

Symbols: Language of the Soul

Vol. 15 No. 4
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Dream Network

A JOURNAL EXPLORING DREAMS & MYTH



Releasing Angels & Devils • *Joan M. Reynolds*
Learning Symbolic Language • *Julia McCahill*
Between the Dream and the Moon • *Lena Bartu*
An Interview with Wilda B. Tanner

Decide to Dream

Decide to dream

Decide to widely open the gates
of your wonderful mind,
heart and soul

Let flow in the dreams of God,
of the angels, saints, prophets and sages
Give birth and let out into the world
the dreams of your own unique, unrepeatable,
cosmic being

If not born for any other purpose
be born to dream
to love

be born to fashion a better world
Dreams and dreamers never die
From heaven you will see your dreams
come true

You will reincarnate,
inspire and energize the new dreamers
The dreams of our beautiful Planet of Dreams
will never die

until we become the Paradise
we were always meant to be
and are about to now joyfully become.

© 1996 by Dr. Robert Muller

from his forthcoming book *The Art of Living*, Chapter on Dreams



Statement of Purpose

Our purpose is to raise individual and cultural appreciation for the value of dreams and to disseminate information that will assist and empower us in taking responsibility for our cultural, emotional and spiritual well-being with the help of dreams & mythology. Our goals are to unite and serve those who respect dreams, to empower dreamers in demystifying dreamwork and to assist with the integration of dreamsharing into our culture . . . in whatever ways of integrity are shown and given us.

We believe that dreams are agents for change and often reveal important new insights about the life of the dreamer, both personal and cultural.

Recalling a dream is a signal that we are ready to understand the information that has been presented. Enacting the dream's hint can bring personal empowerment.

We seek to provide a balance and to give all nations, voices and schools of thought an opportunity to be heard. There will be times when a particular area of interest will be given greater emphasis than another because of the limited space in the Journal and that which is surfacing that is of interest to the readership.

The emphasis will change over time to allow for a wide range of ideas, opinions and areas of interest to be explored and expressed.

We invite you to indicate areas of interest and questions you would like to see explored in future issues.

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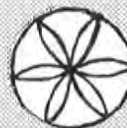
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Upcoming Focus

For Volume 16 No.1

DANCING the
DREAM AWAKE:
Dream Manifestation

? ? QUESTIONS ? ?

How do you make manifest your
dreams? Have you had dreams
that manifest themselves?

We Welcome Your Submission
Lifeline: 4 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

Some Thoughts on Symbols

In western culture, we put most emphasis on educating the intellect from a linear, logical, rational perspective, rarely giving equal time to the creative process and imagination, both of which are irrational.

Dreamers, artists, poets, musicians of all cultures — and currently, according to well documented evidence on the crop circle phenomena — even extraterrestrials — breakthrough the severe limitations of logic and share their truths, symbolically. We are the awakens who keep alive the rich and ingenious language of the soul.

A brief dictionary definition of symbol is: (from the Greek, *to throw together*): an object used to represent something abstract, such as *the dove is a symbol of peace*. The word metaphor is nearly synonymous: (from the Greek, *to bear over or to transfer beyond*): a figure of speech in which one thing is spoken of as if it were another, such as *all the world is a stage*.

From Carl G. Jung in *Man and His Symbols*,

"What we call a symbol is a term, a name, or even a picture that may be familiar in daily life, yet that possesses specific connotations in addition to its conventional and obvious meaning. It implies something vague, unknown, or hidden from us." "Thus a word or an image is symbolic when it implies something more than its obvious and immediate meaning. It has a wider "unconscious" aspect that is never precisely defined or fully explained. Nor can one hope to define or explain it. As the mind explores the symbol, it is led to ideas that lie beyond the grasp of reason." "Man produces symbols unconsciously and spontaneously, in the form of dreams."

(pgs. 20, 21, 26.)

The clue, the way into the work, is through the imagination; by amplifying, *making more*, of the images — the language of soul — we come to understand that the image has an authority, a power of its own which is purposeful.

Understanding that purpose, the purpose for any given dream, is most often a matter of activating our imaginations and of making associations *from our unique life experience* to each person, place and object in the dream. Who or what do they remind us of? Why? What do the *setting, time and objects* suggest or represent? How do we feel upon awakening? Calm? Agitated? Frightened? Healed? Resolved? Inspired? These are vital clues which can help us in discerning the message being conveyed. Ultimately, the intuitive, gut-level Aha! is our best indicator as to what's really what in any given dream.

The 'work' is endlessly challenging and rewarding and contributes significantly to our individual and cultural awakening.

Spiral is our archetypal symbol of choice for this issue. Our cover, compliments of Unarius Academy of Science, is an artist's conception of the 33 Planets of the Interplanetary Confederation; it's center is the One all-seeing energy / eye and the planets are evolve from the spiral in the backdrop. In Jap-an, spiral is the symbol for *dream*. Recent crop circle formations contain many spirals. We are being drawn toward the Center, the One.

So, now that I've asked these questions and shared some of what I think I know, I ask you what does it mean when I have a dream in which....

Everyone in the dreamscape is smiling and has flowers growing out of their heads?

I am very happy, awakening!
Thank you for being here.
Now, enjoy and our very best in '97!

News of Import

The Visionary dreams we've been sharing over the past two years -- **Dreaming Humanity's Path** -- grow increasingly more important as illuminating pathways for the Now and into the Future. Please, if you have been gifted with highly charged, exceptionally vivid visions -- 'Big Dreams' -- which *need* to be shared with a larger community, allow us to share the images and message in this publication. It is proving to be powerfully helpful to many. Any art or poetry as visionary expressions are welcome as well.

Amplified gratitude to each of you who contribute to making each issue of this Journal manifest. Our first 4-color cover is a result of your support; in order to continue this 'Rainbow Bridge' we need each of you to do PR for the Journal! Let's Dance the Dream Awake, together! I would especially like to thank Kelly MacArthur from Salt Lake City, UT, who, for several years now, has done an excellent job of proof-reading each issue and to Suzanne Nadon for her fine contribution as Review Editor. Suzanne is now fully engaged as Mom and Student and we are pleased to announce longtime 'Networker,' Dick McLeester as our new reviewer. Welcome!

Welcome to our many new readers and thanks to each of you who renewed and gave gift subscriptions over this past few months. Please get involved! Share your *Responses*, Questions and critique with us. You are the life-blood of this effort and energy.

Will Phillips is on the great adventure, a Hero's Journey and we expect to hear that he has begun to put down roots in the Pacific Northwest before long. He may be contacted en route via email @ totonada@gnn.com

Erratum:

In Volume 15 No. 3, in the review of Montague Ullman's new book, *Dream Appreciation*, the cost indicated for a soft cover copy was incorrect. \$24.95 (p) \$52.00 (h).

Responses

Letters From YOU!



Integrating Dream Symbols

Thank you so much for your most recent issue, focused on Healing Dreams. It's the best yet! The artwork is tops and the articles superb. The World Wheel is tremendously moving and the information salted throughout is most useful.

In response to Marianne Kriman's inquiry about "Pharonic" dreams: Yes, I frequently dream this way. In fact, an evening of dreams almost always has a repeat thread running through it. As if my sleeping mind were doing what I do consciously (more or less) when writing poetry, i.e., trying out image after image, searching for the most appropriate and accurate vessel to embody what isn't quite here yet. As to the prophetic element, it is somewhat rare in my dreams. Much more common is a telepathic element. A dear friend says I am always stealing (smile!) his late-night reading and conversations. However, even then, the element identified as coming from his mind is still highly appropriate to something in my own life.

I strongly believe our dreaming mind chooses every element, even prophetic or telepathically received ones, because they are appropriate and accurate with respect to our own inner processes as well.

In answer to the editorial question, "What processes do you engage in clarifying, then integrating, the symbolic language and metaphors in your dreams?" many different ones. Primarily, free association: what do I first think, even as I am recording the dream at 3 a.m. I often have to

make quick one or two word notes in the margins about the associations because I don't want to disrupt the flow of the dream recording itself. Then if I have the time, lengthy journaling, based on following down each and every association and intuition.

I watch for puns, cliches and word-play (both in words and images) and for slang expressions that may open up a symbol for me, e.g., I had a recurrent dream image of fried chicken, even smelling it. I could not understand it until I thought of how in slang use the word "fried" means utterly exhausted or wasted and "chicken" means scared or fearful. These realizations helped me to acknowledge that denying my fear was what had been exhausting me in my waking life.

I also go over what my day had been like before the dream and what previous dreams had been saying and doing. Right now, I'm following down a chain of dream images that I feel very excited about but really can't say I have a specific idea where they're headed. Each dream in the series stands clearly on its own but as a series they seem to offer even more that hasn't fully arrived yet.

Pulling Tarot cards on a dream or dream images can often open up and clarify a dream. I also find writing poetry based on a dream can do the same. Writing poetry in particular helps integrate the insights of the dream. Writing poetry about a dream is like having a profound conversation with one's self. The dream has said something. In writing the poem, I acknowledge what was said and do something with it, feeding it back for my dreaming mind to respond to as it will.

Also, telling someone else about the dream helps not only clarify but integrate the dream. I think speaking our dreams to others is a profound way of owning and integrating a dream. Even if we

don't fully comprehend the dream, the act of speaking more fully embodies the dream. By speaking, we have more fully birthed the dream into the world.

Sometimes, the dream points to physical action needed in our waking world and by taking that action we have integrated the dream. Ten years ago, before I had even considered teaching Tarot, I was told by a loving dream voice....

"You will be taught by teaching."

Since friends had also been urging me to teach, I decided to take a chance and see what I would learn as I taught. I am still learning and teaching.... and not only Tarot.

Sometimes a dream will point to a frame of mind to cultivate and in doing so, one integrates the dream. For example, recently many of my female ancestors have been appearing in my dreams. Consciously, I've been working on letting go of the past, so at first this felt like a contradiction. Then, I realized that the dreams took a rather respectful attitude toward these female ancestors. In essence, the dreams were saying that I had healed enough to let go of any remaining negativity and to honor the effort and love of those women who brought me here. I have set up a special corner of my personal altar, dedicated to my female ancestors.

Consciously placing images that reflect an important dream around one's self in one's daily life is another way to integrate a dream image. I have had a recurring image of a small totally snow-white, winged fairy in dreams which I came slowly to realize was a soul image. At first she had torn wings and other problems, but as I worked with her image in dream re-entry, I was able to integrate her and heal her. Essentially, I now realize, I performed a soul reclamation, as in the shamanic tradition. I now wear a small winged fairy ring all the time to remind me that my soul needs care, too, and

have fairy images around my home.

If I were to say there is one general way to integrate a dream, that would be to respond to it in some way, if only to write it down and be grateful for it. That is, to acknowledge and honor the effort offered on our behalf each night by our dreaming minds.

I'd like to share a GROUP DREAM developed in an exercise I led recently in a workshop on using Tarot and Poetry to Explore Your Dreams. I defined the categories such as main character, environment, challenge, etc., and the group chose — from the dreams, Tarot cards and poems shared in the workshop — which images were for which category. Then one member strung them all together in a scenario, which we fine-tuned. I feel this group dream thoroughly reflects the group's hesitations and, more importantly, bravery. I was particularly struck by the sea image being both that which overwhelms and that which offers help (not uncommon in my own life experience). This group dream could as readily be called a myth, since mythology has been said to be the dreaming of the collective.

Group Dream

The smiling boy stands at the edge of the White Cliffs of Dover. He looks out, enjoying the sight of the turbulent sea. Suddenly, the first in a series of tidal waves crashes into the cliffs, reaching even as high as he.

Threatening with each overwhelming surge to sweep him into oblivion.

Huge hands reach out of one tidal surge, gently cupping him. He starts to grow wings, to become a bird!

"If only I COULD become a bird," he thinks. Then he could fly safely off this cliff that is being overwhelmed by wave after wave from the sea.

But he knows he cannot shape-shift; he has no such fabulous talent. As soon as he thinks this, his budding wings disappear. He also knows his increasingly precarious footing at the cliff's edge will not survive another assault from the sea. That being true,

why NOT believe he can become a bird?

He releases his doubt into the fountain of shimmering purple, that rises now like a blessing from the turbulence below and takes sweet flight, out over the ocean, into the wide, magical world.

Thanks for all of your work and delightful dreams!

Patricia Kelly, Elmhurst, NY

** Group dream by BettyJane, Daughn, Geoff, Laurie, Mac, Mary, Patricia & Speranza. Based on dream/Tarot/writing images shared working held September 21, 1996 and led by Patricia Kelly.*

Disgruntled at our lateness with the recent issue

I recently received a subscription renewal form for Dream Network. My curiosity about dreams is endless, so I considered renewing. However, I decided against it, since I probably would not receive the publication anyway.

I had purchased a year's subscription last year. After two issues, I received a renewal form. I called DN to verify that my current subscription was valid and was assured that it was. Unfortunately, I never received another issue.

If times have changed and you are able to keep track of your customer's subscriptions, then please contact me. Otherwise, remove my name from any future mailings. Also, please note my current address for any future correspondence. Thank you.

Brian Griffith, Arlington Heights, IL

To clarify for you, Brian, and all subscribers, we have a policy of sending out renewal notices before your current subscription has expired, offering a 10% discount for early renewals; this is a common practice with publishers of periodicals. Also, we acknowledge the unusual length of time between our two most current issues and apologize for any misunderstanding and/or concern that it may have

caused. I mentioned in the Editorial, Volume 15 No. 3 (p. 6 'Changes') that we were expanding Vol. 15#3 (double issue) due to the inordinate amount of challenge and opportunity for transformation that have appeared on the scene during this past several months. Hope this answers your questions and concerns. (Editor)

Dream Appreciation

The latest issue is robust and inviting. I look forward to reading it. I was very moved by your review of my book *Dream Appreciation*. It came from the heart. You got the whole message of the book. Thanks!

Dr. Montague Ullman, Ardsley, NY

Dream Network, Front & Center

Since I've subscribed to *Dream Network*, I have really enjoyed reading as well as learning from it. America needs a hub of dream discussion and to put it simply, *Dream Network* is always at the center of thought and interpretation in the dream movement.

Robert Jude Forese, Bronx, NY

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

More Signs in the Sky & On the Ground!

I just checked out the *Dream Network* Website. It's great! The links are also very good. I took the leap and acquired the necessary tools to get online myself. Now, all I have to do is learn how to use them.

If you have followed the crop circle story, you will see many of my writings have been predictive of certain patterns, such as the interlocking rings, the spider web formation, the Bythorn Mandala, the T-Tau-like patterns, the "Julia" Set-type (fractal) patterns, and the "DNA" formation, among others. Jan Janzen is the only person who has stayed abreast of the subject and recognized this. He told me he thought the predictive nature of my writings was amazing.

I gather the information from dreams, my own and those of others. I then look for coincidental associations, which are often symbolic. So often, after an idea develops, a crop formation will appear that seems related.

An example is the story about DNA. I first read of the idea of a DNA connection in *The Book Of Knowledge: The Keys Of Enoch*, which came from a spiritual visitation in 1973. I figured this might connect to my "electron interaction" dream which I related in my 1992 "DNJ" article. Later, I read Hunbatz Men's statements about Mayan mythology, saying that there was a problem with human DNA and it would be repaired in the impending earth change. I also read John Haddington's articles in the crop circle journals, telling how certain formations seemed to be related to DNA. A double-helix-type crop formation appeared at Alton Barnes on June 17th, which everyone is calling the "DNA" formation.

The "repair" seems to be about a better communicating link to the

spiritual reality. The "Enoch" book, written by scientist James Hurtack, says that one can be connected to a Parent Mind by proton precession at the same frequency. I have noted many hints about such a way of better communication, such as my dream of receiving the new, and better, yellow antenna. Another was the dream of pushing the "parent" button in the "tabernacle factory."

The greatest mysteries of all time are unraveling. The question is, what are we to do? For now, I'll continue my work and see what develops. There may come a time when it will be helpful to others.

The most powerfully convincing "coincidences" indicate that we are nearing the end of the Kali Yuga time cycle and that the Book Of Revelation means the same thing. It's an elementary idea found world wide, involving an *en masse* leap to the Heart chakra level. This has been reinforced over and over again. Indications are that many will experience great fear, because they will not know what is going on. Symbolically, they are "asleep," or "dead."

