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• Dreamsharing With Children •

Vol. 16 No. 2

\$5.95USA/\$7.25 Canada

Dream Network



A Journal Exploring Dreams & Myth

Sing a Song from Dreamtime • *Allen Flagg*

Children, Dreams & The Inner Artist • *Ann Sayre Wiseman*

Her Name Is Angelina • *Dream & Drawing by Andrew Domenick*

St. Louis Challenges Your Community: *Dreams & the Law* • *Rosemary Wachs Dreyer*



From Robert Muller's
2000 Ideas
 as an upcount to the year 2000

IDEA 729

July 7, 1996

"If you have a dream, do not fail to write it down.

I wrote the following dream three days before my retirement from the United Nations in 1986. It hangs near my bed so that I can see it first thing in the morning when I awaken by God's grace... and last thing in the evening when I give thanks for my blessings. I dreamt ...

*That someday as a sort of elder
 of the United Nations,
 I live on a hill with a breathtaking view
 and spend my last days writing
 the beautiful stories of my life
 and my visions of a better world.*

God fulfilled my dream. I live on a sacred hill with one of the most magnificent views on Earth. I do write there the beautiful stories of my life and my visions and ideas of a better world.

Over my long life in war and in peace, I have come to believe in the power of dreams. It is as if the invisible forces of the universe wait for us to formulate a dream to come and help us in the most mysterious, unexpected ways.

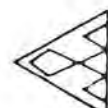
This is why I built a Bench of Dreams near my wooden cabin. I sit on it to contemplate and formulate my dreams and invite visitors to do the same."

BENCH OF DREAMS

(The following text was written by 12 year old from Holland, after visiting Dr. Muller's 'Bench of Dreams' in Costa Rica)

**"Select two small stones.
 Hold them close together and dream your dreams.
 Put one stone into your pocket to take with you.
 Toss the other out into the garden.
 Hold your dream in your heart,
 even as the earth holds it.
 Together, we can make our dreams come true."**

by Mara van der Lugt



Spirals of Light

*I am witness
to a stupendous happening.
Impossible to convey in words.
The human mind is shifting
away from former perceptions
and tuning to a higher level.
Emotions are sublimated
or no longer hold sway.
I see an immense
spiral composed
of countless points of light
slowly rotating against
the dark background of space.
I am awestruck.*

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Dream Network
 ISSN #1054-6707
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Statement of Purpose

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

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

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

We seek to provide a balance and to give all nations, voices and schools of thought an opportunity to be heard. There will be times when a particular area of interest will be given greater emphasis than another because of the limited space in the Journal and that which is surfacing which 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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Website: <http://www.hmtp.com/new/dream/dream.html>
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Upcoming Focus
for Volume 16 No. 3

*The Wit & Wisdom of
our DreamMaker:*

**Humorous Dreams
& Related Experiences**

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!

Responses

Letters From YOU!



Dear Readers,

I've elected to forfeit editorial space in order to share my interview with Joel Metzger of Noetic Sciences (IONS). p. 40.

Roberta Ossana, Editor

A Dream Journal Library?

I have an idea! A dream Journal Library.

I will be making out my will and would like my dream journals to go somewhere upon my demise (which, by the way, I do not anticipate to be soon).

But a well kept dream journal is a valuable thing. What about a library of them? How valuable that would be!

Some of my own thoughts on this: I would think the journals should stay in the library and that there shouldn't even be a Xerox machine — to respect the privacy;

The journals would have to be read in the library; if journals could be "checked out," how many would be returned? Or is there another way?;

If anything was published from the willed journals, should it always be anonymous?;

Of course, a lot of the names, locales, etc., in the journals would not be clear, but the motifs, etc., would be. This could be such a valuable thing.

What would be the rules?

The ideas of many people could come in... but if someone knew their journals would be floating around, how many would will their journals to the library?

I appreciate DNJ!

Daniel Hobbs, Greenburg, PA

Mr. Hobbs presents an excellent idea. What other questions need to be asked and details to be resolved? (Ed.)

Perhaps An Oversoul?

The other day I had a dream where an unknown woman was able to look at photographs to see if the people in the photos had any special aura. The photos were in black and white and round purple-neon circles emanated from some of their heads. The woman took my hand and said that I was one of those she thought would be helpful for her. She mentioned that six of the people were necessary to continue the movement. She was leading me and seemed to care for me.

What the movement was I still have to analyze. Perhaps we were moving closer to ourselves. Maybe she was my oversoul and the other people were part of my total self.

Robert Forese, Bronx, NY

Alligator's Gonna Get Me!

When my son was about four and running a fever, he jumped up out of bed and began to scamper about the house: "Alligator!" he screamed, "an alligator is after me."

I lifted him to calm him. "You're only dreaming," I said. "Look, there isn't any alligator."

"There is so," he insisted, then continued, "There was too an alligator! And you know there was one. You were there!"

Joan Joffe Hall, Storrs, CT

A True Story

When my daughter was nearly three years old, she dreamed an Indian who only wears a hat came to sleep on the top bunk of her bed. She decided to bring him into her daytime play world. We had an Indian who only wears a hat at the table, in the car and even in her bath. First, she had to stand on the toilet to take his hat off because he was very tall and then he took up most of the space in the tub.

Years later, my three year old son came running from his room one morning insisting there was a head with no body floating under the top bunk bed. I told him it was just a dream and it wasn't really there. He refused to believe me and remained terrified. I went to his room to show him but he wouldn't look. I tried to carry him into the room but he climbed up my chest and catapulted himself off my shoulder onto the floor behind me. His sister, who slept on the top bunk also tried to reason with him, to no avail.

It took several days plus re-arrangement of furniture to get him to return to the room for any reason and even longer for him to sleep there. The top bunk was put on the floor, which put the head with no body out of sight and also gave my daughter a great place to hide things from her brother.

I was young when my children were young and over the years we learned together through experience.

While I was a counselor at a shelter for battered women and their children, two small children came to me on separate occasions to report there was a head with no body above them under the top bunk. I stretched cartoon printed sheets on the undersides of the top bunk bed springs and the head with no body did not appear again.

Unfortunately, the friendly Indian who only wears a hat never revisited.

Susan Hickman, Brandon, FL

Tylox

When I was hospitalized for a ruptured appendix in the summer of 1983, I was given a Tylox pill as a painkiller one night. I had a nightmare that both arms were strapped down and I was being electrocuted in a thunderstorm. Not far from the truth: my left arm was fastened to the IV, my stomach hooked up to a pump, I was fairly immobile. Rousing myself, I used the free right hand (despite the dream) to press the nurse call button. The nurse opened the blinds and let moonlight

flood the room to reassure me that I wasn't being electrocuted. "I guess it was just a nightmare," I said. "Tylox," she replied, "does that to some ladies."

I was scheduled for a lumpectomy last September, to be performed with a sedative and local anesthesia. For the appendectomy, I'd been out cold by the time I reached the operating room; I'd have sworn it. But as I rolled in this time, not yet sedated, the room looked familiar: round overhead concentric fluorescent lights, a table with arm paddles so that my arms could be tied securely out of the surgeon's way. But where had I seen it? On TV? Was I remembering what I thought I had missed years ago? And gradually, it dawned on me that the old Tylox dream had been a version of the operation itself: the captive arms, the bright light, the victimization.

Sent home from this new operation with a prescription for Tylox, I was even eager to see if the pills would once more prove hallucinogenic. That night, I dreamed again of an electrical storm, although I seemed to have censored out the arm-typing part and awoke to rain. "Did it thunder last night?" I asked my husband. He said it had not. So there was that dream again — flashes of tylox lightening. Only later that day did friends tell me there *had* been quite a severe thunderstorm the night before. My husband had just slept through it.

Joan Joffe Hall, Storrs, CT

We welcome & invite
Your
**RESPONSES
& QUESTIONS!**
Address to Letters
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Music of the Spheres

Back in 1993, a voice spoke in a dream, saying,

- "Do you know why? Because of the Power of the Music of the DAWN!"

I knew what it was about. It is related to a song by Andrew Lloyd Webber of the same name. This concerns the angel who ascends from the rising sun in Revelation 7, to mark the foreheads. It means dreams that are remembered at dawn, at the Dawn of the New Age. The symbolic mark on the forehead indicates those who pay attention to dreams and other communications at the time of the Great Change. Those who are caught unaware/unawake/dead, will experience a more stressful change involving great fear. This is a purification process, after which one is pardoned. This fit with yet another message I received in a dream back in 1990 - "The Keys to the Kingdom, He said, are dreams." Still another seems to be related - "We are on the eve of God's Dream."

All these things were a big surprise to me, because I am not a Christian and never have been. I now believe that all myths and religions have a truth that we will begin to understand as time goes on. The Sacred Symbols will be newly understood.

A few hours after the dream about the Music of the Dawn, I returned some books to the library. I was in a hurry and did not intend to check out any books, but on the way out, my attention was drawn to a little book that looked like a children's story. The "Library Angel" must have been at work, because the book fit with my dream so VERY well. It is *Dream Feather* by Viento Stan-Padilla. A little Indian boy is asleep in a cave in the earth, as the sun is arising. "From the white silence, the Sun shared its brilliant song. The song drifted downward, tone upon tone, guided by a feather." A feather

comes down and points to the boy's forehead. In Egyptian myths, a feather symbolizes Truth, because it can be so easily blown away. In the Judgment Hall the heart is weighed against the feather. The boy follows the feather up through the earth, and into a rainbow cloud that pulsed with music from its crystal heart. He passes through a rainbow-colored triangle and then goes up six steps, as he receives new garments, including a diadem with a symbol on his forehead. Then, on the seventh step, there is brilliant golden light. He awakes in the cave in the earth, with jewels all around. "Dream Feather walked from the cave of secrets out upon the earth. The flame in his heart shone through his eyes as he greeted the Sun with a smile."

The chorus of Grandfathers had sung a song at the end, with the concluding lines -

"Watch for a Dream Feather and join the circle. When all in each generation have done so, the wheel of light will be complete."

It was quite a coincidence.

I am listening with open ears and open mind to *The Power Of The Music Of The Dawn*.

Joe Mason, Hickman, CA

Holds On To Dream Network — Tenaciously

I've kept a dream journal since I was about 11 or 12 (we had moved from Ohio to Texas at that time, and what with puberty, culture-shock, and no friends in my new environment, I had a lot to write about, and not just dreams!!!).

I'm something of a poet, with a natural bent toward the metaphysical. Several years back I taught a few dream classes, and have periodically organized dream groups (my latest venture was through a bbs system at work).

Of all the journals to which I've

subscribed (including the Association for the Study of Dreams, Noetic Sciences, Journal of Transpersonal Psychology, etc.), Dream Network is the one publication I have held to tenaciously (even though it was not easy having to let the others go.) But when \$s are tight, tough choices must be made. I've subscribed since it was "Dream Network Bulletin" and I enjoy the publication very much. I've given gift subscriptions to several friends over the years.

I'm very glad that this journal is still going strong. Thanks for all your hard work.

Victoria Vlach, Austin, TX e-mail:
vvlach@mail.utexas.edu

Deja Vu Research

I am interested in investigating two forms of deja vu, namely

a) deja vecu (already experienced) which is situational (time-sequential), &

b) deja visite (already visited) which is geographical (uncanny knowledge about a new place where one has never been before).

I would like to receive:

1) accounts of especially striking instances of one or both of these types of deja vu (especially if they were in any way connected with important life situations, but more banal examples are welcome, too);

2) theories about how this or these phenomena arise;

3) theories about how it is possible for the mind to access the future (for those that believe it occurs); and

4) references to published papers and/or books related to this subject.

Please send them via e-mail to
Art Funkhouser, Bern, Switzerland
art_funkhouser@compuserve.com

The Healing Summit

During the period October 12th - 17th, 1997, *The Healing Summit* will be taking place in Monterey, CA, USA. You are invited to participate either in person or by

linking with your energy. We are creating a *unique forum* for the Alliance of groups and individuals. We believe that it is time for combined action and know that through this linking a new and powerful initiative can be born. We are all healers in some way if we choose to use our remarkable abilities. It is these diverse abilities which need to be combined if we are to stop the harm that is being done to the Planet and its inhabitants.

We are asking everyone to link up energetically at 16:00 GMT each day from October 12th to 17th to support and invigorate this process.

There is a web-site giving full information about *The Healing Summit*, the URL is <http://www.users.globalnet.co.uk/~pbc> This event includes a growing and impressive list of speakers and presenters, who are all highly qualified and dedicated to their work for the planet. They are donating their time and services.

Please help this cause by forwarding our message to anybody you feel should know about our intentions. Help us to spread this Worldwide.

Much has been achieved already by the World wide joining of energy and prayers - this unique event is coming at a time when a powerful combining of energies can shift us to a new level of being.

Thank you for your participation
Pam Perry
Email: pbc@mail.globalnet.co.uk

Dream Network Opens Doors

I would like to thank Dream Network for publishing my dreams. I have received some mail in response to them and I'm very happy now that I picked up my first copy at the book store. I didn't have any idea that it would be like opening doors to some wonderful people.

I have many, many things to share as time goes on and I will. Thank you again. *Pauline Vinegas*

~ On Line ~ Letters/Q & A

Anyone Experiencing Dream Manipulation/Control?

Hello! My name is Lindsay. I was wondering if you have any information about dream manipulation. Through my own experiences I have found that dreams or journeys (Native American Shamanic practice) can be manipulated by others of higher energy levels, will power, mental power (I'm not sure which; these are just a few theories). I was hoping that maybe someone in your group could help me out with some information or studies of some type.

Thank you for your time,
sincerely,

Question

How would you define dream 'manipulation'? I believe I have had similar experiences but want to confirm via definition of terms. Also, with your permission I would like to publish your questions; I believe you will get excellent response and information from our readers. (Ed.)

Lindsay's Definition of Dream Control or Manipulation

I would like to thank you for this opportunity. Not only is it important to get more info, it's also important to help people who may be having similar experiences. I have changed my original term from dream manipulation to dream control; I felt that manipulation was too sinister. I don't believe that such experiences are by nature sinister. This is a dream-type state (shamanic journeys and hypnotic states included) in which two or more people actively participate. Only real people can have or create a controlled dream, this is in no way a dream produced by the unconscious.

This state can be brought about when the "sender" projects his or her thoughts into another person's dream (the receiver). A "receiver" can call a "sender" into a dream, much in the way a host can invite people into chat rooms by sending an invitation. This may seem like the roles are then reversed but the definition of a sender is more complicated than that.

A sender has more control over the dream state; among other things, this person can control the setting of the dream and what can be seen. It is not uncommon that the sender will use dreams like this to manipulate receivers, but I don't believe that it always has to be like that. A sender does not always have to be conscious of the thoughts he or she is sending either. If you need more clarification, feel free to ask.

Question: Given your definition, would you provide an example of dream control? (Ed.)

The Experience

Let me start off by saying that it helps to know that there really are other people who have had this type of experience. My dream control/manipulation began around two years ago. My friend Cindy and I had been learning the "art" of journeying (from a Native American shaman), when one night Cindy had left, or been taken away from her guide and into this new place. It was a museum in Paris. A person appeared, he looks and acts like Louis from Anne Rice's "Vampire Chronicles." This might at first sound like just an infatuation with the two main characters from a popular novel. That is what we thought. At first, it was just a fun diversion but since that first time in the museum both of us have been hooked on this strange world.

After only a couple months I had to stop because of the conflicts that arose between the "Lestat" person and I. I can only identify with these people as though they

were from the book, partly I guess to make them seem less real, and partly because I have called them no other name. Cindy and I have searched for meanings and truths, and have never found anything to substantially prove that these people exist.

I believe firmly that any person can learn to control or manipulate dreams. Cindy has learned, not intentionally. For these past two year our lives have been lived out like we lived in the "Celestine Prophecy." Cindy and I live form coincidence to coincidence and it is becoming tiring. I wish to discuss this more with any one who is willing. We have kept it a secret for so long that I want to get it all off my chest. I believe that I have much to learn and that I have much to share about these experiences. Thank you for responding.

Lindsay Peterss

Any comments, readers? Email Lindsay at ALP007@aol.com or write her % DNJ

Love & Kisses

Can someone give me their opinion of what a kiss means in a dream? I've had a couple where I'm kissed by a guy and one time, when I woke up, I could still feel the places where the guy kissed me...

