace and about a world family you are developing. We want to know in which National park you would like to do your work." The next day a car and driver arrived, taking me to the parks and helping in my research. In every country, I study the endangered species and ecological problems. Xishan Forest Park outside of Kunming, with its ancient Taoist temples and caves, was eventually chosen. Many sculptures were carved in the forest park where the performance *Return to Harmony* was eventually held at the end of my six months stay.

On my way to Siberia, I stopped in Mongolia to spend time with a shaman woman, Doljin Kandro. I wanted to understand the Mongolian culture from its roots because Buryat, my destination in Siberia, is the province and home of most Siberian Mongolians. When I arrived in Buryat, I learned that these two cultures, the Russian and Mongolian, interweaved without ethnic stress. There I

was drawn into a group of directors, artists, writers who are eager to make contact with a larger world. A site was chosen where the dark of the Siberian forest meets the luminous Lake Baikal. On the east bank of the lake, I carved and painted *Spirit Within Matter*, a standing boulder in the center of an Earth Wheel of twelve carved stones. We held a Council Ceremony that was televised, giving the Siberians an opportunity for their voices to be heard at this stressful time.

Our six weeks in Japan was a collaboration with Japanese artists and Dominique Mazeaud, an artist and curator from Santa Fe, New Mexico. Her contribution was the weaving of a web of connection between ourselves and the places and people of Japan. Three sites were chosen for the World Wheel events. The first event was a ritual performance and the creation of an earth wheel in the center of Ichi Ikeda's Breathing Water Circle. The next event was in the performance artist Rui Sekido's family land in Yuguchizawa where he holds a yearly festival for performance art. The intensity of the events built to a climactic third piece at Tenkawa, an ancient Shinto site in the mountains of Nara Prefecture that honors Bensaiten (Saraswati), the goddess who embodies the arts, wisdom and water. It was a full harvest moon, October 30, 1993, and the moment of completion for the seven-year pilgrimage of the World Wheel.



"Phidousa's Vision" GREECE

It was raining heavily the day of the event and this jeopardized our planned outdoor activity with Ichi Ikeda. Two hours before we were scheduled to begin the ceremony/performance, the head Shinto priest talked with us and asked me about the content of the ceremony. I told him, "The ceremony is a prayer for the realization of our true nature without boundaries that will lead us to

world peace." He said, "Bensaiten has brought this rain. God's grace has brought us together in this way because she wants you to join us inside her Shrine."

The ceremony began with the priest drumming on the giant Shinto drum dressed in flowing white robes. I was standing in the dark at the center of the circle, all in black with my face painted as emptiness — an open blue sky. I thought, "This is what I was trying to have happen. But the universe created it in its own way; a man was drawn into this circle, bringing a balance of male and female energies, the yin and yang.... a pattern of harmony." One half hour passed. I slipped into the stillness and borderlessness of my own essence. When the drumming came to an end we both walked to the altar and gave offerings and prayer. When I returned to the center of the circle, his assistant priest lit the twelve candles in the stone circle and I began to slowly move to the south with the sound of a didgeridoo. When I stopped, the didgeridoo stopped and from my belly the wail of Earth's sadness and the sorrow of her children poured through my lips. Then slowly I returned to the center with a sense of the loss of my individual identity and an opening to our shared universal energy. I stood at the center until the music drew me to the other cardinal directions of the circle. I stopped in the east where I, as Emptiness, stood at the point of new beginnings, the rise of a new Sun. An ancient Sanskrit hymn honoring the Divine Mother of the Universe leapt from my mouth. Spontaneously the answers to my three questions, were being expressed through my body.

At the completion of the ceremony the Priest turned to me and said, "The Earth and Cosmos have heard your sincere prayer dance and it will be answered."

The priest took from me the stone that the Dalai Lama had blessed and the earth from all twelve nations of the World Wheel. He said, "This is the most sacred spot of earth; where the goddess is manifest. Not even the priests are allowed to enter." He asked me to reach into this holy ground and bury the stone and earth from the World Wheel countries. There it remains.

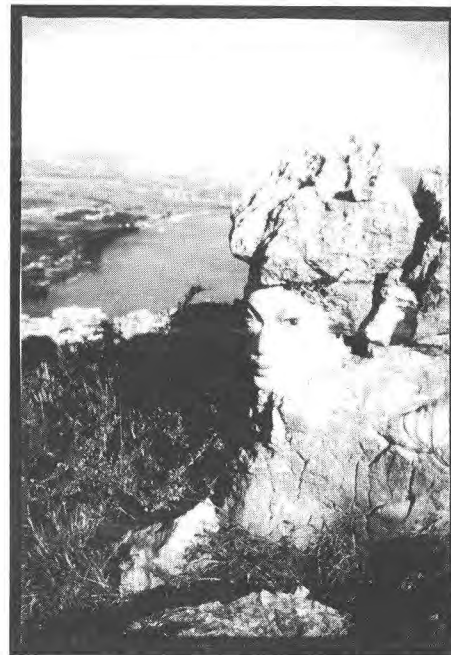
The next day the stone carvings were placed around the *Crystal Mountain Shrine* as a permanent installation. The twelve stones with their carvings of nature patterns were emerging as twelve islands out of a sea of pebbles circling the shrine. Our closest new friends and family came together in a final ceremony. To my amazement, there were twelve people, six men and six women.

The closing 24 hours of the World Wheel came about without any conscious plan on my part. It was an acknowledgment of the essence of the World Wheel pilgrimage: of the unity of our earth family; of all people, animals, plants, stones, water, soil coming into the wheel as one body, one mind and one heart.

Theater of the Earth touches on our spiritual core, our basic nature of inter-connectedness. In every country in which I lived and worked, I have seen the pollution of water, the devastation of forests and ill-distribution of wealth and power, homeless people.... as I myself have been. At the root of these problems is the misunderstanding of ourselves as separate, isolated beings needing to use the earth, to use each other, each country for our gain. This dualistic way of thinking is the direct cause of our ecological and social problems and is rapidly leading us toward global disaster. Boundaries are a projection. The very nature of how we perceive the world is constricted through parental training and social conditioning, advertising, our school systems, television. Re-educating ourselves as to who We really are, can change society. As we know in physics, the seemingly solid substrate is really illusory. There is an internal space continuum that unites all matter and all life.

In the beginning, I had to reach into myself, to find my own authority, without money, without emotional support.... to follow my dream.

Each one of us, through our particular talents, has our own way of effecting the world, of healing the rift that has grown between humankind and nature. Without even moving from where we are, we can all change our environment by the bravery of a lifestyle that reflects a change of perception, a view of oneness with the world. This is the warrior of today. ∞



'Return to Harmony', CHINA

The Healing Language of Dreams

by Marc Ian Barasch

Our Dreams Can Warn & Inform of Physical Disease and Prescribe the Rx

It is the dawn of my daughter's ninth birthday and I am having a nightmare:

The top of my head has been drilled with three neat, bloody holes. An iron pot filled with red-hot coals has been hung under my chin. "We're going to boil your brains out," one of my invisible torturers announces. His voice is flat, matter-of-fact; a technician, not a sadist. I feel the heat sear my throat and I scream, the sound becoming hoarser, a raw, animal desperation, as the coals gnaw my larynx. An emotion swells which I have never known in my waking life: complete hopelessness; a black, no exit despair.

As I wake up, slathered in fear-sweat, my heart beating hooves on my ribcage, I become aware that I am yelling aloud.

I'm still trying to shake free of it when the phone rings. It is my girlfriend, Susan, calling from back home in Colorado. "Honey, are you alright?" she asks. Her voice sounds uneven, fluttery.

"I have cancer," I blurt out before I can think about it. "I have cancer growing in my throat." She laughed nervously. Months later, when my life came churning down around me, furious as an avalanche, I would wonder how I had been so sure.

I had a number of strange dreams that year... not passing strange but the kind of "raw-head-and-bloody-bones" nightmares the novelist Robert Louis Stevenson gave up Cheese rarebit before bed in a futile effort to avoid. I was disturbed enough to make an appointment with a doctor. When I told him that I thought I might have cancer, he looked at me quizzically. "You don't even have swollen glands," he said as he palpated my throat. "Your blood tests are all within normal range. It's probably the flu."

Not caring how unhinged I might sound, I told him of the increasingly weird, technicolor dreams I had started having almost nightly. A recent one, I told him, had depicted a ritual circle of black and Indian medicine men who had stuck hypodermic needles into something called "the neck brain." I could almost see the thought balloon —'hypochondriac'— rise over his head like a small cumulus cloud, but at my insistence he scheduled a full check-up.

It was then, kneading my neck probingly, that he found the lump. "Nothing to worry about," he said, patting me on the shoulder. "But we'd better schedule a scan."

"Of what?" I demanded. I felt—oddly, not fear—but the kind of exhilaration you get when a roller coaster car crests the first hump and begins its first stomach-dropping swoosh to the ground.

"Your thyroid gland," he said, then smiled grudgingly. "The neck-brain."

The scan revealed the presence of a plump nodule in the left thyroid lobe, which was eventually diagnosed as cancer. I had the recommended surgery, and was pronounced cured. But questions remained that were to burn inside me for years like acetylene. What had all that been about? I still have a battered-looking notebook cataloging nights in which I would have six or seven amazing, baffling dreams in a row (some with their own dreams-within-dreams). Sometimes these terrorized me, sometimes they seemed to promise deliverance. But it was their trumpet-blast immediacy, their realer-than-real *Presence*, that mystified me, held me in thrall, made them impossible to dismiss.

Driven by curiosity, in the ensuing years I conducted extensive interviews with some forty other people who had journeyed through serious disease. Along the way I read copiously in the work of Carl Jung and the literature of shamanism. I discovered that others, including Jung himself, had observed the same intensification of their dream-lives in the throes of illness and healing. Their dreams, like my own, had often had an unusual, archetypal quality. Many reported that space often appeared vaster (descriptions of immense landscapes or great halls were typical); there were vivid experiences of luminosity and color; images of anatomical processes; repetitive dreams and dreams-within-dreams. Illness-dreams were often filled with strong emotions, by a magnification of feeling-tone. Dreamers experienced not simply anxiety, but terror; not aversion, but horror; not desire, but lust; not surprise, but awe. Journeyers also had dreams of joy, laughter, heart-bursting happiness—dreams we have no vocabulary for—"nightmare" is our only specialized term—but which the Bantu of southern Africa refer to as *bilita mpatshi*, or blissful dreams.

Sometimes journeyers reported spontaneous images more often associated with rituals, sacred food and drink, dance, "books" containing spiritual or medical instruction, gods, demons, wild animals, even ostensible instances of clairvoyance and precognition.

Something as exotic as psychic phenomena is not required to explain "dream-diagnosis." Dreams that symbolically point to illnesses not yet revealed are well known in literature. Aristotle observed that "since the beginnings of all events are small, so, it is clear, are those of the diseases... It is manifest that these beginnings be more evident in sleeping than in waking moments." In *The Interpretation of Dreams*, Freud, too, cites with favor a colleague's remark that during sleep the mind "is obliged to receive and be affected by impressions of stimuli from parts of the body and from changes in the body of which it knows nothing when awake." This, Freud said, occurred "owing to the magnifying affect produced upon impressions by dreams."

Jung was especially struck by the healing language of dreams. He once wrote that the colorful imagery of seemingly diagnostic dreams "often make it appear that it is a poet at work rather than a scientist." In a famous 1933 incident, a doctor read Jung a dream one of his patients revealed about "extinct animals in a pond of oozy slime," one of them "a minute mastodon." Jung, using intuitive reasoning too arcane to recount here, said he believed this indicated a damming-up of cerebrospinal fluid, probably due to a tumor. This proved to be a correct diagnosis of a person he had never met.

Dreams themselves are alleged to possess healing powers.

During the years of China's Tandyndy, the Emperor Xuanzong fell ill with a deadly fever. In a dream he saw a terrifying deity subjugating and destroying fiends. When he awoke, the fever had left him. This 8th century account is reminiscent of the doctrines of the Greek Aesculapian temples, where patients sought a vision of unmistakable meaning, called "the effective dream." The right healing dream, it was said, brought the patient an immediate cure.

Jungian psychologist Meredith Sabini has also pursued an interest in diagnostic dreams. Typically, she told me, the state of the body is symbolized by the condition of objects like a house or a car. "The car is complex enough to bear more sophisticated correspondences to many bodily processes," she told me. "The headlights to eyes, the four tires to limbs, the electrical system to the nervous system, hoses to circulation and so forth."

I was fascinated! In several of my dreams, my symptoms had been represented as mechanical failures in a 1949 Studebaker I had once owned. Years later, I realized my beloved Stude was a vintage 1949, my own birth-year... clearly a symbol of my own body. In another dream, I was burying in a deep grave a

Volkswagen that "revved in all gears." I realized that here was a psychological as well as a physical diagnosis: the image of a vehicle constantly at full throttle, unable to slow down, was a fitting symbol of my workaholic lifestyle at the time. It also aptly represented the thyroid gland itself, described in one text as "the great controller of the speed of living."

Interestingly, a Volkswagen for me was also a symbol of self-repair. I had at various times owned several cherished but temperamental Bugs. Like a lot of unmechanically inclined people, I had managed, using a grease-splotched copy of the famous "Idiot's Guide," to master a few intricacies of carburetion adjustment (in a sense, the thyroid's metabolic function in the body). Was the dream heralding the possibility of self-healing?

Given the course I took, I will never know. ∞

Marc Ian Barasch is the author of The Healing Path: A Soul Approach to Illness. Tarcher/Putnam: 1993. He lists a request for healing dreams in the Research Requests, Classified section, p. 48. Address correspondence to 865 37th St. Boulder, CO 80303

The Healing Power of Dreams: Hippocrates' Dream Contributions

by Patricia Garfield, Ph.D.

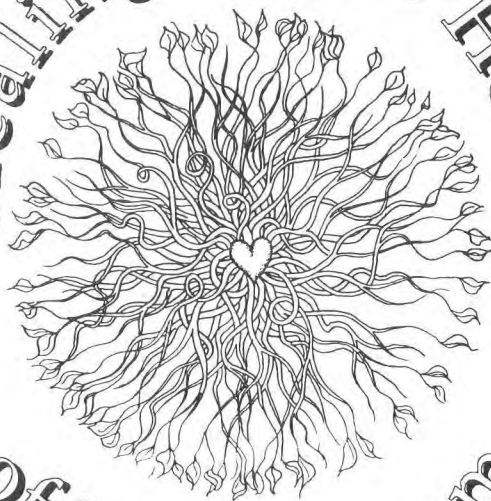
Hippocrates is thought to have lived from 460-377 B.C. this celebrated physician was carrying on the tradition that the followers of Asklepios had espoused for centuries, as well as adding his own observations and stressing the value of careful examination of the patient.¹

Hippocrates reminds us to notice when our dreams deviate from their normal course and to pay attention to ones that contain excessive or deficient heat and moisture. In this respect, his ideas were similar to the Chinese concept of yin and yang.

¹ For references on Hippocrates, see: Hippocrates, vols. 1-4, W. H. S. Jones, trans., Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 1984 (Volume 4 contains the section on dreams); Francis Adams, *The Genuine Works of Hippocrates*, New York: William Wood & Co., 1886.

Reprinted with permission from Patricia Garfield, Ph. D. from her book *The Healing Power of Dreams: Techniques for interpreting and using your dreams to reveal hidden health problem, speed your recovery and promote lifelong health*. A Fireside Book published by Simon & Schuster, NY: 1991.

Healing in the Heart Of Your Dream



by Graywolf/Fred Swinney

The Shaman-Therapist 'Journeys' into Symbolism & Facilitates Physical, Emotional & Psychological Healing

In 1984 in my therapy groups, I was using primarily Gestalt process in working with dreams. One morning, rather than following the usual Gestalt practice of exploring the relationships and conflicts between symbols or parts of the dream as is usual Gestalt practice, a client and I ventured more deeply into the experience and being of one of the dream's symbols, into the heart of the dream itself, and found a healing state of consciousness that was profound in its impact and implications. As with the belief from the ancient Greek Aesculapian dream healing myth, where the healing god Asklepios worked his healing magic from within the dream, this healing state, too, was buried deep in the dream far beyond its outer manifest form and any interpretation or surface manipulation.

In the dream, my client, strapped to a platform, was being drawn feet first into a wheel of rapidly rotating razor edged knives. I had been exploring shamanic philosophy and practice for several years because of my discontent with the limits of psychological science and practice, and in keeping with this bent, rather than have her become the knives and begin a dialogue, I suggested she let herself be pulled into the whirling blades. I had in mind the shamanic principle of having her face directly in the dream what she most feared. In truth, it was also a moment of strong intuition and curiosity as I felt myself drawn inexorably into the flashing, spinning blades.

She reported being slashed and cut into tiny bits with blood and flesh splattering and scattering to all directions, but strangely, the predominant sense she experienced and reported was a sensation of the icy

coldness of the blades. I encouraged her to pursue it, to give in to that sense-image of icy coldness. As she did, she soon became a layer of ice, frigid, rigid and very, very hard and cold. My interest intensified since in a sensory sentence this was the therapeutic issue that had brought her to seek therapy: she was a very hard, very cold, and a very frigid woman. I knew from our previous sessions that her condition stemmed from early and continued sexual molestation by her several older brothers. In two years of therapy, although we had attained much insight as to the origins of her problem and had even made several emotional and cognitive breakthroughs, we had not reached a place of deep healing with which either of us were satisfied. Nor in truth did it seem likely that we would. This shared experience of incompleteness was typical and was the reason for my interest in other healing practices.

"Stay with it," I urged. "Go even deeper into this sense of cold, become it."

As she did, and as I encouraged her to go even further, she reported first a sensation of falling into bottomless, dark absolute zero cold, then entering and becoming the water beneath the ice and feeling warmer as she did so. She reported, in this state, a deeply felt sense of flowing, flexibility, and wave like boundaries. I watched her rigid body deeply relax and soften, changing before my eyes. I encouraged her to remain in this state for as long as she needed and sat back and watched the unfolding of a new body language. When eventually she came back from that state of consciousness, she was a different woman, flexible, flowing and a softer self. Her deeper spirit shone through and in time her behavior and self image began to change. This new sense of self was deep and stable.

I began exploring this shaman-therapist technique and the more I explored, the more remarkable the process seemed; physical as well as emotional and mental diseases yielded to new and profound senses of self and relationship with the outer world. The changes that took place were most often deep and continued to evolve long after the journeys ended. In my search to evolve and describe the process I was exploring, I eventually encountered Chaos theory and in a moment saw the perfect fit. In conjunction with the quantum and relativistic notions I had already been studying, I finally had a model to explain the Creative Consciousness Process that I have described in previous articles. (See Vol. 13 No. 1 *Dream Network Journal*). Although much of it is presented as metaphorical, I have the notion that the relationships between chaos, creativity, new science, spirituality and therapeutic effects may be more than just a metaphor. These relationships may reveal the mystery of the connections of consciousness, chaos and creativity in the natural healing process, and may identify the nature and processes of the mind-body connection. One might also substitute the phrase "placebo effect," or "spontaneous remission," for "natural healing process" in this context. And it is a healing process that exists within each and every dream we have.

The idea that healing takes place within the dream itself is both old and new:

The ancient Greek and Roman healing paradigm was based in this notion both spiritually and in practice. According to myth the Mortal-god Asklepios, who was the illegitimate son of Apollo and an earthly mother became such a powerful healer in mortal form that the Gods in Olympus petitioned Zeus to remove Asklepios from the earthly realm. It seems he was stealing souls from them. Zeus complied and slew Asklepios with a thunderbolt. However the agony and pain that erupted from the mortals over the loss of this great healer evoked compassion on the part of the Gods. Asklepios was allowed to return and continue healing mortals but he was only allowed to do so in their dreams.

Greek and Roman healing practice served this paradigm. The physicians or Asklepiads used a variety of herbs, physical treatments and various incantations acting as the earthly hands and minds of Asklepios. However, when these ministrations did not work it was taken as a sign that the healing was to be performed directly by the god himself, and so the patient was sent to an Asklepiian Dream Healing Temple. After confession, purification and other means of inducing healing dreams, the patient was allowed to sleep on the Kline or divine couch for the healing dream. When the Priests awakened the dreamer to share the dream, there was no interpretation or analysis offered; the priests only looked for signs that the god had indeed visited the

dream. If so, healing was assumed. The success of this paradigm was attested by the Priests of hundreds of Asklepiian Temples. These Temples proliferated throughout the Greek and Roman Empires. Hundreds of thousands of documented instances of profound healings were recorded by the supplicants and stored in the Temples' Archives.

Modern research, too, has revealed the healing nature of dreams. Experiments have shown that when people are deprived of dream time, even though allowed sleep, after about a week, hallucinations and mental/emotional problems begin to appear. Within a couple of weeks, the immune system weakens and there is greater proneness to illness and fatigue. Even an unremembered dream heals; we need dream activity during the night to heal the day's traumas. The power of dreams is not limited to just this.

Dreams are altered states of consciousness in which we transcend space and time as we know them, states in which such phenomena as clairvoyance and prognostication occur. These phenomena cannot be explained by linear cause and effect, they are consistent with Quantum Physics and Chaos Theory.

Deep healing is a sensory phenomenon and so are dreams. Our senses let us know when we are sick. Senses show us we are well. Mind and intellect can't do it. A dream begins as unstructured or chaotic consciousness energy (creative potential) that becomes shaped by the deeper consciousness structures that exist deep within the psyche. As this energy filters to the surface, its shape is in turn further refined and shaped by the structures in the mind and ego until it appears as the remembered dream. But just as it is these consciousness structures of the psyche and mind that shape the essence of our character and personality and indeed also somatic essences, the shape and content of the remembered dream, too, is determined by these consciousness structures. Since the roots of all disease, both somatic and mental-emotional reside in these deeper structures, they influence the shape of the dream which is in essence a map of the self. But, the map is not the territory. Reading a map doesn't get us anywhere! We have to enter into the territory to experience it.

So to identify the surface manifestations of the disease structure in the dream, and follow the sensory path that leads to the roots is to come face to face with the essence of disease. One step further and we return to the unstructured or chaotic consciousness that precedes all structures. Some might call this spirit or soul, or perhaps even God. Dissolution into the chaos brings new and healed structure into being. This is the realm of matter-energy-consciousness and is the domain of quantum reality and chaos theory; the realm in which reality is recreated from moment to moment and all possibility exists simultaneously. It is here, in this state, that healing occurs. And it is in our dreams. ∞

Your Aura in Full Color ✓



Aura Cameras

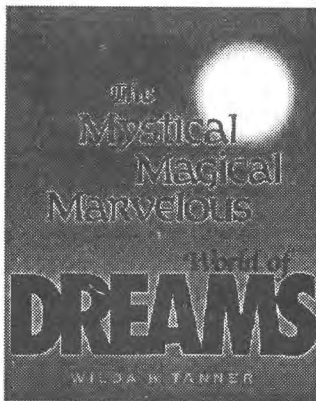
Like the before and after photos above your clients can see instantly the results of their healing, in **full color!** Healers and therapists in over 35 countries use our aura imaging equipment with great success. The Aura cameras are popular at healing centers, meditation retreats and new age book stores.

To host a camera at your store or event or for more information on purchasing a camera call

Call 1 800 321-Aura

Progen Co., Industry Leaders Since 1970
319 Spruce St., Redwood City, CA 94063

Bestseller in the Dream category



"Among the many books which offer insight into the meaning of dream symbols, I find Ms. Tanner's to be the most approachable and useful, especially for beginning and intermediate explorers on this path."

H. Roberta Ossana, M.A.,
editor, Dream Network Journal

Soft cover • ISBN 0-945027-02-8 • 380 pages • \$14.95

Available at your
bookseller or

 SPARROW HAWK PRESS
(800) 386-7161

The Healing Power of Dreams: Greek and Roman Roots of Dream Diagnosis: Asklepios' Dream Contributions

by Patricia Garfield, Ph.D.