I could be wrong, of course, but I'll be watching like a sentinel, just in case. I hope to find others who will keep an eye out and stay awake.

A Second Letter

VERY BIG things seem to be happening now. You can check some of it out on Art Bell's web page, and on Courtney Brown's "Farsight" organization at - www.farsight.org. Dr. Brown is a professor of political science at Emory University in Atlanta. He heads the Farsight organization for remote viewing. He wrote a book called, "Cosmic Voyage." His explanations on the Art Bell show tonight sounded EXACTLY like the dream-coincidence material I have collected. Recently the group had

three independent remote viewers focus in on a coordinate in space, not knowing anything more. They gave almost exactly the same report! Unknown to them, it was the location of the Hale-Bopp comet, which is heading toward our locality, and will be visible next year. The reports of the remote viewers say things like this: That it is a complex object, composed of physical parts and consciousness. It is multidimensional. The object has feelings. It is an ancient device. The purpose is to uncover that which has been hidden, (i.e. the literal meaning of Revelation). It has the ability to communicate to us through our DNA. It is something like the obelisk in "2001: Space Odyssey."

It is about new and old historical discoveries. The information will bring about healing. The new paradigm combines the best of the old with the new. It is a new beginning, but some will see it as the end. People will be looking up into the sky and experiencing great emotions. Some will be fearful. It has to do with education. There will be a destruction and a construction of a new paradigm, like destroying an old house and building a new one. The object resembles a dome-like building, a vehicle with technology and thought-together. It also deals with the stars. The purpose is ancient, a revelation, involving religious studies and teachers. It is a very old artifact.

All this follows the Big Dreams, especially the "Signs in the sky" type (*DN, Volume 14 No. 4*). Remember, in one of the dreams in DNJ, it was an object that had maternal feelings and it communicated to us through our amino acids, i.e. the molecule that composes DNA.

This thing is looking more real, more close, and more URGENT.

Joe Mason, Modesto, CA
Email: JMason4557@aol.com

Discovering the Symbolic Message in the Dream

How do we distinguish symbolic and metaphorical messages in dreams from the literal? Sometimes the dream tells us this very clearly on its own! The following dream is an example:

South by East

I am on the west side of mid-town Manhattan. I want to get to the lower east side to meet a female friend. I use subways to travel one stop south on each avenue, then transfer to the next line to the east. At first I travel smoothly and I'm pleased with the cleverness of my plan. but just as I reach the platform of the final cross-town train, I encounter a small, pale, almost albino man with a knife. He is Jack the Ripper! He attacks me and tries to stab me. I am very much afraid but I manage to grab his knife arm and direct it so that he stabs himself repeatedly in the chest. As he dies, he says "J." Now I will have to live with the guilt of having killed a man. Still waiting for the train, I try to move on to "K" "L," "M," and "N" — these are shown on plastic beads on a track. Then he reappears.... he cannot be gotten rid of so easily. I have a sudden realization and say, "You are an archetype, aren't you?" He nods yes and is absorbed into me. He is no longer a threat!

In the first part of the dream, I am moving obliquely into the unconscious (subway), sidling in by using my clever mind to get to the feminine. For me, the southward direction usually denotes a descent into deeper levels of the unconscious. My success at doing this sideways makes me feel self-satisfied, which is always a prelude to a downfall. It evokes the Shadow, here a pale figure usually associated with assault on women, who challenges my masculinity by attacking me with a knife and with the letter Yod (+ hand + phallus, but also, in the Tarot associated with Virgo, Key 9, The Hermit). I feel fear, then I am forced to play

the warrior.... not a typical role for me and one which causes me to feel some guilt. I proceed along the alphabet train (some NYC subways are lettered) through Kaph, Lamed and Mem, to Nun (the letter associated with Scorpio + Key 13, Death and resurrection) and the Shadow returns. "No man cometh unto the sister, save through me!" Then I have the realization that he is actually an archetype, an aspect of my own consciousness. This was hinted at by the fact that he at first tried to stab me in the chest but I used his own knife to stab him in this area. Once I know this, his power over me dissipates and we become one.

Talk about eating Shadow!

Curtiss Hoffman, Ashland, MA

The Art of Looking Within

We are surrounded, more like bombarded, with outside stimuli constantly. This is part of our life in the electronics age. Everywhere we look, advertising is pointing its finger at us subtly calling us to buy a certain product, or service, or point of view. Everyone is after a piece of the pie of prosperity and materiality. Is that all there is? What about the inner values in our life? What about our basic beliefs and understanding? What is our role in this fast-paced environment of instantaneous communication?

Why don't we take a few moments out of our busy stress-filled day to stop and listen to what our "inner voice" is saying to us? If we are forever surrounded by other's thoughts, ideas, and suggestions, when do we have time to think our thoughts, and develop our inner creativity? There is just too much "stuff" going around in our head to even get a clear picture of what it is we are thinking. It is not our original thinking, but someone else's thoughts imposing themselves on us.

This is where the cultivation and development of The Art of Looking Within COMES INTO PLAY. What does this mean? We have the natural ability to answer all our questions, because these questions are coming to our mind in response to our inner prompting. Why else would we be asking them? They are our personal questions. Why go to an outside source for the answers, when they are right there for us to find within? Yet, it seems so much easier to seek out our favorite author, our latest guru, or the mass media presentation (television, radio, newspapers, magazines, etc.) to find our answers.

The art of looking within begins in that quiet place within ourselves. Take a moment to find that peaceful and serene place within. Relax, close the eyes, take a deep breath, and then just be. Can we stop all those thoughts racing around in our head? Leave those thoughts for a few moments (they will surely find us again). See if we can feel the inner peace which comes once those thoughts are quieted.

Next, see in our mind's eye a crystal clear blue lake. It looks like glass. There are no ripples on its surface. Feel the serenity of the lake. When a thought intrudes itself upon us, see it as a ripple upon the lake. Before it has an opportunity to carry us into its wake, stop that thought. Break it immediately. Return to the clear reflective lake. Take a few moments to feel the beauty and serenity of the lake. Feel it wash away our fear, anxiety and frustrations of the day. Feel it refresh our spirit. Take a few more deep breaths and with each breath, release a little more of those thoughts of separation and insecurity. Know we are divine beings. Actually feel the divinity starting to stir within. Feel the little cells start coming alive, revived and refreshed.

In this place of quiet, we can ask the question for which we are

seeking an answer. Ask, then wait for an answer. It may not come immediately. It may not even come during our quiet time. Continue to watch for the answer during the day or evening. When we ask, it will come. There is much truth to this statement. Remember the statement in the movie *Field of Dreams*: "Build it and they will come." There is much truth to this statement. When we start to develop the process of asking the question, we begin drawing the answers to us. The answer may come in the form of a fleeting thought, an "uh huh" response, even a word from a friend may hit the mark, or a book suddenly finds its way into our hands giving insight into our question. Maybe even a dream will provide clarification on our idea. Look for it, and it will surely come.

Karin J. Pekarcik, Anaheim, CA

News from Sweden

I love the *Dream Network* and there is *nothing* like it here in Sweden! I am fascinated by everybody's dreams! I usually don't get dreams as meaningful but when I was visiting Moab, Utah, I had one dream that turned out to be true. I wonder if it is the same Moab where DNJ is published? It was (sort of) in between Arches and Canyonlands.

I have a few significant dreams that I hope I will some day have the courage to send you.

Cecelia Orning, Arsta Sweden

Yes, this is one and the same Moab you visited! Wish you would have made contact and we could have gone out into the Canyonlands and shared dreams and hopes. (Ed.)

Delighted with Vol. 15 #3

Just received Vol. 15 No. 3 of *Dream Network* and am delighted with the contents. Please post me

one further copy and also one copy to Mrs. Maureen Cussons. Sending you a donation to cover costs. I will mail you a copy of my new book in early November.

Warm regards, Charles de Beer,
Umtemtweni, South Africa

Adventures with Dream Symbols

Should this dream be taken symbolically or at face value? This is my first question after recording a dream. It is not always easy to decide and I remember some notable mistakes. Nowadays, I accept both possibilities and let time and subsequent dreams clarify what I have not understood. On occasion, it takes up to ten dreams with the same symbolism before I have the proverbial Ah Ha! Once the dream series is understood, it does not recur, whether I do something about the matter or not. As if to say: "Message delivered!" Doing something then is our responsibility.

Symbols can be processes or objects. The former are usually easy to interpret. *Asking for directions at a train station* (unsure of what to do next); *frustration at my slow progress in traffic and then discovering that I am walking on my knees* (lack of self confidence and excessive humility are hindering my progress); *going to a burial without feeling of sadness and later in the dream displaying an attitude for which I feel utterly incapable in waking life* (getting rid of old inhibitions and prejudices... a growth process); *passing through a museum and then making a sharp turn* (turning away from old ways).

Objects are more difficult for me to interpret since they do not always symbolize the same idea. In all instances, past and current events, my personal reactions, feelings and life experience are important to consider but the deciding factor is the *context*. Often a dream alludes to a pun or

popular saying. For example, "In the company of acquaintances I am about to drink a glass of wine when I am told that this glass does not belong to me. I leave the party and go to a different environment." Quite clearly, their lifestyle and pleasures are not 'my cup of tea' or my glass of wine.

Food is a very frequent dream symbol for me. In my youth, when I dreamt of lab benches loaded with sandwiches, I thought that real physical hunger, frequent in those days, had produced the dream image. I dream of food at work and food with friends; food with children and food with deceased people. I have learned to pay attention to the kind of food offered. Was it given with love or did I pay? Was it sweet or savory, abundant or insufficient and stale? I have come to understand eating as intellectual or spiritual nourishment.

Birds generally symbolize the spiritual aspect of the self but when I discovered my dream canary freezing and starving to death due to my neglect, I knew that the dream reproached me for letting my singing voice deteriorate from misuse.

The repetitive dream that took the longest time to decipher was an insistent reminder to brush up on my French. "I almost lost my train to the French lesson; I felt unprepared for my French exam; I had not done my French homework and so on. Many associations come to mind: diplomacy, literature, linguistics, romance. I even asked native French speakers what they felt their language stood for. After months of berating my dream editor, I got the clue: "I was in my French lesson and we had a new teacher. He had me sit in front of a mirror and gave me a new hair style." Finally I understood that I had been neglecting my clothing and my general appearance. How could it have taken so long, myself having grown up in a fashion environment, surrounded by French magazines and patternbooks?

In the spring of 1995, I dreamt that I went to pay for a new house. I returned home accompanied by an Indian woman, a shaman. We were both riding bicycles. After 2 years of searching in vain for a house that would meet our needs, I was certainly happy to have this dream. But what could the bicycle mean? Country life? More personal effort to reach the goal? Shortly after having this dream, we had to abandon the house hunt for more pressing matters. One day in July '96 my brother mentioned that a friend was selling her ranch house in town. We called, visited and bought the house in three days. It is located on Mohawk Trail and it is only 6 blocks away from our old house!

Marianne Krizan, Westfield, NJ

FOCUS on Healing Issue Masterfully Crafted

How can I/we ever thank you enough for this wonderfully complete and fruitful edition of *Dream Network*? It is masterfully crafted and edited and all of the articles, such as *Healing in the Heart of your Dream* by Fred Swinney and the excerpts from Patricia Garfield's *The Healing Power of Dreams* are, of course, the perfect compliments to this "Asclepiad" edition.

I recall you mentioned that you would, if you had the time, join us as an Asclepiad. No one has done more for the entire dream community than you have, in my opinion. And so I would like to offer to you an Honorary First Degree Propolos membership certificate in the Asclepiads. Of course there wouldn't be any obligation placed upon you but it would be an extremely great honor to us if you would allow us to confer this recognition of our thanks and gratitude upon you.

Once again, please receive my most heartfelt thank you and our most sincere gratitude.

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

Dreams & Computers

I wrote some time ago with an idea to write an article about keeping dreams on a computer. You ran my research blurb, which I appreciate. A few people expressed interest, but I have made no progress with the project of creative software or with writing an article on how to use existing software. I have found that computers are inconvenient and get in the way. Maybe I'm a bit anti-technology but at this time, I really do prefer using 3X5 cards. They let me browse. I can scribble on them. I can grab them anytime.

Computers involve trouble. As a computer professional, I see a lot of trouble. If you upgrade your word processor, your printer might stop working, or vice-versa. You put in a bigger hard disk, or a scanner and other parts stop working... Floppy disks can go bad, meaning a loss of dream reports or other valuable data. "Data" — somehow, I don't like referring to dreams as "data." It doesn't seem like "data" on my 3x5 cards. I get paid to take care of such things at work but I don't want to be messing with computer innards at home. It would take more effort than I care to spend to develop the software and make it reliable and easy to use.

True, if I drop my stack of 3x5s, it'll take longer than 1/10 of a second for me to sort them . . . and searching for words takes forever . . . but with 3x5s, I get plenty of free entertainment along the way.

Another side point: I rarely dream about computers. When I do, it's almost always about putting the pieces together and plugging cables in, or about seeing computers for sale in stores. I'm curious what dreams others have about computers and high technology. The dreams of others (such as I read in *Dream Network*) involve little technology, despite its great influence on everyday life. In dreams, we may hop in cars and go, or answer telephones . . . but the devices are often not central to the dream, they are just magical accessories to the story.

Maybe I have few technology

dreams because of an editorial selection effect. Maybe it's because technology itself lacks something. Earlier in this century, writers, artists, all kinds of thinkers feared that the machine would run us, that mass production would ruin society, that cold, heartless technology would bring troubles. The other side of that argument was that technology would bring us fantastic goods and automation would bring us all plenty of leisure time. Did they ever get that one wrong!

With computers everywhere and complex powerful communications systems affecting everyday life for billions, in concrete reality, we've gone beyond anything those earlier thinkers could have imagined. What I wonder is: what are our dreams saying about all of this? Are computers still a symbol of automatic, mindless behavior? What do technological objects symbolize? How do they relate to the dreamer, etc.?

Daren Wilson, Utica, MI

Asking for Help

I am writing you for information and any advice that you may offer will be greatly appreciated.

I am a foreign student attending Erie Community College in Buffalo, NY beginning in January 1997 for a basic AA degree in Liberal Arts and Science. My goal is to complete this course and transfer for an additional two years to another college for a psychology degree. As a career path, I would like to pursue Hypnotherapy.

I would like to learn more about the use of dream therapy and its positive results. I perceive that through dream therapy, affirmations and subliminal recordings, much can be achieved. I question whether there are any drawbacks and/or conflicts, or do these applications complement one another?

I look forward to hearing from you and would like to take the opportunity now to thank you for your help.

Anthony Farrell, 1590 Hertel Ave.
Buffalo, NY 14216-2904

From Desert to Sea

I am in a dry, dusty old western town that has a Spanish style courthouse with desiccated trees on either side and a large plaza in front.

Two armies on horseback are in the plaza with the leaders and they are engaged in a parley. The parley ends and the leaders are shouting "Fix bayonets!" as the armies proceed to their sides for the start of the charge. I am galloping on horseback waving a piece of paper trying to get their attention. I enter the plaza as a hurricane force wind blows at us.

The horse is stopped in his tracks and collapses in the face of the wind.

I dismount and attempt to walk but am stopped.

I realize that like any hurricane, it will pass.

As soon as I have that realization, the wind stops.

I take the parchment to the leaders, who read it:

"The war between the selves is over!"

A cheer goes up from all those assembled.

The Scene Shifts

I am forlorn, standing in the middle of a large bridge overlooking a barely flowing river that meanders in a dry, western flat landscape.

The news of the end of the war reaches me and immediately a huge tidal wave of water begins to issue from underneath the bridge.

The glistening, shimmering water fills the banks to overflowing.

I freak and try to hold the water back, to slow it down so it's not so overwhelming.

