



Enhancing & Healing Relationships

Since 1982

Vol. 17 No. 2

\$5.95USA/\$7.25 Canada

Dream Network

A Journal Exploring Dreams & Mythology



QuantumQuest

Swept Away! ◦ Joy Gates

Brown Monk's Tears ◦ David Morse

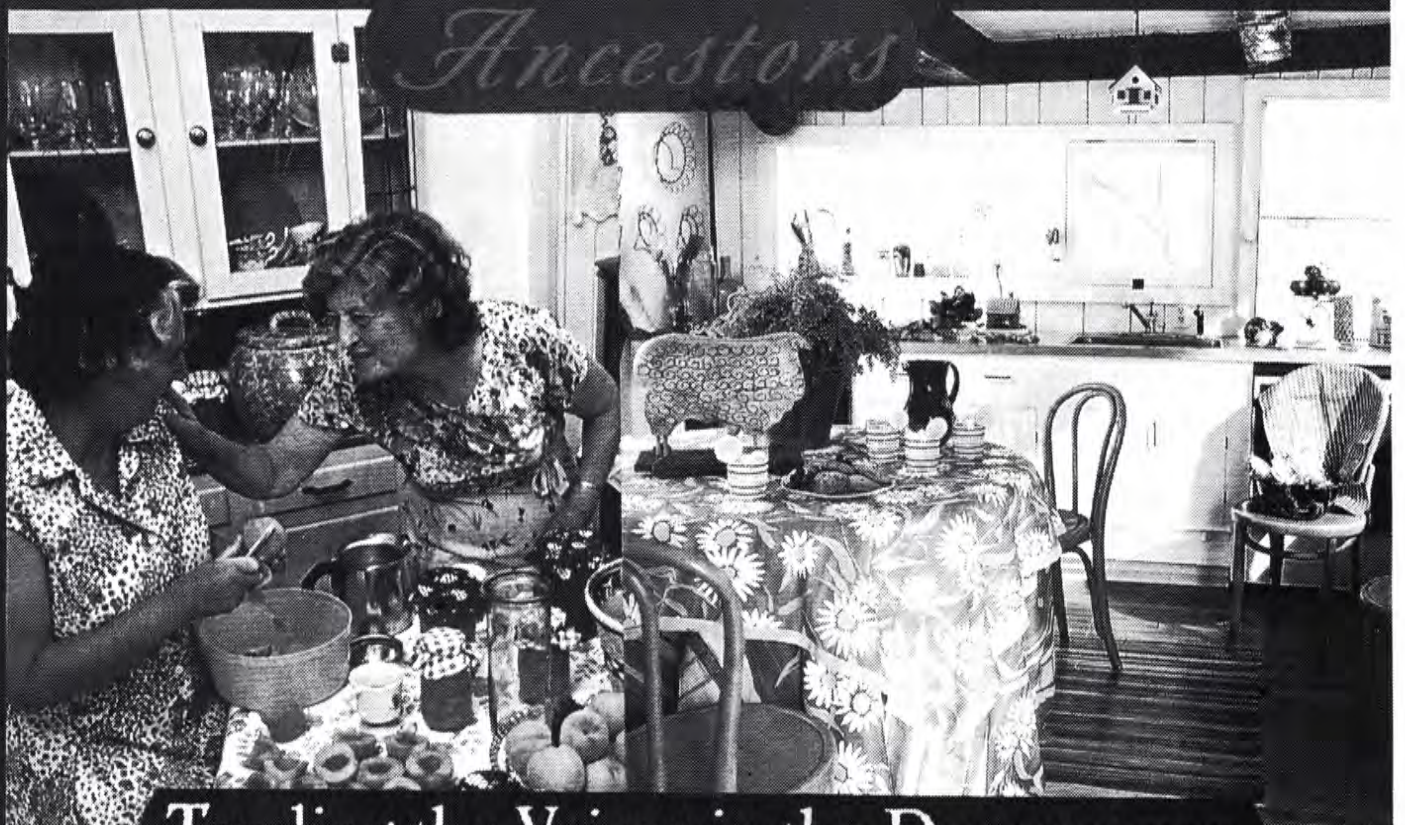
The Right Way ◦ Interview with Dennison Tsosie

Letting the Dream Speak ◦ Montague Ullman

The Dance of Intimacy in Dreamwork ◦ Slama-Mackenzie



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Ancestors

Tending the Voices in the Dreamscape





Honoring the Inner Homemaker

by Joy Gates

This dream seems to encourage the attitude of respect for feminine roots and for skills in creating a welcoming, homey, healing place for relationships.

The day is warm, clear and bright. I am visiting older women in a small town. The homes are neat wood frame buildings with pleasant porches, and the town has an atmosphere of clean, cheerful comfort.

Colors are brilliant and the mood is upbeat. Some of the women I visit are relatives and I am made to feel welcome, cozy. At one point I seemingly tour the town, remarking upon various families and their not-always-ideal situations.

I now become an older woman and set out to visit another older woman, perhaps my grandmother. I see a threefold depiction and basic personality profile of the woman I have become. She/I present a warm, casual and relaxing, nurturing quality, one I know is especially beneficial for connecting with and bringing out the strengths of the woman I want to visit.

I step on her roomy front porch and notice that a couple of white sheets have been hung there to screen the heat and light of the afternoon sun from the living room. I like the movement of the wind that the sheets reveal and the changing quality of the light. Another older woman, a pragmatic and serious neighbor, has also come to visit. I can see her talking with the woman/grandmother inside. I have a good feeling about my visit, for I know that my energies are especially catalytic for bringing out needed strengths and qualities in the woman whose home this is.

She currently feels undervalued and unappreciated. I have come to change that.

It seems a challenge to integrate the motherline—learning to honor the females who preceded us—has been set forth. It is an expression of a synergetic relationship: that vitally evolving and conscious individual energies, when combined with the essence of traditional caretaking and nurturing energies, can produce a beneficial and healing new quality. Thus we can facilitate our own needs as well as the needs of our “progress-over-process” culture in general.

Perhaps at this time we all may be called to honor and value our female “herstory,” to seek greater simplicity and more deeply meaningful relationships.

© 1998
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 that is of interest to the readership.

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

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

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DN 17#2

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Upcoming Focus for Volume 17 No. 3

What is the Relationship
Between Dreams &
Mythology?
How have dreams informed
your Personal Mythology?

Your Submission Is Welcome!

Lifeline: 4 Weeks after your
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 upcoming issue.

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

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

Editorial ♥ ↔ ♥

It is time to reflect on the territory we've traveled and work together to evolve a vision of our goals as significant contributors within the ever expanding 'dream movement.' I see this as a responsibility we hold in common.

I do have some thoughts, as you might imagine, and ask you to add your highest hopes, suggestions, your view of our mission into the future, as we forge forward into unknown and unexpected territories.

I've mentioned previously that before I even had an inkling I'd be stewarding Dream Network: I had a dream in which *I saw a sheaf of papers hanging from the branch of a tree, blowing in the wind. A voice said, "If you don't do it, someone else will."* "What?" I asked! I had just begun a graduate degree program focused on dreams and their relationship to mythology. My goal—beyond the personal—was to bring what I learned to as many as possible.

We have explored vast territories since *Dream Network* was borne into the world 16 1/2 years ago: many dreamworkers — both lay and professional — around the world have shared insights and techniques for working with dreams; we have wrestled with controversial questions and issues; we have explored gender, nonhuman symbols (animals, flora, the elements, etc.), cross-cultural perspectives and Big Dreams in the ongoing sharing, *Dreaming Humanity's Paths*, dreams gifted to inform the community.... and more.

It is remarkable, looking back over the past couple of decades, to witness the changes that have taken place, culturally, insofar as the lessening of fear that had been so deeply instilled (as relates to dreams) as well as the elaborate display of fine and high quality information that is now available in various forms (books, CDs, audio and video tapes, etc.). It seems we have made significant progress in successfully overcoming whatever religious taboos remained from many, many centuries of repression and have satisfied the question, within the field of science, as to whether dreams have meaning. It certainly took a long time. But, friends, here we are!

It is apparent to longtime readers that I aspire to have this vessel 'meet and inform the public.' My motivation has been elucidated and it is this piece of the future-vision I will expound upon a bit to stimulate your inspirations.

Clues for directions have come in from many friends and acquaintances over time, who have subscribed because they are curious or supportive. Their comments can be summarized in this way, "There were a few things in the current issue that I understood." I believe we have a tendency to lose sight of the journey we each have taken to gain a symbolic and metaphoric perspective. Bridging the gap between "Isn't the weather lovely today," and "I wonder what that snake in my dream meant?" is a long and arduous journey.

In this issue, comments that mirror these 'clues' are articulated. Noreen Wessling in *Monkey Meets the Noseless Man* (she's always having fun on pg. 29) says it this way: "This is a time in the world when dreamwork/play needs to be out in the mainstream as much as possible, yet given with the necessary precautions and useful methods." Likewise, Ramsay Raymond, in her thought-provoking article *Crucible of Evolution: Dreams & Dreamwork* (pg. 35) says, "At this time, dream groups and associations are spreading and there is a great deal of dream activity on the Internet. Web sites are flourishing along with books in a way that was unthinkable a mere 15 years ago. We are on the verge of becoming a dream-friendly culture.... and everyone can participate. We can all awaken. In the twinkling of an Eye."

We have done a commendable job, based on overall feedback, of maintaining a healthy balance between providing articles stimulating for dreamworkers as well as educational, inspiring articles for those relatively new to the symbolic life. In order to evolve a dream cherishing culture, to integrate dreamsharing as a natural and healthy practice into our daily lives, we need to remember where we were 15 - 20 years ago: lone questers in the wilderness. We need to remember we are the minority, the "dream educators".... and that there are a growing number of aspirants anxious to become informed, to engage their dreams.

I ask your help in mapping the path and in reading the map as we venture into the extraordinary journey ahead. *Blessed Be, RC*

News of Import

Never-ending showers of blessings to each of you who helped see us through the current (near) crisis re: distribution with your contributions, giving gift subscriptions and encouraging bookstores and libraries to contact our distributors. It is impossible to acknowledge each of you by name but I would like to extend special thanks to Joe and Hilda DiSilvio, Steve Carter, Rosemary Watts-Dreyer, Bill Stimson and Ms. Abdur-Raman for their generous help.

Together, we're pulling through!

If you've meant to but haven't yet done so, please let your local bookstores know that we are distributed through New Leaf, Armadillo, Daybreak, One Source and Bernhard DeBoer Distributors and that we collaborate with EBSCO and SWETS subscription services for libraries.

News from Dick McLeester

"Dick McLeester and Flor De Maria Vera were happily married in Peru. This is the romantic adventure of a lifetime. At first it seemed like a wild idea, to seek my marriage partner in a distant part of the world, crossing cultures and languages with an unknown result. But now I feel I have found my soul mate and this is perfectly right. Flor De Maria spelled another way is "Lo! Fair Dream." The dreams and the love we share bridges the cultures and languages easily. The adventure continues. So don't give up on a dream just because it seems wild and unlikely at first.

Dragonflies have a very short life.

They have wings. They can fly.

Humans also have a short life. We have dreams. We too can fly.

Life is always too short.

Dreams are never too big or wild."

Will Phillips, after a year+ long sojourn, has found his new 'Place,' a lovely home in Eugene, OR. Congratulations, Will! He can be reached by email @ Totonanda@aol.com.

Stanley Krippner, wishes to extend acknowledgement to **Christopher Ryan** for his assistance in writing and editing the article *Chaotic Attractors in Myth*.

Responses

?s & Letters From YOU!



Regarding the Article by Maureen Roberts

"Death Walking... Dancing With Diana"

(DN, Vol. 16 No. 4, p. 13)

I received the latest issue of the *Dream Network* on February 12th. Approximately a week earlier, February 4th, I had the following dream:

Lady of the Lake

I am in a school setting. The school is located in a wilderness area. A female friend and I have hiked up into the mountains rising just beyond the school grounds. We are told there is a lake at the top of the mountain and a lady lives there. When we have hiked up to within a few miles of the lake, I look up and see what at first appears to be a huge bear or perhaps a wolf walking on its hind legs traveling on the ridge above. I'm not sure it is an animal - it could be a "wild man." Then on a nearer ridge I see two wolves staring down at me. One is white and one black. I yell to my friend to run back down the hill. As I run, I look back and see my friend is further behind me. I encourage her to hurry. At the base of the mountain is a hill with paths going to the left and right of it. I take the trail to the right and see my friend has taken the path to the left. When I reach the school, my friend has not returned. As it gets later and later, I worry that something has happened to her and tell one of my male schoolmates of the wild beast/man and the wolves. He believes my story and we tell the others. However, the male principal of the school does not

believe me and chains me and the other males inside of the school.

My father, a kind and gentle man, hears of my plight and comes to get me. He takes me to the lake at the top of the mountain. Once there he talks with The Lady of the Lake. He has seen the angel that has been sculpted and placed in the circular garden. He knows, as she knows, that his time on earth is short. It has been arranged that I will come and live with the Lady. She welcomes me warmly, loves and cares for me as she would a daughter. One day the Lady tells me of the "hairy, man creature" who roams the mountain. Should I run into him I'm not to be afraid. He will not harm me.

My immediate response was to draw a multi-colored angel and to welcome her into my space. I thought of the image of the Lady of the Lake and the wild man of the forest as representing the Greek Goddess Artemis. For me the dream represented the changing of a male oriented religious tradition to a female oriented spirituality. Or from the Christ figure—the gentle, kind father in my dream who is chained by a static religion—to the Christ as female, the Lady of the Lake. The male oriented religious school teachings in my dream chained up my spirituality. The Christ father in my dream knows it is time to let go of this type of teaching and pass on his kind, compassionate and loving care to the feminine psyche.

When the journal arrived and I read Maureen Robert's article, I was pleased to have my dream properly interpreted and understood. Her whole article spoke to my dream.

Thank you Maureen!

Judith Picone, Edmonds, WA

Becoming Conscious of the Value of Dreams

Thank you for the wonderful creation of the *Dream Network Journal*. I look forward to each new issue. I understand that there have been some challenges with the publishing of the Journal and truly hope that you may continue to find the help and resources to continue this most valuable work.