The cult of the healing god Asklepios flourished for nearly 1000 years, from the end of the 6th century B.C. until the end of the 5th century, A.D.¹

Greek legend says that Asklepios was the child of the sun god Apollo and a human woman whose name, Coronis, means "dark, crowlike." Therefore, this god was thought to combine the radiance of the heavens inherited from his father with the darkness of the Earth from his mother. He thus controlled the celestial power as well as the chthonic (deep dangerous powers of the earth). There are many versions of the myth. One says that Asklepios' mother Coronis was unfaithful to Apollo by marrying a human. As punishment, the pregnant woman was slain by Apollo's sister and placed upon a funeral pyre. As the flames leapt up, Coronis gave birth and died. Apollo snatched the newborn Asklepios from his mother's corpse. He gave the infant to the centaur Chiron, who was said to have raised the boy in the mountain and taught him the secret of medicine. Asklepios became so skilled in healing that he could even resurrect the dead. This behavior, reserved for the gods, eventually invoked the anger of Zeus, who struck Asklepios dead with a thunderbolt. Then he elevated Asklepios to the divine rank of a healing god and set him into the heavens as the constellation Orion. In fact, Asklepios was probably once a human physician who was so revered he was raised to the rank of a god.

The priests and followers of Asklepios established dream temples where people sought healing of advice from the god in dreams. Some four hundred of these dream temples were built throughout the Greek Islands and along the coast of Asia Minor (now western Turkey). In 1984, I visited the ruins of some of these dream temples in Epidaurus, Corinth and Ephesus and was much impressed by the beauty of their sites.

During the height of the Greek and Roman civilization, "incubants" made pilgrimages to these magnificent dream temples where — after purifying themselves in sacred springs, offering sacrifices and prayers, chanting and singing hymns, watching performances and theater and participating in other rituals — the pilgrims underwent "tempt sleep" in the sanctuary in hopes of receiving a curing dream.

Although these practices may seem strange today, when we investigate their process, they have much of value to offer people who are injured or ill. These practices suggest ways to solicit our dreams for answers, to incubate dream solutions, as we will see.

"Asklepios" is my preferred spelling for the healing god, rather than "Asculapius," because the former contains the English word, *ask*. Asking for information or advice for health and other problems was the purpose of consulting Asklepios. We can, by remembering Asklepios, recall the importance of consulting our dreams for information about our lives.

¹ For references on Asklepios, see: C. Kerenyi, *Asklepios: Archetypal Image of the Physician's Existence*, Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1959; Ralph Jackson, *Doctors and Diseases in the Roman Empire*, Norman, OK: University of Oklahoma Press, 1988; Walter A. Jayne, *The Healing gods of Ancient Civilizations*, New Haven: Yale University Press, 1925; Emma and Ludwig Edelstein, *Asclepius, A Collection and Interpretation of the Testimonies*, Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins University Press, 945; Richard Caton, *The Temples and Ritual of Asklepios at Epidaurus and Athens*, London: C.J. Clay and sons, 1900.

Reprinted with permission of Patricia Garfield, Ph. D. from her book *The Healing Power of Dreams*. A Fireside Book published by Simon & Schuster, NY: 1991

Trusting the Dream & the Dreamer

by John Mackenzie

After a period of several years, I came to a place in my life where I didn't know what was meaningful anymore. I didn't know what purpose my marriage served, or how my work served me or anyone else. Increasingly, what I had believed to be trustworthy was no longer reliable.

I wandered through the forest of my psyche in search of meaning and purpose that would connect me to myself and the world. My search led me to a dreamworker in the woods of Southern Oregon, who asked me what I wanted. Like a prince in a story with one eye on the golden treasure, I answered, "Nothing less than fundamental transformation." He laughed and said, "That would be a good chapter heading for my book." As we began to work within my dreams, I found that I had come home. I discovered that I also plugged directly into my body's own consciousness. I had begun a remarkable journey into the inner reality of myself, where I came to know a profound strength grounded in a deep personal trust. In contrast to other types of dreamwork, I was going inside the frozen depths of my fear and also riding the crest of my joy, exploring trust-anchored body sensations.

Focusing on, connecting to and recrystallizing my body's consciousness made the difference for me between living the fullness of life and being generally miserable. I found that this kind of dreamwork connected me to my authentic self, as one on the path of a spiritual warrior, choosing the way to a deeper self-acceptance. I discovered that effective dreamwork builds trust within the dreamer and guide. By feeling the essence of **not** controlling, I eventually recognized that what I called "being in control" was actually fear. Personal discovery in a safe trust filled environment, which I experienced with a dreamworker, also became for me a new model for community, freer and more satisfying than I had normally experienced in everyday life.

Transformational dream process effectively moves energy, shifts consciousness and produces a new psychic glue that holds together a greater self. These dream regeneration experiences form the basis of new patterns of inner and outer behavior, radiating a deeper level of congruence, making vivid the connection between personal power and self-trust. ∞

John Mackenzie is a dreamworker whose avocations include gardening and building stringed instruments. John studied with dreamguide Fred Swinney, M. S. He offers Dream Resource sessions, and can be reached in Portland at (503) 768-9423 or 244-0203.

Available July 1996

AMONG ALL THESE DREAMERS

Essays on Dreaming & Modern Society

Kelley Bulkeley, editor

"The book is timely and introduces a whole new generation of serious dream workers unfettered by ideological loyalties and regressive news of the dream. It deals with an important but relatively unexplored dimension of dreaming consciousness. I found the book refreshing and stimulating. I hope it will chart a new direction for dream studies."

- Montague Ullman,

Clinical Professor of Psychiatry
Emeritus, Albert Einstein College of Medicine

This multidisciplinary volume examines the cultural and social relevance of dream studies, looking at various ways that the field can contribute to the resolution of the modern West's most troubling social issues.

The essays offer novel insights on education, sexual abuse, ecology, crime, race, gender, religion, politics, death and cross-cultural conflict. The contributors argue that the study of dreams can provide valuable resources to regain a vibrant, trustworthy sense of moral and spiritual orientation in life.

259 pages • paperback • ISBN 0-7914-2930-X

*At your local bookstore or from
State University of New York Press*

c/o CUP Services • PO Box 6525
Ithaca, NY 14851 • 1-800-666-2211

MasterCard, VISA, AMEX, Discover accepted.

*Make checks payable to SUNY Press,
New York State residents, add *% sales tax.*

Canadian residents, add GST.

Please add \$3.50 for shipping and handling.

A Healing Dream...

"Laid It On The Line"

by Mary Flaten

For years, John and I had been looking for mountain property to buy, dreaming of owning a house within five minutes walk of a ski lift. We had just bought the property when he began an affair with another woman. I went to live in the A-frame in the mountains, hoping that the love affair would blow over.

Although John was as much to blame as the woman, JoAnne, I did not hate him for it. Instead, I hated her, vehemently. I talked against her and I sent energetic negative thoughts in her direction.

Many months of heartache, anger and grief ensued. Partway through the year, John made a choice that was not in my favor. Still, I kept wishing and hoping for his return and I kept on hating JoAnne. Nearly a year after my vicious feelings began, I had the following dream:

It is afternoon, and I am returning home from a meeting at the college I am associated with. I walk down through the woods, then down a curved flight of stone steps. To my right, on the lawn of the upper terrace, there is laundry laid out to dry. I continue down the next flight of stone steps. At the bottom, to my right, there is a clothesline full of drying clothes. I enter the house as usual, through the back door, which faces the hillside.

The house I am returning to is the one where I grew up. I am a young adult, and I live there with a woman who is very old. She is responsible for having put the laundry out to dry. The room in the house that is her room is the one upstairs that in

physical reality was lived in by my grandmother until she died 35 years before. I seem to be aware of that in the dream, and I also know that the woman is JoAnne.

Upon awakening from this dream, I had no more hatred for JoAnne. I knew that she and John belonged together and that he would never return to me. I was amazed to no longer feel the raging bitterness that I had carried for so long. It had lifted or been lifted from me; I literally felt lighter.

How did I understand what I did from this dream? A part of me understood the dream experience intuitively, directly and made immediate emotional use of it. It was after the fact that I explained it, first to myself, then, with more difficulty, to other people.

This is how I explained it:

- In the dream, JoAnne and I were both in a house, which was a framework we shared. In physical reality, we were both in a relationship with John. Both of us belonged in the dream house; both of us were at home there. However, my dreaming self understood that her great age gave her precedence; she had a prior and more important claim to the structure that we shared. Applied to the relationship with John, that suggested to me a pre-incarnational arrangement. Therefore, the situation was meant to be and I simply had to accept it.

- The dream showed JoAnne and me sharing living space and hinted at our being blood related as well. Whether or not she was literally a reincarnation of my grandmother did not seem important. Of significance, however, was the suggestion of a deep and old relationship that had existed between her and me; under different circumstances she had had my love and respect and had deserved them.

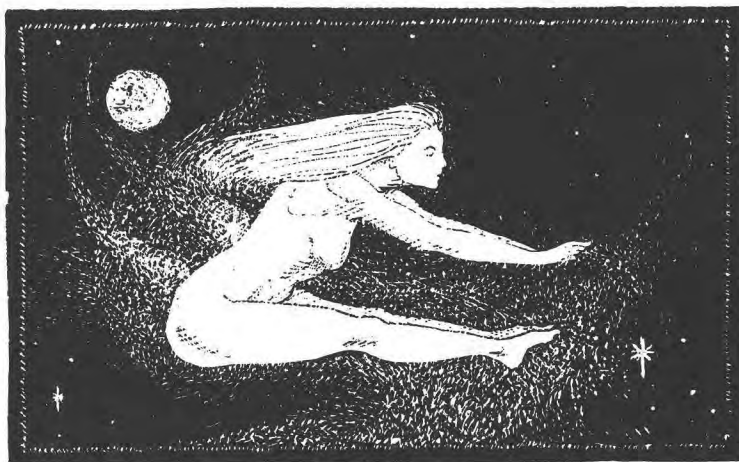
- Our age differences in the dream implied differing expectations: she, portrayed old, would be expected to stay settled within the house, whereas I, portrayed much younger, would be expected to move out of the house where I grew up. The house served different purposes for each of us, and the relationship with John did likewise.

- The laundry "laid it out," or "laid it on the line." And it was right. ∞



Stardust Spilling in the Sky

by Lorraine Grassano



Art by Chris Grassano

I never cease to be amazed and grateful when I am blessed with a healing dream at a time I am most in need of having one. Such was the case last December while visiting my best friend/soulmate in Hawaii. For the first five days of the trip, I had been experiencing intense anxiety, depression, disconnectedness and painful back spasms. My conscious mind knew the cause but was unable to offer a cure. First of all, I was finally facing the difficult reality of my friend's recent 3000 mile move away from me; no more day-to-day, detail-by-detail sharing of our lives. Secondly, upon my return home, I was facing sex with a man; after years of intensive therapy to heal from childhood sexual trauma, after 27 years as a lesbian and the past seven as a celibate, I had started dating a man and we were evolving toward a sexual sharing, which I had initiated but was nonetheless terrified to carry out. Thirdly, I was very soon to "graduate" from both group and one-on-one therapy, a total involvement of over 13 years. Lastly, I was beginning to experience the mood and body changes of menopause. My identity was slowly shattering and my dreamwork had hit a long dry spell. Then, three days before I was to leave Hawaii, I was gifted with a lengthy and healing lucid dream. The following are two segments of this epic dream:

Healing My Back

I am aware of my waking life back problem and intend to do some healing work. I see stardust spilling in the sky not too high up and fly into it. My body jack-knifes, the star fragments hit my back and I feel zings of electrical energy. Then I feel my spirit pulling out of my body and wonder if I am dying. There is a full moon on my left and a new moon on my right, with dark clouds partially obscuring both. I realize that I will not die. But I split into two women and make love with myself. Meanwhile, there is this third part of me watching from below, standing by a big, dark lake. My third self is a "Doubting Thomas." She says, "You can't heal yourself in lucid dreams, it's all in your head, it won't work." The other me remains lighthearted and adds, "But you can have fun! Lucid dreams can be fun, no matter whether they actually heal."

Encountering My Inner Child

I desire to have sex with a man. Suddenly, a little girl appears and objects. She sits glumly on the curb. I look her deeply in the eyes. She is me!! She says she is scared and doesn't want me to go. Then she says that if I apologize to her for hurting her in the past—I am a perpetrator, I force her to have sex when I have sex—that she will forgive me and let me go. I look her in the eyes again, trying to formulate words of apology, but then the dream scene shifts...

After awakening from this dream, both my back and my spirits felt immensely better. A week after I returned home, I had a positive sexual experience with my boyfriend and our relationship continues to grow. Although my back and my inner child still act up from time to time, I do believe that "I" am on the mend! The question is: "Who am I?" I look to my dreams for the continually evolving answer and for the support and courage needed to heal and live with changes. And for having some fun, too!! ∞

Compassion Lessons

Cultural Transformation & Healing....

by Barbara Shor

"For in Compassion There is Healing"

For months I've been listening to my friends in many far-flung places—from across Central Park to an island off Vancouver, from Oklahoma to London—all complaining of similar symptoms. The first complaint is a depression that sits on the soul like a dark, wet hound. Next comes a deep-seated feeling of despair coupled with nagging financial worries. And finally, they're all experiencing an acute identity crisis—a sense of discontinuity between who they seem to be now and who they were just a short time ago. They don't want to do anything they've done before and very little of what they used to think or believe makes sense to them any longer.

I recognize all these symptoms since I've been experiencing them myself. While I could easily point to all the issues in my life that would produce this kind of situational depression, I know there's something much larger than my own personal concerns going on here.

I used to think that my sense of relief when my friends and I shared woes was simply a case of "misery loves company." However, since I've been engaged in shared dreaming over the last fifteen years, I've become accustomed to finding similar emotional patterns circulating through groups or communities of every size.

When you dream regularly with a group of people who are participating in the same dream conver-

sation at the same time, you soon discover that everybody's emotional stuff rushes to the surface and gets passed around. Dream groups, therapy groups, coffee klatches and late night phone conversations with close friends and relatives are also certain to get you hip-deep in what's going around out there.

Some years ago I began to realize that the shifting weather patterns of the Earth reflect the planet's emotional responses to life in, on and around it. More recently I've come to believe that there are local, national and global emotional weather patterns swirling around and through us. These storm fronts are just as powerful and just as mobile as the planet's emotional field and they affect us all in much the same way.

Or, to use germ theory, epidemics of depression, fear, anxiety, anger and insecurity seem to move through the human population like outbreaks of flu. And they last about the same length of time: a week or two a month.

When a couple of friends call me and start complaining of the same things I've been feeling, I begin to suspect the onset of one of these epidemics and I do a little research. I call or e-mail various other people to see how they're doing. I ask my doctors and analyst friends if they've been hearing similar complaints lately. I feel I must warn you that I'm infamous for creating statistical surveys from five or fewer responses.

Nevertheless, ever since I began tracking emotional weather, well over a decade ago, I've watched this phenomenon occur so regularly that I've come to accept it as real. And so have others I've told about it.

Some of these storm fronts are as clear cut as "holiday syndrome"—elation and anticipation, followed by depression. Ash Wednesday casts a long shadow wherever there's a large Christian population, as does Yom Kippur where there a number of Jews. There are upswings on Valentine's Day, Easter and the Fourth of July. There are the lows of the midwinter light-deprived blues. And there are always the loopy delights of Spring Fever. Each of us feels these emotional weather patterns, we just don't stop to consider that we're all feeling them.

There are also many other, less predictable, patterns. When an event occurs in your city or region, or nationally, that elicits a powerful reaction from people, don't you feel the shared emotion in the air around you? It's alive and present, as though you could reach out and touch it.

Take the assassination of President John F. Kennedy. Are there any of us who experienced that day who don't remember where we were and what we were doing when we heard the shocking news that the President had been shot? The entire nation was traumatized and grief-stricken, each of us picking up and adding to the feelings of everyone else. We were overwhelmed by this storm of shared

emotions. And to judge by the number of films and books and TV specials that are still being produced about this subject, this remains a national wound as unstable and unhealed as the San Andreas Fault.

When the Federal Office Building was bombed in Oklahoma City, the emotional weather was much more powerful than when the World Trade Tower was bombed in New York. In New York it had only been the city that reeked of fear, as though everyone was walking on eggs. For weeks, those of us who lived there had to steel ourselves before we could walk into a high-rise building, or step into an elevator, or drive our car into an underground parking lot. And yet, the rest of the country more or less dismissed the incident—"It's New York, what do you expect?"

But Oklahoma City is America's heartland! As you sat glued to your TV set watching the tragedy and the heroics, couldn't you feel the whole nation reeling with a sense of shock and lost innocence? Our naive, insular belief that "It can't happen here" had just bitten the dust. There was nowhere left to run. Nowhere in the world was safe from random violence any more. That emotional weather pattern blanketed the country like a monsoon for weeks. Even thinking about it now probably sets off little ripples of fear somewhere inside us.

Hijacked ferries in Chechnya and IRA bus bombings in London, take on a whole new personal meaning after Oklahoma City. Simply knowing that we're all in it together opens us up to a feeling of joint citizenship in the global community and an intimate realization that we are, after all, our brother's keeper.

While this may seem a sad and negative way to create a sense of community, it's actually one of the hidden benefits of the communications revolution of the late twentieth century. We all know instantly when something major is happening anywhere in the world. We tend to think of our fascination with these events as voyeurism or being news junkies. But something much deeper than that

is going on. We're all, together, creating a global emotional weather pattern and through this, sensing our deep inter-relatedness.

It's not only the huge events that bind us together, however. We participate in these shared emotional patterns all the time in smaller, subtler ways. We tend not to notice these things consciously because we rarely look beyond our own noses. Most of us tend to operate under the belief that all this pain we're carrying around is our own personal "stuff." We think that the emotions we're experiencing, the feelings and issues, are uniquely ours.

"Commiserating with one another is one of the most precious gifts we can give and receive, for it's about mutual healing. It helps us get beyond the claustrophobia of our own skins."

This is simply not so. Everyone who has ever dreamed on this planet has been wide open to these feeling frequencies since birth. We are densely surrounded and interpenetrated by a massive assault of emotional information from every wavelength. And, on top of this burden, there are all the hopes, ambitions and fears, all the anger and frustration we carry for our parents and that they carried for their parents and their parents, as far back as anyone remembers.

I first became aware of the extent of this sensory overload some years ago when I was doing a dreamwork dialogue with several of my guides. They gave me a bit of statistical information that astonished me. They

said that, for all of us on this planet, a maximum of 5 percent of what we're aware of in our emotional environment—inner and outer—concerns our own personal lives. In other words, less than 5 percent of what we feel is ours!

This means that more than 95 percent of the information we pick up on a daily basis—on top of what we've been carrying around with us physically, psychically and emotionally for most of our lives—is simply not our own personal "stuff." It's coming from "out there," carried on the subspace transmissions of electronic, familial, societal, psychic, subtle and dream frequencies.

That brilliant social commentator, George Carlin, once said, "Our stuff is stuff. But other people's stuff is junk."

So, if 5 percent of what we feel is our stuff, does he mean that all the rest of what we're feeling is other people's junk? Is he fulfilling his usual function of mirroring our foibles back at us? "Hey, I have enough junk of my own, what do I need yours for? Get outta my face!"

Or just maybe this was Mr. Carlin's wry way of reminding us that each one of us is a member of the human community. "If you listen to my stuff, I'll listen to your stuff." "He ain't heavy, he's my brother."

Whenever we share our feelings honestly with one another, the first thing we experience is that odd comfort of "misery loves company." Isn't it always a surprise and a great relief to know that you're not the only one feeling what you're feeling?

Commiserating with one another is one of the most precious gifts we can give and receive, for it's about mutual healing. It helps us get beyond the claustrophobia of our own skins. And once we're able to move beyond the confines of our own misery, we begin to feel much less isolated, much less alone. It's at this point that commiseration helps us return to the embrace of the larger community.

However, this is also the point when we begin to realize that

although we're feeling better, it's carried a high price tag. For what all this commiseration actually means is that everyone we've been sharing our feelings with has been feeling every bit as bad as we have. And our hearts go out to them—and to ourselves as well, one hopes.

The upside of this compassionate understanding is that it allows us to begin to explore our mutual issues in a larger landscape. It gives us a chance to search for a broader movement of events, the ones that lie beyond our daily routines. And this, in turn, awakens us to the reality of the community of pain we're living in. We begin to wonder how far its borders extend. All it takes is reading the front page of any newspaper or watching the 6 o'clock news to realize that it encompasses the whole world.

Lately, I've begun to wonder if we've reached that point in our spiritual evolution where we've earned the right to feel humanity's pain. Does commiseration breed compassion? Are thousands and thousands of us beginning to realize that each of us is listening to every human heart, not just our own? Are we perhaps being given "Compassion Lessons"? If so, it's a process that is both painful and glorious.

Painful because we have to work through our own pain first in order to recognize—and release—what is NOT ours.

Painful to realize the extent of human misery.

Painful to both feel and then move beyond this empathic state in which we deeply sense what others are feeling. Painful to learn to simply be a loving witness. Interestingly enough, Compassion Lessons seem to be more about fathering than mothering. They're about seeing, acknowledging and then allowing someone to grow through their own experience without interfering or taking away their power.

However, Compassion Lessons are also glorious because, in spite of the pain, they're an astonishing gift—"a pearl of great price." For they may

very well be God's way of sharing the load.

What does that say about who we are and where we're going? How will we respond to the realization that we are now strong enough to help God shoulder the burden? How do we proceed once we truly become aware of our common humanity—that we all have stuff and in fact that we're all sharing similar stuff? Our responses could have major ramifications in our lives, our health, our peace of mind.

"Does commiseration breed compassion? Are thousands and thousands of us beginning to realize that each of us is listening to every human heart, not just our own? Are we perhaps being given 'Compassion Lessons'?"

This all spins around deep and abiding universal laws. These tell us that the mind and body are vastly more than separate, non-communicating strategic business units in the overall corporate self. That what we feel is what we think. That what we think is what we become. That what we expect is what we get. That our feelings and emotions—conscious, unconscious and shared—deeply affect our body's immune system.

It's our immune system that is bearing the brunt of the emotional weather, since our physical bodies respond not only to what we think but even more powerfully to what we feel emotionally. It's our immune systems that are struggling so bravely to protect us from the stresses of a

deteriorating environment and from the catastrophic illnesses and plagues that surround us in the late twentieth century. Who among us does not know of someone who has died of cancer, or heart disease, or AIDS? What one of us feels, many of us feel.

Intimately related to the immune system is the thymus gland and its energy double, the thymus chakra, or as some people call it, the High Heart. The function of this newly awakening subtle energy vortex, positioned between the throat and heart chakras, is to open us up to unconditional love, to compassion, at a global level. The thymus chakra is helping us become consciously aware of the 95 percent of what is "out there."

Even though, sleeping and waking, we may all be sharing the same emotional weather patterns, as long as we continue to do this mindlessly, our growth remains stunted. But when we become conscious and aware, together we can begin to find creative ways of dealing with the challenges that are facing us all.

The wake-up signal so many of us seem to be picking up at this time is that everything we used to be, used to know, used to do, used to believe is simply not working any more. The whole system isn't working any more. We're having our noses rubbed in our mutual problems so continuously that even the soundest sleepers among us can't possibly ignore them.

More and more of us are beginning to feel that we need new coping mechanisms in our lives, new forms of community, new flexible social structures. Our present ones, such as our families, which simply reflect our society as a whole, are dysfunctional. Everywhere we look we're being told to wake up, to see what's really going on. We're being told that it's time to change!