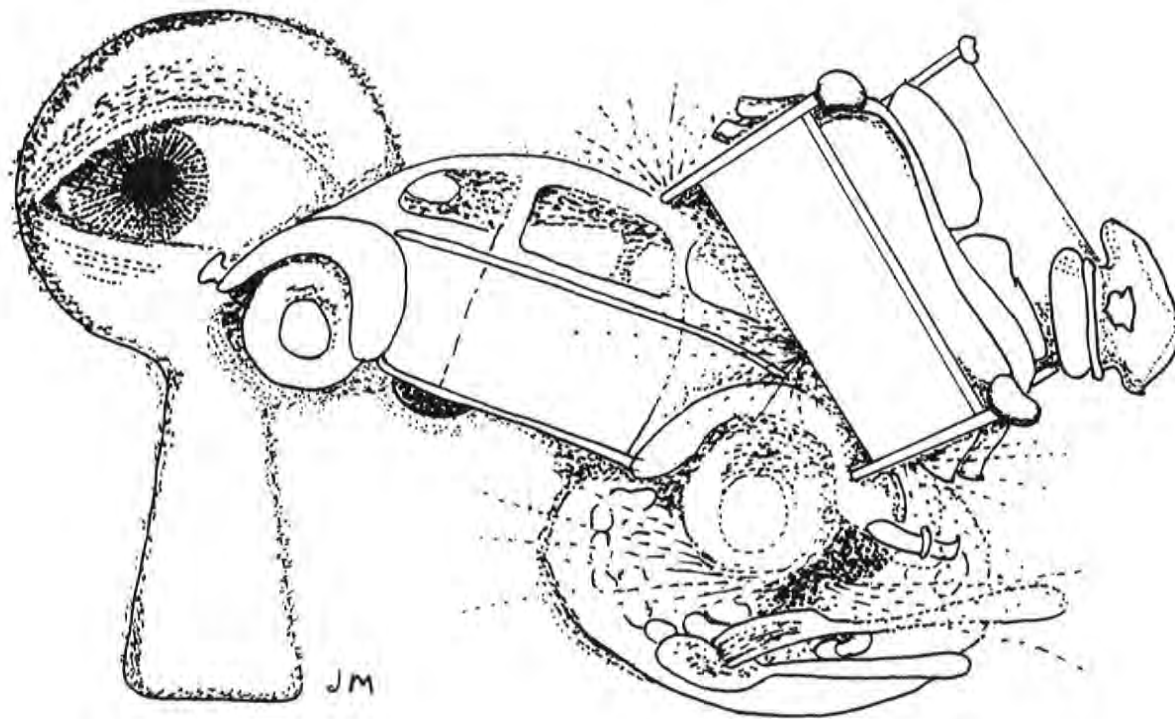
Even as I do so, the land on either side becomes lush and green and the transformation washes like a wave from coast to coast.

Even the desert becomes green and blooms.

The cacti burst from the inside and are transformed into deciduous trees.

The desert animals are changed into woodland dwellers.





Learning Symbolic Language

by Julia McCahill

A man I know has gone berserk. He's pacing agitatedly back and forth in front of a small building while I sit in my car and watch him. He's going to commit a crime, maybe rob a bank. He says he's going to kill everybody in some department at work; he can't think of the department's name.

Helpfully I offer suggestions. He decides it's the mailroom.

He's going to kill everybody in the mailroom and anybody else who handles mail.

That might be me; sometimes I handle the mail.

I don't know if he knows this.

If this dream were a literal reflection of my life, I'd have to go out and find the violent man it depicted. My safety might depend on it. Or I might look into my memory for a dangerous situation in the past. As a girl I dated a guy who worked in the mailroom. He pestered me for a couple of years after we broke up; but the dream couldn't be about him because he wasn't dangerous.

No, the dream requires a metaphoric, not a literal interpretation. There is more to it than meets the eye. The man's rifle and crazy behavior are images of some kind of threat; but not of my being killed. Symbols like the car, the weapon, and mail; these must mean something that's not immediately apparent. When we wake up from a dream, we want to unravel its meaning.

But what does the metaphoric interpretation of a dream entail? What is the difference between an image and a symbol? Here's a review of these common terms used in dream study:

An image is a picture or likeness constructed by the unconscious mind. "The berserk man" is an image. A symbol represents a complex of personal experience and memory. It is more than the picture of a single dream figure or action. Every time I dream "a man," the image has behind it everything I've ever learned about men.

A metaphor in ordinary life is a figure of speech, in which there is an implied comparison between two different objects or actions. In a dream metaphor, the implied comparison is between an emotion or body symptom felt by the dreamer and a picture constructed in the mind. "A berserk man who says he's going to kill everybody" is a likeness in my mind of the strong sensation of anger I feel, even though asleep.

The dream goes on:

The berserk man brandishes a rifle and waits for other weapons to arrive. I feel I have to stop him. I put my head out of the window of my car, call his name and shout, "That's wrong!"

But my protest has no effect on him.

I drive away cautiously, feeling I'm putting myself in more danger by looking like I'm going for help.

Turning into a side street, I see a policeman and drive toward him. It's a poor, crowded neighborhood; I must drive slowly to avoid hitting the children playing in the street. Even the policeman gets in the way; I have to be careful not to hit him. He's remarkably laid-back, not responding at all to my desperate need to tell him about the emergency. Then I see that the policeman is actually a policewoman, a native

South American with a friendly, temperate manner. She says that, since I've engaged her, there are certain steps she must take me through in order for me to register my complaint.

The policewoman starts out by inspecting my car. I lean toward the passenger window to tell her about the berserk man, but instead she notices police microphones lying on the roof above each front side window, their coiled black cords dangling down. These belong to the man; he's left them on top of my car. Since they're police property, the policewoman says, she has to take me to the station. She directs me to park my car.

When I look again, the woman is no longer wearing a police uniform, but the simple flowered cotton dress of a housewife in the '40s or '50s. She has an attitude of complete ease, behaving as though we have all the time in the world. I believe we should go back to the man and take him by surprise. If we don't hurry he might be gone. But the South American woman has other ideas. As I'm pulling my car to the side of the road, she calls out amiably, "Judy, open your door." My car is headed downhill. In the confusion of trying to park and open the door at the same time, I stop with a lurch and bump my head on the windshield. Now the woman sits beside me on the left, holding plates of food she's brought for both of us. Each one includes a serving of cooked dried beans. She dips a finger in some of the bean liquid and applies it solicitously to the inside of my left ear. I tell her,

"I don't know why you're doing all this..."

She interrupts, answering meekly and gesturing with her hands in a shrug, "It's the way I am."

I continue, "Because I'm not the one who's in trouble." But then, she says, very quietly and slowly to get my attention, "Where are we?"

The effort of thinking up an answer is so intense that I wake up.

Lying in bed piecing together my dream, I couldn't remember the name I'd called the man. At first I thought he represented my father, who had recently wounded my pride with a misplaced remark. The image seemed to reflect my belief that my father was crazy to say such a thing. When I had protested, he started to leave the room. In one of the few times I remember my mother reprimanding him, she told him to sit down, and he did.

As I've already indicated before, the image of the berserk man represents a strong emotion, probably anger... not my father. He is my reaction to my father. He is my belief that it was all my father's fault that I felt frantic and confused after what he'd said. He is my frustration at not being able to face my father's authority.

Who is the violent person in the dream, anyway? The fears I have for my safety in the beginning turn into a fear of hurting other people. Driving the powerful machine of my car, I'm so dangerous I could injure an authority figure, the policeman. This isn't a far-fetched idea. I think of times I've inched past traffic policemen standing vulnerably in the center of busy intersections.

It took me many years to understand symbolic language. Part of the story, surprisingly, is in my dream. This is how it happened:

Long before, I had read a story in which two women friends took a car trip. Alone together for days, they poured out their hearts. I am one whose main friends and confidants were her husband, children and large extended family, I was moved. I could confide some things to loved ones, mostly my mother, but I didn't know anyone to whom I could tell everything.

The central character in the story, a writer, kept a journal so I decided to keep one, too. I bought a thin, dark-blue, 8 1/2 in. x 11 in. spiral notebook and, in my first entry, declared that this was the friend to whom I would tell all my secrets.

It was a metaphorical act, in which I took the real world idea of confiding in a friend and applied it to my humble notebook. The new journal was the first step in my understanding.

In *Dreams: God's Forgotten Language*, Erich Fromm writes that symbolic language is one....

".... in which inner experiences, feelings and thoughts are expressed as if they were sensory experiences, events in the outer world. It is a language which has a different logic from the conventional one we speak in the daytime, a logic in which not time and space are the ruling categories but intensity and association. It is the one universal language the human race has ever developed, the same for all cultures and throughout history."

The image of the police microphones illustrates the different and unique logic of symbolic language. To an editor with a rational mind looking over my dream, these objects wouldn't make sense. They're popped into the middle of the story without preparation. A crazed gunman waiting for more weapons to arrive wouldn't be interested in police property. What's more, he never approaches my car.

But in the logic of the dream they are associated with my several thwarted attempts at communication. Lying on top of the car and disconnected from their appropriate place, they're of no use. They represent how I keep trying to tell somebody to stop the violence but can't make myself heard.

There is a story, before memory, of when I was a toddler and bumped my head on my grandfather's windshield. I still have the lump to prove it. The dream image pulls in another real world association: the time I disappointed my grandfather by a failure in college and he also said something that wounded my pride. My father and my grandfather were the first two men in my life. Hmm, let me see. Who was that berserk man mad enough to kill? Everybody in the male room?

Dreams seem to be expressions of an autonomous force calling to us, but they are really echoes of our own call to ourselves. Starting a journal activated my call; calling on an inner friend, I called on myself. The dreams began rolling in a few months later. I had no idea what they were talking about and didn't care. They were marvelous stories and I wrote them down.

Then one day my husband brought home Tom Chetwynd's *Dictionary for Dreamers*. This was the second step in my education in symbolic language. I used the dictionary dutifully, writing definitions for dream images in my journal. I saw dream language as a code to crack; some day I would be able to pair all the pictures with the appropriate words. My approach

was literal. If I had looked up "threat" in the dictionary, trying to decipher the berserk man, and read "the dreamer's conscience," I wouldn't have understood. But I kept trying.

It took four and a half more years of "cooking" for me to reach the next step in my understanding of symbolic language. While living in England, I made a real-world friend, a woman older than myself who happened to be from South Africa. (When I dreamt the South American policewoman I was living in the States again.) Like me she was interested in dreams. I wanted to be like her. When she described a guided reverie she'd gone into while on a religious retreat, making it sound as though she actually had walked toward a mountain that was crowned by a giant silver chalice, I wanted a share in her joy. I wanted the same imaginative capacity.

We were riding in a car one Saturday evening, our husbands seated up front, when my friend gave me the gift of a broader dream vision. She was sitting on my left. I had just told her a dream in my usual way, as a funny story, when she said a startling thing, explaining the meaning of the dream. If it had been the dream about the berserk man and the South American woman, I believe her comment would have been:

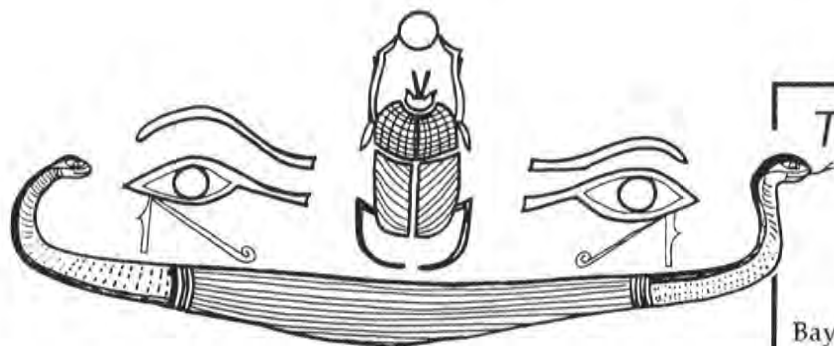
"Don't you see, Judy? That's your mother telling you to be quiet and listen."

My friend would have spoken metaphorically, likening my inner experience of the dream woman to an event we both understood in the outer world. She would have been right in her summarization of the dream, too; listening is the other half of language. It was as though my mother said, "Sit down (park your car) and just listen for a change."

As it was, the shock of my friend's breaking into my jollity with her perceptive response was enough to open my mind to the unique language of dreams. I understood her instantly and found myself faced with a new world.

The next step involved going back to and appreciating the idea of dreams as funny stories. Note how this dream used the pun of "male room," and moved the sense of my South African friend's geographical origin across the ocean to invent the dream woman.

The bean liquid scene was a twisting of memory. When my children were little they sang a song that went, "My mommy said not to put beans in my ears, beans in my ears, beans in my ears" I used to hate the unknown person who had made up that song; what if it gave my kids ideas? Sure enough, there came a time when a child we knew did this forbidden



thing and suffered the consequences.

So why, in the name of all that is good and promising, would my dream latch onto the image? I waited and waited for an answer, earnestly believing that one day a book on health, an article in the food section of the newspaper, or a teacher of ancient religions would tout the wonderful benefits to one's hearing and spiritual health given by anointing the ears with bean liquid.

Years later, I got it. It was a joke! It was a joke about the defiance of one's parents and how this is safe in the privacy of the psyche. All my defensiveness and anxiety in the dream changes to an effort to be a little child and have a little fun.

I had to learn how to translate symbolic language into ordinary words. This meant recognizing a dream's preoccupation with emotions. It meant remembering that all elements of a dream are aspects of the dreamer, even when the dreaming ego feels herself separate from them. Finally, a dream is an attempt by the unconscious mind to bring the state of the emotions into balance.

The progressive transformation of emotion in the dream of the berserk man went through three stages:

1. I'm so mad I feel like one of those crazy people who takes a gun into a shopping mall and waves it around, scaring people half to death. I know I shouldn't be so angry, but I can't stop myself.

2. I have to stop myself. I've gotten myself under control before, I can do it again. It's awful living in a state of emergency. I wish I were like a policeman who's seen it all and makes being in charge look easy. I just wish I could relax and enjoy life.

3. I've got to remember where I am. I'm asleep and resting from the distractions and confusions of ordinary life. I'm with the desire that's been my friend and comfort for so long: the desire to be simple and retiring (meek) and to tell the truth. Just because I want to be open doesn't mean I have to kill myself with anger.

I wish I could have a good laugh with someone. I think I'll be silly and put beans in my ears. ♪

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TO HELP YOU ON YOUR WAY A Symbol Dictionary Bibliography

Compiled by Allen E. Flagg



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Another Time-Space Continuum

I am one of a small group of visitors to Earth from another planet in another time-space continuum. An accident/explosion has destroyed our transit station and we are marooned here. We meet another small group of stranded travelers in a park-like area and band together to begin our new life.

A man among us becomes upset and angry and threatens us with a gun.

I cry out as he holds the gun in my face and although I'm frightened,

I become very calm and determined. I refuse to be intimidated.

I say, "We are stuck here and we must do the best we can with our situation, whether we like it or not. It is a matter of our survival. It is vital for us to work together and settle our differences peacefully.

We are very important to one another now."

As I speak, I slowly reach out and take the gun from the man's hand.

Other men come and lead him away with them.

*Quietly, I bury the gun in the Earth beneath a stone
in order to eliminate it from our future.*

Mystical, Magical & Marvelous

An Interview with Wilda B. Tanner

DNJ: Will you share a little about yourself, your herstory ...with dreams and dreaming?

Wilda Tanner: My calling to dreams came about with a series of small incidents. You could say I was guided, or you might say it was a group creation. It started in 1966, when a Methodist minister's daughter handed me a book called *There Is A River* and said, "Read it!" I did... and it changed my life.

For those who haven't read the book, it is the true story of Edgar Cayce, America's most famous psychic. Within those pages I learned about reincarnation for the first time and also discovered the value of our dreams. I still recall the words of my psychology professor saying, "Dreams are useless meanderings of the mind," and I believed it. So, with these two new concepts in mind, I asked for a dream and got immediate verification on both counts. I had a dream which clearly showed me as a male (surprise!) Indian, with coal-black hair, silently paddling a canoe. As I looked, I KNEW that man was me and I was instantly hooked on dreams.

From then on I kept a record of my dreams and worked diligently to interpret them. Meanwhile I read the at-that-time *only* reasonable, non-dictionary book on dreams, Elsie Sechrist's *Dreams Your Magic Mirror*. This gave me the jump start I needed. From her work, which was based on Cayce's "readings," I understood the concept of interpreting symbols. From that point on, symbols became easier and easier for me to comprehend.