D. M. responds:

What does a kiss mean in your waking life? I'm a Martian and we don't know about kisses (heck, we don't even know about LIPS here!). Tell me about kisses. Are they something you like? How do these kisses feel? Who is kissing you—does this change your feeling about them? Where are you kissed? How do those places feel after you wake up? Can you feel that feeling now?

Having explored dreams with thousands of people for many years now, I am convinced that you, the dreamer, know more about your dreams than anybody else. But it may help you connect with what

you already know if you tell someone else about it. So I find the best direction is to ask the dreamer questions—essentially to ask you to describe the dream experience in more & more depth. Go back inside it and look around. What do you see?

I don't want to make any assumptions here. But something tells me these are dreams you may want to spend some time with. Any dream you ever had, you've still got! You can go back inside and re-enter the dream, linger there, try something new, see what happens.

Where do these dreams take place? Is it light or dark? Is there a larger story that these kissing scenes are part of? Do you kiss back? What are all the emotions you experience?

If these were my dreams, I would not be too concerned about "meaning" in terms of something intellectual that can be figured out. I would recommend savoring the experience that you have. The experience you remember, the experience you might have as you re-enter the dream.

If these were my dreams they would be about receiving gifts in my dreams. And the challenge would not be to "understand" so much as to accept the gifts I have been given. Sometimes it is harder to let the good stuff in, than to wrestle with difficult problems. Can I really open up and let these gifts in, really allow myself the magic and pleasure that has come my way? What would it be like to let these kisses go in deep, to carry them through my day and into my waking world?

These are a few of the directions that I would go in response to the dreams you mentioned. Your own answers may lead you in other directions. Dreams often puzzle and perplex us, but it is important to remember that there may be simple pleasures and gifts which we can just let in and celebrate.

May you continue to have Sweet Dreams for us all. — Dick McLeester

See the Wounded Children

There are children of every race, age and walk of life. They have all been tortured. They walk by me, some of them almost ghost-like, others lie on beds waiting to die. Some have one inch of their skin peeled off of them. Others have small, pin-like holes punched through their bodies in grid-like formations. Others are purposely given skin diseases, rashes, bruises, etc. I ask, "Why?" and receive no real answer.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Protect the Children During this Period of Trial & Crisis

I see myself taking "the children" to a safe place – some sort of community – during a period of crisis. I don't know who these children are but there are always about 30 or 40 of them. It's as if there is going to be a time of trial and I know I have to keep the children safe so they'll be able to take their places as leaders when the trial period is over.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

An Avenue of Safety

I am with others, driving a car through the city where trouble is brewing. We drive to a house, on higher ground than the rest of the city. A leader of sorts lives there and as we approach the house, I experience a feeling of deja-vu. When we are inside, we are to be given a feast of some sort and when the servants come in to serve us, we are brought bowls of fresh raspberries (out of season). After we eat, we go outside; the atmosphere is electrified with intense feelings of the trouble about to begin. We are in fear for our lives, as we are completely surrounded by the city and its inhabitants. Suddenly, we look up to see a helicopter-like craft coming down toward us. It obeys no laws of physics and seems to be coming from, or through, another dimension. It lands and a man comes out to rescue us . . . but he has little room and asks who of us he should take aboard. We answer, "The children!" referring to the few little ones we have with us. He attaches a cable to the children and flies off. The children stay with us as the cable, surprisingly, plays out of the flying machine. Where the cable stretches between our rescuer and the children, it lies on the ground and an avenue of safety opens up. It leads up a hill, creating a pathway through fruit trees that are both blossoming and bearing ripe fruit. The trees are full of birds, squirrels and monkeys. We climb nearly to the top of the hill where I can see friends. I feel great love and peace.

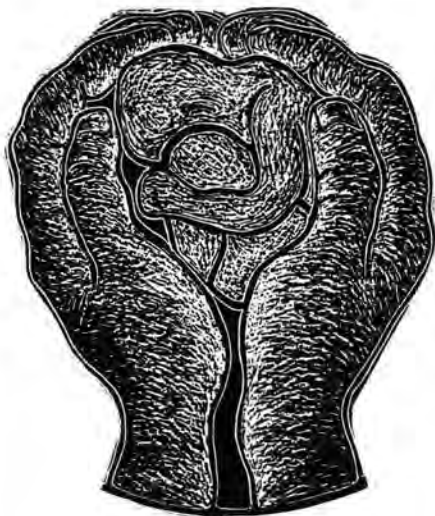
(Next night) I awaken from a dream experiencing ecstatic joy. It seems we have reached the top of the hill!

The Why? Of Life Dream

by Ann Sayre Wiseman

I dreamt my birth.

I was probably about three years old when I became self conscious enough to recognize I was dreaming. Parts of this dream recurred many times throughout my childhood. I call it....




The Why? Of Life Dream

*I am an entity floating on a tiny pillow in space.
Far out beyond any limiting dimensions.
This atmospheric space is a universe of light.
A gentle, kaleidoscopic changing scene of pastel colors.
As I float in infinite freedom out into this tranquil sea
of space, I begin to sense my flight is caught in a
wide vortex which, little by little, pulls me in and down.
As my flight begins to spiral, the atmospheric colors
become more vivid, more primary.
I am being carried by a force I've never experienced before.
And as it takes me faster around and down, the speed
is frightening and the colors soon turn into black lava.
In anticipation of an explosion, I lose consciousness.*

When I awakened, I was blinded by light, the taste of rust was in my mouth and I knew that grown ups did not know the answers to the why of life.

This dream recurred throughout my childhood but only in parts. The taste of rust, I later recognized is also the taste of blood. I remember at three, sucking pebbles on the roof of The City & Country school play yard and how familiar this rusty taste was. Something would happen that re-acquainted me with the pull of that vortex which governed and restricted my freedom. The lava came back to me as I felt compelled to taste the warm tar bubbles on the road in front of our summer house in Old Tappan. Speed has always frightened me. And in early childhood, I never felt people — because they are adults — could be trusted to know "the why of life."

At three, on my first day at the City & Country school in Greenwich Village, I was given a fat paint brush, 6 pots of primary colors and an easel full of big sheets of white paper. That was the moment when I became an artist. I have come to believe that the inner artist is also in charge of the dream language and we all possess that inner artist, because we all dream. 

Childhood, Dreams & The Inner Artist

by Ann Sayre Wiseman

The inner artist, in the interest of urgency, creates a dream that describes a collection of feelings and she has the wit and innate skill to use the picture language as a short-cut for describing a wide range of complex feelings. In the interest of clarity, she uses the metaphoric picture to translate these feelings, which are too complex to describe in words. And all of this she does in an instant.

To get this kind of message across to the conscious mind, she often has to create several versions until we catch on, until we become familiar with her use of the language of imagery couched as metaphor.

Why the metaphor, we wonder? But if we think about it, it's much easier for the conscious self to hear a metaphor than it is to hear a direct comment, especially if it is critical. In the early days, most life teaching lessons were told as metaphors, like AESOP'S fables. We like to learn indirectly; it saves face and feels better.... as though we taught ourselves.

I like to think that originality of dreams is a gift from the inner artist. Who else could think of such amazing things? She has been inside of us from the beginning, but it takes time to get to know her.

Though I'd logged interesting dreams since my adolescence, it wasn't until I was forty and immersed in psychodrama and the expressive therapy training that I realized what a wealth of insights dream images could be. In fact, why waste time with talk and personal histories when the dream will take us right to the essential issue that is demanding attention. It is as though the inner artist knows better than our brains where to dig for help.

As adjunct faculty at Lesley College where I'd been teaching Methods & Materials for creative learning by doing, my courses were soon absorbed into the newly designed Expressive Therapies Department. We were all fired up about the powers of art as therapy, sanity, problem expression/solving and healing. I became so interested in dreamwork, so excited by dream imagery — what I call the 'dart in the bull's eye focusing tool' — that I was hot to demonstrate my findings. I created an independent Masters Degree based on my studies and workshops with the most interesting innovators in the field of therapy at the time, including Carl Rogers, Dr. Kubler Ross, Zerka Moreno, and others. We lifted therapy out of the medical clutches and opened the doors for creative self expression.

This new Expressive Therapies movement was full of artists, dancers, poets and theater people. The new

department allowed me a format to explore the power of the image using the tools of gestalt, psychodrama, Psychosynthesis and art. It was a very exciting time at the front line of the Expressive Therapy movement, when the less understood languages of movement, sound, color and form were emerging into a new resource for self balancing and problem solving.

Out of my work with students who were training in this new field at Lesley College, I amassed rich material that proved again and again the power of this approach. I wrote my thesis on this work, called 'Dreams As Metaphor: The Power of the Image.'

Why wait until graduate school? I'd already published a number of books based on creative learning, so I thought I could publish these ideas in a book that would help children and parents with their dreams and nightmares.

Several private schools where I'd worked let me run some dream workshops for any child who chose to come. I needed the words of children in order to make this book immediately useful for kids. Using verbatim dialogue and the pictures they drew of their nightmares, we listened to the dream victim, we solved a lot of problems and helped the children empower themselves against their fear, anxieties and rehearsed negotiation skills so they might better understand their confusions, jealousies, misunderstandings and feelings of powerlessness.

In my book, *Nightmare Help*, I show: How a 5 year old girl, working from her nightmare drawing, got herself out of her burning house, found a way to cross the busy avenue, found a way to reach the door knob that was too high and alert her mother and the 911 fire department in time to save her cat and her own life. A 7 year old boy dealt with his monster, who admitted the only way he could get attention was to "mess up, because he was lonely and didn't know how to make friends." An eight year old confronted her father who didn't notice she'd fallen overboard and was drowning while he was courting his new girl friend.

As I re-read my book, I am struck by the emergencies so many children live with in silence. I think if it were not for this pilot dream workshop, these young humans might never have aired their complex dilemmas. Grown ups tell me they have sat with untold nightmares for as long as 40 years!

When I took this workshop to a public school in Boston, a thirteen year old reported a dream in which *her sister was being raped by men who had parked a truck in front of their house. When they were finished with her, they dumped her in the ally beside the house.* This initiated a lively discussion about what to do if your sister was stalked or captive. What to do if rape and secret incest was taking place right under your nose? Who to call? Who to tell? What if you were next on the list? If you were raped, did you have to bear the baby of a rapist?

By the next morning, we were in trouble. Parents had called the principal to find out why rape was being discussed in the afternoon art program. What were we teaching their children of the horrors of life? We were asked to close our dream art project and all the fears were returned to silence.

My passion for this work stems from the revelation that we do to ourselves (and to others) *the things that were done to us, unless we find a way to break the cycle.* Why wait until we are older to make these changes? Why not teach positive survival strategies to young children so the habit of self worth becomes part of their basic structure. How can we go on teaching kids abstract tools like math and history and neglect the realities that cripple their survival, that threaten their security and growth. Transformation and creativity are two of the most healing aspects of this work. What we cannot change, we can reframe; what we cannot undo, we can transform. The power of suggestion is sometimes all that is needed to stimulate change. Stepping outside of a problem, reversing roles, listening to both sides, becoming the conscious observer are among the skills we can develop and put to use. Creativity is the best tool... and offers the most expedient route to healing.

After working in the creative arts and expressive therapies for twenty and more years, I am amazed at how many people have their creativity crushed by second grade. The inner artist, so ignored in our culture, is crying out for recognition and support; we must not realize its importance or how could we neglect it, thwart it, destroy it... in the name of progress and education? I believe creativity is innate in us all. It is our birthright. But if it is devalued in the school child in favor of obedience and programmed learning, it shrivels like a weed at the edge of the trodden path.

As parents, teachers and therapists, we are in the position to give children permission to bloom in the positive light of self worth and to transform negative survival strategies into creative assets. Teaching children negotiation and listening skills, problem solving and rehearsing self empowerment, seems to me to be among the most important missions every parent, teacher and mentor can actually undertake in hopes of populating the future with wiser, more fair minded governors of our small planet.

We have a very exciting and privileged role to play.



Editorial Afterword: After seven years in print, Ten Speed Press is going to remainder Nightmare Help. Though there are many new books on dreams, there is still little in print that actually walks the reader through a simple direct method for confronting the issues that children live with in silence. This is an important contribution and aide to parents and educators alike. Any suggestions or strategies for keeping it in print? Also, remaindered copies are available at cost. Contact Ann @ 284 Huron Ave., Cambridge, MA 02138

* Children's dreams reprinted from *Nightmare Help: A Guide for Parents and Teachers*, with permission from Ann Sayre-Wiseman.

Over My Head

Joan, Age 8



I am with my daddy. He's divorced. He takes me out in his boat. I fall overboard and drown. He doesn't notice because he's with his new girlfriend.

Joan's Solution

I felt very angry at my dad for not even noticing me, not even when I was drowning. He's always taking me to his girlfriend and forgetting about me. My solution to my picture was to swim over and get his attention. This time he heard me. (Next time he came to the house to take me for the weekend, I showed him this drawing. He laughed and said I had a pretty good sense of humor. That weekend he didn't ignore me so much. Everyone laughed at my picture, so I'm sorry I showed it.)



Comments

Sometimes we don't even know how we feel until a dream gives us a picture that tells us. Sometimes dreams exaggerate the feeling just to wake us up and give us solutions to our real life problems.

Nightmare Help

My House Was On Fire

Molly, age 5

I dreamed my house was on fire. I was inside and so was my cat. My dad was at the office.

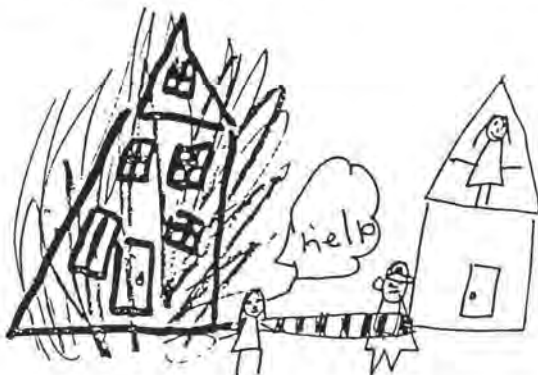
My mom was at the store.

I woke up screaming, "Help! Help! I'm going to burn up!" I woke up so scared I was petrified. I thought my cat and I would wake up dead.



Molly's Solution

I drew my dream but I didn't like seeing me burning up inside the house, so I had to get out. I drew myself out on the street but I'm not allowed to cross the street. So I drew in a policeman to help. He took me across the street. Then I could run to the shop to get my mother. but the doorknob was too high to open the door. So I had to get a box to stand on. Then I opened the door and ran upstairs to tell my mom. Together, we got the fireman to put the fire out and they saved my cat. When I got home from the dream workshop, I showed my picture to my mom and we decided it was time to have a fire drill like they do at school, in case of emergency. I can think for myself.



Help!

I'm Trapped in the World

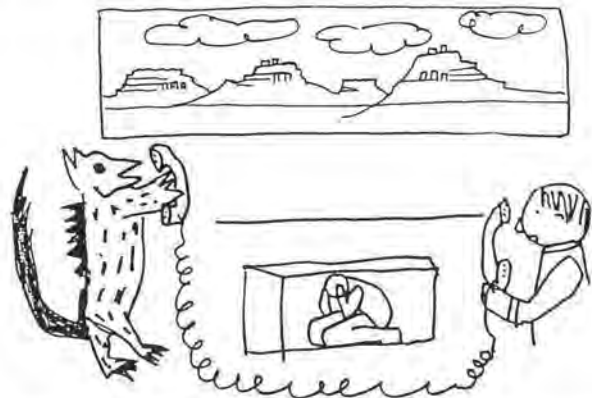
Thad, age 11

There is a lot of confusion everywhere. Everything is trying to get all the people killed. I am always running away from it. I have to go down out of the way and keep saying to myself how impossible it is for all this confusion.... all the other people are all dead.... it would be impossible for you to find a way out.... so that's the problem. I'm trapped in there.... trapped in the world.



Thad's Solution

I felt so trapped at first, I had to hide in a box so I could think what to do. Then my imagination started working and I imagined being in Arizona where it's peaceful, where my mind could rest from all this confusion. Then I didn't feel so scared. I drew the picture of the mesas and the mountains to put on my wall so when things get too confusing, I can go there in my mind. I could talk to the monster by telephone. I asked him why he came into my dream. He said he gets angry when he wants to be left alone. He said he is greedy because he is really lonely and doesn't know how to make friends. He said it wouldn't kill me to talk to him instead of running away scared.... so we talked and he got less scary. He said he had to mess up.... that's the only way he knew how to get some



Sing a Song from Dreamtime:



Enhancing Children's Consciousness Through Dream Education

by Allen Flagg

Talking to infants during their first year of life was reported recently¹ as extremely important for brain development, influencing later intelligence, school success and social competence. The brain is a self-organizing system, researchers said, that is sensitive to perceptual input but especially language and eye contact from an attentive, involved person. Neural networks in the infant's brain are established as foundations for rational thinking, problem solving and general reasoning.