And there's nothing more stressful than change. We're living in a time of such rapid and ceaseless change, that we eat, breathe and sleep in a state of stress. However, biologists tell us that stress is also a wonderful springboard for evolutionary trans-

Continued on page 44

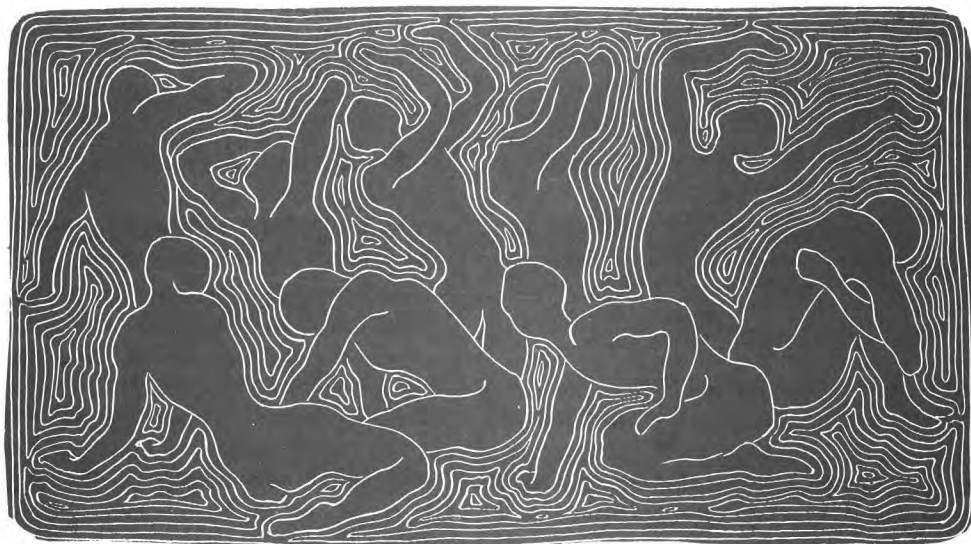
Taking the Leap

*I try to go somewhere or get something.
It's not clear, except that I need the help of others to get it done
and I have no luck getting someone to help me.*

*I somehow remember that it involves a doorway....
and crossing over it into the next room.*



*I am frustrated and finally give up trying
to find help and do what I want, alone.
My greatest apprehension is that I must take
my son with me, as I can't leave him alone....
and I hope that it will be OK for him.
Then, I cross the barrier, holding my son's hand....
and discover that all the answers and help I need
are waiting for me on the other side!
I simply had to make the move on my own faith.*



Dreaming to a Healthier I

*"Everything That Ever Was, Was Once a Dream
Everything That Will Ever Be, Is Now a Dream"*

by Dr. David F. De Loera, Ph.D
Hierophant of Asclepiads International, A.H.O.A



Asklepios

You awaken with a start! You have just had a most extraordinary dream. You dreamt that *the immortal god Asclepius came to you in your dream and diagnosed your illness and prescribed certain herbs and a poultice for the rash that has irritated your skin.* You are breathing heavily as the beauty of that moment still envelopes you in a warm ethereal sense of serenity, love and profound compassion. You get up, it is almost dawn. Around you are the sleeping forms of many of your fellow pilgrims, some of whom came from distant places that you had never heard of before.... but here in the Abaton of the Asklepieion all are equal in their mutual need for healing and consolation.

Presently you hear the shuffling of many sandaled feet and you see the procession of the Asclepiads as they enter the dormitory, preceded by the Propolos, the Torch bearers. One by one the various Asclepiads approach each of the supplicants and listen to the dreams that they report from the night before. They interpret each dream and write down the prescribed treatment.

You, along with so many others who have come here to Epidaurus seeking the healing help of Asclepius, have an immense confidence in the power of the dream to help direct your healing. This is the way it has been for more than a thousand

years. The evidence is all around you in the clay votive models of the human body that have been left by those who preceded you. The carved inscriptions on the monuments describe the healing of many famous people.

This is the Greece of 400 B.C. Or it could just as easily be Pergamum or Corinth, Rome or even France, England or Ceaserea in Israel.

At one time or another there were Asklepieions and Asclepiads in all of these countries.... doing their healing work and listening to the dream recitals of the many supplicants who came to them.

As you read, you may be thinking to yourself: "That is all very interesting; but it is ancient history to me and it isn't relevant to me here in 1996 nor for the condition that plagues me. I need healing, consolation and direction in my life as regards my illness, now.

This may at first seem somewhat obtuse to you, but the healing of your particular illness began there all of those many centuries ago. The Universal Healing Mind of God as represented by the archetypal presence of the god Asclepius remains the perfect healer now as it was then.

How is this possible?

The best modern scientific explanation is that which Rupert Sheldrake has given us in his concept of 'Morphogenetic Resonance.'

(Sheldrake, *A New Science of Life, The Hypothesis of Formative Causation*: 1981)

Plainly and simply put, this world and everything in it has memory: memory of the past, memory of the future.

Everything is composed of encoded, remembered signals.

DNA is such an encoded signal. We are each especially encoded by the subsequent evolutionary genes of all those many thousands of individuals who came before us as our ancestors.

Hence, knowing this it becomes readily apparent that something wonderful happened during this historical movement of the human race. During this time it was discovered that the dreams we dream are more than just mere illusions of the night, because the subconscious mind never sleeps, nor does it ever forget.

Thus the illness which we may have at this point in time, as well as the healing we are seeking, has long ago been recorded and remembered somewhere within the Universal Healing Mind, That same Healing Mind which is symbolized by Asclepius; the same Healing Mind which we each of us nightly re-visit in our dreams.

All of this was realized many centuries ago by the ancients but it was subsequently discarded in the Western World until Freud and Jung began to retrieve much of it from the forgotten attics of the unconscious. Or so it would seem.

The healing dreamwork of the Asclepiads wasn't forgotten, not by those who really *knew* and *remembered* the earlier works. It has been passed down from generation to generation and it is happening, it is really working again! The dreamwork of the healing God, Asklepios has touched this modern age. ∞

The Healing Power Of Dreams Artemidorus Dream Contributions

by Patricia Garfield, Ph.D.

The grandfather of all dream interpreters was a Greek philosopher named Artemidorus Daldianus, who was born in the second century A.D. in Ephesus, an ancient city of the west coast of Asia Minor (now Turkey).¹ He was a contemporary of Galen's, living just a few hundred miles south of Galen's home in Pergamon. He traveled throughout the civilized world, collecting and categorizing dreams from native people and professional dream interpreters. His purpose was to form a uniform set of laws about what dreams revealed or predicted; he produced five books that are called the *Oneirocritica*, from the Greek word *oneiros* (pronounced oh-NYE-rus), meaning "predictive dreams." Most modern dream dictionaries are based upon his works but usually without understanding the concepts behind them.

Artemidorus did not simply say that to dream of a certain thing was good or bad, as modern writers or dream dictionaries often do. Instead, he put great importance on taking into account the dreamer's age, sex, occupation, personal habit, finances, health and other identifying characteristics, as well as the customs of the land in which the person was raised. A dream interpreter, he believed, could not accurately apply the same rule to the same image in different dreamers; rather, he must consider the individual's condition and beliefs — advice that is valid today.

¹ For reference on Artemidorus, see: Artmadorus, *The Interpretation of Dreams: The Oneirocritica of Artemidoru*, trans. and commentary by Robert White, Park Ridge, NJ: Noyes Press, 1975. Rudolph E. Seigel, *Galen*, p. 172.

Reprinted with permission from Patricia Garfield, Ph. D. from her book *The Healing Power of Dreams: Techniques for interpreting and using your dreams to reveal hidden health problem, speed your recovery and promote lifelong health*. A Fireside Book published by Simon & Schuster, NY: 1991

Asclepiads International offers interdisciplinary correspondence coursework in Dream Interpretation, Myth & Literature, Jung's Depth Psychology, Clinical Methodologies, Hippocratic Medicine, Alchemical Studies, Ancient Healing Rites, Child Therapy and Cultural Psychology. For information, please address correspondence to: Dr. David F. DeLoera, P.O. Box 95, Calumet City, IL 60409

The Healing Power of Dreams

Dream Activities: Watch for Health Warnings

by Patricia Garfield, Ph.D.

1. Review the dreams recorded in your journal for evidence of precognition.

If you have observed events in your immediate environment or the world at large that seems to confirm a precognitive dream, add a note in your dream journal to this effect. If evidence has appeared in print, make a copy of it or clip it out to insert in your journal. Try to analyze what is unique about your precognitive dreams compared to your everyday ones. Don't be concerned if you have no precognitive dreams; they are comparatively rare.

2. Observe whether your recorded dreams contain any forewarnings about your health.

Think of a recent time when you have not felt well or had an accident. Glance through the dreams you recorded immediately prior to this incident. Were there any alarm signals you might have noticed? If so, mark them in some special way, perhaps underlining them with red pencil. You might wish to make a special list of "Forewarning Images" on a separate page in your journal. Review these images periodically so you will recognize one when it arises in your dreams. Update the list over the next few months. You'll be creating a useful tool for years to come.

3. Observe any dream images that you have recorded when you were feeling exceptionally well.

Think of a recent time when you felt comparatively vigorous. Examine the dreams you recorded around this time—before and during the peak of well-being. What characterizes these images? Again, you may wish to create a list on a separate page of "Wellness Images." These, too, will prove useful in your dream activities. Whenever one of these images of good health appears in your dreams, welcome it.

4. Watch for changes in metabolism: too slow.

One important clue to your health in dreams is contained in the rate of activity in your dream images. The pictures in dreams sometimes show the rate of your body's basic processes. I believe that when your metabolism changes from normal to too fast or too slow, your dream figures grow correspondingly overactive or inactive.

What is the current rate of activity in your dream characters? Skim through the dreams you have

recorded in your journal. Do the people in them seem to be as active as they usually are? Notice any instance of unusual slowness or rigidity if it appears in the people in your dreams.

Although it is uncommon, people sometimes dream of inactive or rigid dream characters as a metabolic disorder begins.

5. Watch for changes in metabolism: too fast.

When a person is overmedicated, he or she sometimes exhibits this fact with overactive dream characters—especially, of course, if the medication is a stimulant of some kind.

6. Give yourself a daily dream checkup.

As you review your dreams from the previous night, give particular attention to whether:

- any dream characters are rigid or immobile
- any dream characters are overactive or frenzied
- any dream characters, including yourself, have a physical illness or infirmity

Remember, when you dream about a physical infirmity or illness in yourself or another dream character, there are three possibilities:

1. *The dream image of ill health is a metaphor of your psychological condition.* For instance, you might dream of a blind person to indicate to yourself that something important is "not seen" or has been overlooked.

2. *The dream image of ill health is a portrayal of minute, current physical sensations.* In this case, you might dream of a blind person when you are experiencing a literal dimming of vision, perhaps temporary eyestrain. Remember, dreams exaggerate. Such a dream cautions the dreamer to take preventive care of the eyes.

3. *The dream image is a combination of metaphor and physical sensation.* You might dream of a blind person when you are experiencing poor vision and also have not given adequate attention to this fact.

Reprinted with permission from Patricia Garfield, Ph. D. from her book The Healing Power of Dreams: Techniques for interpreting and using your dreams to reveal hidden health problem, speed your recovery and promote lifelong health. Excerpted from pp. 107 - 113. A Fireside Book published by Simon & Schuster, NY: 1991

Healing....

the Ancestral Root

by Gwendolyn Endicott

Something is going on with the ancestors," I comment to my daughter as we share our recent dreams over the phone, "—since Jeremy's ritual."

It is late October at Wanderland, the rainforest where I live near the Oregon coast—about a month since my Grandson Jeremy's rite of passage. The rains have come and the earth smells sweet with fallen alder leaves. By five in the afternoon, I am shrouded in dusk and drive around the mountain to watch the evening light linger an hour longer over the ocean. We are going down. The falling is coming fast. The lush green is dying back. The earth breathes out cold. We are close to Halloween. In Celtic mythology it is a "between time," a crucial juncture between the seasons. Through the crack in space/time that appears at this juncture, the ancestors come, bringing gifts to their living relation.

Coal Creek, swollen with the fall rains, has swept the gravel bars clean, leaving on one, a small circle of scattered stones—the remains of Jeremy's medicine wheel. Surrounding it is a larger circle of sitting stones, wet in the rain. My mind fills with the memory of the late summer afternoon when we sat here, in the sunshine by the creek's edge, a circle of family and friends, a clan, gathered to support Jeremy's growing from child to man.

Jeremy sits in the South, across from me. In him I see the child I have loved since the moment he was born; in him, I see the child becoming a man. Jeremy is twelve. At times, his father says, he is arrogant, even insolent and just doesn't care—about anything. Today, Jeremy's face, framed by long, black hair, looks very clean—open. "We are here because we support your growing," I remind Jeremy—"but your root goes deeper still. Many have gone before you who give you the gift of life." Then we named those we remembered—generations of grandfathers and grandmothers—my own grandfather, who smelled like the earth he farmed and loved; my mother who had the gift of "making"—warm clothes, quilts, apple pies. The Foremothers and Forefathers of Jeremy were called into the circle; many of their names Jeremy had never before heard. In that



moment by the creek at Wanderland, we were a family tree, rooted deeply in the past and blossoming into the future. Two days after Jeremy's ritual, the ancestral dreaming began.

I am drifting between waking and sleeping.
My grandfather is standing near me in the room. He is tall and strong. He wears the familiar blue, striped bib-overalls. He is so real I am surprised to see him; yet I know he is a spirit person. As I cry out my greeting, "Granddad, it is so good to see you," and reach out to hug him, my heart flows into his.

Coming into waking, I am still filled with the warmth of our embrace.

"Perhaps it is because of the new path I named "Grandfather Way" that my grandfather has come to me like this," I ponder the next day. The path leads to an ancient

stump, reminder of the giant forest that stood here one hundred years ago. When I first came across the stump, I stood a long time watching as faces and shapes emerged and disappeared in the line and shadow of the wood. It was my grandfather who taught me to "see," to see beyond the surface to the magic, in the rock, in the tree. His presence stayed with me through the days that followed my dream until slowly I began to understand something else. "You stand now for Jeremy where I stood for you," he tells me without the words.

My daughter speaks to me of her dream. *She walks toward her Grandfather's house. It is small and dark. The curtains are closed as they were when he was dying and she is afraid. What is she doing here, she wonders— at the home of this grandparent who never seemed to understand her, never approved of who she was. Still, she pushes open the sliding glass door and enters. The house fills with light and is tall like a cathedral. Her grandfather stands before her, radiant. Reaching out to her, he gives her a gift. And she feels in that moment his love for her and his support for her path.*

My older daughter calls from Seattle and leaves a message on the machine. She has had a dream of her grandmother, she says, and can I call her back. "I am in the kitchen of grandma and granddad's house," she says. "I am cooking waffles and I know I am doing it wrong. I am burning them. Smoke fills the house. I know Grandma is going to find me doing it wrong. She comes around the corner into the kitchen. But instead of scolding me, we see each other and our hearts open. All of my guilt and fear and frustration fall away in the love that floods between us." My daughter goes on to tell me the new adventures of her first born, now six months old. Her days are filled with mothering.

A strengthening, a healing, is happening in the roots of our family

tree since the rite we created "for Jeremy." We wonder at the magic of it and feel its echoes in this place, this remnant of a living rainforest surrounded by clear-cut in the Pacific Coast Range. The roots of my family go six generations into Oregon country. Jeremy's ancestors have been loggers, trappers, hunters, farmers. They have loved Oregon deeply and participated in the destruction of its wilderness. My father lived to see the expanses of forest disappear and the end of the great salmon runs. Jeremy must be taught in schools that such forests and wild life at one time lived.

"Choose an animal from your medicine wheel," I told Jeremy on the day of his ritual, "and ask what it has to teach you." Alone in the forest, Jeremy asked coyote. But it was not coyote who came. Beyond Jeremy's intending, beyond his choosing, Buffalo appeared. "What you care for will give back to you," the Buffalo said.

The week following the rite of passage, a circle of nine women gathered in retreat at Wanderland on the dark of the moon. After the drumming, the story telling, the dancing, four women stayed awake still longer, to hot tub under the stars. Talking and laughing, enjoying the moment, they told stories of the animals—the elk who run the trails of the forest, the bear who walk the ridge, the packrat who had moved into The Forest House and nightly collected my ritual items into piles. Then the four women parted each to their tent, to sleep and to dream.

One woman dreamed that she was still in the hot tub, talking and laughing with the others under the stars. Then a large elk walked into the clearing, paused a moment, looked at the woman, and said: "Pardon me, I'd like to speak to you about the Elderberries." The next morning she could not remember what it was the Elk wanted her to know.

"Do elk eat elderberries?" she asked me, as my mind raced, remembering the words of the teacher during the plant medicine workshop. "Elderberry is sacred to the elders," she had told us as we walked the upper lane.

"Sacred to the elders," I thought, still looking at the Elderberry—"probably because the new shoots sprout right out of the dead wood." I walked numbly behind her; her words were painful to me. I had been in shock since early that morning when I found the trees along the lower lane, mostly old Elderberry, smashed and broken by a neighbor to make way for logging trucks to cross Wanderland. That night, I sat by the creekside, singing and drumming my grief, singing to the elders of the forest, singing for the Elderberry trees.

"It's almost Halloween," I tell Jeremy. "What are you going to be?" We are having dinner together in a Portland restaurant. Halloween, I know, is one of his favorite holidays. "I'm just going to be ugly," he replies.

We have spent the dinner hour in animated discussion. Jeremy has, in the last week, experienced his first shamanic journey. His face is full of excitement. Something new and full of wonder has opened in him. "I went to Wanderland," he tells me, "to my circle. The Buffalo came but turned and walked North, upstream. Then a big Elk appeared. The Elk told me—'you are doing well.'"

"The Elk is Grand Father of the place," I reply, looking at Jeremy. He is full of Beauty. ∞

Gwendolyn Endicott, MA, has practiced the art of teaching individual growth for almost 40 years—in college classrooms, workshops, and recently in an Oregon rainforest. Gwendolyn is co-creator of Wanderland, a retreat and teaching forest. She is the author of THE SPINNING WHEEL, The Art of Mythmaking, and teaches circle classes in creating your personal mythology.

Sometimes the End is Not Nigh

or... How It Feels Not to Die

by Charlotte Bell

As we acknowledge our inner psychic thrust toward the next century, cradling our sense of still more difficulties ahead.... this time, the ending of this century.... this beginning time.... is exciting, dynamic, demanding and scary. We need all the help we can get. I find it a relief to know that our dreams are available and can be explored for all the meanings we can find.

I have been requesting dream help for surviving this historical time. Or, if I am not to survive, to at least have a clearer understanding of what is happening and why I have chosen to reincarnate and live through this century's end.... to know my choices.

I have found that dreams can be tricksters! For example, on September 30, 1994, I had a brief and startling dream. It was a short sentence spoken by that disembodied voice many dreamers are familiar with. It said, "You will die within the year."

Let me tell you — that got my attention! However, having had several near death experiences (NDE's), I was less upset than I might have been. In fact, I was as curious as I was alarmed. But, did I ever start asking for clarification. Why did I receive this dream message? Was it to be taken literally? If so, how, when and where? If it wasn't true, what the heck was going on?

Following are some of the dreams that answered my questions:

My departure has been delayed.

I make a U-turn on a bridge.

Four enormous vehicles back toward me from the four directions.

I yell, "Wait!" They stop.

My death is postponed.

On October 1, 1995.... the day after I could have croaked had I taken the dream literally, I called an old and trusted friend and told her about my dreams and asked for help. She agreed to come over and explore the dreams via a hypnosis session.

The session was taped; a synopsis follows:

I find myself safely encased in a large, golden globe.... as safe as a baby in the womb.

Messages are given to me, sometimes in the disembodied voice and sometimes telepathically from some sentient part of the globe. On the tape my voice is weak, muffled and just barely clear enough to understand, as I explain that my dreams come in through a sunny window of the globe on my left. They are then recorded in me and pass through me and out another sunny window on my right, to have a life of their own in another dimension. I felt / sensed that they explore all of the possibilities available and then dissipate like

steam into vapor. It was made clear to me that the disembodied voice was not that of a guide or other entity.... but my own voice. I learned that it was my sub-conscious testing me to see if I had the strength to stick around on the planet and see this era through.

In December 1995 I dreamed....

I am married to a therapist who is away. A couple who look like the ones in the painting 'American Gothic' by Grant Wood come to the door seeking my husband's help. I offer mine. They are doubtful but desperate and reluctantly accept. Without telling me, I can see that they are haunted by a negative entity.

I know that I can help them because my husband had given me a gift of some broken records made by a 'true seer.' I had held the broken records to my heart and they had mended and healed so that they could be heard.

Just as the records of my dreams have helped me to heal my own torn psyche. Seems like I passed my own test!

Now it all seems so uncomplicated and clear. I needed that in-depth search for clarity to allow my dreammaker to spell it out in scenes, words, metaphors and feelings so that my limited, conscious self could get it. ∞

Address correspondence to 158 Center Rd. #1, Weare, NH 03281

The Celebration.... or What Died?

I am attending a funeral and am surprised at the volume of people arriving (thousands!) and how brightly dressed we all are.

Still, I feel alone and unknown, hence a bit shy.

I choose to seat myself in the rear right of this massive semi-circle, tiered stadium-type cathedral. There are a scattering of others in my section of seating — all of us apparently equally resistant at being fully present.

The ushers present me with a program. I am surprised to find, inside, it is addressed specifically to me — like a personal invitation. I look at the usher and say, "But how did you know my name?" He replies, "Don't you remember? You were here before?" "Yes, but that was a very long time ago!" I answer. And he: "We never forget someone who has reached out to us and asked for support before. We just wait until you choose to return." Then I: "But how did you know I'd be here today."

"We didn't. We just see the faces as they come in and recall who you are."

I am flattered at the personal quality of the invitation. Somehow, it even relays a remembrance of my particular challenge as a single mother. I feel special.

I then look around and note that everyone has a personalized invitation. A warm feeling permeates as I realize that each of us is remembered by our names.

Just then, someone — it is never revealed whose funeral it is or who the minister/priest is — on center stage, points to the people seated in the rear and says,

"You people can't be in the back any longer."

This section of seating (which I am in) consists of 4 or 5 rows of 15 or so seats each; we begin to move. There are a few dozen of us scattered on these seats. It moves as a single block, mainly sideways, on rollers and a track.

At first, I startle and grab my chair, feeling fearful that I am going to fall and get hurt as the section picks up speed. I realize that these seats are designed to be movable and obviously, if people are going to get hurt on them, they would have been revised long ago. Or at least have seat belts supplied!

So, I choose to relax and trust the journey.

As we pick up speed, like a roller coaster, we move down into a very dark space.

Then emerge again and come to a stop.

Now we find ourselves, as a group, relocated toward the center front of the massive stadium.

On stage, they say, "That's better!"

Now this 'funeral service' begins with happy dancers.

It seems more a celebration! And I am left wondering.... "What died?"

Dream Man Walking

by David Morse

*You were not wearing
your ordinary face.
You wore a dream face.
And yet I knew it was you.
Or if it was not you, then
someone dear to the
dreamer. You had been
condemned to die. You
seemed undisturbed.
"It's life," you said.
"It's not life," I tried to
say, but I could never get
the words out. My throat
ached. You had no trial, no
lawyer and had been
condemned to die!
"It's life," you kept saying,
walking down a long
passageway made of
something like gray
cardboard while I hurried
after you.*

I awoke, my throat still aching.
Got up. Drank water from the red
plastic tumbler next to the sink.
Peed. Went back to bed, deeply
troubled, asking myself how I could
have executed you in my dream.
Feeling guilty. Dreading telling
you. Fretting how I could undream
it. Finally, I fell back asleep.

*You walked toward me.
You looked relieved. I knew
you were safe. It had all
been a mistake. You held
out your hand to me and I
took it and could feel the
new calluses from spring
yardwork. Your face, with
the mole on your chin, was
your face. You hugged me.
I was greatly relieved. I felt
my ears pull back
in a smile. ∞*

Please address correspondence to: David
Morse, 64 Birchwood Heights. Storrs,
CT. 06268

Heirloom Silk Scarf

with Your Own Dream Symbol Artfully Rendered!
A Beautiful Gift for Yourself or a Loved One

Send us your favorite dream symbol painted
or drawn in any medium on the surface you choose.

Describe what this symbol means to you.

We transfer the symbol onto silk and respond in a creative way.

Suitable for Framing or Apparel.

One size: 30" X 30" \$99 Each

Includes P&H. Money Back Guarantee!

Allow 4 - 6 Weeks for Delivery

Send check or money order to:

Healing Arts Center % Ixchel Productions
41 West 798 South, Bowgren circle, Elburn, IL 60119
Phone: 630/365-0771

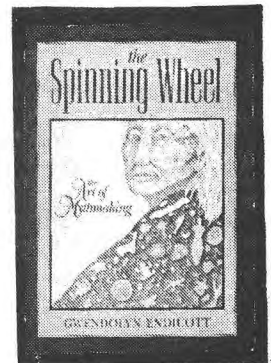
Scarves vary in weight and type of silk; all scarves are hand hemmed and sewn with silk thread,
hand dyed and designed with various techniques.