For the past several years, I have been very interested in dreams and the information they have to communicate to me. With the help of the Journal and the booklet *The Art of Dreamsharing and Developing Dream Groups*, I have become more conscious of my dreams. When I first awaken and make a conscious effort, I remember most of my dreams quite well. I share these dreams with Susan, a wonderful woman whom I walk with each morning. It always amazes me how much my dreams have to tell me. I also realize that it is important to have someone like Susan with whom to process the dreams.

I am working from home at the present time and enjoy the freedom it affords me. I have been doing a great deal of writing. This is something I have desired to do for several years but I didn't feel I had the time to pursue. With the help of my spirit guide, I am writing a book entitled, *An Angel in My Pocket*. My plans are to find a publisher for the book. Again, thank you for *Dream Network!*

Pauline Larsen, Ephraim, WI

Dream Network, Inclusive

Thanks so much for *Dream Network*. I'm very impressed by the wide range of material covered. Very nice to see an inclusive journal. Enclosed is my check for a one year subscription.

Alice Ann Parker, Hau'ula, HI

Breaking the Code in the Book of Revelations

For those interested in dreams, the Book of Revelation is the most puzzling piece of scripture in the Bible. This is the case because it is a vision and is not meant to be interpreted literally. It is rich in symbology and once the code is broken, it can be more easily understood.

There are two keys in understanding this vision. They are, in the words of Jesus: "The Kingdom of God is within you," and "You can do all I have done and more, in my name believing."

Many have tried to interpret this vision by relating it to world events. I will try to relate the symbols to internal events within the body, mind and soul of an individual. I have chosen chapters four and five, keeping in mind the words of Jesus: "The Kingdom of God is *within* you," and "You can do all I have done and more." I will explain what I believe are the meanings of the symbols.

In verse one, John hears a voice like a trumpet and sees a door open in heaven.

The open door here is the mind, opened to God in prayer and meditation. The trumpet symbolizes an announcement and the voice is the voice within, familiar to those who study dreams. "Knock and the door will be opened unto you."

Verses two to six establish where the events are to take place. A throne is seen with colored stones and a rainbow. There are twenty four elders dressed in white with crowns of gold. There is thunder and lightening proceeding from the throne. There is a sea of glass before the throne as well as seven lamps burning. There are four beasts with many eyes before and behind, each having

six pairs of wings.

I believe this is an anatomy lesson. The throne is the heart, the thunder is the heart beating; the lightening is the sino-atrial node of the heart that electrically keeps the heart beating. The rainbow colors are the organs of the body, i.e., gall/green, veins/blue, arteries/red, and so on.

The twenty four elders are the ribs, dressed in white and the gold crowns are the cartilage that attaches to the sternum. The sternum is the sea of glass. The seven lamps are the chakras or spiritual centers of the body. They are burning, meaning they are active. This is what John meant in verse one when he said that he was in the spirit. Some call this the Kundalini forces; John calls them the seven spirits of God. For the sake of interpretation, John's statement is the more relevant.

The four beasts are the four main lobes of the lungs and the alveoli are the many eyes. The bronchioles are the wings that bring air to the lungs.

It goes on to say that every time the beasts give honor to him on the throne, the twenty four elders bow down and cast their crowns before the throne. This is a metaphor for breathing. When we exhale, the ribs bow down before the heart.

In addition, the four elements are represented by the four beasts. One is like the eagle. This represents Air. The lion is Fire, the calf, Earth and the one with the face of a man is Water. When we breathe in meditation, we activate these in the four lower chakras of the body, as symbolized by the word beast.

This chapter establishes that the events to follow take place within us, in our body and mind. We can also deduce that the body

envisioned here already believes in God and is knowledgeable in the discipline of meditation.

Chapter five describes the Kundalini process in its preliminary stages. The primary imperative is to put Christ at the center of this development, not the self.

Verse 1 tells of a book written inside and sealed with seven seals. The book is a man or woman; the seven seals are the seven spiritual centers of the body.

A strong angel asks, "Who is worthy to open the book and loose the seven seals?"

Angels represent forces: physical, mental or spiritual. This strong angel represents a will to learn and is therefore a mental force. Christ said, "Ask and it will be given you." The mind here (in Revelations) asked the right question. It was asked during prayer and the answer came in this vision.

No man on Earth or under the Earth was able to loose the seals or read the book. Only the lion of Judah can do this, because he has triumphed.

The Lion of Judah is Christ. Since he triumphed over death, only he is worthy and able to open the spiritual centers and read the person. This book is the book of Life, our lives.

Note that it does not say that the seals cannot be opened another way. It says only that the lamb is the only one worthy. This emphasizes these words of Christ: "I am the way, the truth and the life," and "He who climbs up some other way is a thief and a liar."

The lamb in verse six is said to have seven eyes, as well as seven horns, which are the seven spirits of God sent forth

into all the Earth.

The seven eyes are fully opened spiritual centers as contrasted by the seals of the book, that have not yet been opened. The seven horns symbolize a mind that is not separate from the body, but one. "Remember, O Israel, the Lord thy God is One." The Earth is our body and it is saying here that Christ can effect our body. "The seven spirits of god sent forth into all the Earth."

Next the lamb takes the book and something happens. The four beasts and the elders now have harps and golden vials full of odours that are the prayers of saints.

By allowing Christ to take the book, we surrender our will and allow for a new beginning. The prayers of the saints are the desire to be one with God. The harp is a musical instrument and represents proper harmony within. The many odours are the many new possibilities we now have from which to choose. Healing, prophecy, universal love are a few examples of what the vials contain.

In verse nine, a new song is sung. This is a new attitude of surrender of the will to God through Christ. This attitude is, "Thy will be done," or as Jesus said, "I do nothing of myself but by Him (God), who works in and through me."

Another way to say this is, "I in the Father and the Father in me and I and the Father in you."

Verse ten says that we are made kings and priests and we shall rule the Earth. Earth is the body. King is the mind. Put simply, this is mind over matter. Priest is the spirit or soul, also ruling the body. Verse ten is body, mind and soul becoming one with God.

Verse eleven speaks of many angels, ten thousand times ten

thousand and thousands and thousands more. In verse twelve, these angels declare that worthy is the lamb to receive power, riches, wisdom, strength, honor, glory and blessing.

The countless angels are the life force in change at the cellular level. This is the result of giving ourselves over totally to God through Christ. Verse twelve is giving all credit where credit is due: to the lamb (Christ).

In verse thirteen, every creature in Heaven, Earth, under the Earth and in the Sea give blessings, honor and power to Him on the throne and to the lamb who lives forever.

This is total worship with all parts of our being. "Love the Lord thy God with all your body, mind and soul and thy neighbor as thyself."

Heaven in this context is the spirit, or as Jung might have said, the unconscious. The Earth is the conscious, under the Earth is the physical sensual self and in the Sea is the blood or the life force. All these are in a stage of integration, or becoming one. This all occurs as we pray and meditate for a purpose.

Verse fourteen says that the beasts say "Amen" and the elders bow down before the throne.

This is again a metaphor for breathing in meditation. Amen is the mantra of God.

The next chapters tell what happens to us as each seal or spiritual center is opened. It takes us through every step and every possible danger we could encounter as we progress in development to the New Jerusalem or spiritualized body.

The Book of Revelations is a "How-to" book. As Jesus promised, "You can do all I have done and more, in my name believing."

This is a vision of self evolution

or self creation by surrendering our will to God and by asking in prayer and listening in meditation to Christ, who answers in dreams or visions.

Martin Deary, Ontario, Canada

"Souls of Oklahoma"

Shortly after the Oklahoma City tragedy, I was gifted with a dream/song of healing called "Souls of Oklahoma." I am a strictly amateur singer and guitar player, but I have presented this gift a few times for my church and other occasions.

Is there someone in the Oklahoma City area who would like to receive this song, for the purpose of performing it in churches, at campfires or memorial services? It has Native American motifs and is a good drumming song.

Please contact me at the address below. This song is not copyrighted and there is no money involved. I just want to share it with people who might find it meaningful and comforting.

*Sally DeFreitas
22 Church St., Hart, MI 49420*

Dream Network in Cyberspace

You're doing some fine things as webmistress. It's been a while since I checked our site out, so I'm very aware of all the neat changes you've made. I like the quotes and blue ink (easy on the eyes) and general layout. Of course, knowing me, I always want more graphics, but I'm well aware of the problems that can come with that — and what you have looks great.

The Table of Contents has excellent choices of articles and the addition of Listing of all Articles rounds it all out perfectly.

Including some of your articles brings the whole journal more into perspective. And I've got to say, you have provided links to some fascinating other WWW dream sites. I had no idea there is so much going on out there. Keep up the fine work. As a webmistress, you are informative, organized, creative, knowledgeable and obviously enthused about sharing all these goodies with others. What more could we ask for?

Noreen Wessling, Milford, OH

(Thank you, Noreen. What a trial by fire! I invite you to enjoy & critique the site @ <http://www.dreamnetwork.net/> ed.)

The Correct Next Step

I need *Dream Network*. I have just finished my MFA in studio art and I've now got some pictures to be getting out into the world.

My dreams drive me in search of the proper direction, that which is most suitable to what I wish to accomplish. Picture me:

I am walking to a neighborhood park near where I live. The park turns into a beach facing an ocean. I run headlong and blindly into the churning waters.

I am enveloped into a large bubble made of my white bedsheet and float safely within the water. I know this perfectly safe condition cannot continue forever, that I must rip the sheet open with my fingernails and escape into the churning ocean waters... which I do. I then swim to land on the opposite shore from where I began. It is desolate, rocky and barren and I feel that I must return to the original shore from which I

came, across difficult terrain... and across the ocean again.

This is the journey I am proceeding on....

I have to be very careful of avalanches of rocks, huge cliffful's of rocks literally tumbling down on the most well intentioned of travelers. Even if I want to help them, it is suicidal to try and all I can do is watch.

Always, the question is of the correct next step in a possibly perilous journey.

John Ashbaugh, Canyon, TX

DNJ, Elegant & Full of Freshness

Thanks for Vol. 17 #1. I found it here on my return from the winter in Mexico.

I believe *Dreaming Humanity's Path*, sharing of gifted visionary dreams is a marvelous project. When I have time I will share some visions I have collected.

The *Dream Network* continues to be very elegant and full of freshness. Best wishes,

Ann Sayre Wiseman, Cambridge, MA

~ On Line ~

Question & Answer

Guy Questions:

Looking specifically for gods, idols, icons that are said to bring good dreams or ward bad ones off/away.

McLeester Responds:

Of course, you may already know that DreamCatchers from some Native American cultures are reputed to do this.

However, my favorite way of affecting the dreams involves adopting the attitude that ALL dreams bring us some sort of gifts & healing. This way, there are no dreams that are just BAD

DREAMS. If I get a dream that is unpleasant, scary, painful, etc., I take these as more urgent messages that the dreams have something important to say. If I can look through the many layers of meaning in the whole dream, and look through the dream to see my life in a new way, and possibly find some way to act on my newfound perspective—the dream changes. And better yet, my life changes. The world changes.

I will say, this is not the most simple approach. It can take some work. But I have not seen any other approach that is more powerful. In fact, after engaging with dreams in this way for some time, many of the other approaches that try to banish the bad dreams and increase the good dreams start to look downright superficial, even dangerous.

The most difficult nightmares of all seem to come from efforts to repress and deny the life energies, especially when a person continues to do this over time, or in the face of extreme dream experiences. And what does the waking mind know about dividing "good dreams" from "bad dreams" anyway? Sometimes dreams are wiser than our waking minds. Can we have the humility to accept that?

That said, I do think it is good to encourage our dreaming by filling the environment with objects that are inviting to dreams. If the various "dream idols" that you seek are used in that spirit, it really can't hurt. I'd say go for it. But I would caution against getting too locked into a set "good/bad" dichotomy. OK?

May your dreams puzzle and perplex you into new possibilities!

—Dick McLeester

The One True Path

*A bunch of friends and I are racing little cars.
I am cheering for a boy I don't usually cheer for
because I just had a fight with the girl I usually cheer for.
Besides, the boy usually loses, so I thought it might feel good to him.*

*My SpellMaster appears and he throws me into a swiftly moving river.
My clothes are pulling me down and I am dragging my coat behind me.
I am not happy.*

*When my feet touch ground, suddenly I am in my bra and underwear.
My clothes are dry and piled on the shore.
When I finally get out, the air is buggy....
full of mosquitoes that don't bite... but they are annoying.*

I know my SpellMaster is testing me.

*I put on my clothes and my friends are there too.
They have gone through the same test but it's not like we can help one another.
They each have a SpellMaster too.... Annie, Grace and I..*

*We are told to go to Beaver Valley.
We think at first, "Oh, that's easy,"
because we know all these short cuts and tricks to get there.*

*But the SpellMasters tell each of us,
"No, you can't go by the main road, you must find The One True Path."*

*We set out up the muddy slippery banks. We have to grab hold of the roots to
keep from slipping back down. We couldn't make it, except for the roots.*

Notes from Mom:

Nikki Blue is 10 years old and resides in Port Townsend, WA.

SpellMaster is a character in *Siberian the Teenage Witch*. **SpellMaster** is her Teacher and Guide in the use of her magic and instructs her in the proper use of her powers.

Beaver Medicine: Builds dams. Opens Channels from pond to pond. Opens new channels of thought... to build our dreams.