This research made no specific mention, however, of how talking influences the thinking one does in dreams. This is not surprising, considering the scant attention paid to dreams in our technologically oriented society. But people are capable of such a wide spectrum of experiencing that it would be helpful if some inquiry could be made toward improving dream intelligence and the related abilities of visualization, imagination, intuition and lucid dreaming.

Sixty years ago, anthropologist Kilton Stewart began studying how adults could set an example by talking about their dreams and allow children to tell their dreams as soon as they are able to talk. He developed his dream education theories from field work he did among the Senoi Temiar people of Malaya in 1934 and 1938. He and other anthropologists have placed emphasis on the emotional maturity of people in their culture, often called "the Non-Violent People," which Stewart attributed to their dream education techniques begun in childhood.

Stewart felt that educating the dream mind from an early age would begin a "bootstrap" dialog, a circle of creativity, between the waking mind — influenced by the social environment — and the dreaming mind,



with its reservoir of unconscious feelings and memories.

He wrote that we should use our dreams in order to learn from an early age how to deal with our emotional resources, through "preventative emotional hygiene." "It is time we thought less about the excellence of education in terms of mental tests and more in terms of emotional integration. Man's actions flow from his emotions and the logical process is significant only before and after he has acted," he wrote in 1943.²

By paying attention to the messages of their dreams, children can balance the emphasis our schools place on intellectual studies with the co-education of emotional abilities.

A starting place for discussing children's dreams is when a child reports a nightmare. Susan was wakened when she heard Henry, age 2, crying in the middle of the night. She held him and inquired, "What are you dreaming about, Henry?" Henry replied, "Matthew (his brother, age 7) hit me." "That's interesting," Susan responded, "and did anything else happen?" "And Sophie (their little dog) bumped me," Henry continued. Susan listened to the dream that had frightened him, then reminded him of what he had told her the day before. "You can come help me in my dreams," he had said. "You and Daddy and my friends can come into my dream and help me."

In an interview, Susan Rosen told me, "I talk to him as he's going to sleep and tell him, 'During your sleep you can work on things that are upsetting you. In your dreams, you can make Matthew do whatever you want him to do. Make Matthew be nice to you in your dream.' At the last dream workshop, Henry wanted to tell us his dream and he ran around the room acting it out."

This is in agreement with Stewart's statement that "To the Senoi it is just as reasonable for the child to adjust his inner tension states for himself as it is for a Western child to do his homework for the teacher."³

In this way, the dream world of activities, thoughts, feelings and interactions are put into a context in which inner emotions are acknowledged and improved interpersonal relationships are developed.

Dreams can help children during times of loss and bereavement. When my wife Clara died in 1994, Matthew told us at the memorial service, "Clara died but I can still talk with her in my dreams." He was 5 years old at the time.

"Since that time," Susan said, "he's had a few dreams about Clara. At Thanksgiving, within a week after she died, she came to him in a dream. Matthew told us, 'She was really speaking to me. Then she faded away.'

"They both understand that there's a possibility of interacting with their dreams. Matthew understands that he can work with parts of himself. He has the idea that he can work with imagery, with the images in his dreams and with drawing pictures in waking life."

In addition to a child's conscious response to the environment, there are many inputs to unconscious levels: from parents, teachers, peer groups and media of all kinds. As children grow, they need to learn how to take in information — both conscious and unconscious — and evaluate appropriate responses for helpful ways of interacting with the world.

Sue Jennings, British anthropologist and drama-therapist, found⁴ in her 18 months of research beginning in 1974, that Senoi Temiar children — when only a few months old — begin to be included in the family play and recreate the daily life of the village and the seances of the adults. In this way their play forms the basis of their learning life experiences. Children are encouraged to talk about their dreams, as dreams are seen as a valuable and creative activity, essential to problem solving, prophecy and innovation.

Marina Roseman, anthropologist and ethnomusicologist at the University of Pennsylvania, tells⁵ of the Senoi Temiar mediums obtaining—in their dreams and trances—songs, dances and healing abilities. She lived with them for about two years in the early 1980's and again conducted field research in the early 1990's.

The dialog between a child's waking mind and dreaming mind can be recorded in a dream journal, written down by an adult until the child learns to draw or write his or her own dreams. This helps children learn how to listen and respond to the messages in their dreams... like hurt feelings, misunderstandings, mistakes, fears and anxieties, and also happiness and love.

Another of Clara's "dream children" is Katarina. Bonnie Bermeo, her mother, told me, "Katarina had a

series of lion dreams when she was three and four. Gael Pavek, the facilitator of the dream workshop in which she participates, gave her some suggestions. This is one of the last of the scary lion dreams:

Daddy was there. He put me on the counter because the lion was trying to get me. You (Mom) picked me up because I wanted to get up. The lion came and I said 'STOP' and then he stopped. I stayed the lion!


"I believe this demonstrated," Bonnie continued, "that she was becoming more in charge in her dreams. One morning recently Katarina was half asleep, singing a song. We were watching her in this sleeping state when she awoke and said, 'It's pretty sad.' She said to me, 'You were there, and so were you, Dad. Sherylynn* was singing a song. We were all crying. We all were going 'SHHHH,' so she (Sherylynn) would not hear us... so we can hear her. Her dress had sparkles and I had a long dress on and I looked like a queen.

"This is the song she sang:

*'You broke my heart
But not so bad,
You broke my cart
That's pretty sad,
Oh why, oh why
Can't you be,
Why don't you see
You belong to me.'*

"We went to the piano in the living room and her Father found for her the notes that she had sung. She sang in the key of 'D'."

I believe the methodology Kilton Stewart developed for helping children educate their dream symbols has the same benefits as helping them learn how to use words, numbers, music and other symbol systems.

The German chemist Friedrich Kekule's discovery of the molecular structure of the benzene ring was inspired by a dream.⁶ We can take up the challenge he made in 1890... for the sake of the children, "Let us learn to dream!" 

* Sherylynn is a woman Katarina met at a Halloween party. Her parents later learned that Sherylynn had terminated a meaningful relationship.

1. Sandra Blakeslee. Studies Show Talking with Infants Shapes Basis of Ability to Think. *The New York Times*, 4/17/97, p. D21.
2. Kilton Stewart. Education and Split Personalities. *Mental Hygiene*, Vol. 27, No. 3, July 1943, p. 8.
3. Ibid. Dream Theory in Malaya. *Complex*, 1951, p. 10.
4. Sue Jennings. *Theatre, Ritual and Transformation: The Senoi Temiars*. Routledge, London and New York: 1995, pp. 5ff, 35ff, 76, 176f.
5. Marina Roseman. *Healing Sounds from the Malaysian Rainforest: Temiar Music and Medicine*. University of California at Berkeley Press: 1991, p. 6, 20ff and passim.
Ibid. *Pure Products Go Crazy: Rainforest Healing in a Nation-State*, in Carol Laderman and Marina Roseman, eds. *The Performance of Healing*. Routledge, London and New York: 1996.
6. Ibid. *Dream Songs and Healing Sounds in the Rainforests of Malaysia*. Washington D.C.: Smithsonian/Folkways Recordings, CD, 1995.
6. Norman MacKenzie, *Dreams and Dreaming*. Aldus Books, London: 1965, p. 135

An Interview with Kilton Stewart On the Senoi & Children's Dreams

In a 1963 interview, Kilton Stewart was asked: "What should parents say to their children about dreams?"

He responded: "This, I think is a very important subject and we, at last, do know what the parents should say. It is one of my great criticisms of both psychoanalysis and psychiatry, that down through the years they've never told us anything about how to educate the child's dream, or the child's subconscious.

"The parent should say, right from the time the child can talk, 'Now, you must do thus and such in the daytime; because I'm legally responsible for you. You have to do what I say. But in your dreams, I agree to do what you say. I agree to serve and obey you in the dreamworld, if you will mind me and cooperate with your brothers and sisters and do what I tell you to do when you're awake.'

"And whenever s/he has a dream in which s/he cannot outface the dream character, the parent should say, 'The dream character is yours, it belongs to you, it's in your dream universe! You go back to sleep and outface that dream character. It can't hurt you. No dream character can hurt you. And if you can't win out over it by yourself, I or your mother or your teacher will come into your dream and we will all help you overcome, conquer and master your [scary] dream characters.

"In societies where they interpret dreams this way, the children grow up very cooperative and yet fiercely individualistic; they do not have to go through this period of adolescence where they turn against authority.... and God help them that they don't turn too far and do something too destructive.

"Those societies say when a child has a good dream, s/he often floats. And the parents counsel: 'You must



float somewhere. And arrive and see something interesting and useful. You must remember it and bring it back to your society, because society helps you while you're awake and you help society by remembering what your dream characters tell you, so you can share it when you wake up'."

In another segment of the interview, he said:

"A certain group of the Senoi find that some children will have dreams that come true, or precognitive dreams. They tell the child, 'Tell us next time you have that kind of a clear dream,' and 'they keep watching and listening for it. Over a period of years, they build up dream experts and they say 'neglect your other dreams, help us to differentiate among "ordinary" dreams and precognitive dreams'.... and the children apparently learn to do it.

"We can also learn to differentiate in this way." 

Confront the Monster!

Senoi Dream Practices

As taught by Sophia Moss, Age 4.

Reported by her father, Robert Moss



The Senoi, a forest people of the Malay Peninsula, are said to have taught their children that nightmare adversaries are hostile spirits (mara) that become spirit helpers (gunik) when they are confronted and overcome. When a dreamer develops the courage to confront and accept a tiger that challenges him in dreams, he becomes a shaman.

Senoi dream practices have inspired an approach to dreamwork that is essentially shamanic and it *works*. In dealing with the dream tigers, this approach's key insights are these:

- We need to confront dream adversaries, not run away from them.
- If we flee from a scary dream, we need to learn how to go back inside it and face our fears.
- It's okay to call for help in order to do this.
- When we overcome dream adversaries, they become friends, helpers, allies.

Small children sometimes seem to know intuitively how to do these things. At my house, as in any dreaming culture, we start the day by asking, "What did you dream?" The best advice on handling nightmares I ever received came from my youngest daughter, when she was just four years old. Sophia told me she had had a scary dream in which she was chased by "hairy monsters." She seemed remarkably composed about this at the breakfast table. I asked what she had done about the hairy monsters and she told me, "I put on a dragon costume and chased them back."

My wife and daughters share in the adventure and help me to walk the path of soul. 🌸🌸

Excerpted with slight abridgment from Conscious Dreaming: A Spiritual Path for Everyday Life, with permission from Robert Moss. Pages 53 and x11.. Crown Trade Paperbacks, New York: 1996

Her Name is Angelina

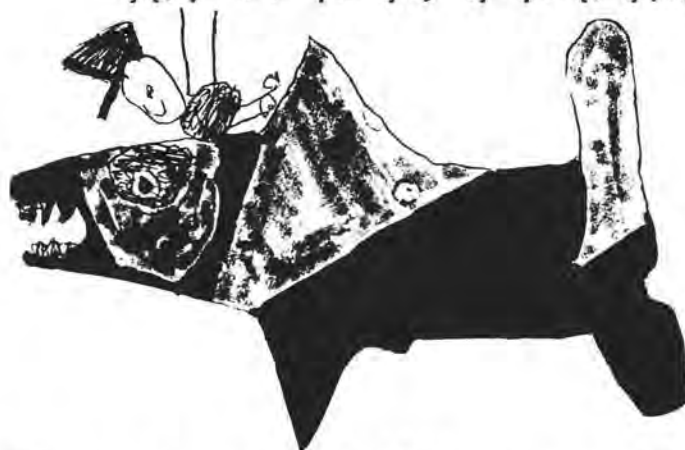
I was on a boat trip with my mom and
my brother on sunny day.

All of a sudden it started to storm and
the boat started to rock hard!

Without knowing it

I was swept into the water.

Then I felt something under me
and it was a whale!



I was rescued, riding on the back
of an orca whale!

Sacred Space

©1997 by Joan Mitchell Reynolds

As we view universal expressions of man, we come to see that in every tribe and every group there has been an expression of spiritual experience in one form or another. If we follow the premise of the collective unconscious, it is reasonable to assume that a form of expressions found universally is an archetypal pattern which lives within each person. The spiritual expression lives brilliantly and consciously in many people and in many others it finds only a dim reception or no conscious reception at all.

Our struggles with this particular psychological reality comes from the fact that we cannot put it on a table and examine it scientifically. Always there have been symbols to express the religious, or spiritual understanding in man: writing, art, miraculous healing, the "mana" expressed through certain personalities and the lives of enlightened masters. But, the sutras of spirit are too subtle to be captured. They exist.

This, then, is for us to know.

There is a quality in sacred experience that is an intuitive knowing. We can try to describe a quality and circle around it with words which can lead us to the threshold, but not over it.

One eight-year-old girl consciously recognized the quality within herself through a dream rainbow.

We find the symbol of the rainbow as an ancient mediating expression of a spiritual tie between heaven and earth. The little girl almost seemed to be an extension of her rainbow as she told the reverend of her dream. Motionless, she sat gazing through the window with eyes that searched the sky. Perhaps she was hoping to capture the vision of her sacred rainbow one more time. The following is her prayerful dream:



"There was a big rainbow, a very nice rainbow.... because I could walk on it.

There were these others at the bottom.

They were very beautiful.

I didn't know how this big dream could be! I did know how it would last. The rainbow has been there all my life. The dream said that the rainbow has been with me all my life."

It is quite certain that an eight-year-old girl was not in the habit of reading C.G. Jung's work on dream interpretation. However, she used one of his concepts in an absolutely flawless observation. I could not help but wonder if he had somehow whispered into her ear! Jung calls some dreams **big dreams**, meaning dreams that spring from the collective unconscious and especially those of a sacred nature. The Shamans and Native American medicine people are required to have **big dreams** as proof of their spiritual cognition. This child identified her dream and felt the wonder of it in the very same way it has been universally expressed. 🌈

Touch Drawing by Deborah Koff-Chapin

NETWORK NOUS

LAKE MANASAROVAR

©1997 by Jaye C. Beldo

High in Tibet resides a sacred body of water called Lake Manasarovar. Many come to the resplendent shores of this liquid turquoise mandala enroute to Mount Kailash, a major pilgrimage point for Buddhists, Bonpos and Hindus alike as it is the central abode of myriads of deities including Shiva, Dhyani Buddhas and Bodhisattvas. The lake serves as a sort of divinatory mirror in which everyone from priests to pilgrims can scry in order gain insight into the upcoming incarnations of high lamas, personal information about ones fate and other kinds of prophetically useful data.

The current Dalai Lama's incarnation was previewed in the lake in a kind of lucid, waking dream. Not only in the waters of Manasarovar, but also in the dreams of priests expecting his re-arrival. The exact location of his birth, the parents he chose all were offered up by the lake and later confirmed by lamas in search of clues of the incarnation.


The original Buddha's incarnation was anticipated in Queen Maya's dream of him descending from Mount Kailas, in the form of a cloud shrouded white elephant after she had been transported to the sacred lake by guardian spirits so she could cleanse her womb of human impurities in preparation for his embodiment.

Prophetic, divinatory and precognitive dreams are like reflections in the Lake Manasarovar of our unconscious minds. Some of the images, symbols and locations rise to the surface of the lake with unusual clarity, while others are distorted by the choppy waves of our anxious egos so quick to analyze, interpret and co-opt what the unconscious so graciously offers up. If we can quietly reside at the shores of the lake we can gain much information into the divinatory nature of many of our dreams and gain great benefit.

Ramanujan, a mathematical savant originally from Kumakonam, India had the Goddess Namagiri reveal complex formulas to him in his dreams. It was as if she opened the floodgates of the sacred lake in the Himalayas to allow some of its beatific waters to travel through India's lacework of rivers and into his consciousness. The

fifteen year old managed, in spite of his material poverty and lack of formal education, to be receptive to this information. The lake was sufficiently calm for him to peer into. The goddess even appeared in his mother's dreams when she tried to thwart her son's pursuit of a scholarship in far away England. Fortunately, the goddess persuaded her to let him go. Many of the future calculations Ramanujan perceived in the dreams were later verified at Cambridge and Oxford through a diligent, conscious working out of the problems themselves. Some of the algebraic forecasts the Goddess revealed were wrong! Most importantly, Ramunajan refused to be passive about what was revealed to him. He chose to work the mathematical mantras out in three dimensional confines. The paradoxical mystery of Ramunajan's revelations lies in the seemingly cold, remotely abstract world of math revealed in the matrix of the goddess! Imagine how our educational systems could be enhanced if such sources of knowledge were considered.