DN: What do you consider to be the main purpose of dreams?

Wilda Tanner: I like the words of Edgar Cayce who said, "Sleep is that period when the soul takes stock of what it has done in the waking state." This indicates that dreams come to us from the soul-level, giving advice and guidance on our lives from day to day. It also suggests that help is available through dreams if we care to remember and work with them. That statement alone inspired me to work with my dreams.

DNJ: How would you define 'Symbol' and 'Metaphor'?



Wilda B. Tanner doing a Dream Workshop in Florida

Wilda Tanner: To me, a symbol is a picture or a hieroglyph which describes one's feelings, desires, attitudes and memories and sometimes a situation. For instance, in a dream I call *The Giving Bowl*, I dreamt... *I was sitting in front of a coffee table with a bowl of assorted, delicious fruits, ready for the taking. I reached out, hesitated and withdrew empty-handed three times..* End of dream. What this said to me was that I was unable to accept the gifts or opportunities offered to me. (Mostly because of my low self-worth.) It was a brief, but very potent dream.

A metaphor can be a figure of speech such as "in the dark," symbolizing something hidden, being unable to see, unenlightened, uninformed or unaware. It can also be a pun or a play on words which are familiar to the dreamer. Often it can take the form of a saying or slang expression the dreamer uses frequently. It is something like the game of Charades where players are trying to convey a belief, feeling, thought, song, thing, etc. Usually it portrays something a single symbol could not convey.

DNJ: *You seem to have an uncanny capability for the associative process necessary in unraveling the meaning of a wide range of symbols. Is it, in fact, innate or learned?*

Wilda Tanner: I think it is a little bit of both. Many of the symbols in *MMM Dreams* were given to me as I reached out for answers in the process of writing my books. It is my understanding that we all have this ability to understand our symbols, partly from our great supply of innate wisdom and understanding learned in past lives and partly from our present life experiences. I also believe our Guardian Angel is always there to aid us, especially if we ask for help. Since dreams are from our Higher Selves, given for our personal guidance, therefore they are ever ready to help us find the right path, the right meaning, the right guidance.

DNJ: *What is your best advice to individuals attempting to become more adept at understanding symbolic language?*

Wilda Tanner: Let me again quote Cayce who said, "Dreams guide and help us after we set goals and ideals for our lives." In other words, for the highest spiritual growth, we need goals to aim toward. After these are set, our dreams will comment and guide us to their attainment. Once this is done, there are three steps we can take which tremendously help us to understand our dreams.

1. **Start a DREAM JOURNAL**, preferably in your dream notebook. (You might want to set your goals on the front page.) Then, at the end of your day, write:

- a. What happened during the day. (A brief comment will do.)
- b. How did you feel about this/these event(s). (Quite often we are not in touch with our *real* feelings. Too many times we tell ourselves that something is OK when it is not, mostly because we really don't want to face it right now. Answering these questions will help us to be more aware of our life issues and how we are dealing or not dealing with them.)

2. After looking this over, **WRITE A DREAM QUESTION**, based on the day's problem. Your question, along with your *desire to know* more brings greater detail and clarity to your dreams and the guidance therein.

3. When you wake, pay careful attention to your **FEELINGS** both within the dream and the feelings as you awakened. Since dreams are usually about the events and feelings of the day before, the journaling process gives you a reference as to what the dream is most likely to be commenting on. A good, clear dream question pinpoints the area of concern the dream will most likely cover. Having this pre-paved background takes most of the guesswork out of interpreting because you already know the subject of

the dream. This process is often called 'incubating' a dream.

To further establish the type of the dream, take a good look at the background setting. Is it modern day (present time) or from some other time period (historic, past life memory). Does the action take place in the dark (unknown or unaware) or in bright light (clear, open)? If the action is inside a building, what state of consciousness does it represent? Is the action on a battlefield? (Who or what are you at war with?)

Then, as you write your dream be careful to include as many details as possible. Drawing any special symbols also helps you to understand the meaning in greater depth. Be sure to include the feelings you had as you awakened as an important part of your dream, as well as any comments or impressions you may have received as you awakened.

When interpreting, strive to remember the feelings you had with each symbol at the time you saw it. This is an important part in understanding dream symbolism. Your personal feelings, along with your intuitive hunches are your very best interpretive tools. Next in line is a good, best guess. Write it down, then reach deep inside yourself to see if it *feels right*.

The same advice goes for metaphors and puns. Also include the feelings concurrent with all the actions and reactions within the dream. Last of all, tie this in with the feeling you had on awakening. These should all fit neatly together when correctly interpreted.

The meaning, as a whole, should *feel right* to the dreamer. This is the final test.

DN: *So, an inner feeling response lends importance to the meaning of a particular symbol?*

Wilda Tanner: Always. Basically, we are guided in all things by our feelings. This *is* our inner guidance system at work. Keep in mind that at the soul-level, we *know* the meaning of each and every symbol in our dreams. No exceptions. It boils down to reaching deep inside for our feelings, memories and associations with that symbol and *trusting* our *intuitive feelings* about it.

DNJ: *How do you think our dreaming mind chooses meaningful symbols to convey deeper levels of meaning, feelings, anxieties, hopes, regret?*

Wilda Tanner:

The *feelings* about the symbols *as the dreamer sees them* are of invaluable assistance in interpretation. Hopes, regrets, any kind of feelings are usually woven into the dream *as feelings* along with the symbols to clarify the meaning for the dreamer. The actions and reactions surrounding the symbol add further insight and information.

I think the problem of not understanding these ideas, clearly defined in my book, is that people want to go straight to the particular symbol, color or whatever without stopping to read the overall meanings at the

beginning of each chapter.... where the principles and meanings are all put together. When one reads these first, then when they turn to the specific color or symbol, it makes better sense. It also gives the kind of perspective that helps people decipher their own symbols without having to look up everything I have written. It is always best when people make their own interpretations whenever possible. My book was designed as a guide, with suggestions and clues to aid in self discovery, not as an arbitrary dictionary.

For example, CLOTHING usually portrays our attitudes and feelings by means of the types, styles and conditions of the clothes. COLOR adds depth of meaning, as each color has a symbolic meaning. ACTION also plays its part.

DNJ: *How do you distinguish between symbolic and literal meanings in dreams?*

Wilda Tanner: You know something is symbolic when a literal translation does not make sense; does not seem to fit the dream context or the dreamer's life situation. Or if it is downright ridiculous.

To take a dream literally, the words, actions or both would have to be appropriate for the dreamer's written question, present problem, situation or lifestyle. Sometimes we have to "play" with the words we have used or even restate the dream sequence in a new way before the meaning suddenly fits. To be doubly sure, *always bear in mind the feelings both within the dream and as one awakens.* (They are not always the same.) Anything that does not FEEL RIGHT is erroneous, which means to try again.

Much depends on your ability to trust your gut feelings, your intuition, your own inner "knowing." You may also consider the fact that when there is an important message to be relayed, the words are often SPOKEN ALOUD (as opposed to the usual telepathic message), either by the dreamer or by someone, seen or unseen, in the dream. Your unseen speaker is almost always your Guardian Angel or Higher Self.

DNJ: *Do you believe symbolic language and metaphor serve our healing and education our maturation, emotionally and spiritually?*

Wilda Tanner: My understanding is that all dreams are aimed at helping us to solve current problems and for educating, enlightening, aiding, encouraging and healing all levels of our beingness. This includes the physical, mental, emotional and spiritual levels. You might say our souls are actively working with us as we move through our life's events and experiences in ever more loving ways toward our eventual mastery and perfection.

DNJ: *What symbols are you asked about most often?*

Wilda Tanner: Believe it or not, bathroom related dreams are highest on the list. In general, bathrooms

are places for cleansing and of letting go of something. Liquid excreta is usually the lighter emotions, a need for a good cry or to talk with someone, to unload. The word shit was deleted from *MMM Dreams* by the editor, so I will explain this one. Heavy duty excreta, better known as shit, usually represents strong, old emotions that have been held too long. The usual scenario is one of searching and searching for the bathroom and being unable to find it. Or, when found, it is either occupied or locked. Dreamer is usually frustrated and/or desperate. Either way the dream is saying the dreamer has not found or taken the time to let go of the unwanted emotions. The dream is urging the person to do some needed cleansing. This can be on the physical, mental and/or emotional level. In addition there is the commode that is full and won't flush. This happens when dreamer thinks s/he has let go of the problem but actually hasn't; it is still in plain sight and still bothering them. Need for more cleansing and letting go! You see how these symbols all make perfectly good sense once you get the hang of it?

Then, of course, there is the pun or slang word shit, usually referring to someone being full of it, meaning a braggart, one full of false promises, tall tales or just plain lies.

Along with this comes the "shitty diaper." Many people complain of this one (Usually in private sessions)! I see this as some emotional messes caused by the undisciplined childish part of ourselves or a need to be aware of some inner child emotions. (Bathroom dreams are covered in *MMM Dreams*, under Buildings and Parts of Building, under Rooms, page 153.)

People in dreams are frequently asked about, especially people not seen in a very long time, people who have been dead a long while, famous people and on and on. Generally, all persons in one's dreams are aspects of one's self. This is listed under People and is a rather long chapter.

DNJ: *How did you come to write the Mystical, Magical Marvelous World of Dreams?*

Wilda Tanner: During my early days of dreaming there were many impressive adventures and teachings, such as *going to the Hall of Learning* every night for months. (This appeared to be a huge University with a vast library located in Egypt, in or near the Sphinx.) I was aware of learning many things but could not consciously recall the details when I woke. As these lessons continued, my knowledge and understanding continued to expand, changing my life in profound ways. Naturally, I wanted my husband to explore these wonderful teachings, too, but he was totally disinterested, often making fun of my beliefs.



From time to time my dreams would show me *climbing high up a steep mountain*, but when I turned around to look for my husband, my dreams warned me not to wait for him, for he wasn't coming. As I reached for more spiritual growth through the wisdom gained in dreams, my husband became more deeply involved in alcoholism. Life became more and more miserable and I wanted to leave but dreams again gave clear warning. *"If you leave now you will be out of the frying pan and into the fire!"*

Still later, as I became more desperate to leave I heard, *"It would be a shame to quit now when you are so CLOSE to graduation!!"* These warnings were like milestone markers on my path. It was very clear to me that I was being guided through every step.

Eventually I worked my way through my lessons with my husband and suddenly knew I was free to leave. Once I had graduated from my distress, my divorce came about easily. Although there was very little money in the settlement, I was led to a nice new home, just right for me and my children... and, affordable. I quickly found a new and better job, then, an almost instant raise. Things worked out so quickly and smoothly that it was obvious I was receiving an abundance of help and guidance.

These major experiences, plus many minor ones, made me a real believer of the great value in writing, decoding and acting on dream guidance.

With the importance of dreams well imprinted in my consciousness, I worked faithfully on my dreams over the ensuing months and years, gradually developing a long list of my personal symbols and their meanings. In discussing dreams and their illusive meanings with my many friends, it became

increasingly evident that I had developed an intuitive sense of symbols and meanings. Before long, people began asking me to help them with their dreams. Eventually I typed up my now quite extensive list of dream symbols and shared them with my dream friends. This was an instant hit! They begged for more. Then, as more time went by, the list enlarged and friends again asked me to do more. "Why don't you write a book?" they asked. But I didn't think I knew enough for that.

Over time, the pressure (or guidance?) continued to mount, so eventually I wrote my first book which was really only a tiny pamphlet of about 20 pages. It wasn't long before friends and students were again begging for more and encouraging me to write a larger book. (At this time there were few, if any dream books on the market.)

My next attempt was in 1975, another booklet, this time 28 pages, called *A Beginner's Concordance of Dreams*. I timidly printed a grand total of 50 of these, then gave away many as small gifts, since I did not feel these were good enough or important enough to sell.

Once again, friends were delighted and encouraging, yea, insisted on more, bigger and better. So, in 1975 I again took my booklet, added more symbols and information and published a larger booklet (36 pages) called *Follow Your Dreams* in 1976. Again, friends and students clamored for more, boosting my confidence considerably.

By this time I was teaching classes in various metaphysical subjects, dreams included. The dreams workshops were a great source for new symbols, so I kept collecting and friends kept asking for more. Finally, in the summer of '77 I took all my notes and began to write another booklet. But, this time, things

We Cannot Forget!

There is a long column of vehicles moving across the Earth. War machines raise an enormous storm cloud of dust. I go in closer to the column. Behind the tanks, missiles, trucks and mobile cannons are men, marching or mounted.

Through occasional breaks in the dustcloud, I can see armies of different uniforms. Of different places. Different times. Bearing the weapons of the day. I go up to an opening, right up to a band of soldiers in red plaid kilts. Wearing swords, carrying lances and muskets, marching to drums and bagpipes. I ride beside them, shouting over the martial music to this one kid in particular. His skin is so pale and clear.

Young blue eyes, cheeks flushed pink.

A face as innocent as a tea biscuit.

I try to tell him, to convince him to step out of line and come with me, see for himself.... just for a moment, to stand aside and see what I can see. The armies of the world, of all history, marching in file, to endless drumming, to timeless lies and manipulations, to circumstances. The cloud of lifeless dust stretching from horizon to horizon. But he will not. He will not break ranks. He will not be turned from the battle awaiting him. He will not leave his friends. He will not become a coward. He is brave. He is afraid. I am jostled from the column by passing mounted cavalry in blue with gold colored buttons, a silent bugle and the long procession continues on. I try to wipe the dust from my eyes, feeling the grit with my teeth, tasting the ash, burnt bone, noticing for the first time the strength of the Pinto pony against my naked legs.

My horse leaps and I am riding fast beneath billowing white clouds across an open springtime prairie. Watching long black hair, soft leather fringes and feathers wave against a blue sky.... caught up in the wind. I am with my friends. I feel I have something important to tell them.

An urgent thing.... but I cannot remember it.

Maybe it is a dream.

We are riding to meet the enemy. An invader. It is a good day to die.

Just before the aerial bombardment of Iraq begins, I see that young soldier in the red kilt again on the tin lid of a box of Scottish biscuits.

A special box for the Christmas season.

I refuse and let it pass on by. He winks a twinkling blue eye.

Death in a Dream Landscape

A Collaborative Art Installation

by Sharon Brown

"Death In A Dream Landscape," an art installation, began because four artists came together to work collaboratively. The title was an amalgamation of the individual artist's interests in landscape, issues around death and dreamwork.

My fascination with dreamwork came out of my background as a therapist and my belief that art can be a tool for understanding dream imagery and the dreaming process. Art can work on a couple different levels: first in helping to understand dream imagery; secondly, the creative process has some similarities to dreaming in that creating often emerges out of being in another state of consciousness. Much like lucid dreaming, this other state enables the artist to make decisions and act, yet allows intuition to work, and imagery and ideas to come forth in unexpected ways.

The installation format was the most direct way to create a "dream landscape." Installation art is a form by which artists take a space whether it be a room, a corner or a whole building and build an environment. This is in comparison to an artist drawing or constructing an object and then placing the art work into the space. Thus, the environment that is created becomes the art work. Depending on the project, the viewer can walk through, bump up against, play in the space and become part of the art process.

In "Death In a Dream Landscape," we had both formal and informal ways that viewers could participate. Because of my interest in people's dreams, we asked viewers to write down a dream.

Some people actually wrote their dreams on the walls of the room. Most people wrote a dream on a scroll of paper that we had out for this purpose. Afterward, one of the artists then would install the dream inside the "dream space."

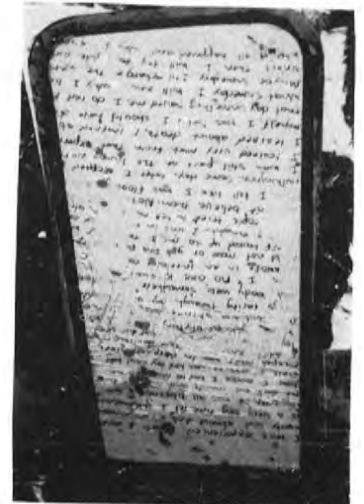




We encouraged the viewers to inter-act with the materials in other ways. We hung objects from the ceiling such as 12 foot carpet tubes. This was done to act-ivate the entire space and people could move, spin and make sounds on them. As a result, collaboration occurred not only between the artists but also with the participating audience.