An Interview with Dennison Tsose

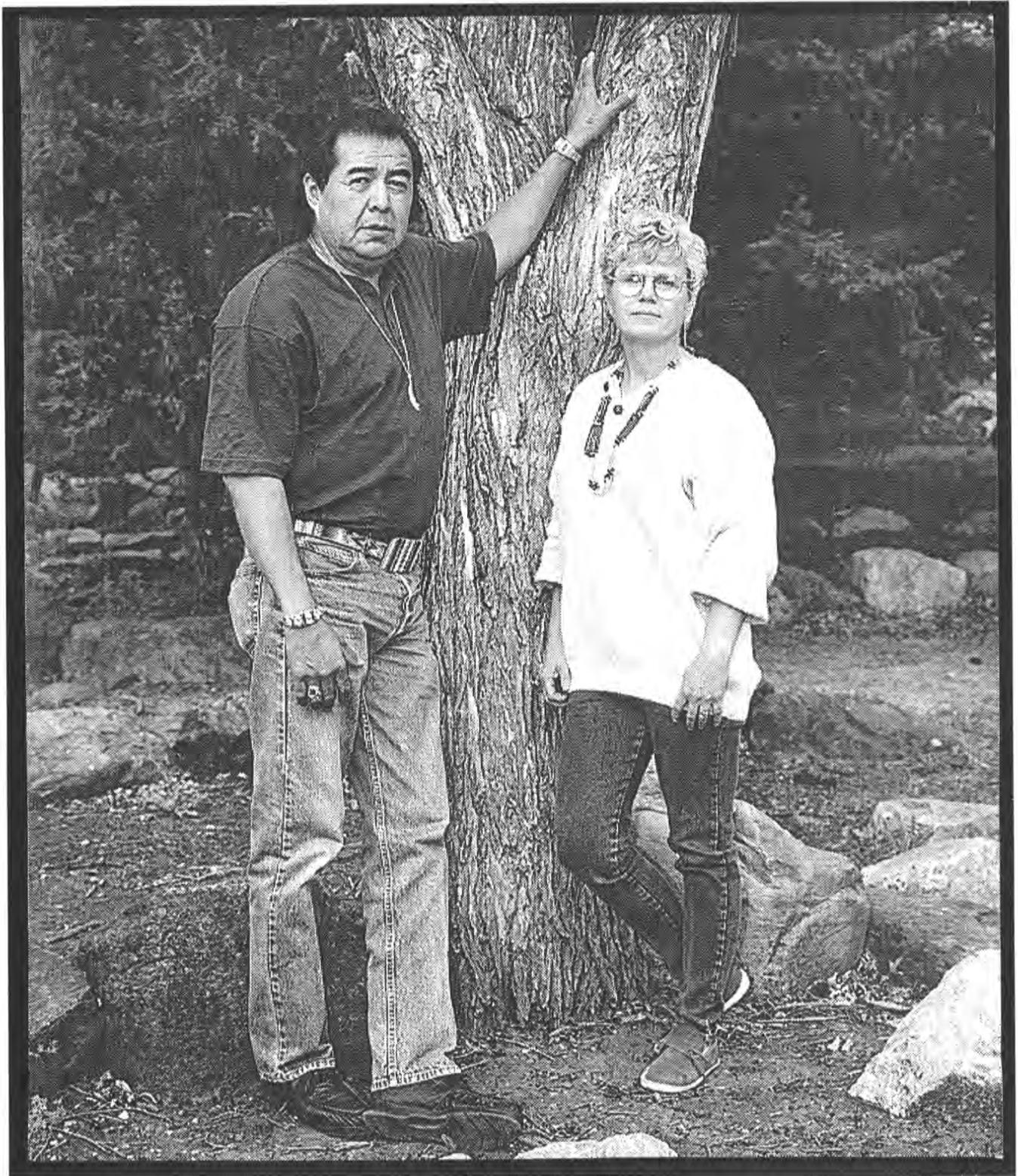
The Right Way

by Roberta Ossana

Preface: Dennison is Navajo and since early childhood has been an exceptional artist and silversmith. As a result of extraordinary visionary experiences, he has also become a healer, traveling and teaching worldwide. His wife, Teddi, is an artist as well as Dennison's greatest asset and assistant. In their book *Spirit Visions: The Old Ones Speak*, there appears a dream, which we have chosen as the centerpiece for this interview. It is entitled:

Forgiveness & Thankfulness

*We are walking across a flat land. The ground is covered with fine grass.
There are no trees, no rocks or hills as far as the eye can see....
just level and flat. Someone with us said, "I need a Coke."
There is nowhere to get a Coke but I feel I want to make everyone happy
and wonder where in the heck I can find a Coke.
Way up ahead I see three figures. As they get closer,
I can see they are carrying a box in their hands. As I approach, I notice they
are wearing robes and are very small, about four feet tall.
I ask them if they know where I can get a Coke. They reply,
"There's none here; you're going the wrong way."
I ask, "Where the heck am I? Am I on Earth or what? Who are you?"
They answered, "Thankfulness and Forgiveness.
It's time for thankfulness and forgiveness.
You are going the wrong way."
So I ask, "What way is the right way? Where am I supposed to be going?"
They respond, "To the East. Just turn around and go the opposite way."
Then they hand me a skin bag of water and say,
"This is all that you need to drink."*



Dennison & Teddi Toosie

DNJ: *Our issue is focused on the Question of how dreams help us gain insight into healing wounded relationships. Forgiveness is one of the central keys in that process and your dream alludes powerfully to our need for both forgiveness and thankfulness. What does this dream say to you today, Dennison, and how can the wisdom imparted in this dream be applied by readers in learning and enacting the art of forgiveness?*

DRT: What we feel in our heart determines what we see. This is especially true in relationships. Others often mirror issues we haven't resolved in ourselves. The typical problems present in relationships — anger, jealousy, possessiveness, etc. — are rooted in fear. When our heart feels fear, our understanding becomes confused. Forgiveness has to begin with forgiving ourselves. When our hearts are empty, when our Spirits are not nourished, we fear. Forgiveness of Self and others is actually letting go of fear. I feel like this dream is a message about the need for Spirituality in our lives. I believe Creator is in everything. Creator isn't "out there," it is within us. Most of us have forgotten this or never thought about it. It leaves an emptiness within, and a feeling of loneliness of Spirit. Creator is Love. Love is how Creator is expressed within us and through us. Love also requires letting go of fear, and when we express Creator through loving ourselves and others, we begin to lose our fear.

DNJ: *Many people want to release fear, to truly forgive themselves and others. But this is not something that can be achieved by knowing, intellectually. Is there a way, a process, you can recommend that will assist readers in achieving a heartfelt, emotional-level desire to forgive?*

DRT: I wish I had a simple answer to that question. It's amazing how often people come to me, hoping I can say or do something to instantly help them achieve this. It's an inner process that each individual has to find for his or her self. In the Native American culture there are things that can help facilitate this process, such as the Vision Quest and the Sweat Lodge, but the real work is inside oneself. A person must more than simply *want* to do this, they have to **need** to do it. If someone came to me and asked me how to forgive themselves, and others, I would know they weren't really ready to do so.... that they were still attached to their issues. By asking "How can I forgive?" they are really saying, "I'm not ready to forgive." When a

person is really ready, the process begins to happen within them on its own.

Then they might seek support in dealing with their issues.

For me, it took having what I call an Emergency of the Soul. I had reached a point in time where my life just wasn't working any more and I hit bottom. Everything had lost its meaning and I felt I was falling into a black void. I knew that I had to do something or I would destroy myself. So I went out into the forest and burned sage and prayed. I had no other direction left to go in and I finally had to face myself. I cried out for help with every fiber of my being until a part of my Self died. As I surrendered my ego, I FELT the spark of Creator. It had always been inside me, but my mind had kept me from realizing it. Suddenly I was a part of all Creation and I knew my place within it. It lasted only a fleeting moment, but my view of reality changed. From this point my life began to change, and I started my Spiritual Journey. I later realized by trusting in Creator, I was trusting in myself and losing my fear. I was able to detach myself and all the issues that once consumed me, no longer seemed important. I found I could feel Love and express Love because Creator was within me. With this came a thankfulness for all things in my life.

DNJ: *What does thankfulness have to do with forgiveness?*

DRT: Thankfulness has everything to do with forgiveness. When one is truly thankful, they are humble. True humbleness happens with the surrendering of the ego. When the ego is out of the way, the fear is gone and forgiveness is then possible.

DNJ: *Let's look for a moment at the lucid symbols in this dream:*

What does the 'flat land' and the 'Coke' in this dream symbolize for you?

DRT: To me the 'flat land' in the dream is the emptiness we feel inside when we have nothing in our lives to nourish our Spirit. Desiring a Coke is thirsting for something to fill the emptiness. The 'Coke' symbolizes the material things we try to fill the emptiness with. Coke doesn't nourish you, it just provides immediate gratification.

DNJ: *The figures declare themselves as Forgiveness and Thankfulness. What is their relationship?*

DRT: They work together; they are inseparable.

DNJ: *Who or what might the Third Being symbolize?*

DRT: I've wondered about that. I think it must symbolize Love, because Love is what makes Thankfulness and Forgiveness work.

DNJ: *What is the wrong way?*

DRT: The "wrong way" is the way most of us are going, looking for material things to fill a spiritual void. It just doesn't work. We will never have enough material things to make up for the lack of spiritual nourishment. Until we realize this we will simply keep looking for one more thing to try and make the emptiness go away.

DNJ: *What does the 'right way' / East represent?*

DRT: East is the Good Red Road, the Spiritual Path. In some Native American traditions, East is the direction of enlightenment. It is the direction of new beginnings, of rebirth. In my own Navajo tradition we get up each morning and go out to greet the sunrise and pray with corn pollen, because, it's the direction spiritual gifts come from. Our Holy People come from the East at sunrise. To me, in saying "turn around and go East," it is telling us to return to our Spiritual path.

DNJ: *The water, which is all you (we) need. What does water symbolize?*

DRT: Think about water for a moment. Visualize the Earth without water. Everything is nourished from water. We grew in the waters of our mother's wombs.

Next to air, water is the most important thing in our physical existence. We can live only a short time without it. To me the water in the dream symbolizes Spirit. It is what nourishes our inner being. Spirit makes us grow and without it we die inside. Spirit is all we need to satisfy our emptiness.

DNJ: *In essence, what is the teaching of this dream for us all?*

DRT: As we've gained more material things and technology has made our lives easier, we've begun to feel as though we're the ultimate creation. We've become selfish and are no longer thankful or forgiving; we are losing our spiritual connection to Creator. We are also losing our appreciation, and respect for Mother Earth who nourishes us. In the process, we are losing respect for ourselves and for one another. Greed rules, and we are spiritually empty, like the flat land in the dream.

We plunder the earth's resources without regard to the future. We pollute our waters, the very thing we need for life. We are suffocating in our own

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Teddi & Dennison Tsosie



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waste. Our children are spiritually dead and think nothing of taking another human's life. No wonder we can't forgive ourselves. In the past we were responsible for finding our own food, creating our own clothing, pots, baskets and tools. It kept us humble. There was a lot of love that went into growing our crops. We'd pray for sun and rain and abundance, our survival depended on it. As the plants grew, we felt our connection to the earth and we saw the spark of Creator in each new bud. We were thankful for a bountiful harvest, because we wouldn't starve and we gave thanks in our hearts each time we ate. Now we go to a supermarket and buy these things. We feel no relationship to them. We buy meat in a package, and forget an animal, a living being gave its life so we can eat. We don't even say 'thank you.' Indeed we are going the wrong way.

It's time to reevaluate what is important, and once again practice thankfulness and forgiveness, humbleness and love, in our daily lives. We must turn around and walk the Spiritual Path and drink the water of Spirit to nourish our souls. The flat land in the dream wasn't dry and barren, it had fine grass on it. I think there is still hope for us. ♡

Dream Inspired Poetry

Gelid Waste

I bar the door
against the icy blast
that screams and keens
between dry boards
in search of bone and marrow.

I retreat then
to yet another room
behind another door
and lock another lock
until I am imprisoned by my fear.

My other self
I glimpse
sitting in the snow.

She prefers to remain outside
exposed and waiting
camped in the wreckage
of the plane that brought us
to this gelid waste.

I call to her
across the threshold
of my dubious safety
beseeching her
to join me.

But she refuses.

Stay then,
I tell her
tonight you will lie down
in the cold and die.

And when daylight comes
I will weep
for your death.

Then I will
eat your flesh
so I may go on living.

Who else but me would dream
such desperate measure
against the chance
or loss of love?

Sally DeFreitas

Brown Monk's Tears

Paradox & Transformation

by David Morse

Winter Solstice 21 December '97, 3:30 a.m.

My son and I are driving past a row of pine trees planted as a border just close enough to prevent our driving to the sea. But the sea is not our goal. Rather it is the mushrooms growing in the forest. The issue is one of access. Our chances of finding mushrooms will be better, I reason, on the more private land, as opposed to that with public access. This is not quite poaching, since the owners of the private land are presumably not interested in the mushrooms. In any case it's moot, since we can't find an opening quite wide enough between the trees. Now I am with some vague others, offering to sell my time. Fifteen minutes of my time will cure their aches and pains. But I don't know how to price it, and the time slips through my fingers while I show them how to scoop an incline in the sand - like a mate, the scooped stone used by Indians for grinding corn. Someone has discovered that a language - Lakota, Kiowa? - is better than English for framing certain concepts: the paradox of something both large and small, for instance, and events happening outside of time. The discovery excites me, and I want to capitalize on it, sell this knowledge along with my time. I collect more information, the secret of how to read this language, which is woven into a kind of rug and includes prophecies. We are close to Mexico.