In the book, *Aghora: At the Left Hand of God*, by Robert Svoboda, his seemingly wayward guru, Vimalinanda, talks about doing sadhana (spiritual practice) to Svapneshvari the Goddess of Dreams. Does she too reside at Mt. Kailash and Manasarovar? If any of you know, please convey the information to me at the address below. Interestingly, the sadhana to this goddess is done by applying a paste out of a certain plant to the soles of the feet for thirty to forty days. Perhaps this is practice is related to Lakshmi-Shri, Vishnu's wife, who strokes the god's foot to stimulate his dreaming of the universe. Perhaps Ramunajan's foot was tickled by the goddess or perhaps he had accumulated mathematical merit in previous incarnations in preparation of reception of the knowledge given to him.

The nearest body of water to where we each live can serve as a kind of Lake Manasarovor if we're not inclined to astrally transport ourselves to Tibet. Prior to sleep, we can meditate on the river, stream, creek, pond, loch, pool, lake or spring closest to home and ask what can be beneficially revealed by the waters themselves. 



The Ripple Effect

(Haiku Poem)

**A word spoken here
Dreams are finally listened to
The ripples begin.**

**Dream basics explained
Now I have their attention
Textured with humor.**

**Curious Faces
Defenses are melting down
Opening themselves.**

**Specifics discussed
Techniques, exercises, tools
They can play with dreams.**

**If they will listen
Pay attention to the dreams
Expression is freed.**

**Abuse, neglect, pain
There is hope for the children
Delinquents are changed.**

**Plop, splash, radiate
One pebble makes a difference
It has an impact.**

Rosemary Watts-Dreyer

St. Louis Challenges Your Community: **Dreams & the Law**

by Rosemary Watts-Dreyer



Beginning in December 1996, I was fortunate enough to begin a series of presentations for the St. Louis Family Court System on how to work with children's dreams. Since starting this on-going project, it has been exciting to see the ripple effects and the promising energy created by considering dreams. The potential power of the information being shared and acted upon is remarkable. One child, having an adult to listen to and consider the content of their dream experience, can open up communication and the healing possibilities latent within dreams. It has been a stimulating and growth-promoting process for both myself and the various participants.

Originally, I was asked to do a morning workshop for a group of the Family Court social workers. When I arrived, the woman in charge of coordinating this training program was excited because the response had been so great and the variety of those attending covered such a wide representation of the Court System. Not only were social workers and case workers present, but also an Assistant Prosecuting Attorney, other attorneys, police officers, and truant officers.

The workshop began with covering the basics: how, when and why we dream; a brief history of dreams and their cultural significance; the stages of sleep; and scientific understanding of the physiological responses during R.E.M. I discussed how to remember dreams; the

three main styles of dreaming and how to recognize individual dream expressions; nightmares and recurring dreams. Then I gave an overview of very basic tools for working with common dream symbols. We explored a few other basic dream tools and exercises, such as puns, discovering the main issues, rewriting the dream from another character's point of view, and drawing the dream experience (the main essence, a scene, and / or a symbol).

The rest of the workshop consisted of hands-on tools and age appropriate exercises to draw out the children and their experiences. With the tools, I tried visually to demonstrate creative avenues for exploring dreams. The first was hand puppets. I showed them a variety of sock puppets I had made: snake, spider, dragon, dog, lion, and various people. Then I demonstrated ways to act out and explore the dynamics within the dream scenario, including play-acting various alternate experiences and endings. I think they got a kick out of me putting on my snake and dinosaur sock puppets and acting out a potential dream drama, complete with dialogue.

Next, I displayed a felt board with different structures (houses, schools, etc.), environments (trees, lakes, etc.), animals (both wild and domesticated), and people. I illustrated how they could have the children build their own felt board dream scenes. Then I demonstrated how they could actively participate in

this process, making the child feel listened to, attended to, and validated. Felt is a wonderful medium that allows the dreamer to quickly change a scenario and see the visual result with corresponding emotional reactions. It is a tool that enables a child to feel they have some control over their environment and circumstances. It teaches them how to take a more positive, active role in their waking lives as well. By learning to take charge of their dream experiences and responses, they can learn in a safe environment how to do this in the real world.

Another powerful tool creating this same type of response, geared especially for littler ones is the use of clay and play-dough. If the child has a scary dream, assist the child in molding the scary figure. Then have the child literally mush the dream enemy up, giving a small child the rare feeling of having physical control over bigger things that scare them. Then help the child reform the clay into something that is positive for them personally.

This example generated one of the biggest audience reactions. I showed them the visual/kinesthetic example of taking my scary dream green monster and smashing it between my hands, and then how I reformed the green clay into a peaceful bunny rabbit. They were surprised and laughed heartily at the physical response of doing such an exercise, not only imagining this for themselves, but for the children with whom they work.

We discussed in detail the power of drawing a dream. I encouraged them to allow the dreamer to choose what to draw: the essence of the dream, a scene from the dream, or a main symbol. This exercise is particularly good for teenagers. I then gave examples of various ways of playing with the drawings, such as creating a fairy tale from the images, ways to analyze the content of the imagery, observations about the use of colors, and specifically noting what areas in the drawing are left blank or partly drawn. If there is great resistance to drawing, dream collages would be a great possibility for exploring dreams. For teenagers in particular, sharing dreams is a powerful way of validating them and their experiences. By allowing them to draw a dream, it further elicits involvement. It also creates an atmosphere where the parent or facilitator can ask non-threatening questions that often lead to deeper discussions and revelations.

In handout workbooks, I included other exercises

they could utilize, such as dream incubations, a visualization and pre-sleep story to share with parents and the children directly, and other creative forms of expressing dreams. I shared with them the variety of ways of working with dreams, emphasizing that the process of exploring is what is important. I encouraged them to be creative with dreams, such as writing dream stories, poetry and haiku. I also discussed how they could share the physical expression through acting, singing, and/or dancing the dream. Information was given about the Senoi purposes for teaching children about their

dreams and various guidelines to enhance these. Children's books about dreams and ways to create a place of peace before sleeping, as well as pre-sleep dream suggestions were included in this booklet. A variety of wonderful articles and suggestions gleaned from previous *Dream Network* issues also enhanced the materials. There was an extensive listing of recommended read-



ing and resource books.

The response from this first workshop was overwhelmingly positive. The most frequently written comment was, "We need to have her back again, for longer, for more. What terrific information that we can immediately apply, both personally and professionally." This workshop then stimulated a series of workshops for different juvenile detention and children's centers within the St. Louis Court System.

At the other workshops, more time was given for sharing of specific case examples, questions and concerns, as well as personal dream sharing. I spent more time giving details about age appropriate exercises and examples of what has worked. We explored the different dynamics depending on circumstances. For example — how to address the needs seen in a child's dream who is coming from an abused situation; symbols and images of neglect in a child's dreams; deeper issues and causes seen in dreams of juvenile delinquent teenagers; how to draw out the teenager in a safe, productive manner; and specific techniques and tools to help enhance communication to foster a sense of safety and openness. Not surprisingly, the energy of the groups always perked up when time was given for sharing of their personal dreams and examples of how they could utilize these creative tools for themselves.

The Ripple Effect
(Notes)

*A word spoken here
Dreams are finally listened to
The ripples begin.*

*Dreams being explained
Now I have their attention
Treated with humor.*

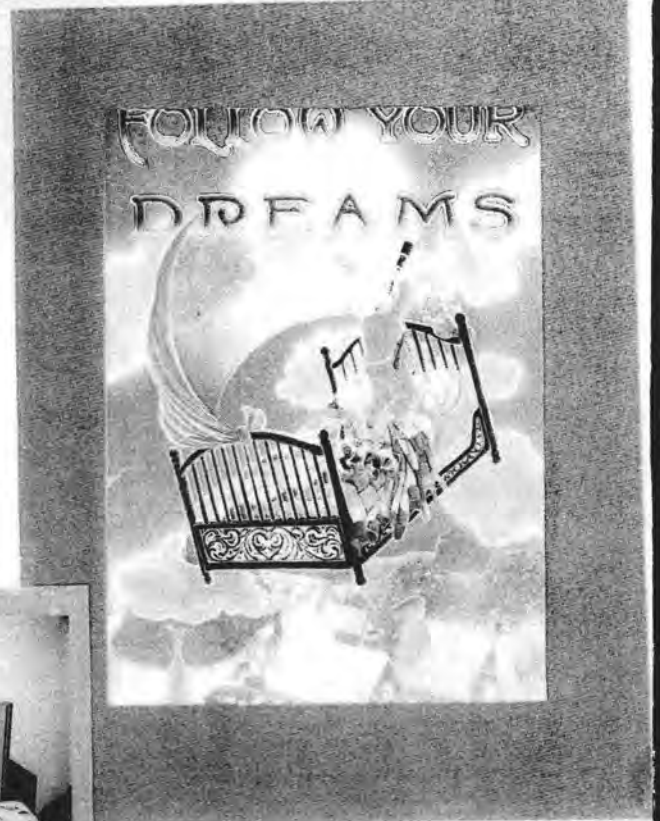
*Curious faces
Defenses are melting down
Opening themselves.*

*Specifics discussed
Techniques, exercises used
They can play with dreams.*

*If they will listen
Pay attention to the dreams
Expression is freed.*

*Abuse, neglect, pain
There is hope for the children
Delinquents are changed.*

*Hope, splash, radiant
One public makes a difference
It has an impact.*



OPPORTUNITIES
Improving The Quality Of Life Through Public Works

In following up for this article, I spoke with my contact people about the responses and reactions since the workshops. The adults' reactions were very positive. Even within the groups of adult peers and friends, there is more dream sharing going on. "Instead of just laughing or saying, 'What a weird dream!', people are now really listening to each other's dreams." There is more awareness, insight, and looking for and finding meaning in dreams. The therapists and child care staff are now listening to and giving more significance to the kids' dreams. Before they might have been discounted or forgotten, but now there is definitely more sharing happening.

The adults can see and begin to understand how to put this information to use personally and professionally. One truant officer stated, "This is a great resource for my work with these kids' parents. I can now teach the parents how to better work with their kids, by listening to the dreams, to understand what's going on with their children." Another person emphasized that by listening to the child's dreams "it helps to normalize and give understanding for what can be incomprehensible situations." Another therapist said, "By reframing the dreams, I can create a stronger basis for treatment for both the kids and their parents." It helps to involve everyone more completely in the process. Another case worker stated that they used to

be afraid to venture into dreams, but now they not only have a better understanding but some valuable tools with which to work.

My work within the Court System is just beginning. I have been a dream educator and dreamworker for a long time and this is one of the most exciting developments I've encountered. I feel such excitement and enthusiasm to be able to address crucial needs for the individual, their families, and the impact on the greater community. Dreams are the universal language and experience that can help unite and clear away misconceptions and troubles between people. By further exploring the dreams, both personally and professionally, I know this information will have a positive, powerful impact within the court systems. I feel very proud of St. Louis and its openness, progressiveness, and willingness to explore such a deep part of life that dreaming represents. I want to challenge and encourage other cities and communities to utilize dreams for the betterment of all. 🌸

Rosemary Watts is a professional dream educator, teaching and working with private clients. If you have any questions or would like more details about these workshops and how you might facilitate them in your own community, please feel free to contact her. Dreams Unlimited, Inc., 2126 Oak Drive, St. Louis, MO 63131 (314) 432-7909.


The Experience, The Dream, A Poem

by Barb Jacober

Three years ago, my third oldest daughter was raped. This tragic event happened two weeks after her 16th birthday. She was violated by a stranger at her girlfriend's home on New Year's Eve while her girlfriend's family was gone for the evening. She was 10 weeks pregnant when I learned of her pregnancy. She insisted her current boyfriend was the father. I learned of the rape a month after learning of her pregnancy.

The next nine months and the past 3 years have been extremely emotionally challenging and traumatic for me as a parent and at the same time, they have been the most gifted and healing of times.

My daughter's original plan was to place the baby for adoption at the time of delivery; however, Amber was born very ill and needed to be hospitalized for 10 days. She went into foster care for 3 to 4 days upon release from the hospital so my daughter could ponder her decision. Results of paternity testing proved the "stranger" to be Amber's father.

With barely 24 hour notice, my daughter informed me she had changed her mind. Amber Lynn came to live with us. 

Time Away

We have decided to take the children on a vacation to the country for a few days, perhaps a weekend trip. I do not see my ex-husband Jim in the dream but have a sense he helped make the decision to go away.

We arrive at a location by a lake or a river, a large body of water where there is a boat to ride in. I realize we are at my friend Grace's country place. She is not home. We know it's o.k. though; she won't mind at all. She'll understand.

We are riding in the boat, not going far from shore since we don't know how to drive the boat. I sense I am alone with the kids now and am having trouble maneuvering the boat. Some people help me get it to the other side of the shore by pulling us close and tying up the boat.

They do not look familiar but they are friendly.

As we are back on land at Grace's place, Grace and her daughter Mary Beth arrive home. They are surprised to see us but very glad. We have not gone in the house, as we don't have the key and after all, it is Grace's house.

Grace walks over to me and hugs me. Her hug is strong, warm, friendly and long lasting. We go inside.

I greet Mary Beth, who is looking heavier than when I last saw her. She asks how I'm doing and she tells me I am too thin.

The next scene:

Grace and I are sitting in another room visiting. She appears glad to see us and says it's o.k. that I did not call her ahead of time. As we sit facing one another, I glance out of the window facing me and she leaves.

I notice some leaves are dull and a few are bright red.

I remark, with a sense of wonder and awe, that they remind me of the bright red foil Christmas wrap. "Really?" Grace says. She stretches out in her chair, ready to visit and listen to me.

I say, "Let me tell you about the joys of being a grandmother!"



The Joy of Being a Grandmother

To be a part
of this birth process
To hold her close
and smell her hair
To "BE" with her as she
sits, sucks her pacifier
and curls her hair
To "SEE" nature with
her

as we walk and run
in the yard or park
To hear her say,
"My Maw Maw,"
with love and joy.
To have my inner depths
touched so gently,
powerfully,
tears come to my eyes
To give and know such
unconditional love is
To change my life,
my "Self" forever!



Movie Review

Disney's

Pocahontas: Variations on a Theme

©1997 by Paula Underwood

From time to time, people have asked my evaluation of Disney's "Pocahontas." However, I've been unable to comply. Given the debates—pro and con—about this animated film and my travel schedule—I had deferred personal viewing until it was available on videotape.

I had heard that Pocahontas was a Native American Barbie Doll. Quite true, but only fair! After all, Disney's John Smith is a blond English 'Ken.'

I had heard that the story is accurate in terms of Native American tradition and that it is a pack a lies. Both true.

Disney's Pocahontas—you see—is accurate, but not true!

Accurate: From beginning to end, this new version of the story of Pocahontas is mythic in its proportions. By making Pocahontas and her friend, Grandmother Willow, spokespersons for Earth, our Mother.... by making Governor Radcliffe the epitome of greed for gold and lust for conquest.... by comparing these two quintessential attitudes, Disney has spoken in unforgettable ways about the value of Earth and the ugliness of despoliation.

Over time, it seems to me that this film will have a great impact on our basic assumptions. As "Bambi" profoundly changed our attitude toward animals, "Pocahontas" is likely to inexorably change our attitude toward Earth and Native American thinking in general. Such elements in our own Way as learning to talk to trees and the livingness of all things are unforgettably animated, hard to misunderstand and very believable.

But not true: If you are a descendant of Pocahontas looking for your roots or a history student seeking accuracy, this film will not help you. But then, who thought it would?

John Smith is portrayed as about 6'2", clean shaven and blond. He was actually about 5'6", short and red headed, red-bearded as well. He explored the southern Chesapeake and the Potomac River up the Great Falls and was hospitably received by the indigenous peoples there, given food and supplies. With this experience, he arrived at what was to become Jamestown.

He kept detailed journals of his experiences and nowhere does it say he was saved from death by a beautiful Indian maiden. On the other hand, he became a proponent of the possibilities of peace with the indigenous peoples.