Washing instructions included. Sorry, your art work may not be returned.

THE SPINNING WHEEL is a practical guide
to making your own myths. It is a workbook
of story-spinning, and an introduction to
understanding the symbols that make up
your life.

Mail a check or money
order for \$13, plus \$2 for
shipping and handling, to:

Attic Press
1907 SE 39th Street
Portland, OR 97214



Have You Been Looking for Rare Back Issues of Dream Network?

We have just received, via donation:

Volumes 1 #9, Vol. 2 #s 5 & 8 (Bill Stimson, pub./ed.)

Vol. 3 #s 3, 4 & 5 (Chris Hudson, pub.ed.)

Vol. 5 #s 1 - 6 (Henry Reed/Robert Van De Castle, pubs./eds.)

Now Available @ \$5 per copy + \$1 (P&H)

to: Dream Network PO Box 1026, Moab, UT 84532

Dream Inspired Poetry

breaking silence

(Dedicated to all the little girls who live in terror)

I
i walk
dangerous
ground,
shaped by
the decay
of secrets
that return
without
mercy to
haunt me.

wretched
silence
invades
my dreams
and devours
relentlessly
my innocence.

suffering
and pain
eat away
at the old
festering
wounds of
my heart.

for years
i dissimulate,
i escape
its clutches,
i flirt with
deception,
i toil for
absolution,
i cry alone
in the closet.

withered
frightening
echoes stir
childhood
terror into
my everyday
consciousness.

II
stop crying,
i know
you really
like it.
stop crying
you'll beg
for it
someday.



don't tell,
or you'll
not see your
mom again.

and like
the good
little girl,
i never
told on
my mother's
lover,
i never
told on
my friends'
fathers,
i never
told the
neighbor's
wife.

the touch
of his hands
were my soul's
signal to
abandon my
body.

on the
ceiling of
the room,
i waited
for him to
finish and
dismiss me.

once,
my soul
returned
too quickly
and i
vomited
all over
the floor.

he left
the next
day.

III
thirty
years of
silence
sits heavy
upon a
woman's shoulders.
i became
stone.

i made sex
in multi-
disassociated
forms.

when my
soul would
return, i
would weep.

seldom,
did the men
notice or
understand.

secretly,
i hated them.

openly,
i hated
me.

IV
I grapple now
for the words
to speak and
the courage
to release
the child's
dark sorrow
from my life.

i begin at
the source.

my mother's
warm embrace
comforts me
in a way
that she
could not
at another
time.

we weep
together.

our pain
is shared
and known
on a suburban
mall bench,
while others
stare at us
oddly and
wonder.

we laugh,
together.

and i take in the first deep breathe,
since 1959.

Antonia Darder



Fallen Bird

One has fallen within retrieval
let us go and get her.
her feathered headdress
mount upright,
the broken wing mend.
Her downward spiral ended,
let us go and lift her up.
her folded wings spread wide,
clouded eyes brighten
with deep blue skies.
Then she will take us willingly,
let us go rise with her.
let us rise up upon this wind,
circling in gyres
above the rolling earth.
Her falling brought her to us
let us go retrieve her.
her fallen head give breath,
curled talons help grasp
the most solid branch.
Gerard Donnelly-Smith



Refuse to Look Back

Let your steps
be smoke
you leave behind
no one will follow you
through the unburned wind
through the canyons, struck
like lightening through the land,
into the eye
of a single flower, go deep
into its delicate golden sex
its glowing purity of motives and means
walk its trembling flesh
with your feet-bared to its softness,
with your hands encircling mirror-drops
of its wetness with the dew, the rain,
with your eyes gathering up its light
enfolding its gold bedclothing of light
letting your soul bloom into the soft peace
of its light, where it lives,
it lives!

Behind you, the towns are falling,
Cries fill the night, the sky and cut peace down
like knives, like drums, like crimes, like cairns
and here is how to make war on them:
Refuse to look back!
Let the earth spin away from your feet
to become another hell, blazing in space,
let the widow cry to you, reach out,
you will not turn, no, not when her children cry
your name, you will not look at them,
and where they burn no stone will you cast
to mark their horror as a resting-place
no word will your lips utter from this day
until you know you are alive, far and alive
past the border of the land that dies,
so far past and long ago, that the word
which we call "war" will be lost,
vaulted beneath the earth, where only
the past, the graceless dead, will finally rest,
rest, and never rise again.

Dan Sessions



Before Waking

Whose hand was it
resting
on my forehead?
No one sleeps or
stretches or lies
near me; even
the cat spent dawn
near the barrels
of flounder heads
down the cold street
at Rizzo's place.
I know because
she's yawning, and
it is her breath,
not anyone's
touch, that wakes me:
the stink of still
digesting fish
spread like a net
across my face.
The hand I felt
slipped from my head
before
I smelled a thing.
Andrejika Beth Hough

The Man With a Corpse on His Back

When you die to the old life
you must bury it well
Or you'll stumble on
with the corpse of your old self
strapped to your back.
Bury it well and do your grieving.
Set right what can be set right
with those you hurt
and those who hurt you.
Give up the souls you've stolen.
Reclaim what was stolen from you.
Then walk on and don't look back.
Others will dig up your corpse.
Not only enemies and abandoned lovers
but your very best friends.
They'll exhume your bag of bones
and lash it to your shoulders
to prove you haven't changed.
You'll be dragged, down and back.
You'll need a second wake,
a deeper burial.
The grave-robbers will come for you
again and again
to chain you to your dead self
until you are changed so utterly
you can only be seen
by those who have changed their eyes.
You vanish into the sunlit spaces
where those who cling
to the ghost of what you were
can't find you anymore.
Robert Moss

Warning

Grandfather wanders among years
baring huge stone teeth
closing in.
He yells. Strikes at enemies
roaring around him,
ghost cobras from dim past.
Like a buzzard he pounces on decayed
meat of past wrongs
on which he now feeds -
as I do when I wake too early,
can't spit out carrion
memories in my mouth.
Rose Roseberg

Exploring the Mystery

A One Hour Audio Cassette

by H. Roberta Ossana
Introduction by Will Phillips

In July 1996, your editor/
publisher was an invited
speaker and represented
Dream Network at the Ass-
ociation for the Study of
Dreams conference in Ber-
keley, CA.

The presentation includes:

- A suggested Credo
for the evolving Dream
Movement

- The history and evo-
lution of *Dream Net-
work*... the philosophy
and the publication

- H. Roberta Ossana's
dream autobiography...
a composite, labyrinth-
ical account of the 14
years preceding her
stewardship of *Dream
Network journal*

- A vignette entitled

**Dreams:
Exploring the Mystery**

**For your copy, send
\$7.95 + \$1 (P&H)**

Check or Money Order
to PO Box 1026
Moab, UT 84532

Courage

It's over now
This season of flowers
And I will not try to hang on
Not this year
So with scissors in my right hand
And a plastic trash bag in my left hand
I snip away at browned wild flowers
Than disentangle dried morning glory vines

Yet still farther toward the Sun
Three blue buds on my morning glory vines have bloomed
And not too far from them
Four pink buds await just a little more warmth
Then they will bring their color
To sing with the blue
Providing a balance between what small amount is left.

Marilyn Elain Carmen

The Night Blooming Cereus

In the desert of my dreams
in a country known as Heart of the Mare
beside moonsilvered stream
I wandered without care
and found a flower there

I seemed to know its name
as it bloomed in the air before my eyes
like a mandala of flame
a sun in night disguise
and slowly did we rise

I followed where it led
through strange and yet familiar views
and a voice inside me said"
"Eternal flower is thy Muse
that you may never lose."

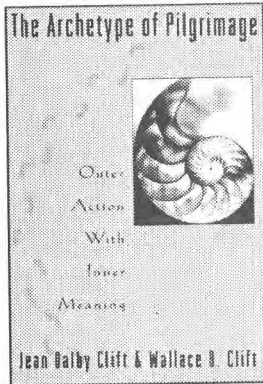
We drifted to a cave
where an eagle man danced with a lioness
and I watched a hand engrave
in fire and tenderness
a living breathing YES

The Flower began to grow
as I lit upon its center like a bee
felt the succulent petals flow
outward to infinity
through a living breathing Sea

I awoke upon the shore
my lover still sleeping by my side
her placid face adore
in moonlight's silver tide
the flower can never hide....

James Bernath

DREAMS... SOUL... SELF



The Archetype of Pilgrimage

Outer Activity with Inner Meaning

Jean Dalby Clift and Wallace B. Clift

"A clear and concise introduction, this Jung-flavored work explores the archetypal dimensions of sacred travel and pilgrimage dreams."

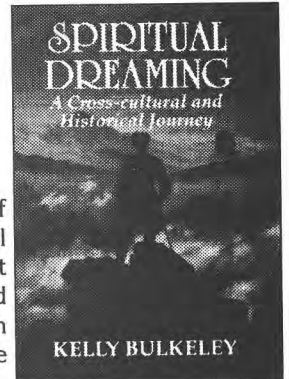
—COMMON BOUNDARY

0-8091-3599-X \$14.95

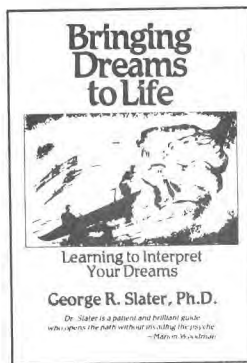
Spiritual Dreaming

A Cross-Cultural and Historical Journey

Kelly Bulkeley
A sweeping overview of the variety of spiritual dream experiences that people have reported throughout history from cultures all over the world.



0-8091-3592-2 \$16.95



Bringing Dreams to Life

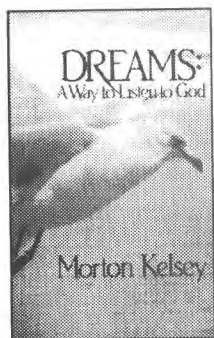
Learning to Interpret Your Dreams
George R. Slater

An introduction to Jungian dreams analysis that provides persons with a reliable way to analyze their dreams within the context of their own lives and to use that knowledge to enrich daily life.

"...may just be the book to revitalize the reader's interest in one of our premier means of spiritual growth."

—PRAYING

0-8091-3568-X \$12.95



Dreams

A Way to Listen to God
Morton Kelsey

"Shows us how to pay attention to the inner image and voices emerging from the depth of our beings, a primer for all who wish to know themselves better and to experience a ritual relationship with God."

—Dr. Walter J. Hollenweger

0-8091-2046-1 \$5.95

Dreams and Spiritual Growth

A Judeo-Christian Way of Dreamwork
Louis M. Savary, Patricia H. Berne, Strephon Kaplan Williams

"...offers an impressive assortment of more than 35 techniques for the reader's use in working with dreams to establish connection with God, oneself, and community."

—JOURNAL OF CHRISTIAN HEALING

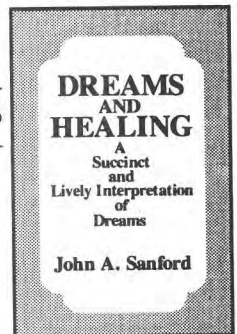
0-8091-2629-X \$11.95

Dreams and Healing

John A. Sanford

A lively and succinct interpretation of dreams that takes into account both spiritual and scientific views.

0-8091-2129-8 \$11.95



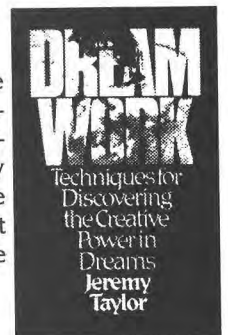
Dream Work

Techniques for Discovering the Creative Power in Dreams

Jeremy Taylor

Offers an invaluable tool for the exploration of the inner life contained within our dreams and individual, group, and community techniques for discovering more of the multiple meanings inherent in every dream. With extensive annotated bibliography.

0-8091-2525-0 \$12.95



Paulist Press, 997 Macarthur Blvd., Mahwah, NJ 07430

To order, call 1-800-218-1903 or FAX 1-800-836-3161.

e-mail: paulistp@usa.pipeline.com

Creative Dreaming, The Second Edition 1995

by Patricia Garfield

Simon & Schuster, Fireside Books
1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10020
272 pages ISBN 0-684-80172-8

Creative Dreaming will help you to 'Plan and Control your Dreams to Develop Creativity, Overcome Fears, Solve Problems and Create a Better Self' says the author about her dreamwork classic. Twenty two years after its original sortie, this book still touts the message that the conscious willpower of the individual ego can and should affect the story line, characters and content of our dreams. I am quite uncomfortable with her approach, not so much because I am a purist who doesn't believe in dream control (though perhaps I am more of the "dreams are a gift from God, and who am I to say to God what's right for me" type), but because it seems so much more energy efficient to me to affect my daytime behavior with my conscious mind, than to attempt a will-induced cross-insemination between the waking and dreaming realms. If a person is a perpetual victim in life and in her dreams, Garfield suggests elaborate and detailed techniques of mind control and meditation to incubate a more aggressive response in the dream world. Why not just learn to stand up to the aggressors in real life? Then, surely, the change will also reflect in one's dreams. It's perhaps the difference between a responsible personal growth plan, and invoking magic to dispel ghosts.

Garfield's chapter on the Senoi is also troubling to me, the first time reader. First we read that the Senoi are a peaceful people who do certain techniques including encouraging aggression in dream time. Then we learn that these reports are somewhat a fabrication on the part of the anthropologist who first studied the Malaysian Aborigines. Next in the chapter we are told how to deal with confrontation with dialogue instead of violence, and then in conclusion the author says if violence works then 'what-the-heck' do it. It confuses rather than enlightens. **Creative Dreaming** is still the big time seller it was in the 70's, suggesting that there are many people who prefer this fast food approach to dreamwork.

Spiritual Dreaming: A Cross-Cultural and Historical Journey

by Kelly Bulkeley

Paulist Press
997 MacArthur Boulevard, Mahwah NJ 07430
1992, 291 pages, \$16.95

Spiritual Dreaming investigates 13 aspects of spirituality as they appear in dreams. Snakes, God, Sexuality, Flying, Lucidity, Rituals, Initiation are some of the topics explored through comparison, contrast and then lucid analysis by the author, Bulkeley drew the dreams he explores from many sources across time, space and culture. His is an in-depth look at the main themes or archetypes from which our spirituality is derived. This is Bulkeley's second book,

his first being The Wilderness of Dreams: Exploring the Religious Meanings of Dreams in Modern Western Culture. His books are scholarly, insightful and a pleasure to read.

Mindfire

Dialogues in the Other Future

by Alexander Blair-Ewart

Somerville House Publishing, 3080 Yonge Street, Toronto,
Ontario M4N 3N1

As I listened to the voices from the edge, this book set my mind on fire. It satisfied every one of my desires to have articulated all in one place, the hopes, aspirations and prophecies of our time. I was delighted to read many of our current futurists and thinkers in dialogue with a brilliant interviewer (mostly Blair-Ewart himself). Shamans and Jungian analysts, ecologists and songwriters, philosophers and health professionals all join hands in painting their "other" future that though not free of challenge is full of change, of hope, of promise. Jean Houston, Robert Bly, Marion Woodman, Elizabeth Kubler-Ross, Tom Harpur and Ram Dass are only a few of the prophets sharing their thoughts with us in **Mindfire**. In the final chapter Blair-Ewart attempts an analysis and summary of the main themes in the book. After the lucidity of the interview format, I found the analysis a bit sluggish. Blair-Ewart himself a renowned writer in the field of spiritual studies is now working on a second release:

Spirit Fire: the Way of the Spiritual Realist. I'll watch for it with great anticipation. **Mindfire** is a must if you love this planet. Yet there is no "final vision for this other future," says the author. "It's something that we have to create and invent and get involved in." This book is about that involvement.

Dreams in the Psychology of Religion

by James Gollnick

The Edwin Mellen Press
P.O. Box 67, Queenston, Ontario, Canada L0S 1L0

Dream interpretation, says the author, is becoming more democratic, participatory, provisional and comprehensive. No longer just the domain of the prophet or therapist, dreamers themselves are becoming the authorities in their own process. Gollnick takes us through the ages from antiquity to the modern day looking at most of the principal proponents of dreamwork. Then he gives a veritable compendium of modern dream interpretation theory, summarizing for us the similarities and differences between, for instance, the Gestalt approach and the Jungian process, or the lucid dream method vs. the dream fragment. Gollnick shares two powerful dreams of his own, plus one from a client and then concludes his brilliant essay with a synopsis of how to do dreamwork alone or in a group, using the best from all the methods he's visited in part one of his book. His bibliography and recommended book lists are comprehensive.

Appreciating Dreams a group approach

by Montague Ullman, M.D.
Sage Publications, Inc.
2455 Teller Road,
Newbury Park, CA 91320
Phone: (805) 499-0721
Fax (805) 499-0871
Softcover, 273 pgs. \$52

by H. Roberta Ossana

In the *Forward* to this long awaited book, John P Briggs, M.D., reveals his dramatic conversion over two decades ago from the rather strict disciplines in which he was trained as a psychoanalyst to that of a dream group enthusiast. He acknowledges that in the group setting—when members are sensitized to the process so carefully outlined in this book—"more attention is paid to the dream than is possible within the confines of the analytic hour." Additionally, he says "The group method can reach further into the metaphor of the dream, the imagery and all of the associative material of the manifest content."

Montague Ullman is responsible for Dr. Briggs' unreserved applause, as are a growing number of students and dream group enthusiasts around the planet.

Appreciating Dreams: a group approach shares in great detail the processes and insights Monte has practiced and increasingly refined over a period of nearly three decades. Through sensitive participation and observation in the subtleties and nuances inherent in dream groups, he has been like a determined prospector mining for gold. The multi-level process has evolved over time and fortunately has the fine mind, ethics and commitment of Dr. Ullman for its articulation. It is now reaching a stage of perfection; when facilitated

by someone familiar with it, the process flows gently, like a mid-summer river.

In Appreciating Dreams: a group approach, Monte gives special instructions as to the leader's dual responsibilities, provides *A Manual for Leaders*, speaks directly to the concerns of individual dreamers, defines group dynamics and responsibilities, provides information on forming a group and (in harmony with this issue of DNJ) has included a special chapter on *Dreams and Healing*.

I was fortunate to experience this process in person and to see early drafts of this book several years ago when attending one of Monte's experiential dream group leadership seminars and stand among the individuals applauding Sage Press for its wisdom in publishing and making Dream Appreciation: a group approach, available to us. Be aware, however, Sage is an academic press and the book will be exposed primarily to the academic community.

This is significant, because as more educational institutions integrate courses on dreams, this carefully worded material, born of creation and experience, will be available to assist, enhance and advise teachers and students regarding the many considerations involved in both conducting and participating in the dream group; also, as more therapists begin employing dreams and the dream group process into their practice, they will have the advantage of Monte's long-term commitment to demystifying this process.

However, because of the books' exclusive exposure, many present and aspiring dream group facilitators and participants may be unaware of its publication. Get your copy now! Dream Appreciation can be ordered directly by using the contact information preceding this review.

Thank you Monte, for being!

So, You Wanna Be A Dreamer?

Of course, you already are!

The DreamCatcher is a cassette tape with powerful auto-suggestions that will enhance your dream experience. Simply listen to this tape as you fall asleep at night and you will *catch* more dreams, more vividly than ever before.



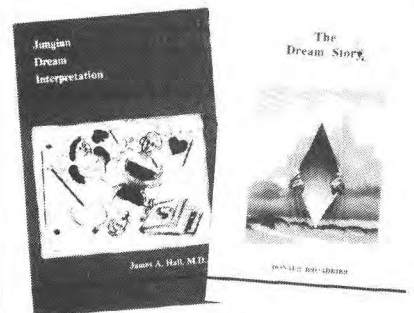
The DreamCatcher

\$9.⁹⁵

plus \$2⁹⁹ shipping and handling

Send check or money order to:
Vision Quest, P.O. Box 331, Dixon IL 61021

Studies in Jungian Psychology by Jungian Analysts



**JUNGIAN
DREAM INTERPRETATION**
A Handbook of Theory & Practice
James Hall, M.D. 128pp. Sewn \$US 15

THE DREAM STORY
Donald Broadribb 256pp. Sewn \$US 18

Add \$2 postage for 1 or 2 books
Credit Cards: Toll-free 1-800-444-2524

Free Catalogue describes over 60 titles

INNER CITY BOOKS (D)
Box 1271, Station Q,
Toronto, ON M4T 2P4, Canada

formation. When our physical and emotional environment becomes too toxic for basic survival, we have a choice: Die, or evolve. The whole community. The whole species. The whole system. Die, or evolve.

A number of questions begin to surface at this point. We start asking ourselves, our dreams, each other, our Highest Guidance: "What's going on?" "What do I need to know?" "Where is all this pain coming from?" "How much of it is actually mine?" "What can I do about it?" "Who's really asking these questions?" "Who am I?"

And we're back to the depression, fear and identity crisis that started all this off. But, these are perennial human questions—even the gods ask them.

Impelled by a terrible vision that Life itself was being threatened on all sides by the forces of fire and darkness, Odin, the supreme creator of the Norse pantheon, set out on a quest for the knowledge that would save the world. In his search for illumination, he came to Yggdrasil, the Cosmic Ash Tree whose roots bind the three worlds together—the Great Above, the Earth and the Great Below.

During his travels, Odin had become deeply aware of the suffering of all living creatures. In his desire to alleviate this pain and to discover its source, he offered himself, the All Father, as a sacrifice to himself. He hung himself upside down by his right foot from a high branch of Yggdrasil for nine days and nine nights, awaiting the dawn of wisdom. Seeing the world upside down, from a totally different perspective, allowed him to suspend judgment and to reverse even his most cherished views about the nature and purpose of the Creator, the gods and humankind.

When Odin descended from the Great Tree, he drank deeply from the Source, the Well of Wisdom sunk deep into the Earth and guarded by the roots of Yggdrasil. Poet and folklorist Padraic Colum tells us that:

"As he drank, all the future became clear to him. He saw all the sorrows and troubles that would fall upon men and Gods. But he saw, too, why the sorrows and troubles had to fall and he saw how they might be borne so that Gods and men, by being noble in the days of sorrow and trouble, would leave in the world a force that one day, a day that was far off indeed, would destroy the evil that brought terror and sorrow and despair into the world."

And then he paid the dreadful price that Mimir, the Keeper of the Well, had demanded for these insights. Without a moment's hesitation, Odin "put his hand to his face and plucked out his right eye. Terrible was the pain that he suffered. But he made no groan or moan." Mimir dropped the precious eye into the Well and then watered the roots of Yggdrasil with this all-seeing, all-knowing essence.

It was the Creator's right eye that was demanded, the

eye that focuses on three-dimensional reality. What remained was the inner-seeing eye, the eye that perceives the hidden truth, the cosmic plan. Pain and wisdom, hand in hand.

It is my deeply held belief that we are fast approaching the "day that was far off indeed." That now is the time for us to see through all the sorrow and trouble, all the terror and despair. Now is the time for us to see the larger picture—through commiseration, through meditation and through the dreams and visions we share with each other and with Universal Consciousness.

Now is the time to open ourselves to the higher perspective of what is happening and why, so that the fire and darkness that threaten us on all sides can begin to dissipate—first within ourselves as individuals, then as members of our community and finally as citizens of the global village. Knowing that the pain we ourselves feel is being shared at some level by us all, we can begin to look for reasons and causes larger than ourselves and our immediate lives.

For example, if so many of us are fearful about the state of our bank accounts and 95 percent of this fear is "out there," then perhaps this is telling us something about our neighbors and many other people across our country and around the world. The industrialized nations have entered the era of corporate downsizing. Thousands, perhaps millions, of people are losing their jobs in a global economy that cannot possibly create enough new jobs to replace what they have lost. The "system" that we believed in and supported, that we counted on to support us in return, is casting us out.

This is a wake-up call of gigantic proportions! It's telling us that since so many of us are finding ourselves outside the system, instead of weeping and moaning, we need to use this distance and perspective as an opportunity to reexamine the values and workings of that very system.