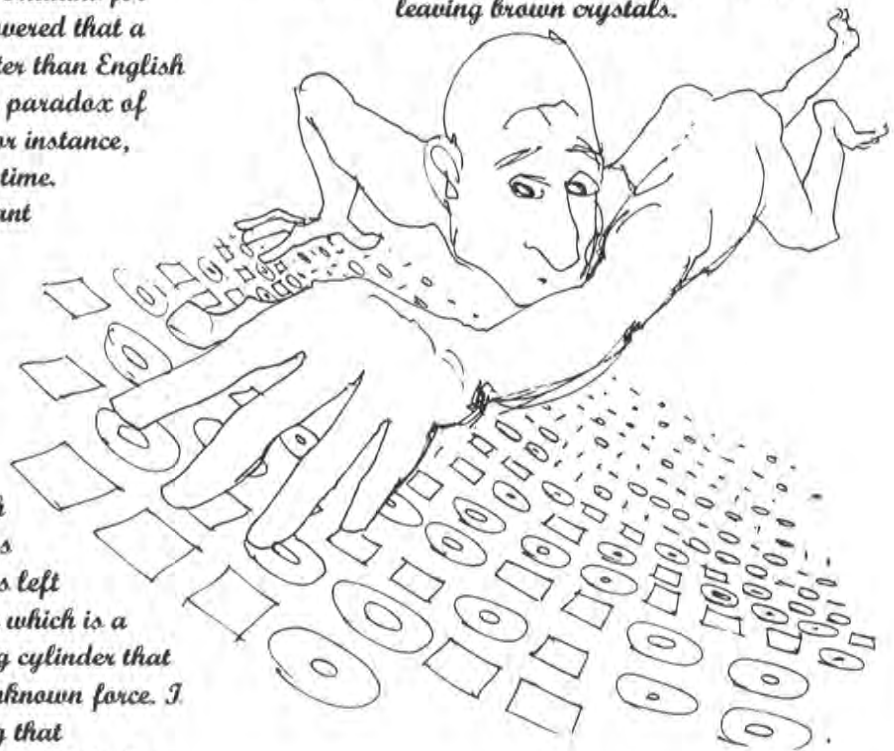
I am told or shown how a monkish man in a brown robe has wept tears whose residue is crystalline and has left behind his futuristic visions - among which is a transport in the shape of a spinning cylinder that orbits the earth by means of some unknown force. I try to remember everything that I am learning. But when I try to explain the

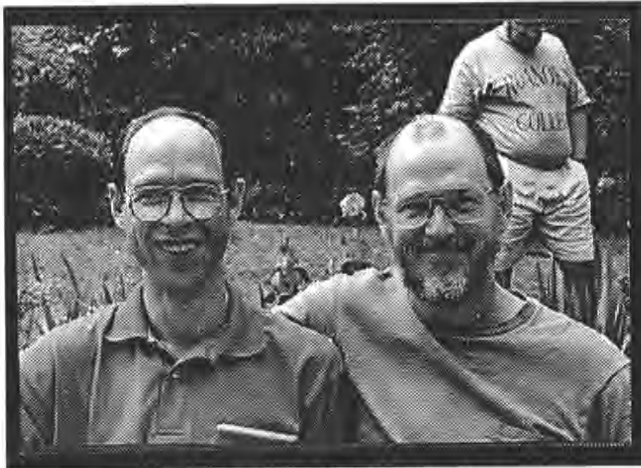
Through dreams we are able to embrace paradox as it confronts us in our emotional lives. The dream sometimes contains the cues for reconciliation or transformation.

language to someone else, it is indecipherable. Scrutinizing the weave as closely as I can, I can see in the warp and woof only the traces of what has been - binary dots and dashes, which I can no longer translate. I think of collaborating with someone who knows more, but my ego prevents my choosing that, and then it is too late.

Someone who guards the information declares that what I have learned is "nothing compared to the brown monk's crystal tears. Not a mere clump-of-flesh; cells like frogs' eggs; zygote or cancer? -as you may suppose, but pure."

Image of tears burning like sugar in alcohol, leaving brown crystals.





Scott Morse and Father, David

How I understand this dream upon waking:

The theme of propriety runs through it, the conflict between ego and gift. By wanting to possess knowledge rather than serve as a conduit, I impoverish myself. I am better off giving freely.

The dream occurs during a visit from Scott, my eldest son, with whom I have just had a profound discussion about forgiveness and letting go of our pain.

The son in my dream is a composite of all three of my sons, but mostly it is Scott. The mushrooms are life, the sea perhaps our eventual death or destiny; the trees planted as a barrier raises the issue of access and propriety.

We have so little time for this visit from Scott and his wife Melisa and two young children. The five days that I feared might be too long with so many people in a small house (and I feeling protective of Joan, my wife, who is recovering from cancer) now seems far too short. Joan and I are loving every minute of grandparenting. And my earlier fears I see now were of intimacy and the old pain and guilt that has stood as a barrier between Scott and myself.

Last night, before going to bed, I showed Scott and Melissa a poem I had written, about Joan's cancer and a letter I had written to my own father about our love and our own pain. Both the poem and the letter were intimate, yet written for publication. In offering them, I vaguely apologized for the latter. The dream raises for me the issue of intellectual property, of my private vs. public life as an artist and the paradox of access. Is the artist who bares his soul so different from the parent? It is when we withhold our pain and self-knowledge, our own arcane language of paradox, that we deny ourselves.

The brown monk's tears, or the monk's brown tears, are sacred. They refer I think to Scott's belief in Christ, and to my own discovery of selfless love.

The dream also touches on a conflict I have felt since last summer, upon completing a project on which I had worked selflessly and creatively for three years. Now that it is over, I want acknowledgment or thanks for my leadership, which I know cannot be expressed by the group at large, partly because the project's success depended on everyone getting selflessly involved. I am annoyed at myself for needing (or thinking I need) to be singled out for recognition. Yet the feeling will not go away. I want to repossess the gift of my devotion, which is no longer mine.

The thanks, I know, must come from me. The developmental task is one of self-affirmation. I am not there yet. The dream speaks to that task. It speaks to the folly of trying to possess that which belongs to the commonweal, that which must be given freely or it disappears.

As I write these words, I realize that I *am* the brown monk. My present pain is *not what I suppose*, but will be distilled into something pure.

It is that transformation I seek also in my relationship with my son. ♥



Sketches by David Morse

The Dance of Intimacy



In Dreamwork

by John Mackenzie and Jane Slama Mackenzie

From the beginning of our relationship, dreams have played a key role. We met at a 1996 conference on dreams in Berkeley and chose to wait until we dreamed about each other before deciding how best to act on the strong attraction we felt after frequently meeting and talking in the Claremont Hotel corridors. Since then our dreams have continued to speak to important issues between us, ranging from birth control to building a balanced, co-creative partnership. Our dreams have brought to light subtle emotional undercurrents between us and provided insight about the growing edges in our relationship.

We view our dreams involving each other as summaries of our individual intrapsychic concerns *and* as portraits of current or potential themes or dynamics between us. We have found that the two levels are related. To dismiss either perspective, no matter how "untrue" a dream may appear at first glance, is to miss opportunities for critical examination and greater understanding of our behavior *and* its effect on each other. In fact, we have found that often in disturbing dreams about

each other there is unexpected, affirming information about both of us. We have also found that we have intuited and reflected back to the other, in a dream "portrait," something that he or she is currently unable to recognize or understand about him or herself. Together these portraits point to a theme or dynamic in our individual lives and interaction.

This kind of work can be painful at times, even between two deeply loving and committed people. Yet knowing that our relating draws out our "hidden" dramas for our benefit, we value this kind of dreamwork as a way in which to constructively explore them.

We share two dreams here. There are numerous levels of interpretation and meaning. We focus on two levels that speak to a theme in our relationship. One level addresses our mutual love of independence and the second speaks to our individual fears: John's fear of being underappreciated and displaced and Jane's fears about being restricted and suppressed. Both levels appeared when Jane began to find creative teaching

opportunities after a long period of seclusion. We try to give some sense of how we go about examining our dreams by writing this in conversation. In actuality, this dialogue took place, intermittently, over a number of days and nights. These dreams occurred about a week apart.

John's dream came first:

I am home with Jane. She is going out to teach a class or something. She seems preoccupied and says she might be bringing someone back with her. I'm not sure what she means, but feel uncomfortable about her preoccupation. Sometime later she returns with a male student of hers who looks to be about 17. When I wonder why she brought him home, she says she wants him to be here. I am confused and annoyed by this.

I say, "Look, I don't understand what's going on and we don't have enough places to sleep either.

I guess he can sleep in the spare room in a sleeping bag." Jane says, "No. I want him to sleep here," indicating a large bed in the middle of the room that already has several people in it whom I take to be

family members or children, and it's where we also sleep. I say, "But there's not enough room.

Where do you think I'm going to sleep?" Jane says, "You can sleep on the floor with some blankets."

I am hurt and outraged by this. Jane goes into another room which seems to be crammed with a lot of stuff.

She is arranging, or making order, or just keeping busy. I'm not sure which. I follow her into the room and say, "Look. I've got to talk to you. He can't stay here." Jane seems reluctant, but I am firm. I practically take her by the arm and lead her out onto a concrete terrace, where there are several men talking. There are raised seats like bleachers on the left and a swimming pool is on our right with people swimming. I say, "I can't understand or believe what is going on with you." Jane continues a determined resistance to my concern. I feel I can't get her to even take me seriously, so I say, "If you can't see what upsets me about this, then I want a divorce." Finally I seem to have gotten Jane's attention. She begins to cry. I feel badly hurt, scared. I can't imagine ever getting to the place I would even think about divorce, but now I can begin to talk to her about all this pain and confusion."

John: This alliance with the 17-year-old speaks to a growing fear I have that I am going to be displaced. I have to trust that somehow whatever love you have for me will hold you here until I can get free enough to create with you as we agreed. I didn't feel this vulnerable in the beginning of our relationship. You were the more dependent one. And we were both building something

that was completely new. Our work and outer world patterns have shifted a lot in the last year to where you are sometimes earning more than I. Things have taken on a different kind of momentum as you turn increasingly to activities of great interest to you which you have been gestating for a long time. I feel almost discarded now as I continue on doing work without joy just to make payments on past debts with no end in sight. The momentum I poured so much energy into during a year of considerable self sacrifice now seems to be leaving me lonely and undervalued.

Jane: I can see how you would feel that way. You were supporting us at first. Now, I have done a lot of that this year and you haven't had to worry quite so much, or work at something you despised, however our combined earning power hasn't changed our overall situation much, except that I suddenly have this whole other part of my life unfolding.

What's interesting to me about the age of 17 is that was how old I was when I left home. This makes me think that this young man I've brought home represents my current sense of creative freedom, much like the freedom that I felt at 17. And this "alliance" makes you feel suddenly displaced, like there is no room for a creative partnership with me. Your dream tells me I need to make more space in my creative world for you. Your tremendous pain about being pushed out tells me this is a very deep hurt, one that you have carried for a long time.

John: That rings true for me. I don't know what the significance of 17 is for me. But playing with possibilities, it was about 17 years ago that I began studying at the Berkeley Psychic Institute. That was a time of very expansive growth for me in which vast new areas of understanding opened. Perhaps the dream is suggesting that you are aligning with a similar process of expanded consciousness and interaction and I'm afraid I'll be left out. This is all the more important, as you and I share more interests and values than I have yet experienced with anyone and I have been waiting all my life for the kind of creativity I can undertake with you. I want this alliance very much.

Here is Jane's dream.

It is a Sunday afternoon and John and I have gone for a drive to a small pleasant restaurant "up valley" in the area I used to live. We are going to have a beer or drink of some kind and I notice that someone with whom I work is following us in his car. I am surprised to see him and even more surprised when he appears as the bartender in the restaurant. I become self conscious when I see he is watching us and John begins to act strangely. John is suddenly loud and angry and now

wearing an infant's elastic lacy, blue ribbon around his head. He wants to eat dinner here, but I don't want to stay. I feel like cooking and tell him I'd rather go and cook something at home that's not only better but much cheaper... and more private. I want to find out what John's so upset about. He says he doesn't want to return to my daughter's apartment (from where we have just come). I agree. He says he needs to go to the bathroom before we leave. A few minutes later I go over to the bathroom doors to wait for him. As I do, he comes out and now has three metal clamps around his head, along with the baby ribbon. [These are the clamps he uses in waking life for gluing wood together.] I'm shocked and ask if he feels okay, certain these clamps must be really hurting him.

John: Here, too, I need to make a display of some kind to get your attention about something that is upsetting me. There is an obvious parallel between "my" behavior in your dream and "my" behavior in my own dream. Here, in your dream, although we have areas of disagreement, we quickly work through them, or they don't linger in the dream narrative. Yet, I still seem to need to "relieve" myself, and call attention to myself as if something remains unresolved. The nature of my distress, reflected by my choice of clamps as a fashion statement, seems to point to some sort of pressure I'm feeling. In my waking life, clamps are a tool associated with the creative process of bonding two things that were previously unconnected. Am I making a suggestion to you?

Jane: That's very useful because in the dream I worried that these clamps hurt you and that they were restrictive and that this image of you reflected something about mental restraints — both on yourself and on me. This image was disturbing to me when I woke from this dream, as such restraints have caused me pain in my life. I have only seen you using clamps in waking life when you are repairing some old tool you've decided to keep. Hearing that you've used them more for creating new things gives me another sense about the dream. These clamps signal that something new is underway and that this project, so to speak, involves the bonding together of different, separate ideas and making a new way of thinking. I have been aware that I was looking at dreams in a new way on my own, before I met you, in my focus on the interpersonal level in dreams.

You and I are consciously trying to do this work together now. We are also trying to bond two very different styles of working with dreams. And we are merging feminine and masculine ways of being. The list goes on. So, on another level, the John in my dream is you and the merging going on in your mind involves the creating of a new paradigm of partnership, perhaps the

one you continually refer to in Riane Eisler's work. The flexible infant's ribbon you are also wearing speaks to this. Perhaps your anger has to do with impatience at not being able to express that fully yet. In our waking lives you often talk about your frustration with having to attend to mundane tasks instead of being able to focus your whole energy on this new area of partnership and dreams.

John: I think that's true. How poignant! For example, I hate it every time I have to leave you writing to go off to work on some job, when I want to be writing with you, or working with people's dreams as you are beginning to do more frequently. I can find some comfort in your insight into your own dream, in that I have apparently caught your attention, and the very independent you is now alerted to how important my participation in this partnership activity is to me.

We have begun to recognize that all relationships between people contain a theme or themes revealed by the waking dynamics between them and detailed profusely in their dreams whether or not these phenomena are conscious for them. The importance of this has been noted in various schools of thought, and can be looked upon as something like the master purpose of the relationship, e.g. to move the person along in some way on the path to greater self fulfillment or as Jung called it *individuation*. For one interested in personal growth, an important step is to become aware, first, that there is such a "theme" operating in a very active way. In order to work with the relationship dynamics in a constructive manner, both individuals in a relationship must be willing to become more conscious of the theme(s) as they play out in the conflicts and differences of perspective they experience with one another. This is helpful in understanding our motivations and working effectively with whatever "comes up" between two people. When an individual changes partners or jobs repeatedly in life and only vaguely notices that everything always seems the same with different scenery, it is evidence that either the relationship themes are not recognized or the willingness to work consciously with the elements of conflict is not present.

Some relationships involve dynamics between more than two people. For example, in group conflict resolution there are processes which recognize the interrelated character of quite complex dynamics, but the core process always seems to focus on the conflicting edge between two differing perspectives of reality. This is the arena in which the themes of our lives play themselves out, asking us to recognize and work with them. To avoid the marvelous potential inherent in conflict, as we are taught to do, is to avoid the creative opportunity to move in a rich ground of growth and change. That is the paradox of conflict that comes from the richness of difference between us. ♡♡

Swept Away!

by Joy Gates

It is daytime and I'm in the office suite of a doctor friend in a Victorian house in San Francisco. He is dark-haired and I am very attracted to him. I try to suppress this because I am married and he is a single man known for his many liaisons.

I enter his office and we casually talk.