As participants wrote down their dreams, we had to widen our preconceptions about what a dream is. Our initial intent was that the dreams had to occur while sleeping. What happened was that some of the audience had different ideas of what constituted a dream. Several people wrote down their hopes and dreams for the future. Some people wrote down visions that they had while awake. One man had had a head injury four years before and was in a coma for two weeks. He described waking visions where he appeared in a previous century.



The subtle play on words and puns that are characteristic in dreams illustrate the many layers of meaning within a given dream (Taylor, 1983, p.35). In addition, the same can be said in explaining the various ways one can view the dreaming process. Creating is an example of this in that it is a conduit through which an individual or a group can dream up and carry through an idea. Mindell (1982, pp.1-9) states that every individual and group has a "dream body" that embodies the parts of itself: the physical, mental, emotional, spiritual and various roles that consciously and unconsciously form its vision and then finds its own way of implementing.

On yet another level, a group of people can express similar types of dreams with common themes and symbols. The "collective unconscious" which Jung (1933, p. 186) states is the expression of hundreds of thousands of years of human memory over many generations often comes forth from the unconscious into people's dream world. A collaborative approach is a conscious attempt to tap into the participants' common knowledge of certain themes. In our case, we made the assumption that death, dreams and landscape were themes about which people had some similar ideas and beliefs. That they are subjects of universal importance.

We quickly came to the realization when deciding on the subject that all three themes were extremely compatible. Every dream is an interior landscape. In addition, within most dreams, the landscape and the figures often shift in content, perspective and in channels (Mindell, 1990, pp. 39-47). Channels are another name for the different sensory perceptions: visual, auditory, feeling, movement, etc. Our process reflected the shifting nature of dreams in that we decided to work on the installation every day for three months. The artwork was done in the space rather than parts of the piece being constructed at the

artists' individual studios and then brought into the space. Therefore, the piece changed every day as we worked on it. The viewers, could then witness our process and if desired, take part in it.

Mindell also talks about shifts in dreams as, at times, being indicative of coming to an "edge" (1990, pp 67-77). This occurs when someone comes to a point at which he or she is uncomfortable or resistant. At that time, a dream might shift perspectives. For an example, within the dream the dreamer might switch from being an active participant to watching the action from above. The issue of death and dying is a good example of an issue that can cause people to come to an "edge." Death is a common theme in dreams and can mean many things. But in our culture, it is an issue that many of us avoid.

As we worked on our project, we found this to be true in how we dealt with death imagery and the response of viewers when they heard the title of the installation. One of my realizations in making "Death In A Dream Landscape" was that we had a difficult time with images of death. I found that in our imagery, we often danced around the issue of death or softened it. For example, we created a "death house"-a structure within the dream space in which we placed death dreams. We could handle creating a structure within which death would occur, but not death itself. One of the other images was a group of ghost-like figures that were made from white plaster. They were placed in leaves that were decomposing. The image was quite beautiful and focused on the spiritual and cyclical nature of death. The actual physical reality of the death process was avoided. As a result, some people made comments that they did not see death in our installation. Many people, when noticing the title, had a difficult time coming in. They made comments such as 'the issue was too dark.' The title made them

uncomfortable.

My tendency was to deal with the issue of death by focusing on how death is often a precursor to transformation and rebirth in dreams (Jung, 1961, pp. 299-326). Some of the dreams that participants contributed reflected this as well:

I was visiting my parents, and I dreamed that my grandmother, who had died years before, was sitting on the bed next to me. She was so vivid, which surprised me, because I could barely remember what she looked like. Between us, on the bed, was a dark haired baby. My grandmother was very happy to see this baby. I can still remember the smile on her face as she looked at it. I wondered if I was somehow expected to be the mother of this baby, this baby who would be my grandmother reborn.

(Anonymous Dreamer, 1995)

The space in which we worked also paralleled the death landscape theme. We had an empty storefront donated to us which was unfinished. The walls were torn out so that that the metal struts and insulation were visible. It was a space that had not been rented in a long time. In addition, it was on a plaza of buildings with several such empty storefronts and theaters. The city itself had many of these empty spaces as revitalization efforts had not succeeded and the retail industry could not keep their stores from going out of business.

I go from one place to another... go uptown from downtown. Buildings loom and numbers climb. I climb from subways and underground tunnels... Climb steps. The tones are black, white and gray-mostly gray. A war zone rubble. I'm frantic to get to wherever it is I have to get to. Counting numbered streets. It is without purpose except just to get to wherever.

It is without a particular place in mind. I just know. I have to go to wherever...

(Anonymous Dreamer, 1995)

The project, however, was part of our vision of making a contribu-

tion toward creating a city that was vital and rich in culture. This goal appealed to me because of my in-ter-est in the idea that death leads to rebirth.

Further adding to the sense that this was a dying city, we noticed that most of the people who lived downtown were the indigent. A large percentage of our viewing audience came from that popu-lation. Most of the people who worked downtown left at 5:00 p.m. and returned to their homes in the suburbs. In reflecting this theme of a dead landscape, we also used recycled materials that were found in dumpsters and abandoned salvage yards.

Art is a powerful process for people to use in understanding their dreams. Creativity is a life force and is on many levels metaphoric for many of the different paths on which people travel through their day-to-day lives. And all of these life issues are conveyed in dreams.

Furthermore, "dreaming up" imagery as part of the creative process presents a huge opportunity for an individual to explore different symbols and themes in a way that most people in their everyday, practical and verbal mode cannot hope to match. There are many ways in which individuals can be creative in working on their dreams. Our installation project was only one such example of dreamwork, albeit on a grand scale. Working in such a way was a wonderful opportunity, as the installation process was an uncanny match to the odd, undulating, changing interior landscapes characteristic of dreams.

Finally, I felt honored to have the chance to witness so many people's dreams and to know that, for some, simply recording them and having their dreams be a part of an art piece was healing.

*A hollow space on the floor, something that was, but is no more.
Perhaps a bathtub was sunken here, now simply an indentation-
was, was.... isn't clear.*

*I find myself sliding, sliding in what an odd place, like a burial bin.
Sort of strange and certainly surprising...*

*To lie inside would be to surrender,
yet I'm not quite ready-this me-to end here.*

*To let myself go in simple repose, in a zen-like coffin, zen-like pose.
Perhaps it would be bliss, so why do I resist and clamber back out on level
ground. To find myself looking around at the open, quiet room
and the bed pushed away from the wall.*

*Things aren't in their normal places, not at all.
And part of me is quiet, a part of me is sad, a part of me is wishing I could
let go of all I had and be able to lie in the hollow place with a quietness
of mind and body- no need to race.*

*Unfinished business, unfinished room, unfinished me, waiting to bloom.
A seed in darkest soil begins to grow that shadowy me wants its voice,
I know. Towards the darkness I must go. ♪*

(Anonymous Dreamer, 1995)

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Release of Angels and Devils

by Joan Mitchell Reynolds

Satan was one of the original angels according to 2 Enoch 29:39, who presumed to set his throne higher than the clouds in order to become equal in rank with God's power. For this pride he and his angels were expelled (from heaven).

A twelve year old girl also dreamt of dark angels:

"I had a dream about angels that were down in hell. There were four of them, two men and two women and they wore long white robes. Two girls were with me down there because we had done something. The angels came after us and were chasing us. They chased us and finally they got us. They chained us up and somehow we got away. It's like a chase among lots of Greek poles and we run and run. They always catch us. They slap us and beat us and we run everywhere just to hide. We sat on these benches and then they come up and appear behind us."

She said that two of the angels were sort of head angels and were really weird. This dream has repeated itself five times, and once, at three o'clock in the morning, she woke up and broke into tears because it scared her so much. Her fear of the dream is so great that many times she can't get to sleep.

This dream shows two sets of oppo-sites. The two couples that represent the feminine and masculine elements, and the white robes on the dark angels. The chase, the poles, and the masculine and feminine elements point towards the rising sexual-ity that occurs at this age. The running and hiding represents the confusion and fear of this emotion and the inability to understand it. The repetition of the dream is another indication of the difficulties all of this poses for a young girl. Dark angels in white robes seem like a perfect image for sexual emotion—the spiritual side and the physical side.

A fourth grade boy tells a dream that he had at the age of three or four. He said it would never be forgotten because it terrified him so much:

"There were these weird angels from Hell, the angels that haunt you. See, the angels that haunt you look like you. The ones that haunt you look like

you and have ears coming out, sharp ears. It is like an ear, but it comes up above your real ear. Sharp ears. I saw a shadow. I looked at the shadow. Then the shadow walked toward me and there he was. The other ones came in and were flying at me. They were throwing things at me. They wouldn't let me out. I ran into bed, and there was a little angel laying in the bed and I couldn't get him out. I went around and fell on the floor and closed my eyes. When I opened them there were angels all around me, surrounding me like a big fence. Like a solid fence, they weren't even spread out; they were solid— together— all around me. In my dream I had a real tall roof and I jumped and it went zzzzt and I fell down on the bed. That angel had been in the circle, and so they are all dancing around on the bed. I close my eyes and I could still see them dancing. I could see two circles in my eyes. The devils looked exactly like me when I was little. My hair wasn't like it is now. It was tight curls when I was little. They looked just like me when I was little, a tiny bit taller. I closed my eyes and fell asleep. I had a dream in my dream that the angels had left, and I woke up in my dream and the angels were still there."

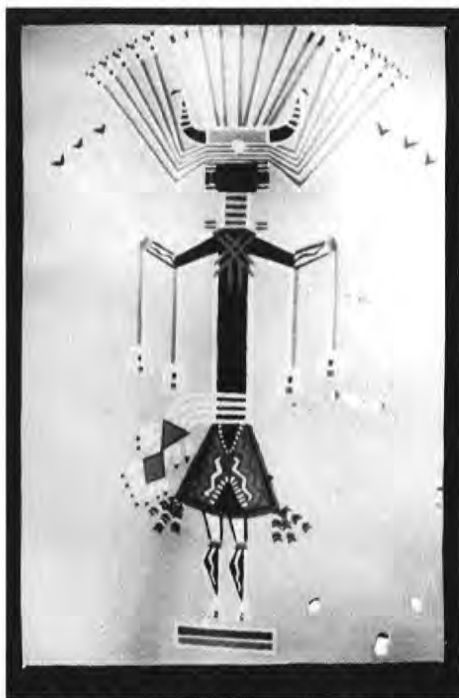


After telling this dream, he went on to say: "I have had after-dreams. I've had other angels from it, like two or three angels that have come down. Tiny little guys dancing around the floor. They still look like me

when I was little. I took a bowl and ran over and put it on top of an angel and smashed it. I got rid of him. I lifted the bowl up, and the angel was like a picture on the floor, looked exactly like me when I was little." These dreams carry the motif of a spiritual fall. He had a dream within a dream which points to the possibility of an archetypal impression or a spiritual intrusion.

A noteworthy parallel was experienced by Emmanuel Swedenborg, an enlightened spiritual guide, as he labored through the realms of spiritus and angels, or heaven and hell. Psychologist Wilson Van Dusen wondered if images and voices from an altered state of mind can reflect that there is an "Other Me" existing in polar opposition to the ego. Van Dusen suggests, "... on the basis of the voices and other expressions of the self, that there is an "Other Me" that lives in polar opposition to the ego. It originates in the fundamental nature of the mind, knows more than the ego, can communicate symbolically, understands that all things are related and is concerned with the quality of the person's life."

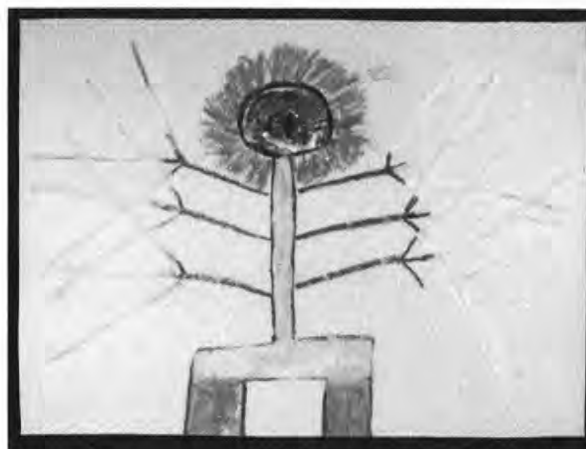
Fitting into Van Dusen's queries concerning an "Other Me," a ten year old girl told about being very sick in a dream. She remembers having a fever and terrible pain. The pain continued and a doctor appeared by the bed. He wanted to help her and gave her a shot. When the girl awoke, she felt that a healing had taken place.



I asked the girl to draw her dream. She didn't think it would be possible, but a while later she drew a picture of the doctor in her dream. A surprising image came to life, quite like a Native American sand painting of a healer. Could this image of a sand painting

"If we study the comparative history of religions, we note the tendency for any religious ritual or dogma that has become conscious to wear out after a time, to lose its original emotional impact and become a dead formula. Although it also acquires the positive qualities of consciousness such as continuity, it loses the irrational contact with the flow of life and tends to become mechanical."

*Interpretations of Fairytales, M.L. von Franz
Spring Publications, NY:1970*



flow from the source that can communicate symbolically, understands that all things are related and is concerned with the quality of the person's life?"

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A Gift of Angels for my Twin

by Susanne Davis

My sister's name is Carol and we are twins. We were not born identical: her eyes were grey and mine brown; her favorite animal was the pig and mine the parrot; she had a gift for music and I for art.... but nevertheless there existed a flow of energy between us which binds us in curious ways.

Let me be more specific. We married for the first time at the age of 36 to men who were Scorpios and when we bought our first homes, they were both number 18.... hers, 18 Alder Road in Massachusetts and mine, 18 Church Street in New Jersey.

These coincidences may not seem significant but in 1995 when I became pregnant and the slow growth of life began to swell inside me, my sister also produced a growth... only her growth was called breast cancer stage III. Shortly afterward, just as we had entered the world of light together, we began our descent into the realm of darkness as she struggled to come to terms with a life threatening illness and I tried to bear the unbearable pain of the death of my child at birth.

There is a school in psychology which maintains that all of life's choices are unconsciously determined and that we humans rationalize our decisions as a way of holding onto the illusion of control. There is also a theory that the unconscious of each individual is multi-generational. This means that the deeply held beliefs as well as the events in the lives of our ancestors, vibrate throughout future generations, exerting a powerful influence upon the psyches of the living.

Perhaps, then, it was no coincidence that at our age at that time, our mother had developed a debilitating illness which eventually claimed her life. Perhaps also the verbal messages we received from her which said that the responsibilities of marriage and child rearing meant "the end," were internalized deep inside the two of us, waiting like a time bomb to go off at the appropriate moment in a sinister prophetic explosion. I don't know. I do know that shortly before becoming pregnant, I had a dream of a tremendous darkness about to envelop a land where two small animals (my twin and I) lay huddled in fear. All of my life I have been connected to my sister in our dreams.

Carol did her best to handle her diagnosis bravely. She spoke to Bernie Siegel by phone, did radiation and chemotherapy, made dietary changes and tried to convince her husband to go into therapy with her to save their troubled marriage. She had a positive attitude, believing that her cancer was behind her.... but all that was about to change.

In 1987, our father died of a massive stroke. I gave birth to a healthy little girl and Carol began to feel some discomfort in her back. The cancer had returned.

For those who are diagnosed with cancer, there is always the dread that it may suddenly reappear and this dread is reinforced by the necessary checkup every patient in remission must undergo every three months.





Normally, it is a time of high stress as blood counts and bone scans are taken. Acceptable results buy three more months of being able to live without any debilitating treatments; three months to allow hair to grow and be nausea free. With a diagnosis of metastatic disease, everything changes. There is no longer, theoretically, any chance of attaining victory over the 'enemy,' there is only the buying of time with the realization that the cancer will ultimately triumph. Ninety percent of all women with metastatic disease will have died in five years, the odds being greater for women who are premenopausal, like my sister. The progress of the disease is insidious and unrelenting as metastasis spreads through the body like air-borne seeds staking their deadly claim, often first to the skeleton and finally to the vital organs such as the lungs or liver. Breast cancer is the leading cause of death for women ages 15 to 54 and is on the rise.