We need to look at each other, not as losers in the game of life but as members of a powerful community that has been given the privilege of insight—as well as traveling companions with whom we can share our discoveries. For what one of us feels, many of us feel. What one of us discovers, many of us discover. Even in our hopelessness and despair, there is hope that in dreaming and sharing and acting together we can create a whole new way to live together on Planet Earth.

As my current guide, Huey, said recently in a dream dialogue:

"Most especially when you are suffering and alone and afraid, seek to know the higher purpose of the events that are affecting your life and producing such reactions in you. All the economic problems you face are being faced by thousands, millions, of others at this time. Ultimately, this is not about an economic recession or even another Great Depression. What this is about is the redistribution of wealth on this planet.

At this time you are watching the rich get richer and the poor get poorer and this isn't what you were expecting. You thought the rich would get poorer and the poor richer. It doesn't work that way under the present system. Only the middle class dies, swelling the ranks of the newly poor. It is the system itself that is rotten and that must be seen revealed in high relief for all its evils. The system must collapse. And for a time, all may suffer.

It doesn't have to be this way, of course. It is up to you all to change your old patterns of response. It is up to you all to ask, as did the 13th century Sufi poet, Rumi: "Who says words with my mouth? Who looks out with my eyes? Is it a former self, an outgrown husk from which you are now evolving? Is it a new self? Is it God? Is there any difference?"

So, it's up to us, as co-creators with God, as co-bearers of the burden, to release ourselves and thus each other, from all our old pain, terror and despair. What will we fill this new spaciousness with? More of the same, simply because it's familiar and we fear emptiness most of all?

Or will we begin to examine and expand into this new space, into our newly awakening selves? If we're all going through this together, can we not help heal each other by healing ourselves? Can we not create entirely new forms of community together?

And most of all, can we not put our Compassion Lessons to good use and begin to learn through joy instead of pain, as we were always meant to do? Pain is an art form that we created ourselves. It is not a product of Universal Love. All we have to do is declare this art form passé, old hat and welcome joy into our lives. However, since joy has never truly existed on this planet before, we have no idea what it feels like or how it will change society. Making the leap to joy is a risky endeavor but it's part and parcel of this Great Change we're all experiencing together.

Despite what we might think about our personal spiritual awareness and progress, evolution is not an individual matter. It is species that evolve. Entire species. We are dealing with such an incredibly powerful energy we cannot begin to fathom its parameters—or resist it.

As Huey said to me in another dream dialogue at the beginning of the year:

"I have something very important to tell you right now.

What is happening is happening?

"It doesn't make any difference what you believe any more. It doesn't make any difference if you believe in abundance or heavenly love or any of that spiritual stuff. It doesn't make any difference what you believe about who you are, or why you're here. Your own personal belief system is beside the point.

"What is happening to you and why it is

happening is larger than who you are or who you think you are. It will continue to happen and the resources that are needed to make it happen will continue to arrive in your life—and everyone else's life—no matter what lack, or unfulfillment you may feel emotionally. You are being cared for whether you like it or not.

What is happening is happening?

"It is vastly bigger than individuals, or thought systems, or even planets. There is no way to prepare; no way to evade. Just keep living your days, one foot in front of the other.

"Fear is part of the journey because it is part of the human experience. But the best way to deal with it is to use three simple tools that will help you keep walking through your own and everyone else's fears on a daily basis.

- Keep looking up, because when you look up you connect with your Higher Guidance.
- Keep smiling, even if you're faking it, because whenever you smile your body releases waterfalls of internal joy-making endorphins. And your own endorphins beat Prozac and all the other popular nostrums hands down.
- And don't forget to open the intake valve for Universal Love that lies just behind your heart. Turn it on full blast every morning.

What is happening is happening?

"What you think or believe or hope or want doesn't affect this fact. You are all as helpless to manipulate events the way you want them to happen as if you were totally disembodied and you were trying to push an object across the room with muscle power. So you might as well get out of your own way and just be a witness.

"I hear you asking, 'If this is so, then does sending blessings and good wishes and dispatching angels to people in pain and danger and to areas riven with strife do any good at all?'

"Yes, it does, as long as you don't tell these energies what to do. Be like an archer, loosing your arrows to point the way for larger entities to work. You have no idea what they will do, or what will happen, you're only asking for higher assistance. This is not an issue of belief, it is simply the practice of unconditional Love.

What is happening is happening?

"But do not mistake the inner chaos of transformation for a lack of inner peace of soul, or outer healing presence." ∞

Please address correspondence to 400 Central Park West
NY, NY 10025.

Wolf Transforms Into Fish: A 'Dream Reading'

by Charles de Beer



(Editorial Preface: Charles de Beer and his wife, Sheila, live in Umtentweni, South Africa. Mr. de Beer is the author of Dreams: Allegorical Stories of Mystical Import and is currently working on a second book. He is a long-time Theosophist and has been doing 'Dream Readings' via correspondence with people from all around the world for many years. He calls upon his vast knowledge of symbology, mythology and spirituality—along with a healthy dose of synchronicity—in each of his responses. Mr. de Beer is a Contact Person/Networker for Dream Network and will do Dream Readings. Write him at 34 Raspberry Lane, PO Box 598, Umtentweni 4235, South Africa

Mrs. C., in her letter, described two recent short dreams and one dreamed long ago. It is the earlier dream I would like to deal with here. She writes:

"It is an outstanding dream I had during a great crisis and turning point in my life, 25 years ago. I had been very, even critically, ill for a long while and was in the hospital. Then, just before I started rallying out of the awful down-cycle, I dreamt:

I am strolling through a middle-Eastern type bazaar, possibly in Morocco. There are many little tables and stalls under one very big roof. With me is a man who looks Egyptian or Lebanese, an impressive man, middle-aged, heavy, well-built (not tall) and wearing an impeccably tailored dark suit. He is obviously guiding me. We stopped at numerous stalls while I look at the trinkets and other merchandise. At one point, I pick up a wooden carving of a wolf's head, with open snarling jaws. I bought it. It is about 1 1/2 inches high, well made in some dark brown wood. Intricate. We move on outside onto a sand dune overlooking water on my right. Then he looks at me and starts moving away, down the dune into a hollow and up another dune.

But he is floating, not walking. And before he disappears, he is all in white, a long light-filled garment. I feel bereaved at his going. But am consoled by the little trinket in my hand. I look at it for comfort, and to my astonishment see it is now something different: a smooth, cool onyx fish, simple yet gracefully made, far less detailed in carving. (The wolf's head had lines to show the hair, it was very life-like.) The fish—a whole one—was also about one and a half inches long. I am thrilled with it.

A little later I awoke, still full of excitement and brought my right hand out from under the blanket-only to find it empty. Great disappointment! However, after that, the physical and emotional crisis was past and I rapidly recovered.

A month later my eldest son, then studying medicine, was killed. What would otherwise have flattened me, didn't. I still felt 'buoyed up' although very bereaved. I soon made contact--audibly and physically--with my son, which was wonderfully sustaining.

I spent the next 12 years looking for that fish and finally found it in a little shop in a small town where I was on holiday. I bought it and then started a new metaphysical venture in that town. It seemed indicated. And to this day it has remained my ideal and rewarding occupation. The dream has carried me for years, like a beacon. I have some idea of the symbology of the wolf and the fish and the mystical guide who was also wordly.... but I would love your interpretation."

The 'Dream Reading:

Synchronicity rules our lives. I have had fairly close contact with this dreamer for about three years now, during which time I have 'read' a number of dreams for her. Yet, she has waited all this time to submit this particular dream, although it must have been one of her most important ones. Now I am reading *Women who Run with the Wolves* and I find clear echoes of Mrs. C.'s dream, dreamt 25 years ago, in C.L. Estes' book (1) and will quote extensively from that wise and beautiful book in this reading.

Overall, I would suggest that the dream describes that once we manage to convert our aggressive, worldly nature to a more receptive and intuitive one, we shall see our life in more hallowed ways; we will find our attunement to the Higher Self increased in proportion to our ability to live with greater discrimination as to the real purpose of life.

The middle-Eastern type of bazaar with the many little tables and stalls all exhibiting their various wares under one roof could symbolize the dreamer's present incarnation in which, under discreet guidance of her Higher Self, she is seeking to find the direction her life has to take. Mrs. Estes mentions: "In dreams, the symbol of house comments on the organization of the psychic space a person inhabits, both consciously and unconsciously." (p.91) She has a lot to say about the 'dark man' in women's dreams. Mostly she describes this man's presence as being threatening, the dreamer awakening in terror. However, on page 67 we read:

"The dark man in women's dreams appears when an initiation—a psychic change from one level of knowing and behavior to another more mature or energetic level of knowledge and action—

is imminent. This dream occurs to the as-yet-to-be-initiated, as well as those who are veterans of several rites of passage, for there is always more initiation. No matter how old a woman becomes, no matter how many years pass, she has yet more ages, stages and more 'first times' awaiting her. That is what initiation is all about: it creates an archway which one prepares to pass through to a new manner of knowing and being. Dreams are 'portals,' entrances, preparations and practices for the next step in a woman's consciousness, the next day in her individuation process. So, a woman might have a dream of a predator when her psychic circumstances are too quiescent or complacent. We could say that this occurs in order to raise a storm in the psyche so that some energetic work can be done. But also a dream like this affirms that the woman's life needs to change, that the woman dreamer has gotten caught in some hiatus or ennui as regards a difficult choice, that she is reluctant to take the next step, go the next distance, that she is shying away from wresting her own power away from the predator, that she is not used to being/acting/striving at full bore, in all-out capacity.

Additionally, dark man dreams are also wake-up calls that say to pay attention to something gone radically amiss in the outer world, or in personal life, or in the outer collective culture."

I must leave it to Mrs. C. to agree or disagree that this text, somehow, admirably covers her 'condition' at the time she had the dream, as well as the subsequent physical and moral recovery she makes mention of in her letter.

We should now look at the trinket she bought, that intricately carved wolf's head with the menacing jaws ready to bite. We have already discussed the aggressive character trait this may allude to, either to be overcome or to be used to reach a greater degree of freedom. Mrs. Estes writes:

"A healthy woman is much like a wolf; robust, chock-full, strong life-force, life-giving, territorially aware, inventive, loyal, roving. Yet, separation from the wildish nature causes a woman's personality to become meager, thin, ghostly, spectral. We are not meant to be puny with frail hair and inability to leap up, inability to chase, to birth, to create a life. When women's lives are in stasis, ennui, it is always time for the wildish woman to emerge; it is time for the creating function of the psyche to flood the delta." (p.12)

Hence, then, the careful choice, buying this wolf's head from among all the trinkets for sale in the bazaar. And having thus ascertained under the guidance of her Higher Self her desire to be free, to be creative, to go for self-expression, she is drawn towards the sands of

time, the dunes and the sea, that great reservoir of potentiality where everything is hidden that ever was and ever will be. And it is at this point that her Higher Self ceases to show up as 'the dark man,' sent to awaken her to new opportunities in her life, and 'disappears' as the guardian angel she can call on—at any time—by means of the trinket in her hand. Just as— in Estes' book- (p. 28) the wolf runs free and;

"Somewhere in its running, whether by the speed of its running, or by splashing its way into a river, or by way of a ray of sunshine or moonlight hitting it right in the side, the wolf is suddenly transformed into a laughing woman who runs free toward the horizon."

In the dream, the little wolf's head also takes on a new shape, and in her hand the dreamer now holds an onyx fish, a whole fish of about the same size as the trinket's previous form. Onyx is a semiprecious stone and mentioned in the Bible as one of the twelve stones adorning the breastplate of Yahweh's high priest. (2)

J.E. Cirlot (3) mentions that the fish became a primitive Christian symbol, principally on the basis of the anagram drawn from the name 'ichthys.' It then came to be taken as a symbol of profound life, of the spiritual world that lies under the world of appearances, the fish representing the life-force surging up. I believe that we can safely adopt this interpretation here.

We can now look at what Mrs. Estes has to say about the 'doll,' which she relates to the leprechaun, elf, pixie, fairy and dwarf. I would see in the trinket that the dreamer bought in the bazaar a similar kind of 'being,' which the writer equates with deep inner intuition. She writes (pages 89 to 91):

"In fairy tales these represent a deep throb of wisdom within the culture of the psyche. They are those creatures which go on with the canny and interior work, who are tireless. They work when we sleep, most especially when we sleep, even when we are not fully conscious of what we are enacting. In this way, the doll represents the inner spirit of us women; the voice of inner reason, inner knowing and inner consciousness.... This is the wisdom of the 'homunculus,' the small being within. It is our helper which is not seeable but which is always accessible.

Rather than defining intuition as some unreasoned faulty quirk, it is defined as truly the soul-voicespeaking. Intuition senses the directions to go in for most benefit; it is self-reserving, has a grasp of underlying motive and intention; it chooses what will cause the least amount of fragmenting in the psyche.

Being bound to one's intuition promotes a confident reliance on it, no matter what. It changes a woman's guiding attitude from 'what will be' to

'let me see all there is to see.' What does this wildish intuition do for women? Like the wolf, intuition has claws that pry things open and pin things down; it has eyes that can see through the shields of persona; it has ears that hear beyond the range of mundane human hearing.

The intuitive function belongs to all women. It is a massive and fundamental receptivity. Not receptivity as once touted in classical psychology; that is as a passive vessel. But receptivity as in possessing immediate access to a profound wisdom that reaches to women's very bones."

That, I believe, is what the fish in the dreamer's hand stands for and corresponds to. The dreamer mentions that this dream buoyed her for years thereafter and even helped her to deal with the death of her eldest son. This tragedy then led to new insight and comfort when she made contact with her son in the spirit world. "Wonderfully sustaining," is the way she describes this experience.

I feel I can therefore, with confidence of being on the right track, conclude this reading with some further extracts from Mrs. Estes' book in the chapter titled: 'Finding one's pack: Belonging as blessing.' She writes:

"Here is the promise from the wild psyche to all of us. Even though we have only heard or seen or dreamt a wondrous wild world that we belonged to once, even though we have not yet or only momentarily touched it, even though we do not identify ourselves as part of it, the memory of it is a beacon that guides us toward what we belong to.... and for the rest of our lives,"

And a last quote from page 191:

"And now comes the most important part of the story; spring comes, new life comes, a new turn, a new try comes. The most important thing is to hold on, hold out, for your creative life, for your solitude, for your time to be and do, for your very life; hold on, for the promise from the wild nature is this:

After winter, SPRING ALWAYS COMES." ∞

References:

- Estes, Clarissa Finkola. Women Who Run with the Wolves. Rider, U.K.: 1993
Encyclopedia Britannica, Micropaedia Vol. VII, page 543: 1977
Cirlot, J.E. A Dictionary of Symbols. Routledge & Kegan Paul, U.K. and Vail-Ballou Press, Inc. New York, USA: 1983



Healing Messengers of the Night

by Noreen Wessling

Life was going great. It was hard to remember a time when I felt healthier or happier. Then WHAM! I went to Tai Chi class and got thrown across the concrete floor by our Master, ending up with a whiplash, egg-shaped bruises and wounded spirit.

As a 13-year student of the 'gentle' art of Tai Chi, I was astounded that it had come to this end. Our Master apologized profusely, saying it was a gross misjudgment of his Chi-Energy. "Chi" is the esoteric word for breath or Life Energy. We were doing a Push Hands demonstration together at the time and I barely recall being pushed. I forgave him but didn't go back to class for six months.

Chi Force is a mighty force indeed. This event happened on February 1, 1995 and was the beginning of a most unexpected period in my life. My whole body and psyche felt zapped for months, resulting in a feeling of malaise which turned into pneumonia, topped off with raging influenza. I knew I must be in bad shape when my Franklin Planner lay empty for two months while I matched it, lying around 'empty' of energy.

I was put on an 'aggressive' program of antibiotics for a month during which time I got sicker and sicker, with continual fever, restless nights, nausea, terrible cough. I wasted away to a skeletal 95 lbs, becoming limp as a soggy noodle, scaring myself when I looked in the mirror.

The antibiotics felt as though they were almost lethal to me and I unthinkingly kept taking them under the AMA's allopathic curse of, "If you don't finish the bottle, you will get ten times sicker." Now this advice is true for some situations, but as I found out later, I had viral pneumonia, so antibiotics were useless at best. I finished the medication just slightly before it finished

me ... then I 'fired' my doctor.

I switched to holistic doctors and began my slow but steady road to recovery. As I write this 15 months later, I'm beginning to birth a wider vision as to what these experiences mean to my life. It feels like one of those regenerations after a bout of 'dark night of the soul.'

I'm writing this article as part of my own healing process by 'pulling the pieces together' as a whole story, yet my greater hope is that others can take heart and know the powerful healing potential of their own dreams.

As I look back, I see that my dreams had a content pattern to them reflecting each phase of my experience.

1. Precognitive/warning dreams
2. Healing dreams
3. Recovery dreams
4. Return of energy dreams
5. Creative expansion dreams

What happened during this time was one of the strangest, yet in retrospect, most life-enhancing periods of my life, even though I almost died. Paradoxical indeed! Next to the exceptional, loving care of my family and friends, my dream life became a beacon of encouragement, understanding and hope ... literally my life-line, when all else was ominous, threatening and confusing.

If it hadn't been for my dreams during my illness, I believe recovery would have been much more arduous. Strangely enough, I rarely got depressed. I even laughed a lot and read 'stupid' romance-adventure stories and inane funny books, like *Naked Truth* by Leslie Nielson — things I'd never 'waste' my time on otherwise, but which I highly recommend for times of recovery ... or any time!

Now to the dreams themselves: A couple of weeks after my Tai Chi WHAM, as I liked to call it, I had a *Pre-cognitive Dream* while on holiday in Mexico. It's called *Four Dead Cats*, (Feb. 16, 1995) in which my 4 cats get run over by a car. One of my favorite expressions while ill was "I feel like road-kill." However, this dream also had my Mum, as spiritual guide, plus churches, so there was definitely a higher purpose to what was conspiring beyond mere cat slaughter.

In March, before I got *really* sick, my dreams were prolific, including two dreams of the death of friends. On March 15th I was diagnosed with pneumonia. Instantly there came a slew of dreams where I felt intimidated, immobilized, hurt, left-out. It was a bad time!

Then, thankfully, the *Healing Dreams* started. The dream, *Jesus is Around*, comforted me. Then came a remarkable dream, *Healing From Dr. Mike*, where I actually felt his 'real' hand on my head and shoulder, healing me. This was a true healing; a real event as sure as I'm pounding these words onto my keyboard. When I told Dr. Mike about this dream months later, he quipped, "Well, how do I bill you for *that*?"

During this time, there were numerous dreams suggesting that I be patient and rest, rest, rest. What else could I do! I was at my lowest ebb, feeling abandoned, scared and totally helpless. I remember looking across the room to my bookshelf, seeing all my New Age books about creating Perfect Health and the like, knowing that if I had the strength, I'd have pitched every last one out the window in disgust.

Just when hope was gone of ever feeling good again, this magnificent dream appeared:

Visiting the Angelic Realm

(March 25, 1995)

In this beautiful place called the Angelic Realm, I chat with the Angel Lady. I say, "I guess I'm not doing too well am I?" She pats my hair saying, "Don't be concerned, Noreen, these energy



Noreen Wessling Growing in Her Garden

shifts take time." "Why is this happening to me?" I implore. She proceeds to tell me that I agreed before birth to take this on 'when the time was right' and the time is NOW. She explains further. "It had to happen at a time in your life when you were the strongest, so you could sustain the jolt. It's all about energy — your entrance into the realm of more subtle and therefore more powerful energies. A quantum leap necessary for your soul growth, yet also having positive effect on others whose lives mingle with your own."

This was why I felt so healthy, strong and happy when my Tai Chi WHAM occurred. Tai Chi personifies the use of subtle, powerful life energy which I was 'privileged' to experience first hand. The Master's force that threw me was so subtle that I didn't even feel it as a push. I was simply pro-pelled backwards across the room at an accelerating rate of speed till I hit the wall.

The *Angel Lady* continues, *"The times are such in your world now that this level of refined energy needs to be activated more fully and you had agreed to be a part of this, although the actual physical events that would act as catalyst were not to be known to you after birth. Your memory was closed to this know-*

ledge, because wondering when and if IT were going to hit you, would have slowed up the process. You needed to be an 'innocent,' in order to truly experience that dark soul night and to know the feeling of rebirth. Accept this as an initiation.

These purifying and explosive happenings in your body are absolutely necessary to clear your system for the incoming new energy. We Angels are here to assure

you that the worst is over, so please be patient. Your future dreams will reflect these changes better than anything. Look for added vivid richness and dreams of greater clarity with less need for interpretation. You'll know. You are deeply loved, never alone.

This dream profoundly moved me. From that moment on, I knew I'd make it. I knew my life would never be the same again, for I perceived my world through different eyes. I was entering a realm of subtle power.

Even with all this inner encouragement, my health was tenuous, so I was overjoyed when a series of *Recovery Dreams* started. My favorite was on April 2, 1995, titled,

I'm Re-covering

I'm in the hallway looking at my cover on the cedar chest and thinking how it needs to be redone, replaced ... something! It's so worn out and colorless compared to its once vibrant hues. I remember I have some of the original bright material in a drawer and as soon as I'm able, I'm going to recover it so it will be all vibrant again.

I even mustered enough energy to get out of bed and find the material that was in a box and still like new. I laid it on top of the old, worn out one. It took me two more months to get the energy to sew it on. But actually seeing this outer symbol everyday of my own 'renewal,' was amazingly inspiring to me. I saw in this bright, fresh material, my own emerging

vibrancy and new life.

Next came a fascinating collection which I called *Return of Energy Dreams*. These included dreams where I'd first be watching energetic people doing acrobatics, exercising and the like. Then eventually I would participate in some movement, as in one dream where I'm sitting in a child's walker and it propels me around all over the place, making me laugh. In another dream, I am revving up the engine of a fast, sporty red car. However, **Mouse Sandwich** (April 20, 1996), says it with humor:

The doorbell rings and children bring me beautiful flowers, then a health-conscious man hands me a Mouse Sandwich. Of course, the mouse jumps out and runs around.

By summer, the Energy Dreams graciously made way for a series of *Creative Expansion Dreams* which delighted me no end. Lots of dreams about large, beautiful houses, unexpected 'treasures,' and heightened perceptions. Even dreams more specifically about using my energies in 'unusual ways,' with the possibility of healing powers now more at my disposal.

During this time, I had a memorable dream,

My New Treasure House (July 3, 1995)

This occurred just as my new, expansive, wonderful 7 Arts Studio was being built. The synchronicity of this event was not lost on me and I knew then that my life was getting ready for a level of creativity and appreciation not previously experienced.

I'm in my home but it's different. There is a secret door behind one of my art pieces. I open it and climb a circular staircase to the attic. I'm excited. "What is up here?" I wonder. There is a large room with an expansive bay window at the front. "Oh, great Art Studio," I say with glee. Outside,

there is this beautiful wrought iron gate, very ornate, that leads to a lower part of my house that I've never seen before. It's a well-lighted basement that has the feel of a museum and is open to the public.

The place is full of old treasures which I know belong to me. There exudes a warmth, a secret feeling of excitement surrounding adventures yet to be lived. All this in a place I didn't know existed till now.

What a find!

By autumn, I was feeling much healthier and it became important to find ways to meaningfully integrate what had transpired in the last eight months. I got an idea. What if I considered everything that had occurred to me since the Tai Chi Wham till now as *One Big Dream*? What a plot! I decided to give it a try. How clever to kick things off in this story with something as dramatic as being thrown by The Master, who symbolized the wisdom behind the subtle, yet powerful life-energy. He was not a misguided ogre who harmed me after 13 years of devotion to Tai Chi. No, he was instead the symbol of my readiness (albeit not conscious!) to be *thrown* into new awareness, new energy patterns.

Then along came the other great archetypal cast of characters to play out their cyclic roles — symbols of radical breakdown, dark night of the soul, death, followed by nothing less than rebirth and regeneration. Not bad for one storyline!