Soon I am sitting and he is behind me massaging my shoulders.

I am wearing a halter-top, which he unties behind my neck.

I hold the top over my breasts and look back at him. He reaches out to slide his hand under my halter-top and says, "I want to touch your breasts."

I refuse, holding my halter-top, and tell him, "In the past I would have yielded without question to a man, but not any more. I want to know what your intentions are toward me."

He stands, walking back and forth in the office, focussed and serious. "You're right," he says finally. "We shouldn't get involved." I say, "I can't see how any good could come of it." We leave his office suite and walk outside along the sidewalks. I continue to find his physical magnetism extremely attractive and he seems still to be attracted to me. We hold hands, feel our bodies' nearness as we walk. My desire begins to rise. We both want more

of this touch! We finally enter another Victorian house which seems to be a place of permitted assignation, with sofas in various rooms and a discreet staff that remains well in the background. We enter the front room, a living room with a sofa and fireplace. Now we embrace passionately, deliciously, melting against one another, sinking onto the sofa, bodies pressed together, still fully clothed. What ecstasy! I don't care any more what the consequences of our liaison may be. Our physical union has the inevitability of fate to me, and I no longer wish to escape it. I yearn to surrender to him completely. He, too, is swept with passion, and looks at me tenderly. We stand and he walks over to the fireplace mantle and takes several condom packets from a glass bowl containing many such packets.

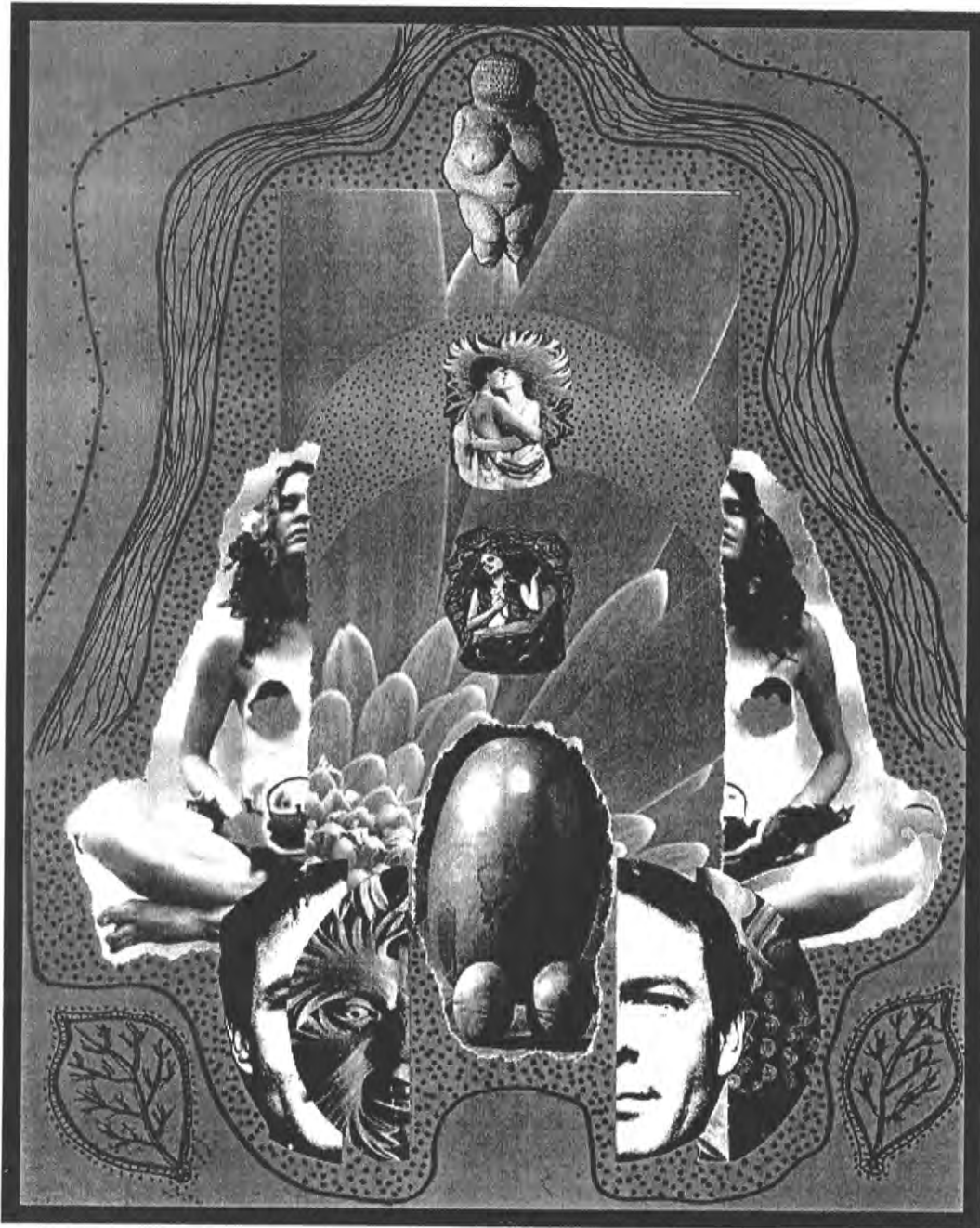
"We can't do it here, now," I say. "There are people around."

"Not here," he assures me. "I'm just getting prepared."

He looks at me seriously. "You haven't changed your mind, have you?" he asks.

"No," I reply with conviction. I am very clear that I want union with him.

*I awaken filled with yearning for emotional union, for passion and utter, vital livingness, rather than my current carefully controlled existence. I have been increasingly aware of my shadow-self after reading *Romancing the Shadow — Illuminating the Dark Side of the Soul* by Connie Zweig and Steve Wolf. This shadow-work has stirred up deep feeling. I become more aware of ways in which I carry my grandmother's and mother's shadow-qualities and un-lived life. I begin to recognize how I have kept myself safe and how this now feels limited and unsatisfying to me. I am now more willing to risk my self in intimacy, in deeper relationship.*



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Signal Fire

*I have come forth
to set my heart on the ground*

*and to make a small
signal fire,
mixing smoke
with dust and clouds.*

*The blue-white
flame, with the orange
aura, bright
as the blood oranges
of the south,*

*this
will be the burning
of my soul.
How long
does a soul endure
in a changing place?*

*Pilgrim
drop some alms
of your holy journey
into this bowl
of wavering embers.*

*Behold,
the frailty
of the human body!*

*The sun-
drenched silhouette,
perfumed
by the summer earth.*

*In the Week.... and Signal Fire
by David Sparenberg
1713 - 14th Ave.
Seattle, WA 98122*

*In the Week That
Princess Di & Mother Teresa*

*I have lost my wife.
She is dead of incurable disease.
I have lost my wife,
my one and only, best, intimate friend.
We met in high school.*

*We were married
all of our adult lives.
Not all of the times
were good times
but even in the bad times
our love was deeper
than the bad times.*

*My children
have lost their mother.
My youngest son
has grown into adolescence
with the presence of life destroying
cancer.*

*I have no right
to private grief.
Millions of others
suffer the unjust loss
of parents and children and lovers
to war and famine and incurable
disease.*

*I have no right
to private grief.*

*I have lost my wife and my life
has collapsed around me
and keeps collapsing inside.
The world is falling apart.
My anguish. My sorrow. My outrage.
My isolation. My question.
The funeral of memory and the broken
community of those who remain behind.*

*I have lost
more than half of my existence.*

*I have lost my wife
who was far too young and too
beautiful
to have died.*

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Monkey Meets the Noseless Man:

Dreams can invite the most unexpected relationships....

by Noreen Wesling

The Noseless Man entered my dreaming world May 11, 1996. From the get-go, I knew this to be a potent dream image, yet in my wildest dreams I could not have imagined where this one would lead.

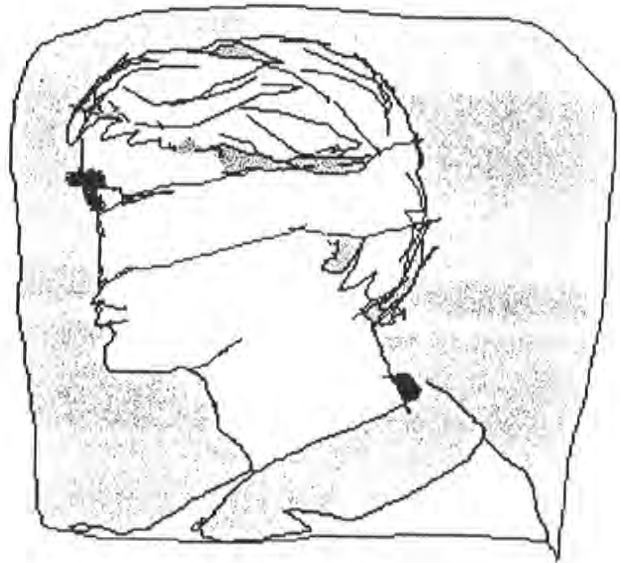
My Noseless Man led me into a new relationship with a friend I've yet to meet in person. But I'm getting ahead of myself. It was a dog named Monkey who had the initial connection with my Noseless Man. But first, here's the actual dream.

DREAM: May 11, 1996

The Noseless Man Will Die Next Week

I'm walking through the park and stop to talk with a fellow whose NOSE is wrapped in a bandage. Actually, his nose is gone because there is a flat area where his nose should be. He's foreign and has his translator here with him. The Noseless Man talks about how he has much greater and different depth perception since he lost his nose. As if to demonstrate, now four people stand in front of him in line, one behind the other, and he sees in a new way. Then the translator tells us, "He'll die next week."

This matter-of-fact statement shocks me, since the Noseless Man is enthused about life and his progress with depth perception. The translator senses my dismay, saying, "Oh, no, he doesn't mind dying at all — it's no big deal. He's fine."



Notes from my dream journal:

Seems like some of my outer sensing apparatus (nose) is taking a back seat to my developing inner sensing ... the nose knows. What scares me a bit is dying to some of my old familiar ways of viewing my world. The dream may be suggesting there is no need for concern. Go for it!

Rather than presenting more insights gleaned from this dream (important as they are to me), this article focuses on an altogether different direction in dreamwork. Here's what happened.

Enter Jesse Reklaw, Cartoonist:

While surfing the net, shortly after the Noseless Man appeared in my dream, I came across Jesse Reklaw and his cartoon versions of dreams in Slow Wave. Immediately intrigued, I sent him this dream and shortly thereafter I was dazzled to see it cleverly rendered in cartoon form. What fun!



Unusual Dream Direction:

I thought, "Well, that's that for the Noseless Man — on to other things," not yet realizing that this dream had a mind of its own. It just so happened that out in Seattle a few weeks later, a grief-stricken Lucy Flanagan happened across my cartoon in a local paper, *The Rocket*, and felt compelled to find the person (me) who had this dream. Here is the actual email Lucy sent to Jesse Reklaw, January 28, 1997:

"Your dream about the man who was missing his nose - I want to talk with the person who had this dream - it has vast significance to me. Please get back to me. Thank you."

Graciously, Jesse complied, and to this day I recall my feeling of astonishment, almost surreal, as Lucy emailed me her story. Her beloved dog, Monkey, had died very recently due to a tumor on his nose. The vet said he could operate by cutting off Monkey's nose, but still the dog's chances would be slim. A devastated Lucy opted for euthanasia. But here, let Lucy tell her own story excerpted from her journal ...

Lucy Speaks:

"Once upon a time there was a very beautiful dog named Monkey who was indescribable. He was innocent, intense, understanding, acting upon that understanding, timid and brave at the same time, poised, dear, funny, gorgeous. Anyway, Monkey loved life and eagerly awaited each day because that meant an opportunity to explore, to meet new creatures and, optimally, to conquer them! He had long, shapely brindled legs that flitted in the dappled light in a blur of

movement. We spent about 22 hours a week ranging Seattle's park system together.

"Monkey came down with a cancer in his nose that I didn't discover until it was too late and I had to put Monkey to sleep. I was devastated by the loss of my best friend in all the world. We had been together 12 years.

"One day, about two weeks after losing Monkey, I was wandering around in a daze and came upon a rock music newspaper, desperate for something to read over lunch. There, in the back, was a cartoon. It was one of the Slow Wave series depicting peoples' dreams. This dream struck me like a lightning bolt.

"In the dream, the dreamer was in the park and came upon a man with no nose. He had with him a translator because presumably with no nose he couldn't talk either (dream logic here). The translator explained that while the Noseless Man had lost his sense of smell, he compensated for this with enhanced perceptions in another dimension. As if to demonstrate, the Noseless Man lines himself up against four other people in a row creating a 3-D display. Then the translator informed the dreamer that the Noseless Man was going to die in a couple of weeks. This shocked the hell out of the dreamer who was horrified because the Noseless Man seemed to love life so much. She didn't know what to say. This surprised the translator who rushed to reassure her, 'Oh, no, it's no big deal. He'll be fine.'

"Naturally, this story was like rain on a desert to me. It seemed to come from the supernatural, grasping as I was at any straw that would bring me in contact with the beyond and back in touch with Monkey. I saw at the

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Video Review

by Pamela Ryan
& Norcca Westling

THE LANGUAGE OF DREAMS

DreamWeavers (1-800-301-5553;
www.dreamweavers.org)

The Language of Dreams is a series of 15 videotapes that teaches basic tenets of Jungian psychology and dream analysis. The tapes mostly consist of conversations/interviews featuring a few Jungian analysts or enthusiasts (predominantly, host Elizabeth Strahan and producer/director Carol Sellers Herbert), occasionally embellished with clips from dream workshops, participants' illustrations of their dreams and/or historical artistic images.

The tapes begin by outlining a basic structure for dreamwork (Tapes 1 and 2), then go on to examine aspects of masculinity and femininity in dreams (Tapes 3 - 6), then finally branch off into more specific topics such as relationships, personality types, particular animals, vehicles, costume, and life cycles (Tapes 7 - 10 and 12 - 16). A Study Guide and Dream Journal workbook are also available from the publisher. Puzzlingly, there seems to be no Tape 11.

While I found the premise of the series exciting, the method solid, and much of the content enlightening, I must admit that I found the tapes disappointingly difficult to sit through. While the spokes people constantly espoused the importance of visual imagery and agreed upon its strong impact upon us, the tapes themselves contained little visual interest, repeatedly set against the same cold, stone-wall background. Misled by the series' beautiful packaging and marketing materials,

I assumed that the tapes themselves would be equally artistically sophisticated. Instead, the production seemed a bit "low-budget" with emphasis on talking heads, uneven sound quality and editing, slow pace, etc.