For my sister, a deadly spiral had begun; ribs fractured and a vertebra collapsed, causing terrific pain. She now had to wear a back brace and movement was difficult. First there was radiation then tamoxifen, then megace... all buying time.

I received a phone call from Carol's husband to tell me that she had been taken to the hospital. That night, I had a disturbing dream:

I am driving a truck filled with garbage. I drive into a parking lot and see some barriers blocking off an area

where men are working. There are signs saying "DANGER" all around. I decide to ignore the signs and drive through the barrier. Too late, I realize that the signs are warnings of a huge hole in the earth. My truck falls into a black, bottomless abyss. I am catapulted into the air and begin falling also. I am aware that the pit is bottomless and that I will continue falling forever. I am in a state of total helpless panic. Suddenly, from out of the abyss grows a tall white building with a flat top upon which I land. I realize that I am really my twin and I feel my body shaking with uncontrollable fear — I cannot move — my panic is too great.

The scene changes and I am standing on solid ground looking at my sister trembling on the top of the white building. She must somehow get to solid ground where she will be safe, but it is obvious she cannot do this alone. I find an old board and place it as a bridge to the building. She remains huddled in a fetal position, unable to move. I hesitate only a moment and then crawl out on the board to her. Slowly, I guide her to solid ground. She is safe.

The next morning, I received a call from one of my sister's friends telling me that Carol's condition is critical and I quickly made arrangements to fly to Boston.

In our conversations, Carol had referred many times to Dana Farber, where she received her treatments but I can't ever recall her describing the building itself. The Dana Farber Cancer Center in Boston is a huge white monolith solemnly towering over its less ambitious surroundings. With amazement, I recognize the white building of my dream.

I find my sister trembling and terrified. There are blood clots in her legs and in her chart I read that there are now lung metastasis. The prognosis is very poor and her oncologist tells me she probably has only a month or two left to live. I spent several days with her before I had to return to my home. I felt so helpless! There seemed nothing more that medicine could do for her so I turned to the spiritual realm.

When I had traveled in South America, I had seen the icons of various saints covered with the tiny milagro charms which spoke of the bequest of a miracle upon the faithful. Feverishly, I set to work fashioning a talisman necklace for Carol to wear and an angel sculpture to protect her. I received another dream:

The setting is a magnificent cathedral and I am aware that a wedding is going to take place. It is a royal wedding and everyone is dressed in their finest attire. The atmosphere is one of joyful anticipation and the most beautiful music is playing. I have never before experienced a setting so elegant and I am filled with awe and wonder. Suddenly, with a shock, I realize that it is my sister's wedding and that she is marrying a prince.

The prince is vital and wonderfully handsome and appears to love my sister very much. I realize he is ten

years younger than she and I worry about their age difference and whether he knows she has cancer. From a side door, our father enters and he and I sit down in a pew to witness this amazing event. "Would you ever have believed that Carol could pull this off?" he asks me. I am totally enraptured by the beauty of it all and cannot speak.

When I awaken, I ponder the dream. I am aware of the wedding as a symbol of transition but I wonder about the ten years referred to in the dream. I feverishly continue making angels.

Miraculously, Carol goes into remission. She mobilizes herself in an incredible manner and travels to Mexico for treatment there and later to a hospital in Illinois for whole body hyperthermia. She leaves her marriage and returns to New Jersey where she gets her own apartment and lives independently while pursuing her interests.

Nine years after her original diagnosis, she begins to falter, experiencing more and more pain in her leg and spends a month in the hospital. During this time, I make her a small hanging angel wearing red shoes. Carol told me that she felt the red shoes on the angel were like the ruby slippers in *The Wizard of Oz*... a promise that she would return home again.

She did return home, for a short time but ultimately decided that she had had enough of the struggle to live and so she decided to submit to the mystery of the eternal which lies before us all. It was very hard to let her go.

On the evening when I finally accepted she would soon be gone, I created "Angel Leaving Landscape," to show my twin's soul passing into the world of spirit. Later, when I looked at that angel, I noticed that it also had red shoes... and so it was finally going home.

During Carol's last days, she saw angels in her room. I wasn't with her when she made her final exit but I felt she would somehow let me know she was OK.

Several weeks after her passing, I had a vivid dream of her. *She was in the hospital room where she had died, except that she looked terrific, like she did in her twenties. I noticed she was wearing a pair of shiny brown pants that shimmered with a strange glow. In the dream, I asked her over and over again where she got those pants but she appeared very busy and seemed annoyed by my questions. I awoke feeling confused and wondering what on earth that dream could possibly mean. Several weeks later, I received my answer: At Carol's memorial service, a friend came up to me and handed me a strange brown shining stone in the form of a pair of pants. "I don't know what this means," she told me, "but I got a message from your sister that I was to give it to you." I had told no one about my dream and I knew then that Carol was OK.*



Perhaps where Carol is can best be summed up by one of her own dreams, given shortly before she died.

I did another workshop with Gurudev. He spoke to me and although he didn't ask me directly, I knew he wanted me to come to work for him. His hair, instead of being long and flowing, was short like mine after the chemotherapy. I felt his spiritual power was just starting out.

Carol died ten years after her initial diagnosis. She had made arrangements to be buried in a beautiful cathedral in New Hampshire. I feel she is with her prince in a glorious place surrounded with love. ♪

Address correspondence to 19 Lincoln Ave., Lambertville, NJ 08530

Woman/

Bear/

Dream

by Janine Claire Baeloch

In the spring of 1993, I began to dream about bears. Over a long period, bears took a central place in both my dreams and my waking life. I had spent much time in the forest, but had never encountered a bear in the wild. Now, each foray into the wilderness made me certain that I would come upon a bear. The conclusion to the encounter (bear eats me or bear walks away) was never known, but it was the fact of an encounter—facing the bear—that filled me with terror. This fear was laced with a loving fascination and stories and poems about bears began to spring whole from my unconscious. In my first bear dream:

I am walking through a wet forest, stepping carefully over limbs and roots and thinking I shouldn't be out here alone, as I might trip and injure myself. As I come down a path, there is an animal that looks like a fat, bulbous snake lying on its back in a clearing in front of me. I think it might be dead or injured, so I stomp my feet hard on the ground, over and over, to see if it reacts. It gets up: it's a fat reptile with a long snout and two tiny rear legs; it comes toward me like a friendly, anxious puppy, but I am throwing rocks and sticks at it, still stomping, frantically trying to keep it away from me. Then, down the trail from the reptile, a figure emerges from the bushes. It is a huge, dark bear standing upright. I am afraid but also relieved, hoping the bear will chase the reptile and that I can escape.



Later in the dream, someone identifies the reptile as a "turtle without a shell."

The bear was an emerging figure in my life and self, about to engage or transform this turtle without a shell. The turtle was not only unprotected, but puppy-like, as I have been in my compulsion to please others. I found reference in Carl Jung's works to the stomping of feet as a way to summon "the mothers," and saw that my stomping had summoned a strong being to deal with a crisis.

In my second bear dream, a huge grizzly watched me with curiosity, but did not approach.

So one afternoon, I heard social ecologist Paul Shepard read from his book *The Sacred Paw: The Bear in Nature, Myth, and Literature*,

"In their social interactions bears seem more like humans whose life is always on the knife-edge between the soliloquy of the self and the chorus of the group..."

Who better to demonstrate to us autonomy and its special style of attention and introspection than the social yet irascible, supreme recusant, Arctos?"

In the third stanza of her poem "Many Winters" [Shepard writes] Nancy Wood speaks of this lesson from the bear:

There is the young girl in me
traveling west
With the bear which taught
me to look inside.
The bear stood by himself and said,
"There is a time for being alone
So that you do not take on
The appearance of your friends.
There is a time for being at home
with yourself."

I realized then that it was my self that I both feared and longed to encounter. In the first dream, the symbol of inner strength versus defenselessness underscored my growing feeling that I had no access to my inner core. My relationship with bears had me writing again—

about forests, animals, moonlight, deserts, as though the bear were steering me back to myself and my connection with the earth. In my third bear dream:

I am in Alaska with Gary Snyder and George [my then-partner]. We are looking around for bears near our cabin, not expecting to see any yet. But Gary comes running out of the woods into the cabin clearing, whispering, "Grizzly!" We all start running toward the cabin. We are closing all the doors, the image of the grizzly running full speed, huge, permeating my mind and body. As we get everything closed up, we look out a big picture window and see the bear lying on the ground, or crouched, a few yards away next to a lake. It looks as though he is eating a person, a woman, wearing white clothes and a wool cap. I keep looking again, thinking, "Is he really eating a person? Why didn't she run?" His muzzle is moving, but I can't see her body where he is eating it. It is unmistakable — he is lying on her, her pale hands are dangling in front of her in the water. I do not know who she is, but think it must be someone we all know.

Gary Snyder's presence I associated with his retelling in "The Practice of the Wild" of the widespread native tale "The Woman Who Married a Bear." The woman was me, my hands dangling in a lake (deep consciousness) taken unaware, or perhaps unafraid. The bear had come into my life and consumed me; I was now part of the bear.

I began to research the relationship between women and bears in mythology and folklore, and found many connections in modern literature and art as well. To further explore this relationship, I placed queries in *Dream Network* and other publications, asking women for their dreams and thoughts about bears, hoping to find some confirmation of the potency of this symbol for me as a woman.

What I have found, in nearly 100 responses, is that the bear is indeed a rich symbol for women, signaling transformation, the rise of the inner ("wild," strong) self, and a deep connection to the earth. Here are three of Kari's dreams:

John and I are at a lake. A storm comes in. The winds are dramatic, blowing up and around. I hide by some boulders, huge and sculpted. Then a Native American friend comes up and says we should follow him. He leads us up a cranny in the rock — it is an ancient (special) path. Near the top, he stops and picks up an object. "It's a bear paw," he says, and shows it to me. We go on. Around the corner we see the she-bear, a grizzly. She is almost dead.

I'm coming back to my hotel, a big, old-style building in New York City. There is a man cajoling a huge grizzly bear just outside the front door. When I approach, the man goes too far. The bear turns, and, with one swipe of her claws, kills him. I'm afraid of the bear's size and raw power, but I also understand that she did what was natural. The man should have treated her with more respect.

We are filming a movie in a cave area. It's rocky, full of stalactites and stalagmites. One scene is with bears, so two men dress in bear suits. They look thin and scruffy, but real. Then, halfway through the shooting, I'm under a ledge with two other people.

It's dark and smoky. We come around the corner to two real bears. We're afraid. We decide to walk by on our hands and feet, pretending to be bears ourselves. We do, and they leave us alone. I think then what it would be like if one of the bears wanted to mate with one of us. It's a scary thought — it might claw us — but also alluring. I go away from the others, on a dock by a small boat. I imagine mating with the bear. It goes very deep inside me. It feels good, as though it's really happening.

These and many other bear dreams told Kari "that we humans

need to study with the bear, that she has something to teach us. ...She calls for respect; when not respected, she is deadly. The bear dreams have to do with claiming my own power and remind me of my intuitive connection to the natural world, of the importance of that connection, of the need for great respect toward nature. I feel they are calling me out to do my job for the Earth."

Diane said that her first bear dream was the kind of dream "that tells you your life has just changed forever."

I am in the dining room of the farmhouse where I grew up. I have no family: the house is full of people I do not know. The only familiar face is that of my lover, the same one who is with me in waking life. He brings me a box and then he leaves the room. In the box is meat: raw, bloody meat, not nice and saran-wrapped like meat from the market. One of the dream people says I should eat it right away, before it goes bad.

I am not a vegetarian in this dream, but when I think of eating that meat, my belly shrinks in horror; this is definitely meant for another purpose. I tell the dream people that I don't want to eat it. They feel that I am being precious and they leave me. I do not care.

I put the box on the floor in a safe place. The next day, I come to look at the meat and it is moving and growing fur. In a few days, it has grown into a full-sized white she-bear. She greets me with great affection and we roll and play together on the floor.

This is no pet animal I am playing with; this is a conscious entity who is older and more spiritually adept than I am. She will be a mother/teacher for me. She treats me with great tenderness and I love her and trust her completely.

"I wake up loving bears. Yesterday, I had no thoughts of bears at all, to love them or not. Today, I love them. I have stopped wondering about the dream. I am full of Bear now: her huge warmth is

totally inside me and I do not worry about having done right."

Tara wrote:

"My first memorable bear dream came several months ago. It seemed as though I were watching a scene from medieval times wherein...

...a beautiful maiden was alone in the forest with her lover.

Innocently she disrobed and revealed herself to him in all her naked beauty, but he was shocked rather than enamored of what she had shown him of herself. This was a reaction she did not expect, and in that moment she knew shame and began to run, heartbroken, through the forest. Now I became her, fleeing through the forest, trying to escape the shame of what I had not known heretofore to be shameful, when I realized that I was being pursued by a large, golden, powerful bear. I was terrified and ran faster, screaming for my other. I came to a river and splashed in, taking refuge in an empty log at the river's edge, believing that the bear would be distracted by the fish in the river, which he would undoubtedly prefer to me. I was right, he was distracted,

and so the dream ended."

"In the next dream, I was in my back yard, making my children something to drink. Just as I am about to pour out the concoction, I notice a large, lumbering bear coming into my yard from behind me, on the south side of the lawn. Fortunately, the bear got tangled up in my clothesline and I was able to escape into the house, again yelling for my mother, although I knew it was my husband I sought. I got to him, and we stealthily crept into the garage to see if the bear was still about, when all at once I saw my neighbor to the north mount the bear and ride him off to the east, as if he were a horse."

Tara explains, "...My mother left my father after 40 years of marriage, and I was left wondering whether I still needed to follow the unconscious pattern she had estab-

lished for me—marriage, children, and all that entails—now that she had chosen to leave it. I began to question everything.

Tara met a man "who seemed to embody all the 'spiritual' ideals to which I aspired" and had a brief affair with him. When it was over, she told her husband, whom she realized she still loved and wanted to stay with. "I just no longer liked what I had become in relation to my husband and I needed to feel that part of myself that this other man helped me to recognize."

"In the first dream, I revealed ...my naked truth. In the second dream ... my position as mother and caregiver is ...akin to the nurturing aspect of the bear, and yet I am afraid of this role also. The neighbors to my north are a rather motley crew, and... in my dreamstate they represent that shadowy, untamed aspect of my nature which, in my pursuit of greater consciousness, I seek to embrace."

When Ingrid saw my call for bear dreams in DNJ, she debated whether to write to me and saw a black bear at the entrance to her garden, the only time she had seen one in ten years of living there. Her four bear dreams represented for her the process of transforming her "instinctual energy."

I see a large, very powerful bear-like animal (masculine) threatening, injuring, and killing people. First, I try to hide in a huge building, but then realize there is no place to hide from it. I see the animal trying to pry open a wooden panel in a wall using an ax pushed underneath.

I take hold of the ax and suddenly the animal towers over me.

It no longer threatens, but speaks to me from mind to mind. I know I still must kill it and it waits for me to do so. With the ax, I hack at it but still cannot quite make the final blow. Then it takes the ax from my hand and finishes itself off. It is somehow not gruesome, but natural and proper.

Her interpretation of the dream was this:

"... I associate the huge building with society and my own body as part of it, the bear with the powerful instinctual energy aspect of myself and society as well; it must be 'tamed' and used constructively, or it becomes dominating, frightening, and drives consciousness underground into hiding. I must bring this power to light, transform it from that which threatens me and which I fear to face— not suppress it. Only by facing it, recognizing it as an inseparable part of my nature in need of redemption, will I be able to live fully."

Teresa feels her bear dreams began a process for her of "reclaiming my relationship to my inner wild and intuitive self and my artistic and spiritual self." A wild-life biologist, Teresa went through "a series of failures and rejections in my attempts to succeed in the science-oriented and technological world." She also went through a crisis in her marriage, which she feels she nearly destroyed.

"I have since come to realize that this has been a pattern in my relationships: I didn't know how to be true to my wild self (it went underground), so I would reach the point where I felt that I had to leave to be whole again."