As a result of all this, where do I stand now? What has changed? That paradoxical phrase, 'nothing and everything,' seems to fit. Most people see the same old me, yet I know I look at life quite differently now. I even put my bed on the opposite side of the room, symbolic of one dream that told me, "Your life will take 180 degree turn." It did. One thing's for sure, I have immense gratitude for simply *being* here. I'm also more confrontative when necessary, no longer putting up with any crap. There's an eagerness, a wildness about me that is willing to be more spontaneous, even outrag-

eous at times. This feels great. I'm more attuned to my body and it's wisdom. My complete trust in a cosmic source of intelligent goodness beyond myself frees me up to access all kinds of intuitive knowing, which in turn allows me to glide more calmly through whatever mischievous ups and downs life has in store. I'm convinced Goddess has an uproarious sense of humor.

Also, as a recovering control-freak, there is now much less need in me to try to make things happen and more of a feeling of *knowing* that everything is just exactly as it needs to be, so I tell myself, 'Noreen, just relax and enjoy the show.'

My priorities have changed. For example, the *little* things are becoming more important — like laughing while playing 'itsy-bitsy-spider' with my grandson, Alex — rather than some *big* accomplishment like selling a great art piece for mega bucks. Not that I'm averse to the latter, you understand. It's just that each small step in *doing* my art is where the real thrill lives. And now that I have 7 Arts Studio, this dream-place of a lifetime, it's no wonder that I'm simply bursting with creative ideas. Life has never before been so rewarding.

As for Tai Chi, I've made a lot of changes in how I approach this discipline, which, now that I think about it, is parallel to changes in my life as a whole. No surprise! I go less often to class, yet feel Tai Chi is more 'mine' now. I'll always have it, just as I'll always have conscious access to the energy it personifies. Do less, accomplish more! Now when I do a Push Hands demonstration with our Master, I feel effortless, fearless and strong, just as I feel, with increasing frequency, in my life.

Thank you DreamSelf, devoted companion, for being with me every step on this wondrous journey. ∞

Noreen has studied Tai Chi for 14 years and will teach IT in her new 7 Arts Studio, home for The Pines Dream Sharers. Please address correspondence to 5429 Overlook Drive, Milford, OH 45150. Phone (513) 831-7045.

email: Noreen FW@aol.com



Now I SEE.....

The Making Of a Dreamwalker

by Antara

The dreamtime is a treasured place of learning for me. It always has been. Like walking the halls of incredible wisdom, and entering rooms of experiences, all custom made for you. A place where deep, powerful rumblings can emanate from the depths of my being creating unusual experiences, foreign worlds, and strange beings. In living color, with all senses alive and vying for my attention. Beyond limitations of the physical world, new abilities exist, time travel happens, unique "Spirit Jobs" await, Teachers and teaching experiences are all awaiting my interaction.

As a child - this intense world was often overwhelming. It wasn't until my 30's that I actually paid full attention to the dreamtime. They became so incessant, clear and powerful that I had no choice but to begin to record and decode them. The ancestors were calling me to my path, I had to listen. I had to learn. For the longest time I was insecure. My closest friends were and are professional intuitives and healers. Doing the comparison dance, I felt blind, since I was unable to see visions, past lives, etc. as they could. And deaf since I didn't have wise guides speaking in my ear revealing truths. Yes, I admit to being a complete moron for not realizing that these gifts and more were easily accessible when I closed my eyes each night. At this

point, it was still for me to discover that my gift is being a Dreamer, a Dreamwalker some say.

As I continued to honor The Dream, I grew stronger. Nightly I was given a metaphoric map with missing pieces and jumbled words. It was my personal challenge to pay attention, remember, and then interpret the meaning. Over the years, I developed the ability to differentiate between fear-based dreams and those of truth, emanating from the core of my being. I became able to see the patterns and categories of dreams I had - ranging from the mundanely chaotic "too-much-pizza" dreams to unwanted entity intrusions, time traveling dreams, and the rarer initiation dreams.

Gradually I evolved from insecure to actually believing in myself, to knowing who I am and why I am here. It is the dream who first asked me, "Who are You?", tossing the challenging glove down, daring me to discover the answer.

Who is it that speaks to me, who questions, tests, and encourages me, who directs, heals, and gives me the next "clue" to decipher? Of course I know it is me in many guises, however I also know that in the dreamtime I am free to encounter beings of many dimensions, different times, other worlds. These beings are not me (sorry Ph.D's). In this sense, these types of dreams are better termed Soul Travels.

In reviewing my years of dream journaling, I see the progress of my Spirit and growth in my awareness. I have been led and given signs all along the way. Direction, clean and simple. Guidance, clear and precise. Teachings of a 1,000 words all encapsulated in a single powerful image. Experiences that give me the wisdom as if I had lived them in the physical.

After I began to honor the Dream, it all opened up. My growth accelerated immensely. Now that the Dreamtime guides knew that they had my full attention, they let me have it. They gave teaching after teaching. Of course my educated mind insisted I study the many dream teachings out there, both psychological and mystical, from Jungian, to Eckankar and Casteneda. I brought my awareness to these many bodies of work looking for something to resonate with. Not finding it fully, I let those teachings go, and focused simply on what was coming from my inner worlds.

Now I realize that no one can explain it fully, nor grasp it except me, for these are my experiences. There never will be one single authority who can validate my dream experiences as valuable and real. Now instead of looking for that, I realize I would never want to give that authority to anyone! Now instead of questioning and wondering, I know they are extremely

valuable. There is no need for outside approval, searching for validation. The validations come as life unfolds and I see prophetic dreams become real, as dream objects and people manifest in my real life, as dream teachings remind me how to live in accordance with my own truth.

Healing Dreams are dreams that move your awareness to a higher level, to a new level of beingness. The dream does not appear waving banners saying, "Healings Here." You have to recognize it. The healing can be spontaneous, noticed upon waking, or it may earn its healing label after sitting with the dream itself, to find its value. Rather like real life -experiencing it, then, in retrospect, you're able to eke out its true value. Did it teach me something? Did I emerge from the dreamworld with insights that shift my outlook? Am I feeling better? And the answer is yes, many times over.

The following healing dreams range from simple to complex, but always the healing was real.

Weasel Healing

I'm happy for I have found my long lost pet weasel! Quick, small, energetic and loving he is. My heart rejoices. Little brown weasel is playful and feisty as it wiggles around my legs, squeaking and joyous. I reach down to pick him up and he begins to eat my hand. He's so fast I barely have time to react. Then his mouth opens and becomes huge and cavernous and he moves closer to swallow all of me, starting with my head. As I wake with a start, a voice continues on inside me saying, "You are teaching in four dimensions." I then got up and began my day noticing that my troubled back and week long feeling of lethargy had disappeared. I was incredibly energetic with a healed back. An ally had come, an old healing friend in the form of a weasel, to rekindle a relationship, to heal me. Always I'm grateful for what I know to be real.

The Magic Healing Brew

I'm in a classroom with a Nun teacher and I leave the room to enter an auditorium to attend a Native American Dance ritual. After taking a seat, I notice others as they arrive. There are Natives and Caucasians dressed in native garb, also some children with war face paint. I look to the stage and see a shield by the podium with a dancing deer symbol. I think about each person standing on stage, dancing like animals. Thinking I may have to do this, I get nervous and go back to the classroom. The Nun says, "What are you doing here? Get back to the meeting!" So back I go. Now a big Native leader is on stage. I take a seat again, then notice that there is a room off to my right that

people are entering and later leaving. A strong Native woman with long dark hair emerges from that room and says, "Who's next?" I find myself saying, "Me!" feeling brave. I enter the room and notice lots of children and other adults there to assist. In the center of the room is a big pot of boiling brew with lots of herbs and leaves. All the people leave me alone in the room with the brew. I wonder, "Am I supposed to drink this now?" At first I breathe in the aromatic steam then finally drink some.

Next I'm laying on the floor, moving slowly in a dream-like hallucinatory state, barely able to function. I'm able to see a simple rag doll that's dancing around me, animated with a life of its own. Now there are women elders observing the doll and my reactions to it. I realize they are interpreting the dance of the doll. Suddenly, I have a knowing urge to grab the dancing doll. So I muster the energy, pull it in and hold it tight to my bosom, curling up fetally to protect it. This took supreme effort and once I held it to my heart, I could rest and let go, and sleep deeply on this floor. Waking within the dream in the same room, I felt that I was initiated, that I had "passed," and I was very happy. My interpretation is that the Native way is my way to healing, to wholeness, where I will gather in & embrace my Spirit fully. And indeed this is what has occurred.

Egyptian Temple Teachings

I am part of a group of people who are touring around together. We arrive at steps leading up into a modern Egyptian temple museum. Intuitively I know that this is where many esoteric teachings are kept and taught.

Two dark-skinned Egyptian men emerge from the building, one is younger and thin, the other older and large. From atop the steps they look over the group. The large man singles me out and says, "You've got the violet eyes, I can always recognize you by your eyes. You are the ones who . . . (this is blanked out in the dream)." I tell him, "I couldn't hear that, could you repeat it?" He does but the only other word I catch is "Luther."

He tells me and one other person in the group to follow him inside. The rest of the 15-20 people go off around the side of the building with the other guide while we go up stairs and inside to a waiting room. We are both anxious and excited to see what's next. A person approaches carrying a sample tray of colored gemstone cabochons glowing with light. We are to select the stone we prefer. I choose soft pink.

We're ushered into a reception area, complete with busy receptionist. I'm surprised to see my cousin Charlie standing guard and we greet each other. I peek around the corners and see long halls with many doors on each side. I notice on the receptionist desk is another glowing sample tray. She seems friendly but can't talk since she's preoccupied with busy attendants who pick up stuff from her then scurry down the hallways. From my observations, I gather that the stone you selected is then given to you in a goose egg sized stone. The eggstone comes to you sitting within a gold chalice with a hinged filigree top. Then an attendant escorts you to a private room for healing. They almost gave me the wrong color - hot fuschia - but I get soft pink after correcting them.

I don't remember the healing, but after I return to the hallway, a guide comes and takes me outside into a courtyard arena. There is a sword fight going on between two men. Both are agile and excellent warriors. There are several obstacle areas set up, sand pits, caves. Tools & weapons are tucked away and you must discover them while you are battling. They are well-matched and the good guy (the visitor) wins.

Now it's my turn. PANIC. A woman warrior enters the arena and comes running after me wielding a sword. I have nothing so I run, just to get away, feeling cowardly, then I realize I must use my wits and think, look around for weapons. Hints are given to me in a calm voice by guidance internally. Mainly I avoid fighting until I return to the cave to find a weapons cache. I pull out a forked knife and plunge it in her solar plexus - this part is unreal as the fork doesn't go in, she's not hurt, but the battle is over and I have won. Comments: I have discovered that the violet eyes mean an ancient Egyptian sisterhood. Rose quartz is the energy that heals me. I have everything I need to engage any confrontation to my being.

How strangely wonderful to decode oneself, to unlock ourselves as one would a treasure. Isn't it the perfect paradox that in order to awaken, you must sleep and remember. It's all there. Look at it. Don't run. Face it! Jump into it. Talk to it. Now I see that dreams are my allies and teachers. Now I see that the perfect mentor, guide, and "Fairy Godmother" that everyone wishes they had does exist. It is the totality of the dream world!

My higher education shall continue each night for I am an eternal student, explorer of the Great Mystery, reaching into the unknown and pulling out realities, like bunnies from a starry hat.

I'll see you in the dreamtime . . . ∞

The Healing Power of Dreams: Chinese Roots of Dream Diagnosis

Patricia Garfield, Ph.D.

As part of any complete examination, a physician in ancient China asked his patient to describe his dreams. Dreams were considered vital clues to physical problems. In fact, in what is believed to be the oldest medical book in existence, *The Yellow Emperor's Classic of Internal Medicine*,¹ there is a section devoted to the relationship between certain dreams and illness.

These ideas are extremely old. The perhaps legendary Yellow Emperor is said to have lived from 2696 - 2598 B.C. The text purports to be a dialogue between this sage and his minister, discussing ideas about dreams, health and treatment that have been traditional in China for centuries. Historians speculate that the book was written around 1,000 B.C., but it was most certainly in existence by 200 B.C., when it was referred to in other documents.

In the ancient Chinese system, health is regarded as a harmony or balance between two forces: "yin" and "yang"; disharmony brings disease and possibly death. Many Westerners are now acquainted with the idea that yang is the more active force — fiery, hot and dry; yin is the more passive force — watery, wet and cool. To be healthy, according to this tradition, one must have these two powers in balance.

Applying this idea to dreams, for example, the ancient Chinese said that dream of "wading through great waters which cause bad fears: indicate that "yin is flourishing."² This means that dreams of excessive water indicate too much fluid is present in the body (too much yin) and there is a lack of sufficient vital energy (too little yang). Dreaming of "great fires which burn and cauterize" was thought to reveal that "yang is flourishing." This means that dreams of fire indicate the body processes are hot, dry and overactive (too much yang). When yin and yang are both flourishing, there are dreams in which both forces destroy and kill or wound each other. "Fullness of the lung" was believed to cause dreams of "sorrow and weeping." Dreams of flying were associated with a "flourishing upper pulse," while dreams of falling indicated a "flourishing lower pulse."

Although such ideas seem alien and improbable to modern Westerners, when they are recast in familiar terms, they become more comprehensible. I have already mentioned that current researchers, for instance, have observed dreams of drowning (in great waters) among heart patients whose water retention is excessive (or when "yin is flourishing"). We may find hidden in such ancient texts valuable information for modern medicine.

¹ Ilza Veith, *The Yellow Emperor's Classic of Internal Medicine*. Berkeley: University of California Press, 1949. This book's Chinese title is *Huang ti Nei ching u Wen*.

² Ilza Veith, p. 163.

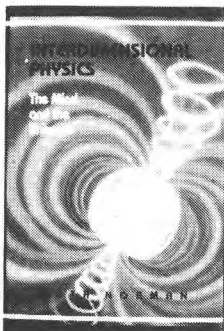
Reprinted with permission from Patricia Garfield, Ph. D. from her book *The Healing Power of Dreams: Techniques for interpreting and using your dreams to reveal hidden health problem, speed your recovery and promote lifelong health*. A Fireside Book published by Simon & Schuster, NY: 1991.

BOOKS ON THE FRONTIER OF SCIENCE

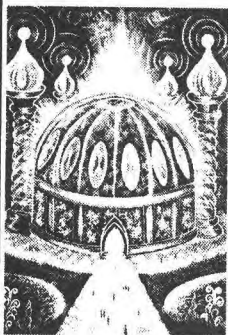
INTERDIMENSIONAL PHYSICS
The Mind & the Universe
Ruth Norman & Charles Spaegel

A most compelling statement of the new science of cosmology and the physics of consciousness that will have a global impact in science, politics, and religion.

\$36.95 10 illustr.
Cloth 320 pgs.
ISBN 0-935097-15-5



THE VOICE OF VENUS
Ernest L. Norman



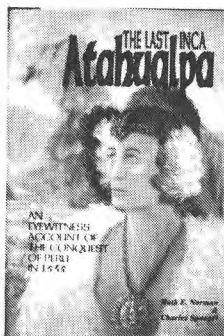
This book has set in motion a great wave of transformation by raising the curtain of man's consciousness, thus enabling him to recognize and perceive the continuity of life after the death of the physical anatomy!

197 pgs. illustr.

\$19.95 Cloth ISBN 0-932642-00-4
\$14.95 Softcover ISBN 0-935097-33-3

THE LAST INCA, ATAHUALPA
Ruth Norman & Charles Spaegel

In 1535 a small band of Spaniards conquered the Incas in Peru. In the present century both conquerors and vanquished have met again, to face each other and to face the karmic wounds of their past. Their encounter has begun a healing process that demonstrates the healing potential of Past Life Therapy.



ISBN 0-935097-18-x
\$21.95 Cloth illustr. 308 pgs.

Available through your favorite distributor or directly from

UNARIUS ACADEMY OF SCIENCE
Call: 1-800-475-7062

The Healing Power of Dreams: Russian Dream Diagnosis

Patricia Garfield, Ph.D.

At least one contemporary researcher in the Soviet Union is developing some of these ancient ideas about a dreamer's awareness of bodily processes into a system of diagnosis. At the Leningrad Neurosurgical Institute, the psychiatrist Vailii Kasatkin and his assistant are reported to have saved many lives by using dreams to diagnose physical illnesses long before they could be picked up by conventional tests.¹ I was fascinated to work with some translators on key portions of his work.

Kasatkin has amassed a large collection of 1,642 dreams from 247 patients suffering from a wide range of disorders, ranging from minor tooth and skin problems to brain tumors. He noted that 90 percent of these dreams were extremely unpleasant, only 54 percent of them, however, contained actual physical sensations of pain. The amount of dreaming and its unpleasant character did not always depend upon the seriousness of a patient's condition. For instance, patients with brain tumors experienced fewer dreams than those people with less serious physical problems.

Kasatkin observed changes in dream content shortly before an illness appeared, often preceding other clinical symptoms of the disorder. These changes lasted throughout the illness and did not disappear until the patient recovered. The quality of these changes in dream content differed from one disorder to the next, depending upon the degree and duration of the illness, the area affected and the specific process that took place when a certain organ or system was affected.

In general, dreams announcing the onset of a disease were frightening, even nightmarish. They included visual scenes of war, fire, fighting and being wounded or experiencing damage to the part of the body affected by the disorder. Blood, raw meat, corpses, graves, dirt, muddy water, spoiled food, mountainous terrain, falling and hospital-related images were typical. Gloomy thoughts and feelings of alarm, loneliness, or terror were often present. The dreams were found to parallel the course of the disease. As the symptoms worsened, so did the dream content; as the symptoms abated, the dream images grew less unpleasant.

With small, localized disorders, such as a boil, the dream content was milder, depicting changes in form, color, temperature, or itchiness of the area. With more serious afflictions, the dream content was dramatic and violent. In almost every case, the patient's dream images involved the appearance of the affected organ or body part, showing its location, its sensations, and its malfunction.

Kasatkin has come to believe that recurrent dreams of bodily wounds are the most grave; he thinks they often indicate an impending serious illness. For instance, repeated dreams of a chest wound are said to indicate a possible heart attack; recurring dreams of a stomach wound suggest liver or kidney disease.

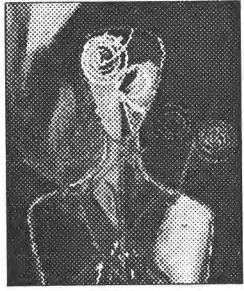
Furthermore, Kasatkin says that different illnesses follow clearly defined dream patterns. He hopes to develop a system of early warning about health hazards from dreams and recommends that people with recurrent dreams about some body parts see their physician for investigation. Your dreams may be night sentries standing guard duty over your health.

¹ Vasilii N. Kasarkin, *Theory of Dream*, Leningrad, *Meditsina*, 1967

Reprinted with permission from Patricia Garfield, Ph. D. from her book *The Healing Power of Dreams: Techniques for interpreting and using your dreams to reveal hidden health problems, speed your recovery and promote lifelong health*, A Fireside Book published by Simon & Schuster, NY: 1991

THE BEAT
OF A THOUSAND DRUMMERS

NEW THOUGHT JOURNAL



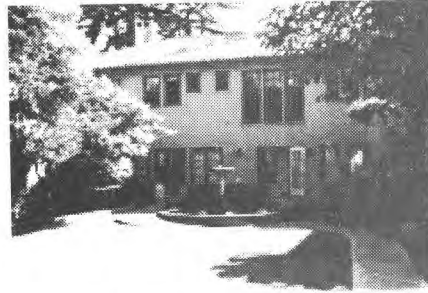
Present-day philosophers, prophets and poets, authors, artists and musicians share their thoughts with refreshing openness as they travel their intuitive paths.

\$14 for 4 quarterly issues.
\$5/sample.

Send pre-paid orders and address to:
NEW THOUGHT JOURNAL
2520 Evelyn Dr.
Kettering, OH 45409
Tele/fax: 513-293-9717
email: NtjMag@aol.com



Institute of Imaginal Studies



The Institute offers
M.A. and Ph.D. programs in psychology

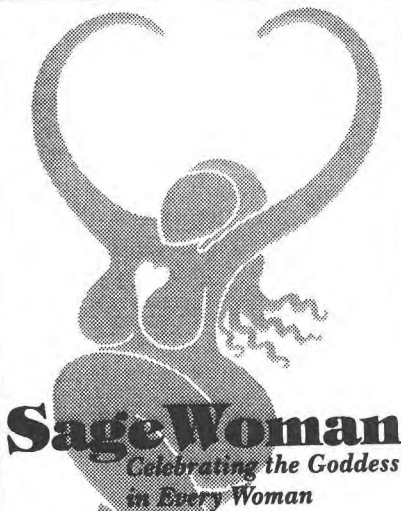
designed to meet the educational requirements
for the State of California's
Psychologist and MFCC Licenses

**Curriculum draws on Spiritual Traditions, Somatic Disciplines,
Mythology, Indigenous Wisdom and Expressive Arts.**

Learning Communities meet one weekend per month for nine months and
one week in the summer, allowing time for work and family commitments.

Financial Aid is available.

47 Sixth Street, Petaluma, CA. 94952 - (707) 765-1836



Sage Woman

*Celebrating the Goddess
in Every Woman*

An 80 page quarterly magazine
for women who love the Goddess
and themselves. Mention this ad
for a free sample issue or
subscribe by phone using
Visa/MC. \$1 yr \$18, 2 yrs \$32.
P O Box 641 Dream
Point Arena, California 95468
707-882-2052 fax 882-2793.

Concepts Magazine

1853 North Raymond Av / Anaheim, CA 92801

"Bridging the Gap Between Spirituality & the Workplace"

Some Concepts Authors Include:

Deepak Chopra / Louise Hay / Alan Cohen
Barbara DeAngelis / James Kavanaugh / Betty Bethards
Lee Jamplosky / Stuart Wilde...just to mention a few

Some Topics Include:

*Develop Your Innate Psychic Power / Feng Shui In Action
Success Is Your Right / Prosperity Is A Five Letter Word / Insights
Astrology As A Tool For In-Sight / Meditation Techniques
Body Language Tells ... / Book & Music Reviews / Poetry Corner
Relationships & Communication / Reflexology for Health*

SUBSCRIBE NOW - \$18 per year

Viewing Copy Available - \$4
(Visa / MasterCard / Discover / Check or Money Order)

ll or Write For Ad Rates / Article Submissions / Subscriptions

714-526-6978



WINTER SEMINAR
Light & Darkness
January 7 - 18, 1997

SUMMER SEMINAR
The Cycle of Life
July 29 - August 8, 1997

These seminars offer opportunities for intensive study of analytical psychology, with time for reflection and recreation. Faculty are internationally known European analysts and scholars.

For further information please contact:

JUNGIAN SEMINARS

190 Westbrook Road

Essex, Connecticut 06426, USA

860/767-3533 or 800/258-3533

Fax 860/767-2746 · Email jungsems@aol.com

Dreams....

Allegorical Stories of Mystic Import

Author/Publisher: Charles de Beer
Umtentweni, South Africa

This book has received very favorable reviews, internationally in *Dream Network Journal*, *Newsletter of Cape Town Lodge*, *Inner Space Digest* and the *School of Communication Technology*.

**DREAMS
DREAMS
DREAMS
DREAMS
DREAMS
DREAMS
DREAMS
DREAMS**

ALLEGORICAL STORIES OF MYSTIC IMPORT

CHARLES DE BEER

Available through *Dream Network*
\$11 (includes P&H) to PO Box 1026
Moab, UT 84532

The Healing Power of Dreams

Aristotle's Dream Contributions

by Patricia Garfield, Ph.D.

One of the greatest intellects of the Western world, the Greek philosopher Aristotle (384-322 B.C.), in his short treatise on dreams, expressed his belief that sensory organs continue to be stimulated while we sleep.¹ He thought that each person was more finely tuned to the minute, inner sensations during sleep than when awake. Aristotle, too, is relevant for today's dreamers.