Setting the technical aspects aside, the information was fine. Even as a seasoned dreamworker who had already studied Jungian concepts, I picked up some interesting new ideas and frameworks for my personal dream study. For instance, I thoroughly enjoyed Strahan's explication of *The Wizard of Oz* as a story of a woman coming to terms with the various aspects of her animus (Tape 4). And Allan Koen's extensive discussion of relationships in terms of ancient alchemical processes (Tape 13) was also fascinating.

But I frequently found myself wishing for broader connections with dreams. Some of the tapes which outlined useful Jungian concepts never really illustrated in a complete and concrete way how those concepts might be useful in dreamwork. The first tapes explored lengthy, detailed dreams in great depth, confusingly skipping around within the producers' proposed method/process. I wished that the stages of the process could be explicated with short, clear and concrete examples of each stage.

Strahan has a warm and peaceful presence, and makes a good guide/hostess. The Study Guide is handy and helpful. I would skip the journal/workbook, though. It primarily consists of multiple copies of the same worksheet, based upon the method already

provided in the Study Guide.

Overall, the tapes are useful, but not (in my opinion) worth the asking price - at least, not for those of us whose financial resources are limited. If you can borrow the series from a library or a friend, do so. But if you have \$376 and many hours of free time, they might be better invested by taking a community college course on Jungian psychology or hiring a Jungian psychologist to work with your dreams on an individual basis for a few sessions.

I hope that the producers consider offering an updated version of the series at some point in the future, adding visual and auditory interest for the viewer. The concept is wonderful, and many of the tapes have glimpses of their true potential: to build a compelling and exciting bridge of understanding between dreamers and their own dream imagery. As Strahan asserts, "The dream is not like a riddle that has a specific answer; it's more like an invitation to reflect on the major issues in one's life, circling around them, meditating on them..." *Pamela Ryan*

Another View of the DreamWeaver Video Series

I have to agree with most of what Pamela Ryan has to say. She's done a good job.

So, what can I add? First of all, I *do* like the beginning of each tape, with the lovely-colored stone wall which reminds me of Jung's love of stone and how he used it in later years to build his tower. And I love stones, so there's my connection.

I don't have a problem with repeating the beginning of each video with the stones, the house, the lovely flowers. In fact, this gives me a sense of continuity to the tape series.

Elizabeth Strahan is a fine choice as moderator and interviewer because of her warm, mothering nature, nicely balanced with strength and intellect. I like her.

I do like the times when dreams are 'worked on' in more right-brained ways and the audience gets to see the dreamers get their crayons out and almost see their minds churning as they produce images on paper of some dream character. Or they dance it out, or mold it out of clay, or talk to their image or feeling as if it were a real entity. These are the parts of the videos I enjoy the best, partially because of the spontaneity of it and partly because I feel this is so vital an approach in dreamwork/play and is often overlooked in the 'interpretation approach.'

I also enjoy the various Jungian analyst guests that appear from time to time, but would like to see their eyes once in a while. Most of the time they're looking at Elizabeth or down at their notes perhaps.

All in all, I find the videos to be enjoyable, useful, thought-provoking. I also appreciate the ground-breaking aspect of putting Jungian dream ideas, so sacred to therapy sessions, out to the public at large; perhaps more than anything, this is to be commended. This is a time in the world when dreamwork/play needs to be out in the mainstream as much as possible, yet given with the necessary precautions and useful methods.

In this light, the *DreamWeaver Video Series* is gutsy! I commend Ms. Strahan highly. What a tremendous undertaking this must have been!

Noreen Weesling



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Evolution of a New Mythology: Angelic, Apocalyptic and Alien Dreams

1998 by Maureen B. Roberts Ph.D.

As Jung has discussed, particularly in his book *Flying Saucers*, a metamorphosis of the gods occurs at the end of each astrological era. Since we are now passing into Aquarius, a new mythology is emerging and being articulated in apocalyptic, prophetic dreams and visions worldwide. What seems to be happening at present — as we shift out of Christian-dominated Pisces — is that the angels and demons of Christian mythology are being superseded by more morally ambiguous UFO and alien dreams. Significantly, I've had only a few 'angel' dreams, but many dozens of UFO ones. The following includes some examples of both.

A passage from Rilke's 'Second Duino Elegy' resonates with a dream I had recently of two 'species' of the angelic hierarchy:

But if the archangel now, perilous,
from behind the stars
took even one step down toward us:
our own heart,
beating higher and higher,
would beat us to death.

The angels are further described as 'mountain-ranges, peaks growing red in the dawn of all Beginning, pollen of the flowering godhead, joints of pure light, corridors, stairways, thrones, space formed from essence, shields made of ecstasy, storms of emotion whirled into rapture . . . mirrors, which scoop up the beauty that has streamed from their face which gather it back, into themselves entire.'

I like the Blake-ian sense of immense energy here, compared to the often tame and listless portrayals of angelic beings one often encounters. In a dream I had, I saw two levels of the angelic hierarchy, firstly (as an anonymous Voice described in the dream) "the Thrones, three of whom appeared standing behind a distant mountain range above which their immense androgynous forms — clad in flowing robes, towered in shimmering apricot gold, as though they, not the Sun, were the source of the gentle light of dawn. I then looked up into the sky and saw, at cloud level, a gracefully whirling mass

of Cherubim, who simply cannot be described. The sense was of immense power and delicacy, beauty, dancing, higher innocence, speed and agility, and interfusing, interweaving energies, all delicately golden and amoebic-animal-human in form. Awesomely beautiful and powerful, they whirled ecstatically to an unheard music. I stood watching them and was completely lost in the vision. It changed my life and after I awoke, I could scarcely do a thing for days. How stagnant and tame the angelic hierarchy has become when diluted into doctrine, empty ritual, or belief! These powers were vastly alive, overpoweringly real, staggeringly powerful and terrifyingly beautiful beyond words.

Steven Spielberg achieved an admirable glimpse of this quality in his portrayal of the terrible beauty and potentially destructive energy of the Seraphim that were released from the Ark of the Covenant at the end of the first Indiana Jones film.

Two of my UFO dreams relate to the emerging 'alien myth.' There's a certain resonance between the following dream and Jung's UFO dream (recounted in *Memories, Dreams....*) of the alien object looking at him through a telescope, which led Jung to wonder whether he was dreaming the UFO, or whether it was dreaming him! If UFO events are the synchronistic manifestation of archetypes, one would expect a mirror relationship to exist between our dreams (the psychic plane) and the outer manifestation (the physical realm).

Purple Gyre

In the dream, *I was parked at the edge of a canyon and had gotten out of the car to wander about. From the sky descended a UFO in the form of a purple spinning top, about a foot across. It landed on the hood of the car, still spinning, and exuded an intense aura of sentience, benevolence and innocence (reflecting on it later, it reminded me of the little red will-o-the-wisp sphere in Close Encounters of the Third Kind). The spinning top then rose from the car hood and, hovering above the road, began projecting huge movie picture images of scenes from human history on the cliff faces of the canyon opposite. No other folk were around and I was left pondering whether the projected film images had any message or meaning.*

Cosmic Hand

The backdrop of this dream is a familiar one in many UFO dreams I've had - a night sky across which many UFO lights — which are distant and appear as stars milling about — are forming colored

patterns. As I look up at the sky, I hold my hand before my face and begin tracing with my finger a design, the shape of a hand. In the background, the UFO lights group together and take on the exact shape I am outlining in complete synchrony with my hand movements.

Reflecting on this later, I was struck by the interdependence of the UFO activity and my own action, as though each is mirroring or projecting the other. Archetypally, this would represent a synchronicity between the two realities. The writing hand motif seems to suggest that we are still the authors of our own destinies, regardless of how powerful or controlling these archetypal events might appear. Paradoxically, we are shaped by the myth that is emerging and we are simultaneously forgers of the myth.

Undoubtedly, the above all relates to Jung's axiom of "the reality of the psyche," hence the need to honor and accept the reality of another's experience. After dealing with several UFO abduction cases in private therapy, I'm struck — in all instances — by the sincerity and humility of the individuals involved, and by the genuinely traumatic nature, for them, of what they've experienced. The experiences usually take place in a kind of waking-dreaming hybrid state. I'm also struck by their blatantly archetypal nature: Women giving birth to alien hybrid "Wise Babies" (a transposition of the Virgin Birth motif?); people receiving the equivalent of stigmata, etc.

Other theories accounting for UFO phenomena are, in my view, either naively literalistic, e.g. the recent Heaven's Gate tragedy, or assume that what's happening is purely inner, or personal. Jung's perspective seems to be the only one that fills the bill of what is actually happening by bridging outer and inner, personal and mythological, physical and psychic. Personally, I'm fascinated to both observe and experience — largely through my own dreams and through relating to abductees — the emergence of a new mythology that's transposing all the old themes: gods and devils, star-beings and wise teachers descending from the sky, into a new context and form. When you're in a myth, you usually don't recognize it as one so we all have our work cut out for us if we are to contribute to and reflect on its evolution.

Whitley Strieber's accounts in his *Communion* books add further fuel to the mythic/archetypal view. As well as recounting a great wealth of

shadow confrontation material, Strieber's recurrent and disturbing journeying into the woods (recounted in *Transformation*) in a sort of dreaming awake state, is a common feature of abductees' night wanderings. Equally significant is the moral ambiguity of the aliens and Strieber's intense emotional ambivalence toward them. This is symptomatic of archetype activation. Notably in this respect, the "Visitors'" primary method of communication with him is, as one would predict, symbolic or theatrical. Strieber's dream of *a huge eye as God/Self/soul looking down on him in the woods* is, in this light, understandable.

Accounts of a couple of disruptive apocalyptic dreams, one Strieber's and one mine, might help to shed further light on the potentially destructive and creative potential of these activated archetypes. Strieber had a dream in which *a vast nuclear plant exploded when masses of pipes that lined its walls erupted with water and sent people screaming off in all directions*. I had an almost identical dream, except that *the pipes were underground and shot steam into the air before the plant blew up*. (Water is, of course, a symbol of unconscious forces). Strieber also dreamed of *the moon exploding and of the resulting fragments destroying the Earth*. In a terrifying dream I had recently, *the sun was darkened and in Ptolemaic fashion, fell out of the sky toward the Earth as people scurried about trying in vain to brace themselves for the impact*.

The darkening of the sun symbolizes the fading of a conscious dominant, an exploding moon the destructive power of unconscious forces, or the dark side of the feminine, currently manifesting as the Earth's violent upheavals and self-purging weather patterns through which she is attempting to cleanse herself of the abuse and pollution she has suffered.

As a related postscript, a few months ago I dreamed *I was in a large, two-storied house in a room of which a vast collection of exotically colored, mysterious rocks - collected by New Ager Katrina Raphael (note the surname!) - was displayed on shelves. I picked up one of these rocks and immediately began to levitate vertically. When I got near the high ceiling, I automatically inverted and landed feet first on this upside-down floor*. The dream suggested an inversion — or reversal — of perspective which had something to do with the way matter, or rather spirit incarnate in matter is perceived and understood.

A recent dream shed further light on this prophetic shift of awareness: in it, *twin clear quartz crystals, whose*

(Continued on page 46)

choices of cereals to buy, most of us are running our lives on automatic pilot. Thus we remain prisoners of our conditioning, unaware of what is happening, or why, or who we might really be.

Our dreams help reveal what is hidden, what needs to be assimilated into consciousness. Healthy and rigid identifications are revealed side by side. Both need attention, but the latter can feel at times like a straightjacket. The rebellious adolescent may prevent us from experiencing intimacy, the stern critic stifles our creative impulses and kills off our self-esteem, the mother role may block access to the warrior's courage and decisiveness, while the warrior may block access to the heart's compassion and humility. Worse, certain archetypal life scripts can be truly destructive, operating like "black suns" (as Robert Bly calls them) within the psyche that invisibly control behavior. The myth of The Artist-Dying-Young, for example, "took" the lives of Dylan Thomas, James Dean, Janis Joplin, Jimmi Hendrix, River Phoenix, John Denver. Poet Sylvia Plath wrote, "From the bottom of the pool, fixed stars govern a life." At age thirty she died by her own hand.

One woman provides a more ordinary and felicitous example of how a dream illuminates a limiting pattern. In her dream, Martha goes to lunch with her work group, but in the cafeteria she stays at the end of the line to bake a fish for everyone. Sad not to be able to get a dessert, she is further disgruntled when she finally arrives to take a seat at the table only to find that everyone has nearly finished eating. Yet she has barely anything on her plate, and her fish offering has burned! Through dreamwork, she recognized a lifelong habit of unnecessary self-sacrifice, which usually left her natural generosity "burned to a crisp." In the dream's reenactment of the burnt offerings of ancient rites, we see her deepest gift — her selfless (christ) consciousness, her tenderness — rendered inedible because of inappropriate timing. She herself goes hungry and misses the opportunity for normal sociability. Her psychological task became clear: she needed to right this imbalance, to move from premature martyrdom and burnout to restorative self-nurturance, from co-dependency to appropriate generosity of spirit. She needed to eat the fish herself, and join the feast of life.

Numinous Images Guide Us

As we come to know ourselves and break the chains of limiting identities, like those of Jennifer and Martha, we gradually disidentify from old ways of being and behaving; we become aware of new options. The "I/ Eye" becomes freer, more impartial, witnessing both inner and outer dramas as the "dream" of life. Gradually, the center of identity becomes more rooted in the eternal view of the soul.

Our dreams also constantly feed us the positive food we need to change. They continuously serve up numinous and emotionally-laden images, even the

nightmares, that are required to show us the way. Examples of guiding images abound: An ancient tree filled with huge white blossoms. A young boy brilliant with natural laughter. A map of acupuncture points, all glowing. An attic full of artist paints. A dark faceless figure so black the dreamer is struck with terror. (But in facing it, she learns not to run from fear and thus gains a spiritual guide, for the shadow figure transforms into a Native American elder, a spiritual grandfather who supports her even today). A wolf who steps out of the underbrush on the left, whose eyes are sheer pools of light, his gentle, infinitely wise expression indicating "Yes, you are on the right path." Standing in a church pulpit, the dreamer holds up pieces of a bright blue puzzle and instructs the congregation, "Find where you fit!" (This presages a career shift; she soon enrolls in divinity school.) These dream images all demonstrate signs of the inner processes that guide us to become more fully integrated as human and spiritual beings.