David (my husband) and me again. We were in a big house (like a Forest Service bunkhouse) with many empty rooms. A black bear was trying to get in and we were trying to keep him out. We were afraid of it. I yelled to scare him away at first, but he kept coming back. We tried blockades, but the bear's muzzle was strong.

Teresa had many dreams of bears chasing her, including another chase into a bunkhouse, where, alone this time, she climbed into a loft where she could put down a door in the floorboards. The bear roared up through the floorboards and Teresa was sure that she would die.

"My bear dreams symbolize the instinctive, angry, and completely unpredictable power deep within."

Anne's bear dreams related to dreams she had had earlier about an Indian warrior.

"From time to time, I saw an Indian warrior face in my dreams. The dream Indian, while not hostile, was not cordial either, and was probably a Jungian archetype, though I don't like to be locked in those terms."

"Summer thunderstorm moved over the mountains and across the foothills where I live. I think I was near sleep, drowsing, and 'seeing' or dreaming of a great bear. Some time later, I dreamed of a bear standing, four paws on the ground looking at me. Beside it, a woman dressed in deerskin stood with her right hand resting on the back of the bear, also looking at me. From time to time thereafter, I seemed to see or feel them out there, protecting me. I still feel that."

"I've not dreamed of the Indian warrior since then...I feel the bear and the woman broke for me the patriarchal yoke my generation grew up with. In retrospect, I see I have been freed of it, not fighting it or connected to it, just unconcerned about it and free. Indians, while fascinating, and with whom I am always sympathetic, seemed to symbolize a repressive and possibly evil energy for me, a symbol that had nothing at all to do with real Native Americans. The bear and the woman dispelled the oppression. If there is evil energy in the world, they protect me. Then, too, I may be the woman with the bear."

Erin had a dream about being chased across a lawn by a female black bear. The bear seemed to have nothing to do with the larger plot of the dream, but [nevertheless] seemed to be the 'star,' the most important character of all. "I was struck by her lack of real aggression toward me; I awoke with the definite feeling that she had not been attacking me, but was merely trying to catch up with me. I was so convinced of this that I felt compelled to engage the bear in a journal 'dialogue'."



Erin asked the bear its name and after a long pause, the name that came into her mind was "Forebear."

"I was given to understand that she represented my clan, especially my female ancestors— their survival instincts, their pragmatism in advancing the family line this far, their protect-iveness toward their own... She seemed to be telling me that I could access her canniness and strength and acquired wisdom — that they were my birthright."

Bear as transformation, as inner strength and wisdom, bear as healer, lover, friend. In reality, bears are persecuted— hunted with hounds, shot when they defend their territory; poached for their gall bladders, an aphrodisiac highly prized by Asian men, the rest of their bodies left to rot; de-prived of more and more habitat every year, every day, pushing bear populations to the limit of endurance. In her essay "Undressing the Bear," Terry Tempest Williams writes, "We are creatures of paradox, women and bears, two animals that are enormously unpredictable, hence our mystery. Perhaps the fear of bears and the fear of women lies in our refusal to be tamed, the impulses we arouse and the forces we represent."

These thoughts of woman-bear-earth are echoed again and again in the dreams and stories women have shared. We hear the bears are calling us to recognize, exercise, and treasure our strength and wisdom as women and as instinctive creatures of the earth. ♪



Between the Dream and the Moon

©1996 by Lena Bartula

"I am in my children's bedroom and we — Stephanie, Ron , Randy , and Randy's friend, Trey — are planting a garden. The floor is dirt and we are adding compost and topsoil. It is morning when we plant seeds, watering generously, and by late afternoon, everything has grown already. The thyme is almost a foot high, lots of herbs ready for harvesting. The kids want to know if their carrots are ready to pick, but when we look around, there are no leaves that resemble carrots tops. We start to scratch below the surface of some of the plants and think that we have found the carrots.... but they turn out to be huge sweet potatoes, maybe 10-12 inches long, and quite fat. We are all amazed that everything grew so fast in one day."

- January 5, 1996

In the twelve years that I have been keeping a dream journal, I have noted numerous images and themes which correspond directly to the movements of the cosmos, in particular, the Moon. From living on the land, being married to a modern- day Green Man and taking care of our own gardens here at home, I have developed a habit of checking the Moon calendar as I eat breakfast and begin my day. The above dream came to me when the Moon was in the astrological sign of Cancer, the sign of the Great Mother. When I first awakened and recorded the dream in my journal, I hadn't yet given any thought as to what sign the Moon was in. Upon seeing the connection, then, between the dream and the Moon, I recognized it as another of those cosmic synchronicities.

Moon in Cancer is a water sign, reputed to be the most fruitful time for planting and fertilizing.... whether it be seeds or ideas. This creative, maternal aspect is representative of family, home, reproduction

and sustenance. It seems to me that my dreamself was in touch with these elements. As the mother, my role was that of tending and nurturing my own and other people's children. Even the fecund earth was not outside in the garden, but inside the home, an archetypal symbol of the womb, the source of new creation. It was so rich, so abundant, that the plants sprang forth as if time itself was on fast-forward. Playing the part of the child, I was filled with the wonder and excitement of seeing it all come to life, right there in my own room.

It occurred to me as I worked with the dream images, that carrots might be construed as karats and in cultivating my own garden, the harvest might not come in the form of earthly riches. (The child in me really wanted them, I can tell you.) Scratching below the surface we uncovered a certain sweetness in the form of that most grounding of foods, the humble potato. I don't pretend to fully understand this dream, but it did in fact, plant a seed. That seed has grown into this article and who knows where the harvest will lead?

My husband, Kevin, and I have converted an old building into a bed and breakfast. On opening day, I am up on the roof of the second floor, arranging things, when the phone rings. Running down to answer it, I pick it up and say "Sun and Moon." A woman on the other end says that she is glad we finally answered because she has been trying to call for some information. I ask "What information did you need?" and she says "Oh, I don't want information, I want to give you information."

-November 2, 1995

I've reflected often on the Sun and Moon feature of this dream; in fact, we ended up naming our house "Sol Y Luna" in honor of it. (It wanted a Mexican translation, since the dream came to me in Oaxaca.) Later, I found that on the night of November 1, the Sun was trine the Moon at 9:53 p.m., probab-

ly about the time I was going to bed. For those of you not well-versed in astrological jargon, (and I'm not) a trine is an aspect. Simply put, aspects show the angle between planets in the 360 degree circle of the sky and tell us how the relationship between planets and signs influence one another. Trine, a harmonious aspect, occurs when two planets are 120 degrees apart and thus in the same element.

It is said that when Sun and Moon are trine, benefits and gifts often present themselves without any effort or activity on the part of the recipient. Certainly, I thought later, I had not asked for this information from the caller. Nonetheless, I had an undeniable feeling that she had intended to reveal to me all the mystical and marvelous secrets of the universe. The knowledge was not disclosed, however, because one of our fellow travelers across from us closed the door so loudly that I was startled awake.

The Sun sign represents one's public self, the outward expression of the individual personality. An incredibly powerful force, it describes strength and vital energy. In most cultures, Sun is Male. The Moon sign speaks more of the inner self, the core of one's being and is most often thought of as feminine. Moon represents feelings, emotion, and receptivity. The combined forces of the Sun and Moon manifest on earth in the ebb and flow of energy.... as in the tides and our own bodies as women.

If we look at the dream characters as those duplicate parts of myself, then the 'Kevin and I' embody my own male and female energies. Sun and Moon in the dream play the part of challenging and opposing forces: yin and yang, light and dark, good and evil. Even 'bed and breakfast' announces that what is private is also public, inward and outward. Upstairs/downstairs tell us that there are two 'stories.' We could even imagine the woman caller as my higher self. (I was, after

all, up on the roof!)

The mysterious caller during this Sun/Moon Trine, bestowed upon me an unexpected gift after all. It was a new look at duality, not as two opposing forces to be reconciled, but to be honored and trusted as a partnership. To be sure, no one would suggest that Sun and Moon should consolidate their energies, for it is the dynamics between them which provide and maintain order in our universe.

*"My sister, Pattie, and I go out to look for Mom and find her in the park having brunch with her friends. They are all seated at a long table with a white tablecloth, fresh flowers and lots of beautiful food. Mom doesn't recognize us and we are kneeling down to be at eye level, reminding her that we are her daughters. I look just past her and see, standing there — above the trees, above the buildings — is an ancient statue of Mary, the Mother, looking down at me. She circles her arms in the air and extends them, palms up. Her fingers begin to rain blood, as I hear the words:
"Take this and drink."*

- April 23, 1996

These words carried so much power and weight that they jolted me awake. Instantly, I knew that I had begun to bleed, to be "on my moon" as we say. This came on day two of a journey to Mexico City, a ten-day pilgrimage to the temples of the female deities of Mesoamerica. Not as well reconstructed or recognized as the temples of the war gods, they silently speak of a time when all of nature was important and both men and women had value.

It was as if She had spoken directly to me and my commitment to the quest was reassured and enhanced. It wasn't until later that I looked at the calendar, and discovered that the Moon was again in that watery sign of the Great Mother, Cancer. That old familiar feeling of doubling was immediately rekindled and I knew, by this time, that it signified for me what is known as

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'a big dream.' Later, as we entered the womb-like tunnels under the earth at Cholula, gazed upon the Mother-God figures in the tiny museums at Cuicuilco and Xochitcatl and visited her holy site and sacred springs at the Basilica of The Virgin of Guadalupe, I had a special feeling of personal relationship with this Mother that I had never in my life experienced.

Upon arriving home, one of the first things I did was record this dream in acrylic on canvas. In the painting, Mary is portrayed as the ancient Mother herself, hovering above the trees and the water. Out of her fingers pour the blood, which turns into water upon the land. Her skin and features are those of a Mesoamerican woman and her hair waves out into the sky, becoming one with Sun, Moon, and stars. It is one of those truly magical creations that comes along once in every fifty paintings, and every painting I've done since then pales by comparison. The

Great Mother who spoke to me in a dream was dispensing knowledge of herself, of myself, and of all women...., as we are all connected and nourished by the blood of the Mother.

"I am in my old elementary school which is named Our Lady of Victory. The building is completely dark. It is night. Hearing footsteps behind me, I continue walking fast from the first grade classroom towards the eighth grade one.

When I pass it, I make a sharp right turn, hit the handle of the door and am outside. I hide behind the steps and see that there is no Moon in the sky. I feel sure that he won't spot me here. Soon, he comes out and stands on the top step, looking around, then turns right, towards the other end of the building and walks in that direction."

- September 23, 1995

Upon awakening and thinking about this dream, I checked my Moon calendar to see if this was 'another one of those dreams.' Confirmed! Not by just one sign this time but three separate Lunar events or conditions. The Lady, as the Moon is sometimes referred to, was one night away from her dark phase. In the dream, I remember being grateful for the darkness, so that the man who was following me would not have the benefit of light with which to detect my hiding place. Why did the dream choose Our Lady of Victory, I wondered. Because it was 'the old school' — that place from which we must move away in order to progress? Was the dream reminding me I have already been victorious over those old fears born out of a strict Catholic upbringing? If so, why don't I just remember that and get on with it? The dark Moon that night was in the sign of Scorpio, sometimes called the Witching Moon. It's a time of mystery and paradox, or sometimes breakthrough and revelation. It could be pointing to an opportunity to look at that old shadow stuff, to turn around and look at the man and

ask "Just what is it you want?" Perhaps my ego self being stronger than my dream self at that moment, decided to keep the message or the problem 'in the dark.'

The third interesting parallel here was the Fall Equinox falling on that day. Day and night are equal in length, at this time of preparation for surviving during the dark winter months ahead. Most assuredly, as I looked back on my dream, I knew that survival was the central theme as I ran, plotted my escape and finally out-smarted my pursuer.

Questions:

As I continue to appreciate this relationship between the dream and the Moon, it becomes almost an obsession to find out how many more dreamers are having similar experiences. Is anyone seeing parallels between the dream and the season? The dream and the weather? Also, I wonder, do these doublings occur as a result of meditation or reflection, and/or an awareness of our earth's rhythms?

From my own experience, I have a sense that it is due to taking the time to be with or in nature. In other words, I don't see it as a phenomena reserved for astrologers, visionaries and shamans. More and more people today are relearning or remembering how to cultivate their gardens, go fishing or cut their hair according to the Moon's tides, as did their grandparents, and their grandparents before them. Not a 'new age' practice, it is ancient knowledge that has been forgotten with the abstracted work ethic of the Industrial Age. ♀

Lena Bartula is an artist living in Santa Fe, NM. She is currently co-authoring a book entitled Ladies of the Night; Dreamworks of Contemporary Women Artists" with Santa Fe dreamworker Ann Yeomans. Please address correspondence to PO BOX 8311, Santa Fe, NM. 87504-8311. Phone: 505/466-4666. email: SolYLunaSF@aol.com

Dreaming with Conches

I am in an apartment with several former colleagues from the Biology Department who are watching TV.

My attention is diverted by the living legs of an octopus swinging through the room, seeming to emanate from a board hanging from the ceiling. The legs then change and begin a dance of metamorphosis, unfolding a kaleidoscopic array of living forms, sometimes coalescing as a single organism, sometimes differentiating into diverse identities.... yet these were cooperating and integrated forms. It is a living ecosystem, apparently the fanciful collection of a woman not present in the room.... She is perhaps down at the beach now. I feel a snail from the living kaleidoscope slither along my neck, crawling beneath my shirt, speaking to me clearly but not in words. It said, "You can not have courage and conquer." As it speaks, my mouth fills with saliva like clear snail slime and my tongue moves against my teeth like the wet, layered flesh of snails. After clearing my mouth, I place the snail, now become two and each very large, on the array of the addition of these overgrown predators. The living Creature-of-Many-Creatures becomes integrated into balance under the influence of information and love, emanating from the many parts of the whole. Lifted by the message, the witnessing of these unspoken processes and captivated by the wonders of Her creation, I long to meet this woman whose art and hobby is the playful study of life on this level.

To conquer: to control, defeat or subdue by force;
Courage: the spirit that flows from the heart.
"You cannot have courage and conquer."
Transformation.

Book Reviews

by Suzanne Nadon

The Brillig Trilogy

Chicken Little: *The inside Story*

Living Jung: *The Good and the Better*

Who Am I Really? *Personality, Soul and Individuation*

by Daryl Sharp

Inner City Books, Toronto, Canada: 1995

In his characteristic storytelling style, Sharp has sourced a wonderful trilogy. All three are Jungian primers. The first is dubbed "a Jungian Romance". We are introduced to Sharp's Anima, Wise Old Man, Shadow and Persona all in the guise of "friends and relations" while Sharp explores through their dialogue and diatribe the issue of a projection of the "end of the world" onto the outside world, the search for the authentic self, and the nature of reality (which to Jungians includes the great below). The second book explores the notion of persona, and personality, anima and animus, and the process of discovering one's vocation and realizing individuation. In the third book, Sharp continues his exploration of neurosis, typology, complexes always mindful Jung's words "if better is to come, good must step aside." No one need be intimidated by the scope of this material. Sharp and his "Professor Brillig" dialogue their way through these difficult concepts, differentiating between the pure principles (archetypes) which seek consciousness and their unconscious complexed manifestations. Sharp could have delivered this material through traditional didactic methods. I'm delighted that he chose the "better" method, as I have grown quite fond of ole' Prof. Brillig and Sharp's other personalities too.

The Quest

by Tom Brown Jr.

One Man's search for peace, insight and healing in an endangered world.

The Berkeley Publishing Group

200 Madison Ave, New York, NY 10016

In this pocketbook, the world famous tracker Tom Brown has gleaned from his journals several stories relating to his spiritual development. Though it reads like a spiritual thriller, Brown's book has a ring of authenticity to it, absent in Castaneda's and Andrews' fantastical accounts. Spanning his life's work, some of the chapters describe his insights and dreams as a young teen, while others recount visions that came to him in later life.

Present is his acknowledgment of the confusion between dream and waking states, and insightful analysis of the meaning of each vision. Absent however is the notion that the stated prophecies may be more personal than global. I am left with the desire to know

more about Brown's wilderness methods, and with several genuine insights about the power of vision, and the spiritual warrior's role in the jungle of human nature. Highly recommended.