Another Jamestown inhabitant, John Rolfe, was tall and blond, like Disney's John Smith, and did become Pocahontas' husband and father of their son.

Records indicate, but do not prove, that Pocahontas was actually kidnapped and held hostage in Jamestown to guarantee good behavior by the Peoples of the Powhatan Confederacy. According to Jamestown records, she converted voluntarily to Christianity, the first such convert to the church of England. Later, it looks like she may have been kidnapped again when she was taken by ship to England.

Though it's clear she and John Rolfe were married, it is not clear exactly under what circumstances this happened. It would be interesting if it turned out that John Rolfe married Pocahontas to offer her his protection under English law, where women had few rights and distant peoples, none at all.

Pocahontas was a sensation in England, where she all too soon contracted tuberculosis and died, leaving behind one son from whom

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"You would not find out the boundaries of the soul, even by traveling along every path; so deep a measure does it have."

—Heraclitus

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many American lines descend. Her ability to behave properly, i.e., in the English manner, profoundly affected English attitudes toward Native Americans and did some continuing good.

The Making of a Myth: Although John Smith says nothing in his journals about Pocahontas, this myth began early and continued on. In essence, if not in fact, it is true. Indians did save arriving Europeans again and again with food and education about the needs and possibilities of living on Turtle Island.

It would have been probable that the women in any indigenous community spoke for peace. It was the women who bore the consequences of war and who could decide whether to encourage it. Some had veto power over war. Pocahontas was more likely to be Powhatan's sister than his daughter. As such, she would have shared responsibility for community leadership with him. In the Powhatan Confederacy, sister and brother shared governance responsibilities.

Western understanding kept making "king's daughters" (princesses) out of respected women, especially those who shared particular responsibilities for governance. It was the only way Western tradition had at that time of explaining the respect with which women were treated on Turtle Island. The Cherokee term, for instance, is Beloved Woman, not princess... and you must earn the title. You cannot be born to it.

But as a useful tool, both the Pocahontas myth and the more accurate telling of that First Thanksgiving at Plymouth stand out. Pocahontas' introduction to English society helped shape attitudes. Both stories have been told again and again, helping us rethink the possibilities of European/Native American International Affairs and individual relations. Two very



useful stories. Myths are, after all, most useful as builders of our cultural assumptions.

Ecological Considerations According to Grandmother Willow: So if you are looking for a lightening fast way of explaining the possibilities of talking to trees, or the essential livingness of all elements of creation, or how to respect Earth our Mother, or the essential foolishness and supreme ugliness of attacking Earth like an enemy, Hey! get the tape of "Pocahontas," cue up the appropriate section and it'll come forth with wonderful music and with a visual flow that captures the essence of the flow of Spirit, the flow of energy throughout varied circumstances.

"Have you ever heard the Wolf cry to the Blue Corn Moon?....

.... Can you paint with all the colors of the Wind?"

Historically inaccurate but culturally true. A useful new tool.



Paula Underwood is the Keeper of an ancient Native American oral tradition handed down in her family for five generations. In this generation, it is her task to share this ancient way with "all Earth's children with Listening Ears." Her books are available from The Learning Way Company. 1-800-995-3320

Book Reviews

by Dick McLeester

Nightmare Help:

For Children, From Children

by Ann S. Wiseman, 1989, \$9.95, 96 pages.
Ten Speed Press, P.O. Box 7123, Berkeley, CA 94707.

This book is still, in my opinion, the very best book on dreams for children, parents or teachers, as well as the best book on working with nightmares for any age. Since it has been reviewed in this journal many other times, I will be brief. Still, it gets top recommendations. If you have not read it, get one. If your local bookshop & library do not stock it, ask them to. Certainly every parent and teacher should have one.

Dreams Can Help:

A Journal Guide to Understanding Your Dreams & Making Them Work For You

by Jonni Kincher, \$9.95, 1988, 83 pages, Illustrated.
Free Spirit Publ., 400 First Ave. N., #616, Mpls, MN 55401

The author first became interested in dreams & psychology at eight years old. Since she could not find books on the topic for her age, she read adult books. Since she has taught psychology to 9-12 year olds since 1983 and has 3 sons, she decided to put this book together for young people. While parents & teachers could use ideas from it with 2-7 year olds, it is most directly written for those age 8 through the teen years.

The layout encourages the reader to interact with the book at each step of the way. Teaching how to record & interpret dreams, how dreams have inspired famous people, how dreaming keeps your mind & body healthy, how dreams offer clues about why you are the way you are, ways to use dreams to solve problems, reach personal goals, boost self-confidence and more.

I particularly appreciate that she starts off with some guidelines for working with children and their dreams in a way that is safe. Her four guidelines include: 1) Never force a child to reveal his or her dreams to you or to a group; 2) Never read a child's Dream Journal without his or her express permission; 3) Never interpret dreams according to some set formula, the dreamer is the interpreter and no one else; 4) Always listen to a dreamer with an open and generous mind." If only all parents and teachers followed those guidelines, it would be a huge step forward.

I was impressed by her chapter on the shadow self, and glad she discusses bad dreams, although I did not find this section nearly as good as the book *Nightmare Help*, released the following year. The illustrations and participatory exercises make this book FUN, as well as a book that they can work with for a long time. She includes a few dreams from young people, along with their drawings & what they learned from them. I would quibble with the author about including a chapter about

How to Direct Your Dreams, but other than that small issue, I found this a wonderful and highly valuable book. The author also has two volumes entitled *Psychology For Kids* from the same publisher, but I have not seen them.

Dreaming Insights:

5-Step Plan for Discovering The Meaning of Dreams

by Gillian Holloway, 11.95, 1994, 112 pages.
Practical Psychology Press, P.O. Box 535, Portland, Or. 97207

I love this book for its clear, and friendly approach, and for getting right to the point. Addressed to those who are puzzled about how to understand dreams, Gillian shows a clear and simple route to connect with their meanings. This is a book I would recommend to anyone who wants to begin that process.

Beginning with tips for improving dream recall and using a dream journal as a tool for remembering, she then goes right into adjusting the attitudes we approach dreams with. "Assumptions about the nature of dreams... are actually the filter through which you look at the dreams you recall. Adjusting those assumptions is like focusing the lens on a microscope; what once appeared blank suddenly comes into view with clarity and definition, full of information and activity." From there she goes on to show how the dreamer can learn the language of dreams and empower themselves as the final authority about the meaning of their dreams.

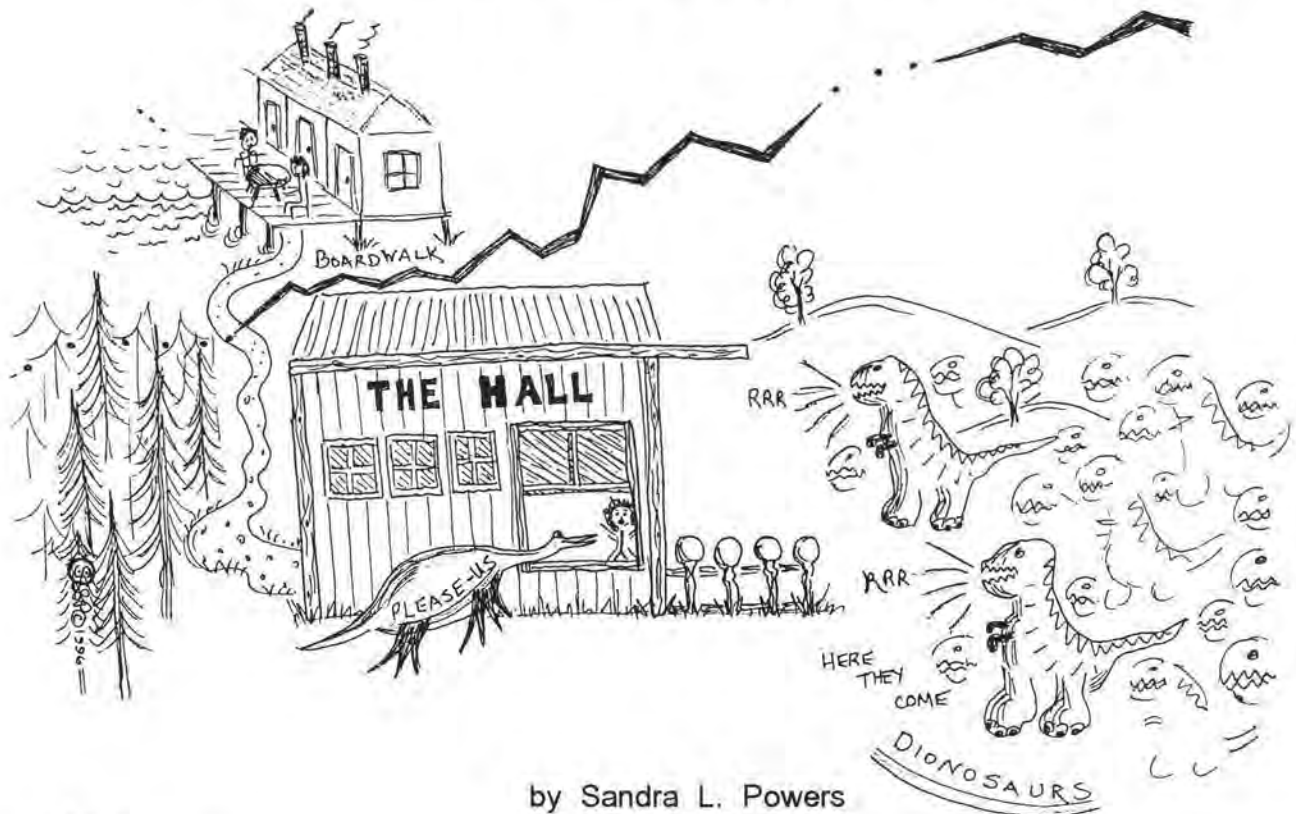
The book advocates learning the skill of seeing the meaning in your dreams over adopting any particular theory or technique. This and her emphasis that the dreamer is the final authority on their dreams make a strong contribution to helping people avoid the dogmatic and authoritarian tendencies in some approaches to this work.

Her own 5-step approach, involves 1) Checking your first impression, 2) Noticing the action metaphors, 3) Feelings 4) Symbols 5) and checking for the Gift. She explains each of these in detail and it seems like a fine way to explore a dream. This book is written so that anyone can begin learning from their own dreams. She also looks at how dream language works, typical symbols & metaphors, extraordinary dreams and how to ask for advice from your dreams.

While I find this book as an excellent starting place for an individual dreamer, she does not offer any tips for sharing dreams with others or working on them within a dream group. Since many people have found this to be the optimum way to get meaning from dreams, this is a bit surprising. On the other hand, many may prefer to explore their dreams on their own and the attitudes and skills they learn here can easily be carried into dream sharing and group dreamwork.

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Attack of the Dinosaurs



by Sandra L. Powers

The following dream—which I call one of my epic dreams because it has a long, story-like quality to it and is set far away from the ordinary realm of everyday life—shows how the psyche or dream-maker within can use word plays to bring meaning and substance to a dream interpretation. Now, let the dream begin!

I am with a large group of people in the green hills of a familiar dreamland. Dinosaurs come into the area—vicious, ugly dinosaurs that attack and endanger us. We go inside a large wooden structure, a building that is made out of solid, rough hewn wooden beams—a building with a look of one of the great old halls of Ireland. The building has two main areas: a large entry hall and a back room that is elevated somewhat from the entry hall and contains the kitchen. The building is rectangular, it has high ceilings and many windows along the west wall, and is oriented north-south. The entry way faces north, toward the green hills now covered by rampaging dinosaurs. We feel afraid—the dinosaurs outside are waiting for us. They periodically attack the building with their bulk and might. These are some of the ugliest dinosaurs I have ever seen—their dark green and brown and black skins are slimy at times and seem to radiate a repugnant and disgusting energy. We fear for the destruction of our structure during their repeated

onslaughts against it. There seems to be no escape, but then I remember that the land behind the hall is mysterious—the trees there provide more cover than the green hills toward the front. A group of knights on horses comes out of the east to help us. We have contacted them, somehow, but they have also come on their own. These horsemen have come to shore up our structure and have brought strong wooden beams.

They take on the dinosaurs by entering into battle. The fighting works for awhile, but there are far too many dinosaurs for the knights to handle. I go out into the entry hall with some others. The windows are thin and have taken a beating. Some of our people have been knocked out—I see bodies lying on the floor. Dinosaurs loll around on the front steps—they wait for us. They threaten us by their very existence, with their very presence. A good dinosaur—a buoyant Plesiosaurus—floats in through an open window. One of the younger ones with me is afraid, but this dinosaur is okay, and we treat it like a pet. The onslaught begins again.

The structure cannot stand. Many of us are killed. I know now to go out the back into the trees—I have known this for some time. I take a few people with me—those who will come. The effort seems at once fruitless and hopeful, but I will not sit inside and merely wait to be slaughtered. The exit out the back of the structure takes us unexpectedly and naturally into a world that does not seem to know about dinosaurs, even though they still exist back where we came from. We walk down a boardwalk that has shops on one side and a small bay on the other. We walk toward the west, toward the area of the next dream. I engage in a conversation with a stranger who sits at a table on the boardwalk overlooking the water.

Upon waking, I am surprised to be having a dream about being attacked by dinosaurs. I have always felt akin to dinosaurs, from a very young age. In my mind, there are no “good” or “bad” dinosaurs. I have just spent an extended Easter weekend with my sister Karen, her husband Jon, and their two children, Jenni and Ben, who are six and three. Jenni loves dinosaurs and has since before she was three. She’s the one who talks about good and bad dinosaurs. She scrunches up her face with an evil grin when imitating a bad dinosaur like *Tyrannosaurus rex*. The bad dinosaurs, the ones most fun to pretend to be, eat the good ones: *Stegosaurus* and *Brachiosaurus*. After Easter dinner, we chased each other around Gramma’s—one of us would hide, the rest would go look. Then the hidden one would pop out when found and roar and bare teeth and chase back. The chased ones would then run to Karen or Gramma, who were “base” and safe. Otherwise, the caught ones would be tickled—they would scream and laugh until it was time to start again. The dinosaurs, I know, are really Dionosaurs, and the battle is a Dionysian attack on the older Apollonian structure within.

The *Plesiosaurus* is really a *Please-iosaur-us*: “please us, please us.” It is good within this old structure to please others, to be pleasing, to put on an outwardly happy and pleasing countenance. I am very aware of this aspect of my Self and am comfortable with this dinosaur. I put on a pleasing appearance, partly to fit in—and that is what everyone else around here does, too. I get out my dictionary. I like to play with words. *Dinosaur* means, literally, “terrible lizard.” Yes, these slimy, ugly creatures are certainly terrible, and they have brought us much terror. *Dionysus*, I find, was the Greek god of wine and drunken revelry. He was associated with the sensuous, with the frenzied, the orgiastic, the unbounded, and the irrational—and with lawlessness in general. *Apollo*, on the other hand, was the Greek god of music, poetry, prophecy, and medicine—a much more refined dude. He was associated with the harmonious and the balanced—with the measured, ordered, and rational responses and ways of being often brought to us through laws. He was a supreme lawmaker.

Opposing aspects of myself are obviously at war: the good, the bad, and the ugly—except the bad and the ugly are the same. Hall, what the great old dwellings of Ireland were often called, is my mother’s maiden name.

The structure built around her is under attack and will not stand. Nowadays throughout society, a lot of old structures, many of which have been passed down for generations, are changing all around us—around all of us. It is not just my mother’s structure that is falling, it is her father’s. And this old structure belongs historically to us all. The destruction of the old hall, although terrifying and fatal to many, is good. A lot of my personality parts get killed during the slaughter, but this is natural to the kind of work I am doing—the work of building, rebuilding and refurbishing my Self. We leave the *Dionosaurs* behind. We leave the *Plesiosaurs* and the old structure of my mother’s family behind, too. They have all done their jobs, and we move on. I leave a four-year-long, deep search into myself and an irrational and at times ecstatic realm of passionate and sometimes frenzied creativity. A new realm opens up to me—an unfamiliar realm, one I don’t understand or feel comfortable in. I enter this realm I did not know existed and converse with a stranger who sits on the boardwalk next to the water.

“Down on the boardwalk,
We’ll be having some fun,
Down on the boardwalk,
We’ll be making love,
Down on the boardwalk,
Boardwalk!”