Dreams are the workshop of evolution. Ferenczi

The Crucible of Evolution

Yet the creative implications of our dreaming move far beyond the individual. In James Joyce's *Ulysses*, the young artist Stephen Dedalus vows, "I go forth to forge in the smithy of my soul the uncreated conscience of the race." How is it possible that a single individual can create a new conscience - consciousness - for the species? And what has this possibility — this glimmering quirk of wildness — got to do with dreaming?

Our dreams live closest to the creative source, the fertile void which mystics and scientists alike call "the field of all-possibility." They provide direct access to the most ceaselessly creative resource we yet know (other than the source of life itself), the human imagination. "Everyone of us is a genius when we sleep," says a popular dreamworker.

Through quantum physics which studies the nature of matter and the structure of the universe, we are now coming to understand what the mystics have always known: that reality is more like a mind composed of information and energy, that there is no such thing as separate individuals, that all boundaries are infinitely permeable, that everything is affected by everything else. Creativity is the central characteristic of reality.

As Deepak Chopra put it, "The universe is one huge dream machine churning out dreams." And our own nightly dreams partake of that totality, as do the more visible "dreams" of our lives. Within the crucible of each "individual" consciousness, new possibilities are born out of the whole of life and are given back to the whole of life. The Earth, each human being, each group and ecosystem, small and large, is a self-organizing system interrelating with all other systems. We are all part of the biological and psychic internet of the planet.



"Dreams are ahead of consciousness." — Marion Woodman

Crucible of Evolution

Dreams and Dreamwork

by Ramsay Raymond, M.A. MHC

*There comes a time
when civilization has to be renewed
by the discovery of new mysteries,
by the undemocratic but sovereign power
of the imagination.*

Norman O. Brown, Apocalypse

Waking or Sleeping?

A woman lies napping, two days back from the hospital for an appendectomy. Her body is clean and light from intravenous feeding. She has spent many hours, days in silence. She dreams that she is lying quietly on the waters of a bay where whales are swimming. She falls asleep there, floating on her back. Waking, she discovers a large whale floating nearby, its great dark eye just at the surface of the water, looking at her steadily. She gazes back, aware of a deep intelligence in this huge, silent creature. She hesitates, then clumsily flops her arm out of the water, beckoning: Come. She senses that the whale understands this gesture. But it makes no move toward her. She falls asleep again.



The Whale by Ramsay Raymond '98

Jennifer's experience is rather like ours - sleeping and waking, sleeping and waking, both literally and figuratively, physically and spiritually. Are we aware that we are sleeping? How may we awaken? Can the dream activity that takes place while we sleep actually assist in our greater awakening?

For Jennifer, this powerful moment of contact gave her a glimpse of a greater presence, calm and benign, which underlay all her daily doings, her frantic pace. Rising from the sea of the unconscious to approach her in her time of stillness, the whale revealed something about Jennifer's own nature, the greater "I" or "Eye," which she could contact when she was ready. This wordless wise presence is called by different names — the Source, the Great Mother, the Ground of Being, the dynamic ground, the unconscious, the life-in-matter, God/dess. The dream also points toward the power of intuitive intelligence, a deeper way of knowing than our schools, customs, and media acknowledge, but which is the "Eye" and currency of dreaming.

This guiding dream helped the dreamer gradually reorient her life toward a deeper reality that sustained her in her work and life. It required that she let go of the primacy of her intellect, and come into the belly center of knowing as one of the doorways to the great mystery of Being.

Cornerstone of Spiritual Practice

Whether through illness, genetic inheritance, cultural orientation, or the gradual opening to new dimensions of consciousness through bodywork, meditation, art, and

psychotherapy, most of us inevitably encounter the compelling reality of our nightly dreams. Dreamwork is one of the cornerstones of spiritual practice; it is intrinsic to the development of an inner life. Yet many are shy or uncomfortable about exploring this realm — partly because the reigning mechanistic view of reality discounts the value of the imagination and subjective experience, and partly because our worship of reason would insist that there is no logic to dreams or that we might "drown" in their dangerous emotional waters. Thus the baby is thrown out with the bath water, and the baby never matures.

Nevertheless it is to our dreams that we owe our sanity. Deprived of sleep for more than 36 hours, we begin hallucinating. Dreams help the mind to regenerate, integrate current life experience with the past, rehearse for the future, and direct our attention where it is needed. As Carl Jung taught us, they compensate for imbalances in our conscious attitude or circumstances; they reveal our hidden aspects, both positive and negative and, most importantly, they help reveal our path, our calling. Through the deep wisdom of the essential/higher Self, they guide us quite precisely in the life journey of becoming more whole and more truly ourselves. Jennifer's dream offers just such a glimpse of wholeness.

The process of personal development can be profoundly assisted through dreamwork. The practice involves working consciously to acknowledge, decode, and assimilate the implications of our dreams, and to put into practice their guidance. Much as the whale came of its own accord to visit Jennifer, rising to meet her at her level of consciousness, beholding her with impartial patience, our active engagement with our dreams elicits an actual give-and-take with the inner Self. Over time, we develop a reciprocal relationship that is highly responsive and which deepens our process of integration. The baby matures into adulthood, and, behold! tracts of intelligence reveal themselves. One TV producer gets his scripts from his dreams, a sculptor chooses from among the many designs that his dreams regularly lay before him; a mother gains insight into her child's difficulties; in therapy a client is taken deeper into his formative memories of childhood to retrieve the innocent, wounded one, and helped to integrate his experience of goodness and harm.

*From the bottom of the pool,
fixed stars govern a life.*

— Sylvia Plath, "Word"

From Blindness to Sight, Bondage to Freedom

Just as we cannot see the backside of the moon, we are all blind about ourselves in large degree. We do not know why we respond the way we do. Though we have outer freedoms like cars and the right to vote and endless

choices of cereals to buy, most of us are running our lives on automatic pilot. Thus we remain prisoners of our conditioning, unaware of what is happening, or why, or who we might really be.

Our dreams help reveal what is hidden, what needs to be assimilated into consciousness. Healthy and rigid identifications are revealed side by side. Both need attention, but the latter can feel at times like a straightjacket. The rebellious adolescent may prevent us from experiencing intimacy, the stern critic stifles our creative impulses and kills off our self-esteem, the mother role may block access to the warrior's courage and decisiveness, while the warrior may block access to the heart's compassion and humility. Worse, certain archetypal life scripts can be truly destructive, operating like "black suns" (as Robert Bly calls them) within the psyche that invisibly control behavior. The myth of The Artist-Dying-Young, for example, "took" the lives of Dylan Thomas, James Dean, Janis Joplin, Jimmi Hendrix, River Phoenix, John Denver. Poet Sylvia Plath wrote, "From the bottom of the pool, fixed stars govern a life." At age thirty she died by her own hand.

One woman provides a more ordinary and felicitous example of how a dream illuminates a limiting pattern. In her dream, Martha goes to lunch with her work group, but in the cafeteria she stays at the end of the line to bake a fish for everyone. Sad not to be able to get a dessert, she is further disgruntled when she finally arrives to take a seat at the table only to find that everyone has nearly finished eating. Yet she has barely anything on her plate, and her fish offering has burned! Through dreamwork, she recognized a lifelong habit of unnecessary self-sacrifice, which usually left her natural generosity "burned to a crisp." In the dream's reenactment of the burnt offerings of ancient rites, we see her deepest gift — her selfless (christ) consciousness, her tenderness — rendered inedible because of inappropriate timing. She herself goes hungry and misses the opportunity for normal sociability. Her psychological task became clear: she needed to right this imbalance, to move from premature martyrdom and burnout to restorative self-nurturance, from co-dependency to appropriate generosity of spirit. She needed to eat the fish herself, and join the feast of life.

Numinous Images Guide Us

As we come to know ourselves and break the chains of limiting identities, like those of Jennifer and Martha, we gradually disidentify from old ways of being and behaving; we become aware of new options. The "I/ Eye" becomes freer, more impartial, witnessing both inner and outer dramas as the "dream" of life. Gradually, the center of identity becomes more rooted in the eternal view of the soul.

Our dreams also constantly feed us the positive food we need to change. They continuously serve up numinous and emotionally-laden images, even the

nightmares, that are required to show us the way. Examples of guiding images abound: An ancient tree filled with huge white blossoms. A young boy brilliant with natural laughter. A map of acupuncture points, all glowing. An attic full of artist paints. A dark faceless figure so black the dreamer is struck with terror. (But in facing it, she learns not to run from fear and thus gains a spiritual guide, for the shadow figure transforms into a Native American elder, a spiritual grandfather who supports her even today). A wolf who steps out of the underbrush on the left, whose eyes are sheer pools of light, his gentle, infinitely wise expression indicating "Yes, you are on the right path." Standing in a church pulpit, the dreamer holds up pieces of a bright blue puzzle and instructs the congregation, "Find where you fit!" (This presages a career shift; she soon enrolls in divinity school.) These dream images all demonstrate signs of the inner processes that guide us to become more fully integrated as human and spiritual beings.

Dreams are the workshop of evolution. Ferenczi

The Crucible of Evolution

Yet the creative implications of our dreaming move far beyond the individual. In James Joyce's *Ulysses*, the young artist Stephen Dedalus vows, "I go forth to forge in the smithy of my soul the uncreated conscience of the race." How is it possible that a single individual can create a new conscience - consciousness - for the species? And what has this possibility — this glimmering quirk of wildness — got to do with dreaming?

Our dreams live closest to the creative source, the fertile void which mystics and scientists alike call "the field of all-possibility." They provide direct access to the most ceaselessly creative resource we yet know (other than the source of life itself), the human imagination. "Everyone of us is a genius when we sleep," says a popular dreamworker.

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The Psychic Internet

Nowhere does evidence of this reality show up so clearly as in our dreams. Fluid, ever-changing, ceaselessly creative, they partake of the open system of the creative unconscious which draws on all pertinent resources to make "its" point and to generate new possibilities. These resources include personal experience, genetic and species patterning (biological, psychic, experiential), cultural consciousness, and the universal "library" of planetary experience throughout time.

The breadth of intuitive access to such huge resources — the original and true Internet of the Earth — may give dreaming a more central role in the coming years. For we know two things: 1) All solutions and visions, for good or ill, originate in the imagination. 2) The extraordinary and unprecedented challenges of living in a planetary culture are upon us. They require a truly creative response if we are to find our way into new (or maybe old) social organizations that live in harmony with each other and the heavily burdened earth. Our times require guiding mythologies and inventions appropriate to the new situation. We must evolve. Are we evolving already? Or perishing?

We must also learn how to navigate intuitively in the unknowns of nonlinear systems, in times of fast-paced and incremental personal, social, and planetary transition. Dreams can be hugely helpful here since they are so often prescient. (This is how Joseph knew to leave home with pregnant Mary to escape Herod's death threats; how Harriet Tubman guided escaping slaves to safety without a single mishap via the underground railroad; how General George S. Patton so uncannily anticipated his enemies' moves.)

As Ferenczi said, "Dreams are the workshop of evolution." So we do our dreamwork not just for ourselves as "isolated" individuals trying to become better human beings, though that is the central challenge. But we do dreamwork, especially in groups — so that the free activity of the unconscious may find its way out of the private mind and into the world. This may take place in writing, in stories and film, in our daily inventions at work and home, in songs and play, in our discussions with others. Inventors and problem-solvers, mothers and teachers, cab drivers and artists, business folk and computer hacks, children and the ancient ones, all have equal access to the creative intelligence of the species. How much is lost because so many of us are not listening to the source? How many apt metaphors, visions, images carrying perfectly rearranged relationships and information, like acorns, like DNA, carrying the seeds of tomorrow, never make their way into reality?

The Spread of Dreamwork

Fortunately, all this is changing. At this time, dream groups and associations are spreading and there is a great deal of dream activity on the Internet. Web sites are flourishing along with books in a way that was unthinkable a mere 15 years ago. We are on the verge of becoming a dream-friendly culture.... and everyone can participate. We can all awaken. In the twinkling of an Eye. ♡

Ramsay Raymond, MA, MHC is an artist with over twenty years experience as a psychotherapist, group facilitator, and educator in spiritual psychology, dreamwork, and creative expression. She is an Advisor to the Dream Network Journal, teaches in New England and directs The Dreamwheel, a program in dream education in Concord, MA.

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E-mail: Dreamwheel@compuserve.com;
Tel. (978) 369-2634



A Poem Before 6 AM

"I want the one rapture
of an inspiration."
Gerard Manley Hopkins

*A line comes to me
on the edge of awakening.*

*An inspiration ferried to me
from the other side of awareness.*

*A gift from the Muses
to grace my day
with a new dawn
of inner light.*

*But it's already evaporated
into the crisp air of morning.*

*I only know I had it
for a fleeting second.*

*What more can I expect now?
That it has become a part of me
on the deepest level of myself.*

*A line for the ongoing poem
of my life.*

*Rose Gordy
104 Delford Avenue
Silver Spring, MD 20904*





Open Secrets of the Dreamtime

© by Robert Moss

Here are the open secrets of the Dreamtime, insights shared by many dreaming traditions and indigenous peoples that challenge the ruling paradigms of a culture that confuses the *real* with the *physical*.

Dreams are real experiences.

In big dreams, we are dealing with events, encounters and challenges that are entirely real on their own level of reality. Our dream memories may be garbled or muddy, but the dream is a real experience whose meaning lies within the dream-scape itself. The dream experience, fully remembered, is its own interpretation.

Dreams are flights of the soul.

Shamans say that in *real* dreams (waking or sleeping), one of two things is happening. Either we are journeying beyond our bodies, released from the limits of spacetime and the physical senses, or we are receiving a visitation from a being — god, spirit, or fellow-dreamer — who does not suffer from these limitations. In the language of the Makiritare, a dreaming people of Venezuela, the word for “dream,” *adekato*, means literally a “flight of the soul.”

We have a dreambody as well as a physical body.

In our dreambodies, we can know pleasure and pain just as vividly as in our physical bodies. We have more than one body, or vehicle of consciousness, and when we go into the dreamworld and other worlds, we go embodied.

Dreams may be memories of the future.