Dancing in the Flames

by Marion Woodman and Elinor Dickson

The reemergence of the Divine Feminine, say the authors, is calling individuals "to hold opposites without opposition." She invites us to marry reason and order to creativity, to embrace the chaos which ultimately leads to wisdom and transformation of the self, of society, and of the globe.

Dancing in the Flames is a brilliant book populated with stories, sound theory, art, poetry, dreams of numerous men and women. By honoring the powerful, dark, creative feminine energy (often called the Crone, Kali, the dark Goddess) men and women both bring full personhood into the light.

This book is one of few that describes in vivid psychological detail a new paradigm, one where the masculine and the feminine dance as partners in life, not identical, yet in balance. It's the "distorted forms of their presence that exaggerate the tragic imbalance between them, an imbalance which undermines an entire civilization, contributing to its collapse." But hope is not lost. The authors suggest that the resurgence of respect and embodiment of the Dark Goddess heralds a new era, one which includes but transcends both of the Matriarchal and Patriarchal eras. They call this the androgynous paradigm in human evolution. "Rather than tribal or hierarchical, the structures of such a society would be ecological. Ecology would be an expression of interdependence.... Power would no longer be from nature or against nature; it would be with nature, and would not be exercised as a gift of strength, but as love. Interiorized spirituality, or "the kingdom within" radiates in us when, with consciousness, we withdraw our projections onto the God out there or the Goddess in Nature. Instead of worshipping the ground on which we stand, or the Great Bearded Spirit in the Sky, we will find our own ground of being, the Christ consciousness, the "soul of the world" or anima mundi in all life.

All this (and so much more) from this work. "We can dance in the flames, dying and being reborn in every moment, because the fear that cuts us off from life has been eliminated. The soul knows its immortality, and does not fear death as the ego does. Living from the point of soul consciousness allows us to live fully in the now."

Say Yes to the Know

by Robert Jude Forese

In this dream, I am sleeping with a good friend:

I look to him and his eyes immediately open up.

*He looks at me totally surprised as
he flexes his eyebrows.*

*I look to a clock on the wall. It is 4 o'clock. As I look
back to him, his arms become super-long as they
come from underneath the covers and begin to move
around very erratically, appearing to be clown-like
rubber as I begin to become somewhat upheveled.*

I am aware that I am dreaming so I do not wake.

(I never wake from a dream simply because
it becomes scary or too intense to handle.)

*At first I believe I'm looking at a doll in the
corner of the room. I then realize that it is not a doll
but a woman in late 1800's garb staring at me. I call
to my friend and ask him if he too sees the woman.
He nods and says "yes." This woman, somewhat
ghost-like moves over to me without walking, until
her face is right in mine and seems to blend with
mine.*

At this point I do awaken and have the
greatest urge to write. Something about her
seemed extremely familiar, so in a semi-
conscious state I typed down a bit of prose
entitled,

"Say Yes to the Know in Tomorrow."

All day long I felt as though I knew her from
a previous life and perhaps I was reconciling the
past with the future right now.

(By the way, when I spoke to my friend about this
dream and told him about the time I noticed on the clock,
he couldn't believe it. At exactly 4 AM he woke up and
couldn't return to sleep trying to remember a dream,
but couldn't.)



Say Yes to the Know in Tomorrow

I can't help but think about
The time you looked down the river
And pointed to your face in the reflection.
It seemed distorted by the ripples
That resonated into the lake.

I can still smell the aromas of the forest
And the cornbread you made.
I can remember the wild scent of your hair
And the way the sky filled with thunder
And the rain danced on the ripples
So that they blended
into one confusing motion.

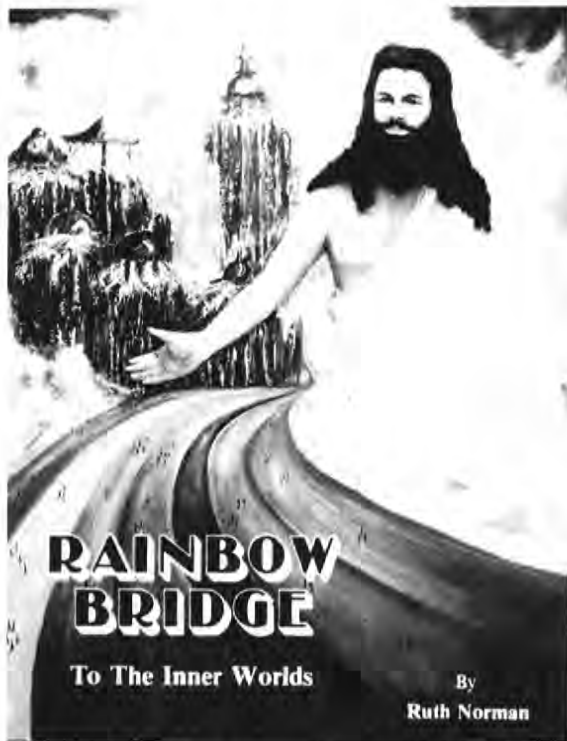
I seem to have known you once before
Maybe in some other lifetime,
Maybe in some movie we both starred in,
In some stop-motion cathedral
By the side of the road
Where strangers offer a glance
To confirm a chance
Of dancing dreams yet to be noticed.

I can say, yes I know you.
From before the time
When we guessed about tomorrow
And speculated what we should know
And embrace about today...

Yes, I know you
Though you are a memory in a dream
And a desire to remember tomorrow-

I have to say yes
To the possibilities I have to follow...

And I know the only way
We'll meet again
Is to say yes to the know in tomorrow.



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Interview with Wilda Tanner, Cont'd from pg. 22

were vastly different. As I laid out my notes and began to type my latest list of symbols and perhaps a wee bit more of instructions, all kinds of symbols, along with their definitions began pouring into my mind faster than I could type them! I was amazed. What began as a few hours of work became days, then weeks and still the ideas flooded my mind!

Months later, when I had written far more than I had ever dreamed of doing, I was more than ready to stop. Yet, new symbols and meanings continued to flow. Finally I brought my book to an abrupt end. Off to the typesetter it went. Still the ideas flowed! Almost ashamed, I sheepishly sent the latest additions to the type-setter, halfway hoping he would refuse to add them. But somehow he would manage to squeeze them all in. Finally, with one last burst of symbols, ideas, additions, etc., it was finished. Really finished, and all 226 pages were published in 1978.

After that I settled down to do all-day workshops around town, around the tri-state area. Then throughout the eastern half of the USA. Eventually I was invited to Canada, Jamaica, even Mexico. Wow!

I had arrived!!

Some time later I had a most astounding dream. I was in a group of about 15 people sitting in a waiting room area waiting for something. An unknown friend and I were

also sitting and waiting. From time to time, one or more persons would get up and leave. No one else entered. This went on for a fairly long while until there were only two or three other people left. I turned to my friend and asked,

"What was that all about?"

Without hesitation she answered,

"They were waiting for you to write another book!"

"Oh...! However dumb-founded I was, this helped me to realize where all the symbols, interpretations and ideas had come from. I was *channeling* and didn't even know it!

Ten years and many, many workshops later, I sat down to my computer (no more typewriters) to write a book about angels. This was before they became so popular. I tried to write about angels but the flow of ideas were again focused on dreams and symbols. I would wake up with these, or get them while in meditation. After a number of false starts on angels, I gave up and allowed the dream symbols to prevail once more. This eventually became *The Mystical, Magical, Marvelous World of Dream*, published in 1988... which has now sold over 100,000 copies.

My dreams have been very good to me.

DNJ: Many thanks, Wilda, for your time and willingness to share with us! ♪



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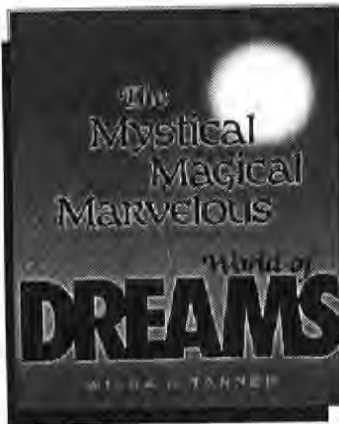
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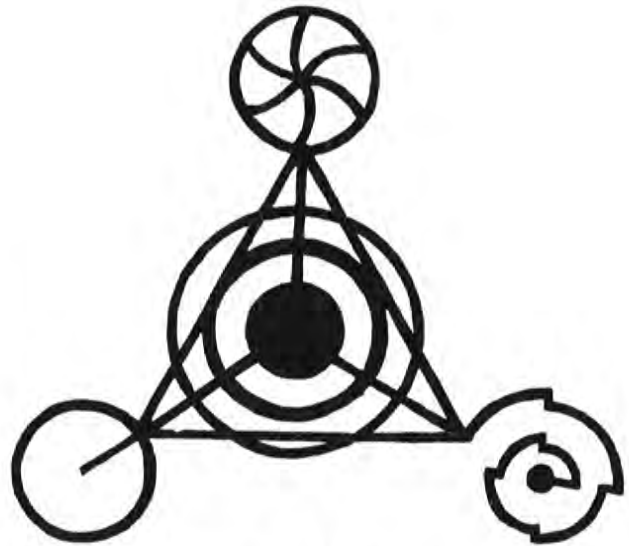
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Phone Suzanne Nadon at 519.371.6060
Owen Sound, Ontario Canada

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

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

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

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

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

Ongoing 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!

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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**

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

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Publd Service Announcement

The **Gaiamind Project** is encouraging individuals to join in meditation and prayer on **January 23, 1997 at 12.35 PM. EST**, for the purpose of global healing and transformation. **Website:**
<http://www.gaiamind.com>

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.

Carol Weidberg, A.C.S.W.

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DreamLink provides a vehicle for the sharing and translation of dreams. Sections include... resources showing you how to interpret dreams and a Guest Section for highlighting dream researchers. There is an Exchange Section that details what is current in the dream community and an Archive Section which contains dreams of a specific nature. Coordinated by Beck and Linton Hutchinson on the **World Wide Web. Website:**
<http://www.iag.net/~hutchib/dream/>

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Research *** Projects

Rosemary Ellen Guiley, author of *The Encyclopedia of Dreams and Angels of Mercy*, is researching a book on the spiritual dimensions of dreaming, to be published by Berkley. Looking for dreams that bring life-changing spiritual guidance, healing and creative breakthroughs. Also dreams involving magical elements, lucidity, past lives, precognition, out-of-body experience, communication with the dead, encounters with angels, spirit guides and otherworldly beings.
1290 Bay Dale Dr. Ste. 311,
Arnold, MD 21012
Fax 410-757-3771;
Email: reguiley@aol.com

Dr. Geri Grubbs, diploma candidate at the C.G. Jung Institute, Zurich, is seeking participants for her thesis on dreams about death, loss and the afterlife. Also those who have suffered a sudden loss by death of a child or intimate spouse/lover and were recording their dreams at the time. The recorded dream period should be at least 6 months following the death. If you think you may be interested, please
Phone 408.867.9019,
Email 103134.336@compuserve.com
or Write 20424 Chalet Lane,
Saratoga, CA 95070

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.

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 2332 Cape Arbor Drive, Virginia Beach, VA 23451
Ph: 757.496.4786

Research *** Projects

Anthony Sykes would like to correspond with anyone who has had dreams, visions or psychic impressions about anything relating to **HIV and AIDS**. Information will be greatly appreciated. Send to: 156-20 Riverside Dr. W. #9C, **New York, NY 10032**
Ph: 212.928.3343

Dr. Ann Richards is researching for an article on **DESIGNS and FORMATS of DREAM CLASSES**. Teachers/Leaders of dream classes/groups, please send your experiences and suggestions about facilitating dream groups. You will be credited in follow up article to be provided to **DREAM NETWORK**. SASE to 1717 SW Park Ave. #815
Portland, OR 97201

Marc Barasch 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. His 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: marcbarl@aol.com Fax (303) 440-5054.

Marlene King, M.A. is collecting dreams and visionary accounts from **people who are diagnosed as terminally ill, particularly from those in the latter stages of their illness**. Also seeking dreams of people who have recorded/told a dream just prior to their death, sudden or otherwise. Please include any additional info illuminating the dream context. Confidentiality is assured. Please send to
2630 SE Schiller St., Portland, OR 97202

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

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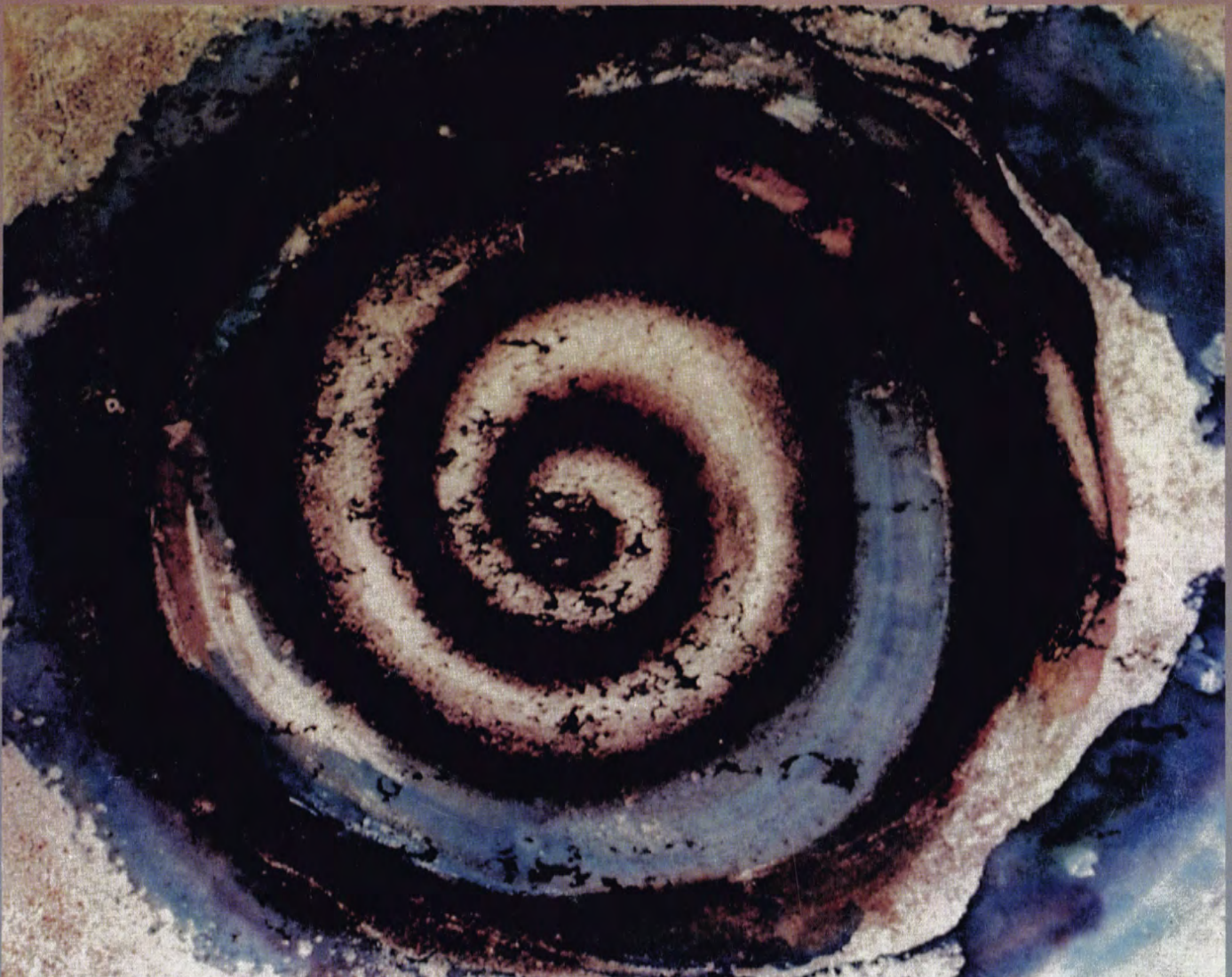
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"We produce symbols unconsciously and spontaneously in the form of dreams. As the mind explores the symbol, it is led to ideas that lie beyond the grasp of reason." - Carl G. Jung