Take, for example, Ashley, who had been seriously ill for a month with a respiratory infection. She thought she was completely recovered when she had a dream containing the following images:

- She eats chocolate chip cookies (which are not good for her.)
- Her cellar ceiling cracks and collapses
- A woman rolls off something and gets hurt
- She thinks the woman might have had a heart attack
- she dials the emergency number for help
- Cold air blows through a window, indicating a storm
- She lets two little cold ducks into the house
- Her husband looks ill and clasps his chest
- She arranges things in a medicine chest

Ashley's dream was filled with images of impending danger; it was exaggerated and highly dramatic. There were two recurrent images: "chest" and "cold." A chest was mentioned or implied three times in the dream: the woman's possible heart attack; her husband clasping his chest; and the medicine chest. This repetition of negative images

implied that Ashley had sensory impressions of some kind in her own chest, which had to do with poor health.

The image of "cold" was repeated twice: two little cold ducks and the cold air blowing through the window. The approaching storm, along with the collapsing cellar ceiling, further underscored the idea of weak foundations (in her body as well as in the dream cellar) and trouble ahead.

Whenever images recur within a single dream or over several dreams, they provide clues to the meaning of the dream. *Recurring images suggest not only recurrent thoughts and emotions but also recurring sensations in the body.* Ashley's single dream contained a large number of images indicating poor health.

Indeed, within a week, Ashley had a full-fledged relapse of her chest infection and had to return to bed confinement for another two weeks. Was her dream simply a warning or did it express the presence of continued infection? There's no way to be absolutely certain. Perhaps by taking preventive care, Ashley, on the basis of her dream, might have averted her relapse.

Aristotle thought that diseases about to occur in our bodies are more evident when we're asleep and dreaming than when we're awake. If this is true, as I believe it is, our dreams contain nightly reports on the state of our health. We need to listen carefully to these health forecasts.

¹ For references on Aristotle's thought about dreams, see: Aristotle, Vol. 7, *On the Soul*; Parva Naturalia; *On Breath*. W. S. Hett, trans., Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 1986; Richard McKeon, *The Basic Words of Aristotle*, NYC: Random House, 1941.

Reprinted with permission from Patricia Garfield, Ph. D. from her book *The Healing Power of Dreams: Techniques for interpreting and using your dreams to reveal hidden health problem, speed your recovery and promote lifelong health.* A Fireside Book published by Simon & Schuster, NY: 1991.

TECHNOLOGICAL ALCHEMY

Imagine reaching heightened states of awareness with the push of a button. Access Long Lost memories, awaken the unconscious and even stimulate deeper personal understandings with today's equivalent of the primordial campfire-Light/Sound Self Enhancement Technology.

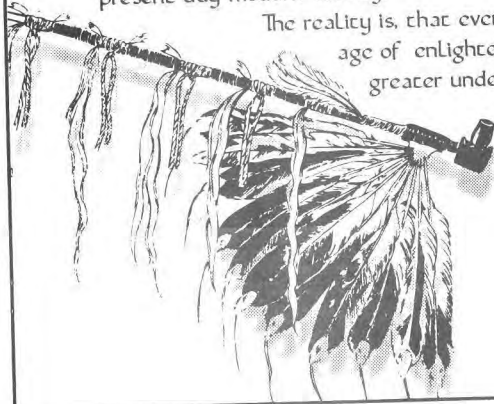
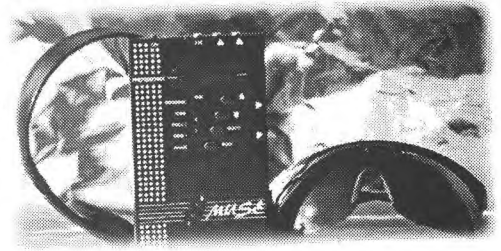
Our ancestors used a flickering communal campfire and skin drums as a gateway to higher consciousness. Next, carefully arranged candles and resonate organ music triggered ecstatic states of joy and spiritual union. Great meditation traditions from Zen to Yoga brought millions of us toward greater universal understanding. But what about present day modern society?

The reality is, that even in today's new age of enlightenment, we have a greater understanding of where we want to go but can't seem to find the time to

get there. Modern technology allows us an unparalleled opportunity to explore the universe—from supersonic flight to CD-ROMs to the World Wide Web. Now this same technology allows us an even greater opportunity to explore our inner universe... introducing the

Photosonix Line of Light/Sound Self Enhancement Technology.

Photosonix is one of the world's oldest designers and manufacturers of Light/Sound systems. We have a full line of electronic tools for inner exploration. Give us a call and find out how you can be tapping into one of the fastest and easiest ways to a more refined, relaxed and aware state of being. Ask any question you care to. Our staff not only represents our products, they use them too.



Call **1.800.258.2566** PST
Ask for Ray or Z'ana, or visit our website anytime:
<http://www.photosonix.com/>

SPECIAL EVENT! to enhance *Dream Network*

A Silent Auction

Thanks to John Perkins & June Egger of Seattle WA, we have acquired an extra **Rare Collection** of all issues of *Dream Network* that have been published since January, 1982. To benefit our ongoing efforts, we offer this treasure up via auction.

Bidding starts @ \$400

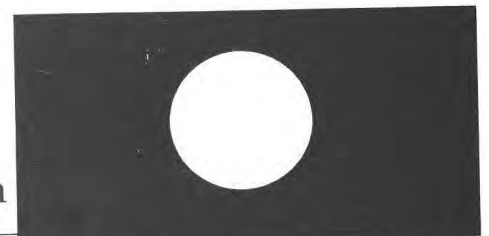
We will accept 'Bids by Mail' through **Nov. 15th.**

Submit your offer Today!

to: *Dream Network Journal*

PO Box 1026, Moab, UT 84532

or email to: DreamsKey@sisna.com



The Healing Power of Dreams

Galen's Dream Contributions by Patricia Garfield, Ph.D.

Galen, who lived from 129-199 A.D., was one of the most illustrious physicians of antiquity. He was born in Pergamon, a Greek city on the western coast of Asia Minor (now Bergama, Turkey). This city was famous for its great shrine to the healing god Asklepios. Its presence influenced Galen's whole life.¹

The son of a famous architect named Nikon, Galen took up the study of philosophy at sixteen. One night his father dreamed that the god Asklepios appeared and commanded him to raise his son as a physician. Nikon complied, sparing no expense to have his son trained by the most competent physicians of the time, financing travels to Rome and other medical centers. Galen embraced his studies with a passion.

During the next years, Galen made several important medical discoveries. At the time, dissection of the human body was forbidden. Galen was able to study anatomy using the animals at his father's farm at slaughtering time. Later he treated the wounds of gladiators and was able to learn much about the functioning of the human body. He established that the arteries carried blood, not air, which had been the belief for the previous four hundred years. He showed how the heart set the blood in motion. He made more discoveries in anatomy and physiology than anyone ever had. His writings were voluminous. The Latin translation of his works (the ones that have not been lost) fills twenty-two volumes. His ideas were found in every area of medicine for centuries to follow and influenced later medical researchers, such as William Harvey, the British physician who discovered the circulation of blood.

During his lifetime, Galen was continuously guided by his dreams. When he was twenty-seven, he fell gravely ill with a sub-diaphragmatic abscess (a collection of infected fluid

located within the abdominal cavity, under the diaphragm and over the liver).² He went to the incubation shrine of Asklepios where he had two dreams that showed him how his ailment could be cured. He dreamed that he should open an artery in his hand between his thumb and forefinger, letting it bleed spontaneously until it stopped. He performed this operation on himself—faith, indeed, in dreams—and was cured.

Although dreamers who are not physicians should observe any such dreams with extreme caution, Galen's dreaming mind was probably synthesizing much of his medical knowledge. Opening an artery to drain the infection was actually the correct treatment for his physical problem, though today such surgery is usually done directly at the site of infection.³

Galen mentioned two other dreams that were critical to him. When he was thirty-eight, he was the personal physician of Marcus Aurelius, then emperor of Rome.⁴ Galen dreamed that Asklepios forbade him to follow his employer into the war zone. He obeyed this dream, too, whether from the god's commandment or from his own wish. Later, when Galen was forty-eight, he had gathered material he felt revealed the secrets of vision. He was reluctant to publish all of his treatise on the anatomy and function of the eyes until he dreamed he was being censured for failing to do so. Then, he published the entire work, Galen's patients were often given remedies and treatments based on his dreams, a policy unlikely to be applauded today.

Like Hippocrates before him, Galen believed in using dreams as a diagnostic tool for medical conditions. He followed the prevalent theory of the time stating that the body contained "four humours": yellow bile, black bile, white phlegm and red blood. Imbalance in one of these "humours" was thought to cause disease. Dreams of fire, Galen believed, indicated an imbalance caused by too much yellow bile. Dreams of smoke, mist, fog or

profound darkness suggested an overabundance of black bile. Dreams of snow, ice and hail indicated too much cold (white) phlegm. Dreams of blood suggested an overabundance of blood and a need for the dreamer to be bled. Dreams of feces suggested putrefaction in the bowels. Galen noted how patients who were experiencing critical sweats often dreamed of diving into warm water or being immersed in it.

Galen thought that dreams of drinking were related to thirst; dreams of eating, to hunger; and that a man's sexual dreams were due to his genital organs being full of semen. He stated, "It seems that during sleep, the soul enters into the depth of the body, becomes separated from external sensation and senses only what happens inside the body... and the sleeper has the impression as if everything that he desires is already present."⁵ This was the concept of wish fulfillment in dreams long before the work of Freud.

¹For references on Galen's thoughts about dreams, see: George Sartin, Galen of Pergamon, Lawrence, Kansas: University of Kansas Press, 1954; Rudolph E. Siegel, Galen on Psychology, Psycho-pathology and Function and Diseases of the Nervous System, London: S. Rarger, 1973; Joseph Walsh, "Galen's Writings and Influences Inspiring Them," Annals of Medical History, vol. VI, No. 1, January 1934, pp 1-30; Margaret T. May, Galen On the Usefulness of the Parts of the Body, Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1968.

²Lawrence W. Way, Current Surgical Diagnosis and Treatment, San Mateo, CA: Appleton & Lange, 1988, pp. 408-411.

³Lawrence W. Way, p. 411

⁴Marcus Aurelius (121 - 180 A.D.) was emperor of Rome from 16-180 A.D.

⁵Rudolph E. Siegel, Galen, p. 170.

Reprinted with permission from Patricia Garfield, Ph. D. from her book The Healing Power of Dreams: Techniques for interpreting and using your dreams to reveal hidden health problem, speed your recovery and promote lifelong health. A Fireside Book published by Simon & Schuster, NY: 1991

Dream Network

*is Weaving the Way in Cyberspace
on the Internet's World Wide Web!*

.....

- Visit our Home Page @

<http://www.hmtp.com/new/dream/dream.html>

and • Learn of DN's History and Evolution

- Read Articles from Back Issues

- Check our Index of Articles from 1982 - 1990

- See the contents of our booklet, *the*

Art of Dreamsharing and Developing Dream Groups

- **SUBSCRIBE!** Purchase Back Issues, Gift Subscriptions and the Booklet.... **OnLine!**

.....

*We will be publishing articles on
the 21st Century Renaissance @*

<http://www.dawn21.com>

*and offer you the opportunity to Advertise your products and
services at a site currently visited by 8,800 readers each week!*

(Contact us @ (801) 259-5936 or

Email: DreamsKey@sisna.com for more information)

.....

**We will soon be featured guests on
DreamLink**

@ <http://www.iag.net/~hutchib/.dream>

along with many excellent Dream Resources:

Dream Wheels, Key Word Search, the JOURNAL, a Question
& Answer section and Reviews!

* Regional Networkers/Dream Contact Persons *

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

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

AFRICA

Charles de Beer PO Box 598
Umtentweni 4235, South Africa
Dream "Readings" via written
correspondence to above
address. Worldwide

ALASKA

Susan Fredericks 907/983-2324
Jungian, Dream Groups, Info
Skagway, State of Alaska
Tima Priess 907/479.6553
Animals, Dreams & Trauma
Near Fairbanks
Billie Jo Secrist 907/789.2669
General Resources & Info
Juneau

CALIFORNIA

Bay Area Dreamworkers Group
(BADG) 415/827-4663
% Ana Marie Fortin
Info & Resources on Regional
Networking for Dreamworkers
Patricia Keelin 707/762-4445
Lucid/DreamLight
Northern California
Marcia Lauck 408/264.4970
Dreams & Consciousness
SF Bay Area/USA
Novato Center for Dreams
Jill Gregory, Director
Prefer M-F 10am - 10pm
415/897.7955 or 415/898.2559
Extensive Dream Resources
San Francisco Bay Area, CA
Ruth Sacksteder 510/549.2162
Lucid Dreaming
7- 9 p.m. Pacific Time SF, CA

CANADA

Jan Janzen
Box 437, Tofino, B.C. V0R 2Z0
Lucid, hypnagogic, Tibetan
Written communication only
Canada/International
Suzanne Nadon 519/371.6060
Creativity & Lifestyle, Jung
Ontario/Native Community

FLORIDA

ONLINE DreamLink 407/869.8111
Linton and Beck Hutchinson
email: hutchib@iag.net

FRANCE

Joseph Natuzzi Ph: 93-97-39-81
Riviera Dream Group
Nice France 06000
101563.2755@compuserve.com

GEORGIA

Walt Stover 404/565.6215
General Resources, Pre-Cog
SouthEastern States

GERMANY

Michael Schredl (06 21) 1703-0
General info/resources, groups
Preferred language, German
6pm - 7pm Mon-Fri
Germany, Austria & Switzerland

HAWAII

Frances Ring 808/637.9241
Dream Art, Cnslr. Info & Groups
Hawaiian Islands

ILLINOIS

Gail Arrenholz-Roberts
630/365-0771
Dream Groups, Creativity
Saint Charles Area, IL

INDIANA

Phil Schuman 219/422.5133
General resources, researcher
State of Indiana

KANSAS

Steve Carter 316/263.8896
General Resources & Groups
M/Th/Fr eves; Sat. p.m.
Kansas/No. Oklahoma

MARYLAND

Sherie Healey 410/465-0010 or
1-800-235-8097 Anytime
Dream Groups, General Info
State of Maryland

MASSACHUSETTS

Edith Gilmore 508/371.1619
Lucid, General, Groups
Early evenings
Boston/MetroWest MA
Dick McLeester 413/772.6569
General Resources
Greater New England/W.MA
Karen Surman Paley 508/887.5090
Survivors of sexual abuse/
Multiple Personality Disorder
8 - 9 p.m. EST U.S.A.
Father Joseph Sediey 508/842.8821
Pastoral dreamwork/12 Step/
Spiritual & Emotional Growth
9 a.m. - 5 p.m.
State of Massachusetts

MICHIGAN

Judy White-O'Brien 616/353.7607
Holistic Therapies & Dream Groups
Michigan

MINNESOTA

Jaye C. Beldo 612/827.6835
Dream Democracy/Integrative
Dream Narration-- Evenings
Upper Midwest
Mary Flaten 507/663.1269
General Resources & Groups
State of Minnesota

MISSOURI

Dean McClanahan 417/491.4508
General, Jung, UFO
Springfield/State of Missouri
Rosemary Watts 314/432.7909
General resources, Creative!
St. Louis & State of MO

MONTANA

Anita Doyle/ 406/542.1475
Workshops/ongoing groups
Montana

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Charlotte Bell 603/529.7779
Gen. Preparation for Death
5 - 11 p.m. New Hampshire

NEW JERSEY

Valerie Melusky 609/921.3572
General Info & Groups
PA/NY/NJ

NEW YORK

Allen Flagg 212/532-8042
Kilton Stewart's Senoi
Dream Education
New York City & Tri State Area
Jennifer Borchers 212/683.5677
Recovery from childhood abuse,
healing male/female relations
Evenings & weekends
NY/NJ/CN, esp. Five Boroughs
Harold Ellis 516/796.9455
Gen.Resources, Dream drama
NY/NJ
Leon VanLeeuwen 212/888.0552
General Resources, groups
NY, NY

NORTH CAROLINA

Al Phillips 704/553.9508
General Info & Resources
NO & SO Carolina

OHIO

Noreen Wessling 513/831.7045
General Info & Groups
Ohio
Margaret Honton 614/885.0823
General Resources & Groups
Ohio State

Micki Seltzer 614/267.1341

General Resources & Groups
Evenings Ohio State

OREGON

Ingrid M. Luke 503/867.6899
General Info & Resources Pacific
Northwest/OREGON
E. W. Kellogg III 503/535-7187
Lucid dreaming/Dream Healing
E-mail: DoctorStrange@msn.com
Interdimensional/Oregon
Fred Olsen 503/286-9949
Dream ReEntry/Healing
Oregon
Graywolf Swinney 503/476.0492
Dreams & Consciousness
International/NW States

PENNSYLVANIA/OHIO

Mena Potts, Ph.D. 614/264.4444
Experiential Dream Groups &
Parapsychical dreams
7 p.m. - 9 p.m.
Central PA/N.E. Ohio

TENNESSEE

Gary W. Bilbra 615/792-1272
General Resources/Dream Group
State of Tennessee

TEXAS

John Ashbaugh 806/655.9738
General Info & Resources
Texas

UTAH

Ruth Hoppe 801/583.1405
General Resources & Groups
Early eves No. UT/WY/ID
Roberta Ossana 801/461.9003
General Resources & Groups
Four Corner

WASHINGTON

Bob Coalson 206/582.1467
Nightmares, Senoi, Sandplay
Pacific Northwest
Judith Picone 206/745.3545
General Resources & Groups
N.W. ID/MN/WA
Lee Piper 206/659.0459
General Resources/Native
Pacific NW/ID/MN
David Sparenberg 206/323.2115
Shamanic, General Info
Pacific NW/BC Canada/ID
Ohio

WASHINGTON D.C.

Rita Dwyer 703/281.3639
General Resources, Groups
Metropolitan D.C. area

\$5.95 each; Quantities limited.
 Allow 6 - 8 weeks for delivery or
 send \$1.50 per issue for first class P&H.
 (All Volumes not listed in sequential order are
 Sold Out. Write for reprint information.)

Vol.7 No.1 ~ Dreams as Initiations > Dream Writing
 > Shared Dreaming > Safe Sex & the Erotic Dream

Vol.9 No.1 ~ Making Dreams Real > Shapes of the
 Future > Three Perspectives on Dream Groups

**Vol. 9 No. 4 ~ Dreams as Gateways to the Other Side:
 Exploring dreams in which those who have died appear**
 > Interview with Arnold Mindell > Turning Crisis into
 Opportunity > It's Never Too Late!

Vol. 10 No.1 ~ Healing the Child Within > Nightmare
 Help for Children > Doing Dreamwork with Children >
 Bringing Dreams Back to Christianity > A Family Honors
 Dreams > The Resurrection and the Life

Vol. 11 No. 1 ~ Men's Dreams

Vol. 11 No. 2 ~ Women's Dreams

Vol. 11 No. 3 ~ Relationships: Mature Relationships:
 Symbolic, Cognitive & Cultural Reflections on a Dream

Vol. 11 No. 4 ~ Androgyny: The Union of Opposites
 Warrior > Star Wars > Crop Circle Mysteries

**Vol. 12 No. 2 ~ Creatures: Birds, Insects, Fish in
 Dreams** > Heron Sunrise > The Adventure of Starting
 Your Own Dream Group > My Lord Who Hums

Vol. 12 No. 3 ~ Flora, Stones & Crystals in Dreams >
 Invitation: A Dream Tree Odyssey > The Dream Poet &
 Creative Writing > The Thing with Leaves > You Meet
 the Nicest People in Your Dreams

Vol. 12 No. 4 ~ Water, Earth, Air & Fire in Dreams >
 Interviews with Russell Lockhart & Brant Secunda >
 Jeweled Medicine Wheel > Probing the Depths

Vol. 13 No. 1 ~ Cross Cultural Perspectives > Senoi
 Dream Theories > Guide to Children's Dreams > Chaos!

Vol. 13 No. 2 ~ More Cross Cultural Perspectives
 > Australian Aboriginal Dreamtime > Learning Herbal
 Healing in Dreams/Kwa-Zulu Inyanga > More Chaos!

Vol. 13 No. 3 ~ Native American Views > I Send a Cry
 > Coming Full Circle > Four Lions, the Healer

Vol. 13 No. 4 ~ Dumuzi's Dream > The Phenomenon of
 Extraterrestrial Dreams > Sharing Children's Dreams

Vol. 14 Nos. 1&2 ~ Dreaming Humanity's Path \$10
Protecting the Children > Dream Cyclops: Exploring
 the Archetypes in Children's Dreams

Warning Dreams > Apocalypse as a Rite of Passage
**Vol. 14 No. 3 ~ Dreaming Humanity's Path : Visions of
 Guidance** > Signs & Wonders in the Sky > Walking with
 my Shadow > Psychic Dream? Be Careful Who You Tell!

**Vol. 14 No. 4 ~ Dreaming Humanity's Path: Beyond
 the Veil** ~ Whispers and Murmurs > Dreams as Excep-
 tional Human Experience > The Release of Transforma-
 tive Energy into Collective Consciousness

Vol. 15 No. 1 ~ Dream Inspired Community: Dreaming
 in Dundee, NY > The Spirit of Community is *Alive* in
 Dream Groups > Dreaming Online

We encourage readers to submit **articles** focused on
 dreams and mythology *with complementary graphics or photos*-
 which will be empowering for our readers. We accept
 articles ranging from experiential to scholarly accounts and
 ask you to share techniques and insights from experiences
 with effective, creative dreamwork in our **Dream Education/
 Art of Dreamsharing Section.**

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

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

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

Related sidebars and quotes are always welcome.

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

Dream Network Journal reserves the right to edit all
 material submitted for publication. Dream Network obtains
 first North American serial rights only. All copyrights revert
 to author/artist after first publication, with proviso that
 material will be available for future anthologies of Dream
 Network material.

Dream Network

**Celebrate Every Day
 Share Your Dreams
 With a Unique & Growing
 Dream Community**

DN V15#2/3 1996

**** Subscribe Now! ****

1-800-861-3732 Subs only, please!

or on the Web: <http://www.hmpt.com/dream.html>

VISA/MC/AmEx Accepted

~ Subscription & Gift Rates ~

\$19.95 for new Subscribers

\$16 for an additional Gift subscription
 Canada/Mexico, Add \$8/Foreign, Add \$16
 for First Class Postage. (U.S. Funds, please.)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY/ST/ZIP _____

(Please use additional sheet for multiple & Gift subscriptions).

Checks to Dream Network, PO Box 1026, Moab, UT 84532

NetWorks ↔ Dream Groups

Call for New Groups

New Group Forming for Experienced DreamWorkers Psychotherapists, Jungians, Etc.
Self led. No fee. **Berkeley, CA**
Contact Mary Hugh Embry 510.548-0915

In this group, we promote self-discovery via understanding the special language and imagery of dreams.

Manhattan & Westchester. Call 914.674.1213 Elizabeth Howell, Ph.D.