—rock and roll song

Bored walk. I don’t usually think the new is boring. The stranger isn’t boring, in fact the conversation, the flavor of it, is interesting, perhaps even mysterious—ineffable. Although the stranger and the conversation do not seem boring, perhaps the serene life along the boardwalk seems a little boring after all the drama and destruction of the earlier scene! The stranger I sit down and talk with reminds me of a boy from high school—one I had my first crush on. He has fiery red hair. Perhaps not all the fire and energy of the previous scene have been left behind. A crush, like the one I had for the boy in high school, is not really love. The word *crush*, instead, implies the crushing together of beings—a closeness that is crushing, squashing, pulverizing, or compacting to the souls of those involved. Perhaps I am in love with the world, my Self, in this crushing, smothering way. I know I have a tendency toward this—I also know I have a tendency to be hard on myself, so I am not going to worry about this last interpretation for long. The love from afar, the high school crush, also represents something desirable that seems a little unattainable—but here I am, talking to him! I’m finally in conversation with this once far off, fiery male aspect of my Self.

Yes, that’s a much more pleasing and resonant interpretation! And now I think I’ll just sit on the boardwalk for awhile and gaze out at the water.

Au revoir! 🌹

Sandra L. Powers, 3075 Brittany Place, Anchorage, AK 99504.



Chuang Tzu's Butterfly

A Personal Dream Odyssey

by Lloyd W. Ratzlaff

Part Two

In the first part of this dream odyssey (DNJ, Vol. 16 No. 1, p. 34) Lloyd Ratzlaff—who recently reviewed his personal journal of over 10,000 dreams—began sharing those dreams that stood out as he reviewed: his 'meta-dreams.' He found these 'big dreams' to be of many different types and it is these dreams and the categories identified he continues to share with us in Part Two.

15) Further, dreams are capable of creating their own histories or memories, referring often to former events (including other "dreams") which have no part in the history of the waking world. Elemire Zolla says, "in dreams, history is no more real than dreams are in history." When we fall asleep a dreamworld simply appears and we join in "in progress." Usually its "history" is given implicitly but occasionally it's made explicit. From the waking perspective, the dream is judged to have no past except what the physical world supplies as stimuli for the construction of its images; but from within the dreamworld's perspective, it can be seen to have its own history. It "remembers" events which are entirely inaccessible to waking consciousness.

Outside Victoria Hospital in Winnipeg. Its concrete exterior seems drab, yet the concrete steps are rather pleasing amidst the landscaping. I have warm memories about working there, laying carpets when it was being built and I feel nostalgic for that time. As I look at a window on the top floor, I suddenly recall a dream about working there on the outside of the

building while a strong, cold wind was blowing. So powerful is the sudden remembrance of this dream that it jolts me awake.

(I did, in waking life, work briefly as a carpet layer at that hospital. I'm sometimes nostalgic about those days when life seemed comparatively simple. But the "remembered" dream is something this dream itself has created. Or are there histories-within-histories of which we have only occasional glimpses?)

I see a giant black man. I know I've seen him before in another dream and now he continues the scenario from that previous occasion. He's altogether jovial. He says his mother has found a new husband; but the court has ruled that if it hadn't been for the first husband, there would have been no son. (This means the court has ruled against the second husband's having any legal status as this man's father.)

(He was such an imposing giant that, though it's possible I had dreamed of him and forgotten it, more likely this dream "dreamed" I'd met him before. Note also how I recognized his re-appearance as a continuation of a previous dream, yet without realizing that I was then dreaming again. Yes I know, it gets "complicater and complicater," as a teacher of mine once put it. Or, as my daughter Shannon exclaimed when she was small, presumably referring to one of her dreams, "I have a good memory—I can even remember things that never happened!")

16) The relativity of time, space and identity are nowhere experienced more vigorously than in those dreams where we traverse several dimensions or "levels" of reality. Often our consciousness is propelled through them by no choice of our own and even despite our greatest resistance. In these dreams, such dimensions are not conceptual possibilities or inferred probabilities; we actually "go" to them and there enjoy or suffer experiences as various as the dimensions themselves.

On a country road, wearing a pair of skis. I take off running and soar into the air. In an instant I'm up very high; my skis fall and skid along the ground for a mile. I soar even higher until I cross a "grid" of something like hydroelectric wires, which I know intuitively constitute a limit of height. Still, I pass through them going higher and higher until I begin losing consciousness. I float downward again, meaning to attend a family reunion going on below, when I reach a level of semi-darkness where hideous half-human creatures float toward me. I know this is the plane on which they exist.

Parts of the sky are disappearing. Stars fade and vanish, clouds follow. It seems the whole sky will vanish if I don't hurry to prevent it. I take some device like an eraser and rub over the areas where things have disappeared and this makes them come back (as when we scribble over a blank page to bring out the outlines of objects underneath.) I do this hastily over the whole panorama, restoring things here and there but intending to go over it in detail later. For now, it just seems urgent to restore the main features and halt the process of things blanking out. As I work over one area of the sky, a choir of women in robes appears, singing sublime music. The choir wasn't there before but my work has made it materialize. Then one of the choristers causes that entire section of the sky to shift upward—as if a huge "cube" of space moves into another dimension, leaving a "nothingness" in its place. Then the cube shifts downward and I see how reality is constructed in these cubic sections which are normally invisible and which can sometimes be "displaced" into another dimension.

Suddenly another choir of women appears in an empty place left by the shifting of the cube and now the two choirs sing together. All the women are beautiful.

Then one cube vanishes. I'm sad about this but I also know the phenomena of that cube have only gone into another dimension and continue to exist there despite being invisible here.

Furthermore, they've gone there in order that the cubes comprising this plane may fit together in one continuous reality. Other planes are "there"—they haven't vanished, just moved. It's also clear to me how things from one cube can be superimposed on, or juxtaposed with, those of another. But when this happens, the phenomena of one are affected. I'm shown an example of this when some bright yellow objects begin to "bleed" into shapelessness and extinction, the way paint runs when it's wet. The point is that all the realities exist in their own "places;" and though they can intersect briefly, something would be lost if they were crowded together indefinitely.

(I apologize for all the quotation marks above. The "cubes," "places," "nothingness," and so on, were all sort of like that. Quotation marks are a clumsy way of trying to "eff the ineffable," as Alan Watts put it.)

17) There is a sense in which all dreams are "out-of-body experiences," since our consciousness isn't aware of itself as centered in the sleeping physical body. Indeed, many traditional societies have so regarded their dreams in a quite literal sense. Some individuals, like Robert Monroe, claim they're able to have an OBE following physical retirement but without sleep or loss of consciousness intervening.

Here I'm describing the kinds of OBE's which take the dreaming, rather than waking, state as their point of departure. They are experiences in which consciousness leaves the dream-body and centers itself elsewhere, encounters various phenomena, then returns either to the dream-body or directly to the awakened physical body.

I rise rapidly into the air above my second childhood home and watch it shrink below me. Higher and higher I go, until I seem to be somewhere in space; but there are wires like power lines stretched across space at various heights. I can't imagine what they might be connected to but they seem to represent some sort of Presence here in space. I'm afraid I may go too high. I realize I'm in another dimension, yet ordinary time still seems to apply. I descend to earth again and find myself in my first childhood house. I'm lying in a bed in a corner of the kitchen. Suddenly I'm out of my body, though I don't know it until I realize other people can't see or hear me. I look at the bed and see my body on it, smiling sometimes, talking at others. I go to touch it, rubbing my cheek against its cheek but it doesn't know I'm there. I see it looking worried and cross as it gets up and goes to poke around at the sink. I find it surprising and funny that this is how "I" must appear to others—and wonder what on earth my problem is. I go to a bedroom where an aunt is reading my children a story and it occurs to me I must now be back in my body. I ask them, "Am I real? Is this me?" They say yes and I try to explain to them what I've just experienced.

Then I'm walking outside with an elderly couple. The man asks whether it was Peter or Paul who triggered my out-of-body experience and I reply, "Peter." He says, "Of course. You were ready—it was just a matter of time." His wife smiles at me reassuringly; she knows all about it because she's experienced it too.

With a group of people who seem to have occult powers. A sinister-looking young woman appears, then de-materializes and appears as a projected film image on the ceiling. Through some mysterious power she sends me violently against the back wall, then up to the ceiling, down to the floor and back to the ceiling again. Suddenly I know I'm out of my body and decide to "go with it." I rise higher and higher at great speed, then stop and begin falling. I think I'll let myself go as low as possible this time, into the underworld to see what's there; but my fall slows and I land with a gentle bump back in the room and back in my body. The group looks at me strangely but I laugh at the sinister woman and say, "You did that! I know you did it!" I tell her I

Dreams

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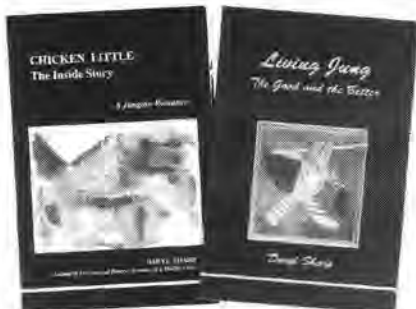
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felt her presence up there but couldn't see her. Someone says my body went through strange convulsions while I was out of it.

(In the above dreams I was aware of being "out of the body," but not aware I was dreaming. These dreams, in other words, were not yet lucid.)

18) To many people, discussion of OBE's seems closely related to considerations of dying, near-death experiences and the question of an afterlife. It's often pointed out that in much of the world's literature sleep and death are regarded as analogous states. In Greek mythology, for example, Hypnos and Thanatos, the gods of sleep and death, are twin brothers—as if to suggest that sleep is a little death, death a great sleep.

Here I draw attention to the ways in which dreams treat the issue of death. While people are alive, they can be variously encountered in our dreams as living, dead, or simultaneously living and dead. This doesn't change for us after they've departed from physical life. Here are examples of dreams in which a dead person appears alive while at the same time known to be dead. (I leave out of consideration the many dreams in which the dead appear as still alive, the dream having "forgotten" they're dead.)

With my father beside a hearse containing a casket with his body in it. He seems to be a sort of mortician and he and I are going to cremate that body. He drives the hearse into the basement of a building where a huge furnace is burning hot, opens the casket and begins dismembering his body. As he tears off the back of the head he speaks to it, addressing it by his own name: "Don't feel bad," he says, "this has to be done," and throws it into the furnace. He gestures for me to help. I approach the body apologetically and say, "I'm sorry I have to do this, but I know someday it will be done to me too." The corpse's face is intact though badly decomposed. It replies, "You'll be here with us soon." At that, I pull an arm off at the elbow and throw it into the fire while dad vigorously dismantles other parts of the body. Then his older brother appears. The two

of them pull the remainder of the body to the floor, drag it to the furnace and throw it in. Another relative says, "Boy, he was a good man."

(J.'s fourteen-year-old daughter had died just a few weeks before this dream.) I've been talking with J. about visions. Suddenly his daughter materializes in an apparition, looking smaller than she was at the time of her death. She kisses us both and then her father picks her up and holds her. She seems mysteriously "beyond" us, as if she belongs in another dimension. Then she kisses her father again, leans over to kiss me and begins fading away just as I lean toward her. When she's vanished, J. is spellbound. He asks incredulously, "What was that?!" I reply, "That was reality—that was a vision."

19) Dreams sometimes portray the dying and death of the dreamer. Consciousness is nevertheless present to observe it, whether in a disembodied state or in yet another body the dreamworld has created.

I have died. My body is in a black plastic bag which I'm carrying with me in a car driven by my father. We're going to bury the body in a neighboring town. Dad begins commenting how bad the remains smell, so I suggest we put the bag in the trunk. He willingly stops the car. So decomposed is the body that its viscera begin oozing from the bag and a dog comes to chew at it. I try to drive the beast away but it doesn't feel me kicking at it because I'm a ghost. Finally I manage to get the bag into the trunk but the juices run onto the mat and I feel terribly apologetic about it. There's some talk about whether perhaps we should bury the thing right there beside the road.

Driving along a highway with other men, we suddenly collide with a vehicle and are thrown to the ground, where we all lie dying. One body is completely buried by snow; two others are drawing their last breaths, their eyes beginning to fall shut. Now time alters and everything happens in slow motion. I think, "If I ever get home, I'm going to yell 'I'm home! I'm home!'" I'm on the verge of unconsciousness when I hear a song being sung. Still in slow motion, the deaths are now reversed. Eyes open as



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slowly as they had closed, the body under the snow begins stirring. And soon we're all fully alive again. Then we're at my childhood home. I see the others have black and blue bruises and my mind feels strange, as if I'm drunk.

The house is crammed full of people standing everywhere. Several of them hoist me into the air and swing me around in hilarious celebration. I yell, "I'm home! I'm home!" and give my children a kiss.

20) Despite the anomalies we experience in our dreams—bilocation, shape-shifting, flying through other dimensions, meeting oneself as a child, conversing with people known to be dead—and despite the extraordinarily strong emotions which accompany such experiences, even these cues do not usually carry a sufficient "charge" to alert us to the fact that we're dreaming. We take the laws of our dreamworlds to be as self-evidently valid as we take the laws of physics to be in our waking world.

With one exception in 13) above, all the dreams cited thus far show me oblivious to the fact that I'm dreaming. Sometimes, however, there is an obscure awareness that we may be dreaming and we lose it quickly as the dream continues. Or we sense we are dreaming and wake ourselves up, thereby bringing the dream to a halt. Or again, we become suspicious, uncertain whether we're awake or dreaming. We may devise little tests like "pinching ourselves to see if we're awake;" but of

course the pinch is felt by the dream-body, not by the physical body. The naive assumption that self-inflicted pain will awaken us only reinforces the illusion that we are awake. Such assorted pre-lucid hunches characterize the following dreams.

I hang up a pay phone and many coins are returned, including several silver dollars. I hurry to put them in the pocket of the old topcoat I'm wearing, because an evil-looking man is approaching. I check for holes in the left pocket and I feel the coins to be certain I'm not dreaming this. I'm hoping for a chance to put another coin in the phone, to see whether it will dump a lot of change again.

M. and I drive into an underground parkade where we're intending to sleep.

She walks to a bathroom behind a concrete wall; I go to sleep, or into some other state of consciousness in which I sense threatening Presences around me. I can "see" them only by looking at them as background rather than foreground (i.e. they form humanoid gestalts by appearing "between" the figures one would usually notice). I call M. in a fright but when she appears she has changed into a sinister-looking woman. This cues me to the fact that I'm asleep and I beg her, "I'm having a dream—please wake me up!" I do wake up back in the parkade; but there are several cycles of this, so that eventually the "waking up" coincides with an awakening in my (physical) bed.

21) Another group seems to require a

category to itself. I refer to these dreams as semi-lucid, not because I take pleasure in proliferating categories but in order to mark out an experienced stage on the way toward full lucidity. They involve a breakthrough where consciousness recognizes its world as a dreamworld, though not in a sustained way. We know ourselves, however briefly, to be simultaneously inhabiting the dreamscape and the physical world. In the following examples lucidity is present but it's fleeting or still contaminated by residues of confusion.

At night, walking by a house I once owned. Through the window I see the familiar features of the interior. Suddenly I'm inside the house, near the floor in front of the fireplace in an upside-down, cowering position as if hiding from the new occupants. They're nowhere to be seen but I hear their voices from the bedroom. Then I realize I have no memory of entering the house, therefore I must be dreaming. I'm dimly aware that this means I have no reason to fear the occupants; since this is a dream, I can escape at will. I rise toward the ceiling knowing I can pass right through it. Suddenly I'm back in the outside world, knowing it to be a dreamworld

but then I wake up.

I dream I go to sleep on my balcony.

There I have a dream in which I suddenly become lucid, floating through a room with some kind of monarch. I'm terrified and try to call out for help but

only bleats and moans emerge. The fear wakes me up back on the balcony, where I begin writing down my lucid dream. Suddenly I realize I'm still dreaming and this wakes me up in the bedroom.

(Note the play of multiple egos. There is the waking I which is supposed to be the "real" me; there is the sleeping I who is oblivious to the waking ego; then there is the I which dreams it's sleeping on the balcony; and the I which sleeps and dreams of sleeping and dreaming it's floating with the monarch. And we laugh at Chuang Tzu's conundrum!)

22) Lucidity is defined as "suffused with light; translucent; clear to the understanding." As applied to dreams, it refers to a full awakening in the dream rather than from the dream. There is a "surge" in which consciousness awakens simultaneously in the two worlds. We see the dream world clearly as a dreamworld and we sense the physical body lying in bed in its own world. And we are that which inhabits both at once. This awareness represents a shock of awakening which can be conceptualized as a metaphysical leap. Meta-dream finally becomes metaphysics.