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

"Heartsprings" Dream Group
Sundays 4 - 6p.m. No Fee
Nashville, TN Ph: 615.792.1272

Dreamsharing Network
Serving **Metro NY/No. NJ** areas.
For information write: PO Box 8032
Hicksville, NY 11802-8032
or Ph. 516.796.9455

New discussion group starting for committed lucid dreamers to share experience. No fee. **Philadelphia PA**
Ph: 215.879.6040

Dream workshop of the Theosophical Society in **Miami & So. Florida.**
To encourage the study & interpretation of dreams for psychological & esoteric purposes. No fee. Facilitators: Sy Ginsburg & Angie Hall. Meets Wed./12 Noon @ Theosophical Society, 831 S. Federal Hiway,
Deerfield Beach, FL 33441
Ph: 305.420.0908

New dream group in **New York, NY!**
No fee. Contact Jennifer Borchers at 212.683.5667

Dreamsharing on Internet!
From international dreamsharing to scientific articles to support and discussion groups, if it is about dreams, it's on-line. For info, send email address to RCWilk@aol.com

Ongoing Dream Groups

"Working With Dreams"
Weekly Ullman-style Dream Study
Tuesdays 7:30 - 9:30 Contact
David Pitkin Ph: 518.885-2095
Ballston Spa, NY

Ongoing Dream Group
Meeting with Network of people in the
State of Alaska.
Contact Susan Fredricks
Ph: 907.983.2324

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

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

Bay Area LUCID Dream Group
For committed lucid dreamers of all levels of accomplishment and experience.
Monthly meetings on Sunday P.M. No fee.
Berkeley, CA location.
Contact Ruth Sacksteder
Ph: 510.549.2162

Pacific Northwest Center for Dream Studies. For 16 years offering Jungian oriented, ongoing dreamgroups, individual dreamwork, seminars & training. Contact Dir. Kenneth Kimmel @ 206.447.1895. **Seattle, WA**

Maplestone Dream Group
Meets every Monday night. No fee.
Phone Suzanne Nadon at 519.371.6060
Owen Sound, Ontario Canada

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

Wichita, KS Dream Group
Contact: STEVE CARTER
550 West Central #1404
Windsor at Barclay Square. Fridays
No fee. Phone: 316.263.8896

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

Dreamsharing/exploration. Meets every other Monday evening.
Open to all approaches. No fee.
Albany, NY area. Julia L. Hammid
Ph: 518.274.1278

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

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

Creativity Dream Workshop
Contact **SHERRY HEALY**
8101 Main Street,
Ellicott City, MD 21043 No Fee
Ph: 410.750.1211 or 800.235.8097

The Voyagers
Group Dream and OOB work
Meetings Bimonthly
Contact Anthony Golembiewski
Ph: 540.949.6901
259 Elizabeth Ave.
Waynesboro, VA 23980

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

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

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

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

Ongoing Groups

(Continued)

We share dreams, learn symbolism & interpretation and techniques for remembering. **Theosophical Society, Deerfield Beach, FL.** 305.420.0908
Wed. 12 Noon/weekly (ongoing)
Facilitators: Sy Ginsburg & others

CREATIVE DREAM GROUPS & WORKSHOPS
Utilizing Jungian, expressive and integrative dreamwork methods.
Contact **Marlene King, M.A.**, 2630 S.E. Schiller St., **Portland, OR 97202**
Ph: 503.234.6885

DR. ANN RICHARDS
Weekly Dream Class in **Portland** & ongoing dream bulletin: "Dreams, Jung AND Art"
SASE to to 1717 SW Park **Portland, OR 97201**
Ph: 503.222.0533

Dreamers Still Dreaming
Format: Open-ended concept presentation & interpretation. Bimonthly meeting near downtown **Portland, OR.**
No fee, no leader. Contact: **Kate Hammond**, Ph: 503.241.0950

DREAM STREAMS - Meets 1st Tues. of the month from 7 - 9p.m.
@Discovery Bookshop,
808 W. Second St., **Lansdale, PA 19446**
Ph: 215.822.5951
Contact: **Linda Rosenthal**
Bucks/Montco area

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

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

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

Call for Your Big Dreams....

Let's continue *Dreaming Humanity's Paths* and create, here....

"... a cultural repository for big dreams.
Dreams which you feel were 'Gifted' to share
with the larger dream community.

Submit to **Dream Network, PO Box 1026, Moab, UT 84532**

Dream Network is OnLine! Our Website Address

is: <http://www.hmtp.com/new/dream/dream.html>

Our World Wide Web Page has sample articles, information on back issue content, writer's guidelines, advertising information and soon, our complete article index from 1982! From this site, you can email, download, subscribe, order back issues and The Art of Dreamsharing and Developing Dream Groups! From the ordering section, you can make comments, ask questions.... via email: **DreamsKey2sisna.com** Be in touch!

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

Affiliated Dream Related Organizations

ASCLEPIADS, A.H.O.A.

"The oldest dream counseling group in the world!"
PO Box 95, **Calumet City, IL 60409**
Ph: 708.862.1196

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**

LUCIDITY ASSOCIATION

8703 109TH ST **Edmonton, Alberta T6G 2L5 CANADA**

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

ADVERTISE! in the Dream Network Journal

DISPLAY ADS: Phone: (801) 259-5936 Email: DreamsKey@sisna.com

% Dream Network Main Office, PO Box 1026, Moab, UT 84532

CLASSIFIED ADS: All Sale Items, Groups, Events and Services requesting fees: \$15 per Issue, \$50 per year (4 Issues); limited to 20 words. \$.75 per word beyond 20 words.

Ads are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. DNJ does not endorse nor take responsibility for the contents or quality of any products or services advertised herein.

We encourage reader feedback and will discontinue ads for which we receive complaints.

**Services, Books
& Items for Sale**

Carol Weidberg, A.C.S.W.

Psychoanalyst, intuitive;
25 years experience as a healer.
Offers spiritual psychotherapy.
Individual sessions for inner
exploration and dreamwork
(Jungian orientation).

Also, ongoing dream groups.

All appointments in

New York City - Upper Eastside.

Most fees, insurance reimbursable.

Phone 212.734.5876

The Dreamwheel.

Workshops, trainings for lay people and
professionals. Monthly Dream Council
(open circle). Referrals, consultation to
individuals, groups, organizations.

Support for dream group start-up.

(508) 369-2634 **Concord, MA.**

Ramsey Raymond, MA. MHC, Director.

Relax into your dreams while
listening to *Spirit Flute*

by brother dreamer Daniel Bey.

At a store near you or send \$12 to

Eagle Vision, Dept. DN

PO Box 54, Centerville, TN 37033

info (615) 729-3388

*The Art of
Dream Sharing
&
Developing
Dream Groups*



Creative Ideas
from the
Dream Network

A 44 page Booklet
containing the best educational
articles on these topics
from *Dream Network*.

\$5 each (+ \$1 P&H)
to DN, POB 1026, Moab, UT 84532

Research * Projects**

Barbara Shor is researching a book on
angels and dreaming. She's looking for
dreams or visions of any length about
angels, or with mysterious presences
that may have been angels. Please send
dreams, as well as any unusual waking
experiences related to the dreams.

Anonymity is guaranteed. %: 400 Central
Park West, NY, NY 10025.

Dr. Ann Richards is researching for an
article on **DESIGNS and FORMATS** of
DREAMCLASSES. Teachers/Leaders
of dream classes/groups, please send
your experiences and suggestions about
facilitating dream groups.

You will be credited in follow up article
to be provided to DREAM NETWORK.

SASE to 1717 SW Park Ave. #815

Portland, OR 97201

Patricia Kelly requests that you submit
poetry based on dreams, especially
poem/poets from New York City. Send
to: 4137 75th St. Elmhurst, NY 11373

Kelly Bulkley is collecting dreams
relating to the **1996 Presidential
election**, e.g. 1) a Presidential
candidate appears, 2) some other
political figure or 3) a political theme or
issue from the campaign environment.

Please send to: 226 Amherst Ave.

Kensington, CA 94708.

Ph: 510/528-0226. Email:

76633.1555@compuserve.com

Anthony Sykes would like to
correspond with anyone who has had
dreams, visions or psychic impressions
about anything relating to **HIV and
AIDS**. Information will be greatly
appreciated. Send to: 156-20 Riverside

Dr. W. #9C, New York, NY 10032

Ph: 212.928.3343

Carol Schreier Rupprecht seeks
information and experiences
involving dreaming and the legal
system, for example dreams used in
trials, for a project with an attorney,
of dreams as proofs.

Please write: 37397 Riverside Drive,
Pleasant Hill, OR 97455

Anyone doing conscious explorations
of the dreamscape and/or hypnagogic
states related to the **Tibetan method of
lucid dreaming, please respond**. Write
to **Jan Janzén, Box 437, Tofino, B.C.,
Canada V0R 2Z0**

Research * * * Projects

Marc Barasch, author of *The Healing
Path* and co-author of *Remarkable
Recovery* is researching a book on
"Healing Dream." Individuals or
clinicians who are willing to share
dream experiences which seemingly
catalyzed a healing (psychospiritual or
even physiological) are invited to
submit. Marc is also looking for dream
experiences with demonstrably
parapsychological content. My interest
is in how 'numinous' dreams are
integrated into ordinary waking life as
spurs to change, growth and action.

Write, email or Fax to:

865 37th St., Boulder, CO 80303.

email: marcbar@aol.com

Fax (303) 440-5054.

Walt Stover is now writing a book to
be published by A.R.E. press on
precognitive dreams, dreams that have
later become manifest. Subject matter
of all types will be considered; dreams
need not be of the "mountain top"
variety. Indicate if you are willing to
have your dreams published; your
confidentiality will be honored.
Please send your precognitive dreams
(preferably typed) to 4124 Fawn Court,
Marietta, GA 30068 Ph: 404.565.6215

Marlene King, M.A. is collecting
dreams and visionary accounts from
**people who are diagnosed as termi-
nally ill, particularly from those in the
latter stages of their illness**. Also
seeking dreams of people who have
recorded/told a dream just prior to
their death, sudden or otherwise. Please
include any additional info illuminating
the dream context. Confidentiality is
assured. Please send to
2630 SE Schiller St.
Portland, OR 97202

Janice Baylis, Ph. D. is seeking dreams
about or featuring **celebrities**. These
could be entertainers, politicians, sports
figures, scientists, etc. If you have
access to dreams which celebrities have
had, these are also needed.

Occasionally, these turn up in the news.

Write to: 1180 Oakmont Rd.

#51-J, Seal Beach, CA 90740

Support Our Advertisers!

It has been just a short time since we made the decision to begin accepting advertising. We are blessed with the response and encourage *you take a close look at the products and services offered by our advertisers and support them.*

They are a vital ingredient in the evolution of *Dream Network Journal.*

and YES!

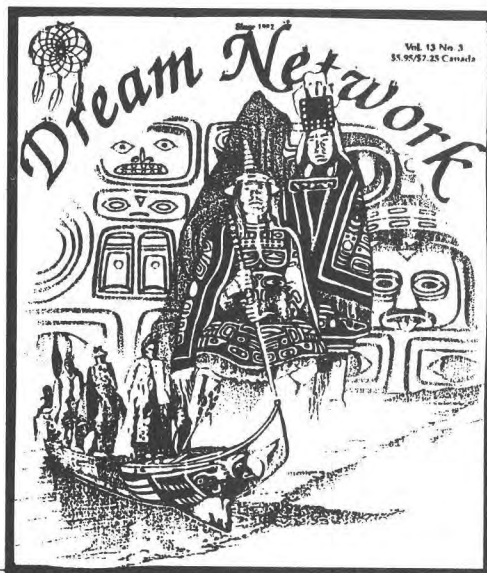
*Consider Advertising Your
Products and Services!*

We offer affordable advertising rates for Display and Classified Ads within the publication, *Dream Network Journal* as well as exceptional opportunities to advertise on the Internet's World Wide Web at a site that reports 8800 'visitors' per week!

See information on page 65 of this issue,
Contact our Main Office @ (801) 259-5936
or email to: DreamsKey@sisna.com
for Ad Rates and information.

Give Yourself
and your network the Gift
of *Dream Network*
at our Special Introductory
and Gift Subscription Prices!

For a Special Occasion,
for the Holiday Season
FOR DREAMS!



FIRST Year

- USA \$19.95
- Canada/Mexico \$25.95
- Foreign \$34.95

SECOND Year OR Gift Subscription:

50% Off Cover Price!

- US \$11
- Canada/Mexico \$17
- Foreign \$25

(Canada, Mexico & Foreign Prices Include First Class/Air Postage)

Dream Network Subscription

@\$19.95 per year/4 issues

Your Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____
 State _____ Zip _____ (+4) _____
 Visa/MC/AmEx _____
 Expires _____

Gift Subscription:

@\$11 per year (+ Postage for foreign; see above)

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____
 State _____ Zip _____ (+4) _____
 Visa/MC/AmEx _____
 Expires _____

(Recipients will receive a card acknowledging your gift!)

Gift Subscription:

@\$11 per year (+ Postage for foreign; see above)

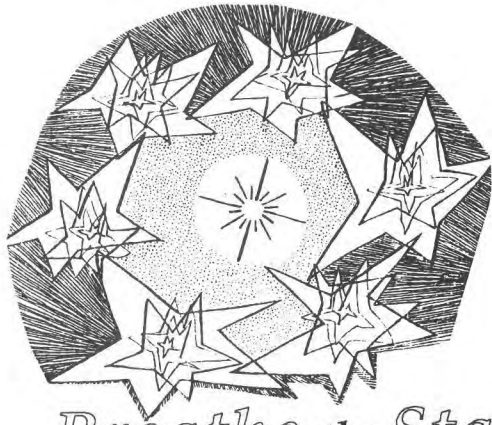
Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____
 State _____ Zip _____ (+4) _____
 Visa/MC/AmEx _____
 Expires _____

Gift Subscription:

@\$11 per year (+ Postage for foreign; see above)

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____
 State _____ Zip _____ (+4) _____
 Visa/MC/AmEx _____
 Expires _____

(Recipients will receive a card acknowledging your gift!)



Breathe the Stars

I am in an open field gazing at the myriad of stars above. There is a huge crowd of people surrounding me as I stand beside a large campfire. At first, I am transfixed by the crackling sound of the fire. I then look up into the sky and see a shooting star. I feel exhilarated when I glimpse it's long tail! A friend of mine whose nickname is Hollywood tells me, "Don't forget, today's Christmas!" Suddenly, everyone about me is frozen still, like putting on the "pause" control on a VCR.

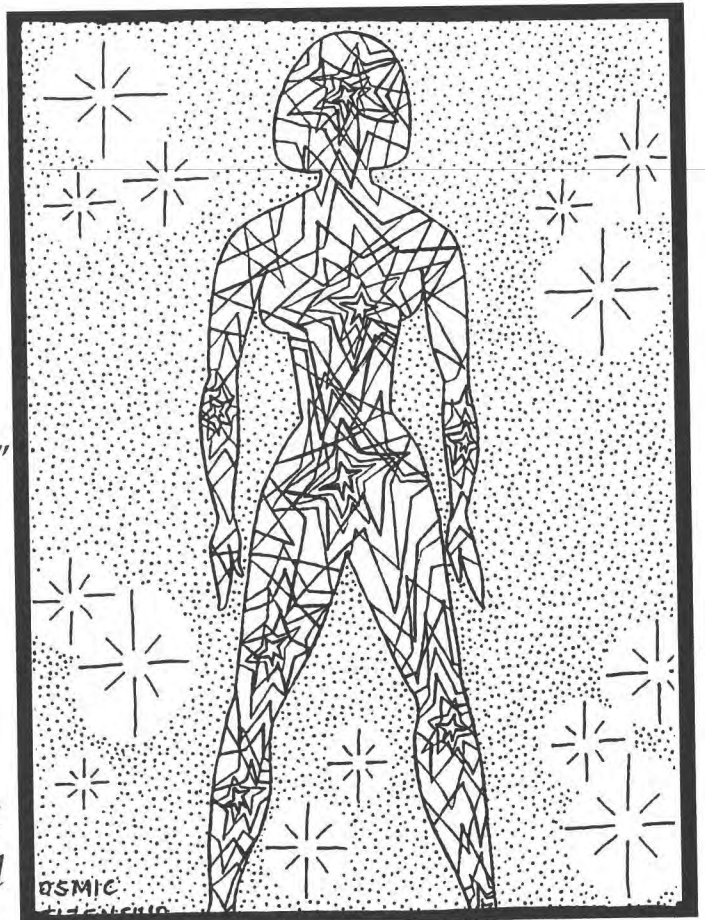
*I look about me and say,
"Let's do this over."*

As they are still, I am able to look at some of the people in the crowd and try to recognize them. When I cannot do so, everyone resumes moving about. As I look up at the sky, everyone else does the same.

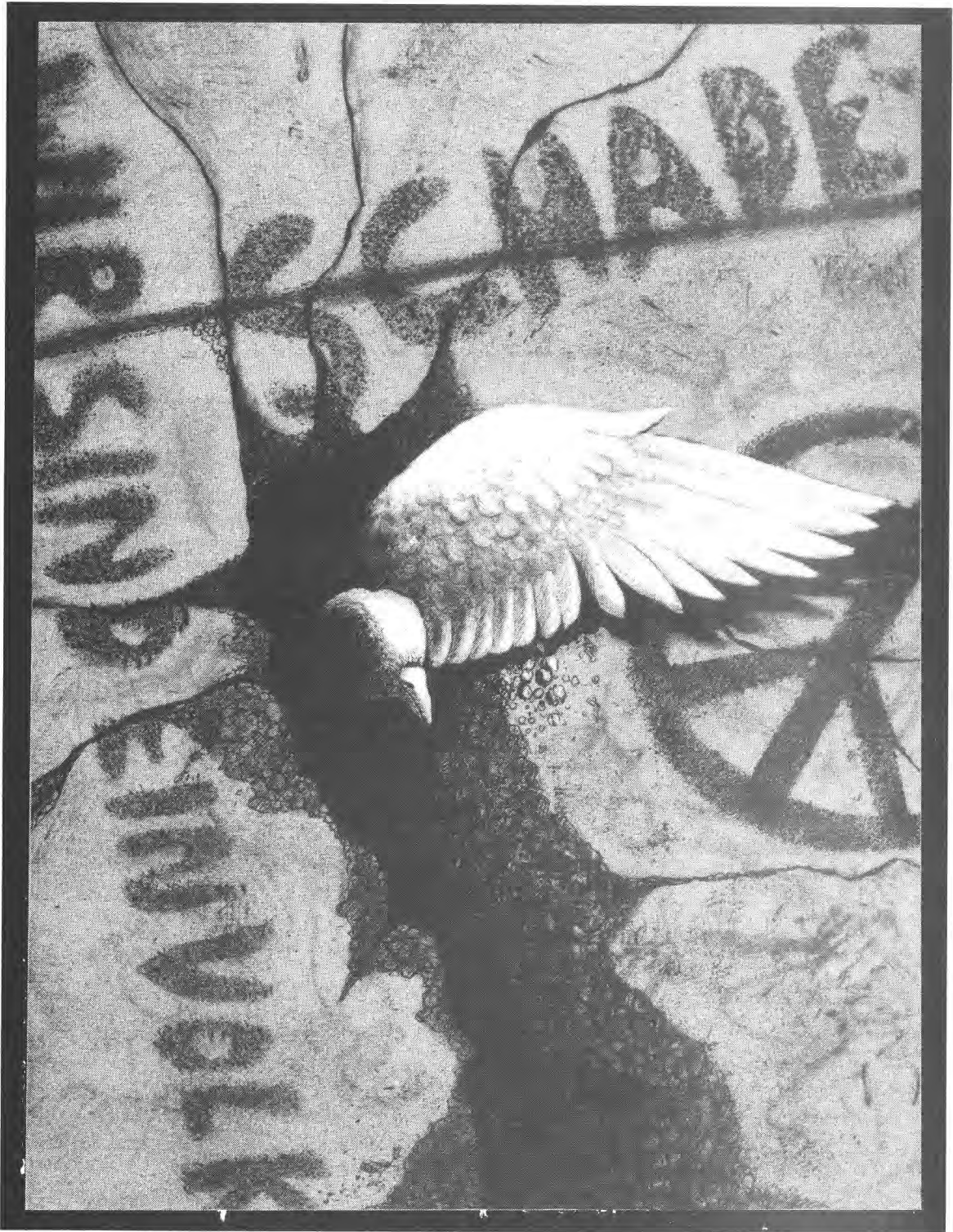
...Dreaming Humanity's Path...

At this point, hundreds of shooting stars are erratically dispersing, as the huge crowd of people surrounding me harmoniously begins to applaud. I exclaim that the shooting stars are really angels.

An unusual combination of feelings, both soothing and monumental consume me.

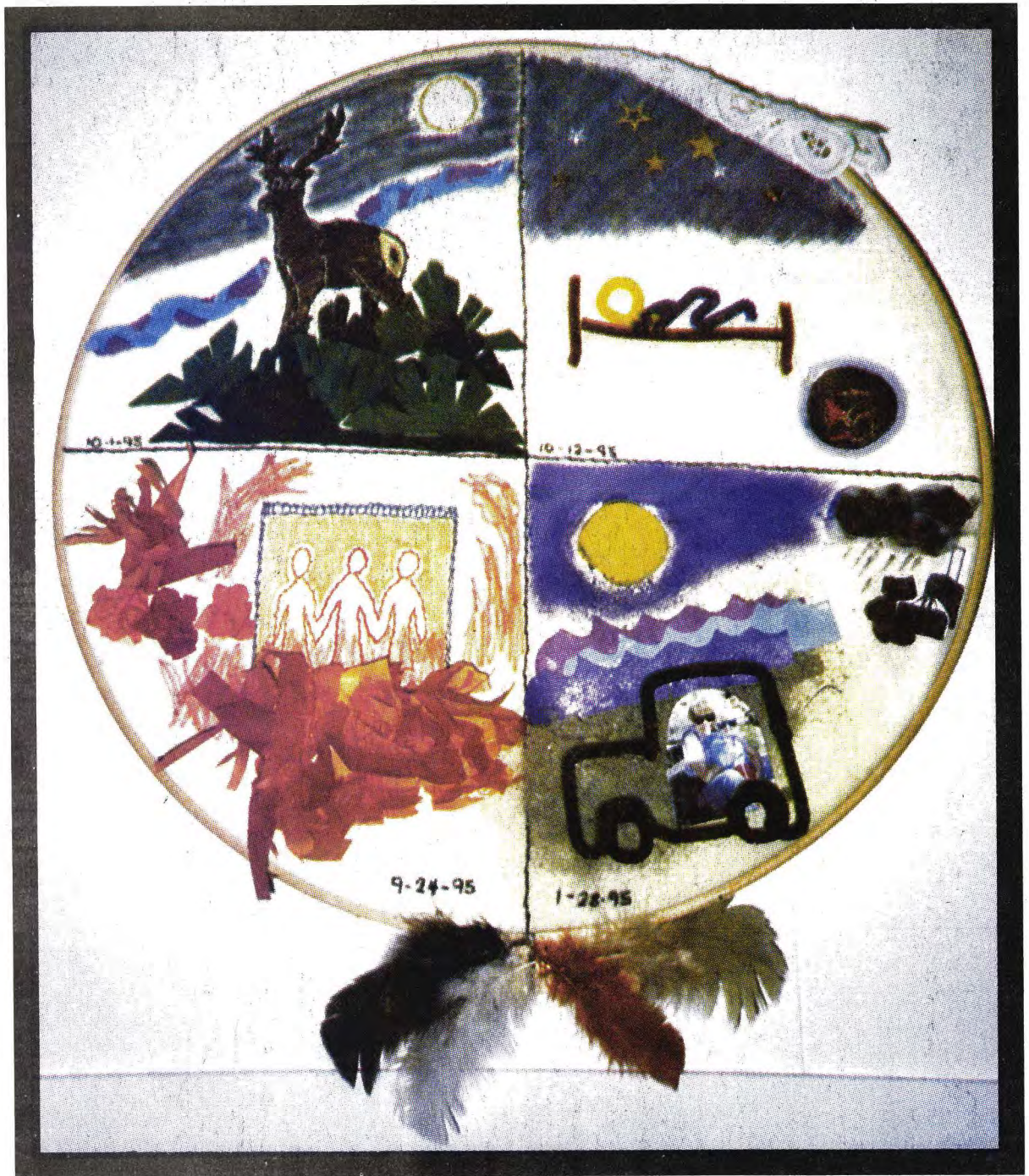


I awakened, puzzled by the immediate proclivity to think of the constellation Orion and some mysterious unknown purifying event about to occur. I felt as if the universe was about to transform and I was being allowed to breathe into it's respiration.



This image of the Berlin Wall represents a divided peoples struggle to unify and heal. Wir sind ein Volk -- "We are one people." It depicts both a real moment in time and the ongoing hope of all humanity to see ourselves as one family.

*Art by Chris Grassano, a fine artist and illustrator. She has had numerous illustrations published in the Dream Network Journal. Her main focus is painting urban wildlife and urban life environments.
Contact Chris @ 3765 20th Street, San Francisco, CA 94110 Ph: 415/821-7135*



"Healing Dreams" A Dream Shield created by Rosemary Watts-Dreyer

Dream Network Journal

1337 Powerhouse Lane Suite 22
PO Box 1026
Moab, UT 84532-3031

Bulk Rate
U.S. Postage Paid
Permit #14
Waynesville, N.C.
28786

*Forwarding postage guaranteed
Address correction requested on all Bulk Mail*

Paid subscription--Thank You for expediting