Here we experience with full clarity that the waking ego is a provisional thing. We do not infer after the dream ends but know while it's going on, that human I-ness is multiple. Lucid dreams require us to ask, "Who, or What, am I?"—not as an intellectual exercise or quasi-philosophical speculation but as a wonderment arising from the actual transcendence of our embryonic notions of identity. All the clues in ordinary dreams (bilocation, levitation, temporal relativity, diffused identity) are solved or dissolved in the lucid state and human consciousness takes—if the expression may be pardoned—a quantum leap. Those who have never experienced a lucid dream might suppose it would be felt as a disappointment: "This is only a dream; too bad it's not real." In fact, the sentiment is just the opposite: "My God, how can a dream world be so real! How can it seem more vivid and substantial

than the other world I'm also inhabiting?"

The following dreams draw together many of the earlier themes and categories in an elegant synthesis which irrevocably "alters the mind's color." (The following was my first experience of full lucidity.)

Looking at a scene along a riverbank, I find the colors so uncommonly vivid that I "reason" I must be dreaming. But I lose this realization immediately as the scene changes. Now I'm trapped in a small courtyard surrounded by skyscrapers and by gigantic cranes which begin closing in on me. I panic but suddenly remember I'm dreaming; then I know I can fly out of this place if I choose.

And I do. With barely-awkward motions I rise above the machines and begin flying. An "energy" surges through me as I remind myself that I'm flying in a dream, yet the reminder doesn't wake me up and I float away from the threatening machines over landscapes that grow ever more beautiful and breathtaking. Between the height where I fly and the world below, I see a translucent sheet of glass or ice, crystallized in geometric patterns like lattice-work stretching out to the horizon on all sides. Every few moments I remind myself that I'm dreaming and the thought fills me with greater and greater exhilaration; for the first time in my life I'm able to remain lucid and not bump myself back into the confinement of my physical bed. I try to memorize the experience as it unfolds, to ensure I'll remember it later when I choose to awaken. And it does seem, at this point, that "waking up" is entirely within my power and its time at my discretion.

On the horizon ahead of me is a farmhouse. I'm not propelled toward it; it just seems it would be a fine adventure to go there for a visit. And adventuresome is how I feel as I fly toward it. Scanning the horizon, I wonder passingly whether this strange world contains a hell anywhere; but I tell myself again, "I'm dreaming and even if there is a hell here it can't hurt me, since it also would be part of the dream." But I'm not particularly anxious to find out.

I approach the house and descend slowly, knowing there's nothing to stop me from flying straight through the walls, that

*doors are needed only by people for whom walls are obstructions. I do pass through the wall and float gently into a bedroom where an old peasant couple lie sleeping. I think of something from Robert Monroe's book *Journeys Out of the Body* and begin to feel mischievous. If I tickled the old people, I think, they wouldn't know it was me, since I'm a dream-person—they'd attribute it to some random event in their sleep. (I don't, however, tell myself that they're dream-people, too.) So I tickle the old woman under her nose. She stirs in her sleep and rubs her nose with a disgusted look.*

I float into the hallway and walk by the telephone, accidentally bumping it and making it ring. The old woman gets up to answer and finds there's no one on the line. She goes grouchy back to bed and tells her husband about it.

Now I feel like moving on, so I float through the walls back in the direction from which I came. Again I'm high in the air and again I remind myself I'm dreaming. The exhilaration is still with me. I know "I" am lying in my physical bed and I know "I" am here flying in this enchanting dreamworld. I review the adventure again and am sobered by the realization that parts of it are already forgotten. I have a premonition that I'll forget still more when I wake up in my bed (as if the re-entry to the physical dimension will be like crossing the Lethe, the mythological river of forgetfulness, though I don't articulate it to myself in quite this way).

Some cars are driving along the highway below me. I muse about my chances of flying faster than they're driving. I consider racing them but then think, "Since this is a dream, I may as well have as much fun as possible." It seems it would be a delightful thing if I created a pig to race with the cars. Instantly the thought makes a pig materialize, a huge beast almost the size of the cars themselves. I'm about to start the race, when I find I can't sustain this dreamworld any longer. I sense the beginnings of a return to my physical bed—though I know I've never left it. I'm still full of exuberance but as I'd feared, many memories of that world begin fading away as this world assumes prominence again. I suffer the

discouragement of knowing I can't possibly recapture the experience fully and resign myself to writing down as best I can the bits I do remember.

(One night about a year after my father died, I was lying in bed feeling certain vibrations in my sleeping or half-waking state and trying again to "go with them" to induce the sort of OBE of which Robert Monroe writes. The pulses began minimally, then were interspersed with occasional surges of such intensity that they jeopardized my ability to let them build gradually. I got out of bed and went to the bathroom. When I returned to bed I tried to get the vibrations back but it was the same as before—I felt them but they were either too feeble or too intense and eventually I went to sleep. I began dreaming without realizing it.)

On a bicycle in my home town, riding along a trail through the bush near the old village water pump. I turn onto a street where a friend of my father's lives. I see him stumbling out of his house as if he's drunk and sitting down on the grass.

I think I should stop and say hi to him and as I turn my bike around I see dad on the sidewalk. Suddenly I know I'm dreaming. I'm overjoyed to see dad and I know with complete certainty that we're meeting in "a dimension between life and death;" dad is dead and I'm dreaming and here we are. I ask him what he's been doing; he says he's been busy with many things and still goes to work for a few hours each day. I embrace him affectionately and feel the stubble of his beard against my face. I'm astounded that things can be so tangible in a dream—how they can be more solid than they are in waking life?

(Now I have a false awakening and begin writing the thing down. I recall an earlier dream and jot it down first, then continue with the bicycle ride until I arrive at P.'s house. And suddenly I'm back in the dream with dad.)

Now we're at dad's place. One of his brothers is with us on the sidewalk leading to the old house. I realize again this is a dimension between life and death and say to them, "Let's do things slowly; I want to remember them." I touch dad, marveling again how substantial he feels.

Suddenly I remember the vibrations I had felt while falling asleep and say, "I made it out after all!" (i.e. out of my body).

Then without any planning or discussion, dad and I take to the air at lightning speed and streak upward to great altitudes. I call down to my uncle to come and join us but he stays put on the sidewalk. I turn toward dad only to see him flying away so fast that in a moment he's become a little speck in the distance.

Then he vanishes altogether. A great loneliness comes over me and I begin calling after him. I realize he won't come back and though I go on flying alone for awhile, the joy and excitement have gone out of it. I know there's no use

continuing to call out so anxiously. I lower my voice intentionally and the word "Dad" comes out so clearly that I'm certain I've awakened in my bed and that my last call was audible in the physical world. I am overawed by the experience and immediately begin writing it down.

But then, in a single jolt, I realize this—and the previous one—was a false awakening. Now I'm fully awake (although by comparison with the dimension I've just left, it hardly feels like an awakening) and the whole thing threatens immediately to be forgotten. I seize my pen and paper as my mind goes back to the beginning; the events come to me out of chronological order but I scribble them down as they come. In the morning I write them out wistfully in what seems their most probable sequence.

(By this time in my life I'd had several lucid dreams like those above. Each one had that invigorating surge of lucidity but in my clumsiness I often became so ebullient that the shock of the thing woke me prematurely in my bed. I learned eventually to restrain myself; and in the following dream it appears I remembered to "make haste slowly."

My religious evolution had taken me very far from my rural fundamentalism; but I'd often thought the next time I found myself in a lucid dream, I'd like to try to create a "meeting" with Christ to see what might happen.)

Walking along a country road away from the cemetery where dad is buried. I

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become aware I'm dreaming and the familiar surge of exhilaration takes over, although it's rather more subdued than usual. My first thoughts are a reminder to myself to savor this experience, not to become greedy for sensational things to happen. It seems entirely natural,

however, to want to fly, so I take off slowly and rise into the air, deliberating how best to take advantage of this state. I decide to go to my home town to visit M.-R., my first "girlfriend" with whom I was so smitten in the second and third grades at school.

I approach the place where her house ought to be but find an unfamiliar building there. I ascend to where I can see someone walking along the street, then descend again to ask for directions. The woman seems dumbfounded at encountering a flying human and can only point at the house I'm looking for. I fly in an arc around the back where I see M.-R. and her mother in an enclosed porch. As I descend I'm mindful again of the importance of going slowly. M.-R. sees me and asks, "Are you OK out there?" I assure her I'm fine, then add, "This is a dream." She looks skeptical, so I repeat with great fervor, "Don't you understand? This is a dream!" She begins making disdainful remarks about this and I realize my visit won't go the way I'd hoped. She says something implying she's eighteen years old, though she appears much younger and smaller than that. I resign myself to my disappointment and give her an affectionate peck on the cheek; but by now her face is undergoing transformations until it's ugly and pug-nosed.

I fly away slowly, turning upside down, then righting myself again. Past the little house where I first lived as a child and on to the church which I see has a new addition built onto it and then onward to... what? I ponder at length what to do next. Alas! it doesn't occur to me to try to meet Christ. Finally I think, well, I'll go visit J. in Winnipeg. I close my eyes and try to "will" myself there, as Robert Monroe describes it in his book. It doesn't work. Then I remember J. has moved to Calgary. I try to "send" myself in that direction but now the effort becomes frustrating and wakes me up.

I have one last anecdote to tell. Perhaps it belongs in another category but I seem finally unable to make it fit anywhere. It concerns an experience so clear, or else so opaque, that to this day I have no way of deciding whether I was awake or dreaming at the time.

I'm awakened one spring Saturday morning by the loud cawing of a crow somewhere outside the bedroom window. I feel grumpy as I look at the clock and see the time is 7:30 a.m. The cawing goes on so long I finally get out of bed to go and throw a rock at the crow; but as I get to the door I see him flapping off from the pole where he was perched.

The following morning he's back. The infernal racket wakes me again and I look sourly at the clock beside the bed. It says 8:30 a.m. and I mutter, "Well thank God for that! At least he let me sleep an hour longer than yesterday." After several more caws he flies off and I go back to sleep. But it's not long till I hear him again. I wake up, wondering how much extra sleep he's been good enough to allow me and look at the clock once more.

And now the time is 8:00 a.m.

(I can only say the digits on the clock glowed as truly red the one time as the other; the bedroom furniture stood as substantially the first time as the second; my conviction of being awake was equally self-evident in both instances. As the days passed, I came to think of that loud crow as a sort of messenger who tampered with Time, a Trickster-god who did considerable damage to my normality. And my anger at him finally turned into a benediction, because he taught me something about thralldom to the illusion that my time is real time.)

In Summary....

So far as I know, that is the limit to which dream experience can take us—to the borderlands of what we call physics. Beyond that is the cosmic region of metaphysics, which again cannot authentically be traversed by speculative philosophy or theology but which is known directly by the mystics of all times and traditions. For the mystics, our ordinary waking world is also a sort of dream from which and preferably in which, we can awaken.

They regard the entire dreaming-and-waking process as analogous to the Final Awakening they have known in the very midst of our terrestrial experiences of living and dying.

Though these considerations take us beyond the scope of this essay (and I regret to say also beyond the pale of my own abiding realization), I conclude with a quotation from Franklin Merrell-Wolff. He speaks not only as a trained physicist, mathematician and philosopher but above all as one who in his physical life came to a direct realization of the Great Awakening, knowing with Cirlot that all "worlds are only modes of the spirit." He says this about our familiar states of waking, sleeping and dreaming.

[I]t is possible to dream and know that one is dreaming at the same time, holding in the mind a memory of the waking state. In this case, self-consciousness has made the cross-correlation. Now to have done this once in a lifetime is sufficient to supply a means whereby the after-death state of dream can be broken by the man who has departed from his physical body. It is most certainly a definite step toward Realization. So the student would do well to study carefully all of the phenomena connected with sleeping and waking...

Just as it is true that man can be essentially dreaming while active in the physical body—and most life here is in this state—it is likewise true that some of the states entered while the body sleeps are far more truly waking-states than any which are possible while in the physical body...

[F]or him who would attain the Higher Consciousness one of the first necessities is the mastering of the dreaming tendencies... I should place somnambulism, rather than egoism and evil, as the first among the problems that must be mastered in this humanity if it is to progress toward Liberation. (Pathways Through to Space, pp. 107-113)

If, in our sleep and dreaming, consciousness is cut loose of its moorings in the physical body; and if, in our physical death, this is

immeasurably more the case; then it seems naive or presumptuous to suppose that some sort of magic will there supervene to illumine a consciousness lost in layer upon layer of illusion. For "the deadness with which we are dead here now is the real death," Norman Brown says "of which literal death is only a shadow." And when St. Paul urges us, "Awake O sleeper and arise from the dead," he equates sleep and death as our one common malaise.

I think that's what Chuang Tzu was talking about. And I, for one, am no longer able to smirk at his problem with the butterfly. 🦋

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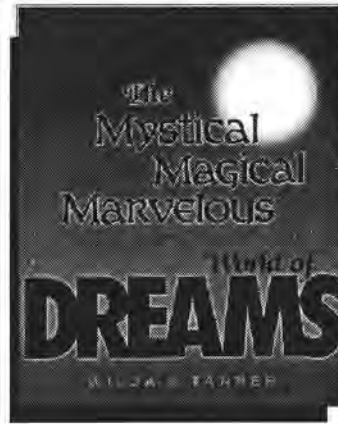
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A Discussion with Roberta Ossana

Interviewed by Joel Metzger
of the Institute for Noetic Sciences (IONS)
& the Online Noetic Network (ONN)

Joel: *Why examine dreams? I'm a regular guy, living in this society with all its stimulations and impressions. I think about many things. I have zillions of insignificant, random thoughts. Some seem meaningful, some don't. Dreams are just thoughts, aren't they? Why examine them?*

Roberta: Big question. I find it difficult to entertain, because I believe dreams are so much more mysterious, purposeful and meaningful than our (random) thoughts. The Dream Maker within each of us ingeniously chooses particular symbols, stories, songs, statements, all uniquely individualized to convey our soul's priorities. Dream is one word. It encompasses a universe of meaning and purpose, as dreams come to us for many reasons and there are an infinite number of 'types' of dreams. Most of the world's cultures (outside the Western world) and indigenous peoples have looked to their dreams—for centuries—for guidance, healing, solutions, ad infinitum.

Most individuals in *our* culture have never been encouraged to value their dreams.... so we are, unfortunately, collectively in a 'beginner's stage in regard to remembering, valuing, understanding and enacting our dreams.

Better NOW than not at all!

Joel: *Meanings and purposes ... guidance and healing ... solutions — What is the ingredient in dreams that gives them significance and mystery, so much more than random thoughts?*

Roberta: How can we name the nameless? Spirit? Soul? God. A friend shared having received this message from a 'dream voice': "Dreams come from God." There's an ingredient for you!

Now a question for you, Joel. Perhaps a definition of terms is in order. When you say 'random thoughts' do you include inspirations that 'bubble up?' Intuition? If so, intuition and inspiration received in 'waking reality' often spring from the same source as dreams. Or, do you mean our typical meandering, fragmented thought patterns?

Joel: *Good question. I meant the meandering fragments. At the time I asked this, I had been thinking about something dumb, like worrying What If something about dinner that night. A silly thought. And I asked about the zillions of insignificant, random notions that pop up. Not the inspirations or intuitions. Those thoughts have something that makes them different, like the static on the radio before the station is tuned in. You know what I mean by the difference?*

If you understand what I mean, then maybe you see the same difference in dreams. I've had dreams that sang, the ones that glow are the easiest to remember and the ones worth remembering.

"Dreams come from God." Does that mean that ALL dreams have as much significance for you?

Roberta: I believe all dreams have significance, though I must admit, the 'ones that glow' stand out as the guiding light(s) on my path. The 'ones that glow' are typically loaded with archetypal symbols, coming from that primal level of consciousness Jung coined the 'collective unconscious;' those dreams often hold meaning for a larger community, for humanity, as well as for ourselves. The Bible is replete with such visions.

As I mentioned, there are an infinite variety of reasons/purposes for which dreams surface; some seem more relevant, comprehensible than others. Like the newspaper: there are front page stories and those that are tucked in to fill space. Despite their position in our own individualized 'publication,' and/or our ability to comprehend their meaning on the cognitive level, I believe we 'get it' / get the message, intuitively.

So, whether or not a dream has the 'glow,' I believe that all dreams come to serve our well-being in a positive way.

Let me give you an example of how a nightmare can be, if not God, an angel in disguise:

A woman in my dream group had a dream of a ferocious bear. She awakened trembling. She drew the bear on a large piece of paper, brought it to the dream group, put it up on the wall and that bear became a member of our group for that evening. As we worked with her dream, it became apparent that the bear was issuing a warning related to her health. She went to her doctor and learned that she had a very serious, life threatening illness. In fact, the prognosis was terminal. The dreams that followed — which became the centerpiece of our work as a group during her crisis — revealed both the cause and the cure for her dis-ease. She followed her dreams' wisdom, made difficult and intelligent choices, followed through and is today very alive, healthy and productive.

Joel: *That's a beautiful story.*

So, you find that dreams are images that come from one's subconscious (or a collective consciousness). And by looking at them, we can learn messages from ourselves and our higher selves. Is this correct?

Roberta: There is confusion regarding the correct word to use for the place within us from which dreams spring. You used subconscious and collective consciousness. Some call it the 'unconscious' part of ourselves, others, soul. For the purpose of this interview, may we refer to that genius within as the DreamMaker?

Now, the answer to your question is YES!

Joel: *When you look at dreams, do you focus on the*

objects in the dreams (people, events, things, etc.) or the feelings you had during the dream? Or, for that matter, maybe you look at the feelings you have after the dream, when you remember it.

Roberta: All of the above.... and more. Most important, I believe, is the emotional response or feelings during the dream and after awakening. Place or setting. Time (past or present, for instance). Colors. Sometimes the most seemingly insignificant element in a dream can be the key to unraveling its message. For example, there was a woman in my dream group who claimed she didn't dream or if she did, she never remembered them. However, she was interested in the subject and wanted to be a part of the group. (This is common, by the way.) The second time she came to the group she was so excited that she had remembered (just a fragment) of a dream. She didn't want to share it, as she was certain there was nothing of importance to be yielded. However, when encouraged, she did share that she remembered "Standing at the kitchen sink of the home she lived in as a child, dishing up strawberry ice cream." That's all. We encouraged her to make associations to just those few images: childhood home, kitchen, sink, strawberry ice cream, etc. ... and you would not believe the storehouse of insight she received as a result.

Joel: *Some of the books on dream interpretation place certain meaning on specific things. They might say "If you dream about an umbrella, it means this ... , and if the umbrella is colored red, it means this However, other sources say that there are no universal, pat interpretations. There are only individual meanings, attached to the symbols according to the person dreaming. Could you comment on these thoughts?*

Roberta: Archetypal symbols typically have universally applicable meanings and/or interpretations. Symbols such as Tree, Mother, Father, Child, Snake, the elements (Fire, Water, Earth and Air), etc. However, most of our dreams are individualized, are of a personal (rather than collective) nature. And it is true that each individual develops their own 'symbol dictionary' based on their unique life experience; it is that pool of images which our DreamMaker calls upon in creating our dreams. So, the notion of referring to a symbol dictionary to learn what the umbrella meant in your dream is not a recommendable way to go. Symbol dictionaries can and do serve the purpose of helping us to become better acquainted with symbolic language, however, and are often very helpful in stimulating the associative and/or 'bridging' process.

Joel: *I am one of those people who rarely remembers a dream. I have nothing to interpret, because I recall nothing. What would you suggest if I want to examine my dreams?*

Roberta: First of all, one has to want to remember their dreams. Remember, it has been scientifically proven that we all dream every night... so, you know you're missing something. If you set an intention, for

example, by taking a little time in the evening before retiring to become quiet and make an affirmation that you desire to remember your dreams... that helps. Have a voice activated tape recorder and/or a journal at your bedside, so when something comes through you will be able to catch it. Be patient; it might not happen right away... but if you are sincere, be assured that it will. Beginning to talk with others about dreams, sharing dreams, themselves, with others, helps confirm the intention. Join or start a dream discussion/study group. I've never seen it fail that non-recallers become marathon dreamers once they have created time and space for dreams.

Joel: *So, if I start recalling dreams, I wonder what I can expect. What form do people's dreams usually take? I wonder, will my dreams most likely be leftovers from my shadow side, unowned wishes, random imaginings, or all the above?*

HRO: As far as I know, there is no answer to the question: "What form do people's dreams typically take?" Dream is one word that encompasses a field of forms as vast and awe-full, awesome, as the universe. Truly.

The first thing I would recommend is that you reach out — perhaps to one of the dream groups and/or Networker's listed in our publication, *Dream Network* — and have someone, or a group, with whom to share and work on your recalled dreams. A therapist familiar with dreams can be invaluable, as well, if needed and affordable. Since our dreams typically come to us in symbolic language and metaphor (we are so steeped in reason, logic, the literal), the language of the soul is unfamiliar to most. That's why our dreams often look, on the surface, like 'random imaginings or thoughts.'

Also, because our dreams are typically (not always) conveying information that is 'unconscious' — or as you suggest, from our shadow sides — it is often like being in the forest and not being able to see the trees. We are too close to the material, emotionally, to be able to get it on the cognitive level. Here's where a good listener, someone familiar with the territory, who can ask good questions, stimulate associations, etc., is very helpful.

We have a little booklet called *the Art of Dreamsharing and Developing Dream Groups* that might also prove helpful in answering your questions.

Joel: *Of course, I know there is no way to predict and I know that they come in every possible way and that dreams are very different for each individual, so you can't say for me. But my question is: Is there any "usual" for new dream explorers?*

Roberta: There are so many variables. It depends on life experience, age, depth of sincerity, etc. One thing is for certain, the DreamMaker is very wise and rarely gifts us with material we are not ready to deal with, on some level. Middle agers, who have a lifetime

of repressed emotions, traumas, etc., often start out with earthquakes, volcanoes, tidal waves, etc. In one of her first recalled dreams as an adult, one woman (in her dream).... "Opened a door and there was water from the floor to the top of the doorway.... just 'standing' there." It didn't gush in and overwhelm her.

How beautiful! Water most often symbolizes the unconscious, emotions. So, in her dream image, this powerful element was just waiting to be invited!

Joel: *If dreams are a window to see into the parts of myself that I am not conscious of, then I will be seeing parts of which I am not aware. I guess I am not aware of these parts because I am not ready to see them. So, if I examine dreams, will I be looking for things I'm not ready to see? It sounds like asking for trouble! Or do I remain blind to those dreams (the parts of myself) that I'm not ready for?*

Roberta: Our dreams provide us with imagery, songs, sayings... whatever the DreamMaker chooses.... when we are ready. Often it is painful and/or perplexing. That's why having a dream companion, group or therapist that is familiar with dreams is so valuable. Jung said, "Those who are called to their dreams must be willing to suffer." Healing from centuries of fractured human relationships and from coming up in a dysfunctional culture (most of us, consequently, in dysfunctional families) is not 'quick-fix' work. It is ongoing, a lifetime commitment.

Our dreams tell us the truth about ourselves, our relationships, our world. For some reason, the human race has had a difficult time facing the truth... But, now, we have come to a point in time in our evolution — personally and collectively — where we have no choice but to face — and live — the truth. We are in crisis and one of our unflinching characteristics is that we do own up to our purpose and potential in crisis. The Chinese say crisis is another word for opportunity!

Here is another of Jung's teachings: "In the final analysis, what is the fate of great nations but a summation of the changes in each individual." Gandhi, when asked how India's struggle was going, commented that he was preoccupied waging the battle within himself and that is what made him so tolerant of the English. In a current issue of *Dream Network* there is a dream in which a man on horseback carries a message into the midst of a battle about to take place. The message he delivers is: "*The war among the selves is over!*" 🌸

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Why Dreams?

by Paco Mitchell

A gentleman recently asked me: "Is there any real basis for dreams?" At first, I thought he meant: "Is there any material basis for dreams?" since one of the dominant features of our time is the tendency to refer any psychological event back to an underlying physical or physiological process and to see in that process the "cause" of the event. I soon realized he simply meant: "Is there any good reason why anyone should pay attention to dreams?"

Certainly it is a fair question. Yet it startled me, in part because, after recording and studying dreams for seventeen years, I take them for granted as a valuable, necessary and meaningful part of everyday life. Let me try to respond to the question.

Dreams can be understood (and misunderstood) in many different ways but are best approached with as few prejudices as possible. We have cultural prejudices toward dreams which are historically rooted and which usually add to the confusion we so often experience when faced with a dream. It often requires an effort at first to suspend judgment and to allow for the mere possibility that the dream might be "saying" something intelligible.

Virtually everyone dreams, even when there is no recall whatsoever. It is something we all do, apparently a living necessity, like sleeping, waking, eating, etc. To remember the dreams, however, is like developing a habit or skill.

How can we think about dreams, these bizarre creatures that we fish up from the depths of sleep? Try thinking of them as moving portraits of your interior life, as "core samples" from the psychic ground of being, as stories about yourself in the context of your larger personality, conversations with your complexities, or even as a kind of night-theater of the soul.

Dreams can also be imagined as an archaic form of thinking, or as an ancient pictorial language, speaking with equal eloquence of the primitive and the sublime. Dreams can herald future lines of development, reflect mercilessly on past and present conflicts, disclose the energy patterns of our inner lives in dramatic form, challenge us in our blind spots and weaknesses, deepen our strengths, guide, confuse and educate us, provide us with a sense of dignity and meaning, even bring us to an experience of those mysteries which have always been regarded as divine. In effect, dreams can be significant agents of transformation in the ongoing processes of life.

Are there any guarantees of this? None of which I'm aware. And yet these experiences are open to anyone willing to lay aside prejudice, to attend to the dreams with perseverance and respect and to bring one's whole being into play in the process. To approach anything in life with such an attitude will most often prove beneficial. 🌸

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An international youth choral group is singing together in a giant auditorium. They sing in common song as well as sharing songs from their own individual cultures.

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



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Dream Inspired Poetry

White Lake

So many people describe to me
their experience of enlightenment as being
like a burst of white light.

I have never felt or seen
any bursts of white light. Alas, that I
have not experienced enlightenment.

But once,

When I was a very small child,
I had a wonderful dream,
that I have never forgotten.

It was night, and I was at a lake.
The night and the sky all were very dark,
and the lake was pure white. Somehow,
I was in the lake, swimming,
and looking up with joy
at the dark sky.

For the lake would not let me sink!

It was not water.

It was some substance, soft,
yet upholding... that buoyed me up,
that gave me a feeling of exhilaration,
of being able to abandon myself utterly,
and not to sink or fall.

I swam and swam in that illimitable sense
of upheld-ness... and the lake
was white.

White. White. White.

That is all I remember: the dream
is still with me. Perhaps I experienced
enlightenment after all.

At any rate,
it will do.

Rossmie A. Taylor

Gravity's Swan Song

This time now
of glimmerings
of some life, some jewel
as yet felt only in Dream.

Time in a moment
to die,
yet we fly
still.

Breathless in fear and wonder
we sparkle in flight
silent as the moon.

Jan Janzen



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Drawing by Rossmie A. Taylor

Awakening

I am floating
along dimly veiled vistas
up a mountain path
past phantom travelers
to the chamber of reflection
for an audience with my creator.
Bowing to the image before me
I ask, "From whom

do you get your authority?"

"From you," he replies.

"Who am I to know
truth from illusion?" I ask.

"You are I," he responds,

at which point
mirrors swing up
like eyelids

to reveal windows

as I awaken

from one dream

to enter another.

by Paul Campbell

Spiral Fall

In the dream I was falling,
And not just speeding straight down,
But circling in a spiral pattern that stretched out of sight.

I kept passing the same things:

First, a huge violet cloud,
the same cloud, smaller, next turn, lavender blending to pink.

Events, too, went swirling by:

That punch in the jaw, first turn,
The slap in the face, next turn, dwindling to a nasty look.

Familiarity cooled

My turbulent emotions;
Reaction ceased. At that instant an immense funnel of light

Opened unexpectedly

Below me. I disappeared.

Soon I was lodged snugly in the lap of a Morning Glory.

Looking up I could nowhere

See the clouds or feel the hurts.

All was now serene, beautiful, gentle; a soft, blue-white world.

As I closed my eyes grateful

To be safe, I heard singing,

A giant bee was gathering nectar I knew was my blood.

Zoe Calder

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The Day My Life Went Crazy. by Leah Fowler. Juv. Illustrated. Cloth 1997, Ozark Publishing, P.O. Box 228 Prairie Grove AR 72753-0228

Dream Wolf. 02/1990 2nd ed. Simon & Schuster. Paul Goble. Illustrated by Paul Goble. illus. Gr: 3-up Library Binding ISBN 0-02-736585-9 32p. \$ 14.95

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Robert Coles. Random House: 1997. Robert Coles is a professor of psychiatry and medical humanities at the Harvard Medical School and a research psychiatrist for the Harvard University Health Services. His many books include the Pulitzer Prize-winning five-volume *Children of Crisis* and the bestselling *The Spiritual Life of Children*. He is also the James Agee Professor of Social Ethics at Harvard.

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or Write 20424 Chalet Lane,
Saratoga, CA 95070

Seeking dreamers who are **mobility
impaired** in waking life for study
exploring effects of specifically directed
lucid dream imagery for psychological
benefits and possible physical healing.
Will teach lucid dream skills
to interested participants.

Contact **Patricia Keelin**
2155 Spencer St., Napa CA 94559
Ph: 707.254.7829
Email: p.keelin@ix.netcom.com

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

**TELEPATHIC & PRECOGNITIVE
DREAMS**

Those who are 21 or older and who
have experienced either telepathic or
precognitive dreams and would like to
participate in a study designed to map
the range of these experiences, please
call or write for a questionnaire, to:
Helen M. Erickson, 1208 Virginia Way,
La Jolla, CA 92037. Ph: 619.459.8557
Email: HErick7847@aol.com.

This study is part of a doctoral
dissertation and all responses
will be kept confidential.

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

Marlene King, M.A. is collecting
dreams and visionary accounts from
**people who are diagnosed as termi-
nally ill, particularly from those in the
latter stages of their illness**. Also
seeking dreams of people who have
recorded/told a dream just prior to
their death, sudden or otherwise.
Please include any additional info
illuminating the dream context.
Confidentiality is assured. Please send
to **PO Box 477, Murphy, OR 97533/
Email: Marlene@chatlink.com**

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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Sancta Sophia Seminary offers a distinctive approach to prepare students for conscious, holistic living in the new era. A magnificent 400-acre mountain setting in the foothills of the Ozarks near Tahlequah, Oklahoma is the home of Sancta Sophia Seminary, founded by Carol E. Parrish in 1978.

Dr. Parrish serves as academic dean of the seminary which emphasizes the Hermetic philosophy of "Know Thyself" — through wisdom teachings, meditation, dreamwork, spiritual counseling and healing, metaphysical sciences, esoteric Christianity, Agni Yoga, Kabbalah, and much more. Seekers attend classes for personal growth or join structured programs which combine home study, meditation, and on-campus classes — an integrative spiritual discipline.

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counselors, and healers. Hundreds of students have been certified, ordained, and awarded master's and doctoral degrees at Sancta Sophia Seminary. The extraordinary program prepares students for planetary service.

Carol Parrish says, "My vision for the new millennium is a humanity eager for spiritual growth, leaving behind materialism



Rev. Carol E. Parrish, Ph.D.
Academic Dean



and separatism, and striving for a society generous in its love, wisdom, and bounty. It is time for humanity to financially un-

derwrite the efforts of light workers who have common sense, healing techniques, and new therapies which add dimension and respect to the human experience. In the Christ nature, Love, we are made one; in Sophia we experience holy Wisdom — and thus become fully human and fully divine."

Carol derives great pleasure from sharing with others and is a highly sought lecturer on the international circuit. Her latest

books are *Adventure in Meditation — Spirituality for the 21st Century*, vols. 1 and 2. In addition, she has published *The New Dictionary of Spiritual Thought*, *The Book of Rituals — Personal and Planetary Transformation*, and *The Aquarian Rosary — Reviving the Art of Mantra Yoga*, and numerous teaching tapes. An important aspect of Carol's ministry has been counseling the terminally ill. Today, near-death experiences are better documented and cause many to examine their impact. She shares her experiences in her books *The New Age Handbook on Death and Dying* and *Messengers of Hope*.

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Dream Network Journal

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Art by Lisa Thorberg

*"It is the Child that sees the primordial secret in Nature
and it is the Child of ourselves we return to.
The Child within us is simple and daring enough to live the Secret."
- Chuang Tsu*