We dream things before they happen in waking life. If we work with our dreams and scan them for precognitive content, we can develop a superb personal radar system that will help us to navigate in waking life.

Dreaming, we choose the events that will become manifest in our waking lives.

The fact that we dream things before they happen does not mean that everything is predetermined. People who are not active dreamers can get quite confused about what is going on when they wake up to the fact that they are dreaming future events, both large and small, all the time.

I believe it's like this: If we do not remember our dreams, we are condemned to live them. (If we don't know where we're going, we will likely end up where we are headed.) If we remember some of our dreams and screen them for messages about the future, we will find ourselves able to make wiser choices. We will discover that by taking appropriate action, we can often avoid the enactment of a “bad” dream, or bring about the fulfillment of a happy one. As we become *conscious* dreamers, we will find ourselves increasingly able to choose the events that will become manifest in our waking lives *inside the dreaming*.

The path of the soul after death is the path of the soul in dreams.

Our dreambodies do not die when our physical bodies lose vital signs. We will live on in them for a shorter or greater time, according to our ruling passions and personal evolution. We will find ourselves, as we do each night in dreams, in a realm where thoughts are things and imagination — the great faculty of soul — can create whole worlds.

We come from the Dreaming and we are released into the Dreaming when we drop our sack of meat and bones.

Conscious dreaming is excellent preparation, not only for the challenges that lie before us on the roads of this life but for the challenges of the journey we will make after physical death. How can we know for sure? By doing it! ♥

NETWORK NOUJS

INTEGRATIVE EMAIL NARRATION

©1998 by Jaye C. Beldo

Joel Metzger of Online Noetic Network (ONN) recently published on the World Wide Web an article I originally wrote for *Dream Network* called *Dream Democracy: Integrative Dream Narration*. (see Vol. 13 / #3) In the article, I describe a technique that creates a sense of shared consciousness by integrating the dreams of participants to revive a Dream Democracy which we can use to address the powers that can be hidden behind the smokescreens of the Military Industrial complex. I also suggested in the article that physicists merge their dreams together in order to evolve science to a point where it begins to reciprocate the intuitive and spiritual aspects of our consciousness.

Shortly afterwards, I received a response from Claudia Robinson, who is working on getting an MA in Environmental Leadership at the Naropa Institute, a place known for its 'contemplative mandate in education.' She suggested that I try an email version of the Integrative Dream Narration psychique. She kindly offered me her "EcoPsychology: Nature-Counseling Community Connection" email discussion group, in which to try the experiment. She has been the moderator of this internet group since 1995. It consists mostly of people interested in helping to create and further the relatively unknown field of EcoPsychology. "EcoPsychology bridges the domains of ecology and psychology to address the psychological and spiritual roots of the ecological crisis."

Ms. Robinson told me what motivated her to start such a group: "My interest in EcoPsychology arose at a time when I was questioning my involvement with physics in an environment that did not respect my way of knowing. I was wilting in that environment and knew that unless I conformed to the prevailing misguided attitudes I didn't have a chance in the field."

She considers *Integrative Dream Narration* a form of 'transpersonal

sociology' and feels that it is a suitable technique for EcoPsychology, since the earth herself dreams (a belief held by many indigenous people around the world). Her idea to use the internet to merge dreams sparked my interest so much that I immediately subscribed to the list and posted a request for dreams to be integrated. I was extremely nervous about using the internet as a medium in which the dreams would be merged. I felt more vulnerable doing this, more so than doing live demonstrations of the psychique in front of 40 people. I kept thinking that all those who subscribed to the list could read the dreams that were posted and see how the dreams were integrated as well. A few people on the list protested such a use of dreams, saying that dreams should only be shared with one's lover or analyst and no one else. I agree some dreams should be kept private, but not all. When I received a sufficient number of dreams from the participants, I then created a story and then posted it in the email group list.

After I considered the feedback of the list subscribers who volunteered for the first time experiment, I then experienced a kind of consciousness that was so magnified and enhanced that it overwhelmed me at first. I realized that the interconnected computers themselves were greatly heightening the experience of shared consciousness, even more so than when this psychique is done in the physical presence of others. It seemed to me that the computers were actually reciprocating this kind of usage of its unique medium, somehow recognizing something emerging within its matrix. The computer's own consciousness became very apparent and I think this is what startled me. Unfortunately, some of the more Cartesian inclined may write this off as a kind of technicism. However, once I gained insight into this kind of emerging awareness and became more familiar with it, I conveyed to the moderator my experiences. Claudia observed that the computer itself is a profound

archetype. Such a profound, living archetype should not be shunned by those who fear and/or disdain computer technology.

At night I would meditate on the integrative dream story created with the emailed dreams, put my hand on my heart chakra and tune in to the energies of the participants who helped to create this dream matrix. I would then imagine that I would travel through the computer to arrive at the matrix where the EcoPsychology discussion group 'existed.' Once in the matrix, I could feel much resistance amongst some of the participants; an inability, if not unwillingness, to settle into the 'primal matrix'—the primordial ground which supports all life as described in the book, *My Name is Chellis and I'm in Recovery from Western Civilization*.

Somehow the dreams integrated via the computer network assisted me in getting through these peculiar resistances and reach some kind of core essence within the group that was trying to emerge and establish itself as a new reality, much like the computer's consciousness was trying to establish itself. Perhaps what I was experiencing were the 'chaotic attractors' described in Stanley Krippner's article in *Dream Network*, Vol.17/No. 1. *Chaotic Attractors in Myth*, attractors which find order in what appears to be incomprehensible data by helping us discern an underlying patterns. Overall, I sensed a kind of cooperation between the computers and the participants.

Yet I felt quite vulnerable floating in the dreamtime cyberspace and I unsubscribed from the EcoPsychology group to regain my boundaries. It was difficult to get used to such an enhanced and amplified consciousness, yet I feel strongly that it is something that needs to be explored more thoroughly if we are to harmonize technology with spirituality and both with the earth. ♡

To subscribe to the Eco-Psychology list, send your email to: LISTSERV@MAELSTROM-STJOHNS.EDU and put **SUBSCRIBE ECOPSYCHOLOGY**. For "Yourfirstname Yourlastname," replace with your actual name. Also check out: www.wisdom-talk.org or e-mail: ONNJoel@wisdomtalk.org to get info. on how to subscribe to Online Noetic Network

Letting the Dream Speak

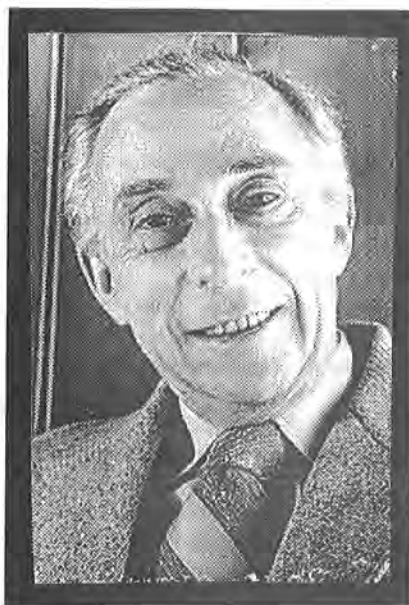
The Orchestration

by Montague Ullman, M.D.

If I were to sum up the process I use to help a dreamer work on a dream in a group context, it could be done in two sentences. First, let us do everything we can to stimulate the flow of thoughts and feelings the dreamer can bring to the imagery. Second, after listening to all that the dreamer has shared and all the questions that have been asked, then and only then, may the group offer their ideas about the connections between the dream imagery and the waking reality of the dreamer. These are offered as "orchestrating projections." It takes a little doing to get a dream to speak in its own voice both to the dreamer and the group.

It is this last stage that is often so important for the dreamer and yet is so difficult to teach. It often seems to me to be like a mysteriously spontaneous leap of faith. I have come to the conclusion that it is impossible to teach. Experience with the process is of course essential, as is the mastery of the essential skills of listening to the dreamer and learning how to put questions to the dreamer that are helpful without being intrusive. But how does one teach empathy, intuition, sensitivity to metaphor?

The dreamer brings a dream to a group because he or she is having difficulty maneuvering in the emotional currents that re-



sulted in the dream. Can you, by virtue of what you are able to give back to the dreamer in response to all you have been given by the dreamer, transform this floundering into an alignment with the direction of the tide, thus enabling the dreamer to swim to the safety of the shore?

When I participate in a dream group, my orchestrating projections do not always result in this kind of a transformation. They do so often enough, however, to make me feel there must be some way I can communicate to others what I feel when I do succeed. I began by saying it is impossible to teach. Perhaps I should have added, difficult by any ordinary way of teaching. It requires a change in attitude.

I'll begin with a feeling I always have when I do succeed

in bringing the dream to life for the dreamer. The feeling is that I *am not doing anything*. True enough, I am talking to the dreamer, but it is as if I am just a vehicle for thoughts that are forming themselves. Or, to put it another way: I know they are my thoughts but they seem to be coming from a place somewhere between the dreamer and myself. It is as if the feelings the group managed to elicit from the dreamer in the course of our work sets up an emotional field to which we all react to a greater or lesser extent. It takes very careful listening to tune into that field. It also takes another ingredient which is hard to define. The closest I can get to it is to so distance myself from what I *think* I know about dreams generally and this particular dream specifically, so that all a priori assumptions are drained out of my system. Only then do I feel prepared to receive what is being conveyed to me from the dreamer. This is not particularly easy to do. It involves the attitudinal change to which I referred.

I'm not just talking figuratively when I refer to the emotional field that comes into being as the dreamer works on a dream. It is something palpable, but only if two conditions are met. Both derive from the fact that feelings — when they ring true — are the connective tissue that bind us

Mother Bear Comes for Me Earth/Self Breaking Free

together. To what extent have we helped the dreamer recover feelings that ring true in the way they convey to the dreamer awake the feelings that shaped the dream when he or she was asleep?

Secondly, to what extent do we come up with feelings that ring true in us, arising out of the way we juxtapose what the dreamer gave to us, on to the dream itself? When there is a meeting in this way, there is also a merging. It is this merging that leaves me with the feeling that the words I utter are not exclusively my own. They are jointly authored through the merger. It is this merging that comes into being when orchestrations reach their mark. Then I know I have succeeded in being as honest with the dreamer as the dreamer has been in connecting with the dream. When that level of honesty emerges in a group, the dream is sure to come into its own and to speak to us in a voice that is loud and clear. ♥

"Orchestration" is the closure in a process for working with dreams in groups which Dr. Ullman has evolved over many years of experience. The full process is outlined in detail in his book Dream Appreciation. (Ed.).

This article is reprinted with permission from Dr. Ullman. It originally appeared in the newsletter *Dream Appreciation* (Vol. 3 No. 1), published by Wendy Pannier. Write 105 Taylor Lane, Kennett Square, PA 19348, or phone 610/925-0759 for subscription information.

I stand between the old neighborhood of my childhood and a new neighborhood I have never seen. Up the hill of the past is the convent that frightened me as a child. I stand at the bottom gazing at the new neighborhood before me. My awareness shifts and I am in a barn-like garage of the new neighborhood witnessing a Mother bear trapped and pounding the walls to break free. She wants to find her baby. I know this. Also knowing that she will soon be free and rampaging the neighborhood, I go running to warn everyone on the street and on their lawns to get inside their homes. More people seem to come outside instead of fleeing.

I succeed in getting a group of seven-year-old girls to listen and follow me into my parent's house and up the stairs toward the second floor. We hang out on these stairs where it seems safe. One young girl is upset to be hiding like this. My father decides this is a good time to fix all the doors in the house and takes the basement and back door off their hinges. Frantically, I tell him to stop and hurry to get the doors back on. Returning to the girls, I feel safe because a door at the bottom of the stairs bars the way of the bear getting upstairs.

To my chagrin, my father and an unknown woman who is with him decide to open up the door and peer up at us. Just then, Mother bear comes from behind them and up the stairs heading for me. Her face reaches mine when suddenly she seems to melt down the stairs into the woman below and the woman/bear tells me "Everything will be fine!"

I know very clearly I am the Mother bear's child, which she was seeking and that we are all her children. She is the Earth searching for us all with intense determination during this time of planetary crisis, earth destruction, pain and disconnection to let us know not to be afraid as she breaks free. It will be through her that we will once again find nurturance, a healing "fierce" love and a "real" source of security to be found in our interconnectedness with one another and the natural wild world that is our home.

DREAM TIMES: DREAM EXCHANGE

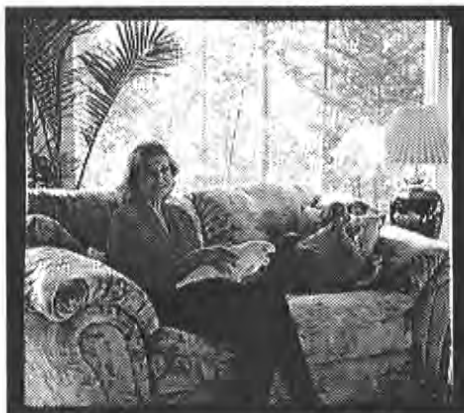
KNOWING V.S. SEEING

© 1998 by Marlene King, M.A. and You!

There are times when dreaming, as well as when awake, some peoples' innate "knowing" formulates that which they "see." Some people possess internal processors that allow them to be tactile, three-dimensional seers - and some are knowers who base their visual sense of the world on feeling and perception; they access an "eye" somewhere within that interprets their visual field.

For the abstract dreamer, she or he experiences the dream circumstance or phenomenon without clearly visualizing anything as concrete: an object, environment or person, et c. They experience their dreams through a sense of knowing, and actually describe dream components based on that knowing and feeling. The dream's vividness/clarity is based on degrees of the dream's intensity and depth of feeling. Dream things, people and scenarios actually take form in its retelling (in some form) and thus presents necessary cues for the dreamer to assess and interpret.

Some examples of the knowing vs. seeing phenomenon are found in the following dream submitted by a reader. It illustrates how she "knows" the events, sequences and particular details through the language in which she retells the dream:



"I was with a small group of people dressed in Western culture clothing. They felt like Filipino or Thai. We were congenial, but it felt like we might have been refugees. We were interested in herbs/medicine and in the next scene, we walked into a hut (which felt like it was nearby). [There were] books on a shelf in the hut that had information on herbs/medicines. A man in the room started talking about the herbs. I didn't see him, just heard his voice, that's how I knew it was a man. He felt monk-like. He never turned around and I never saw his face. I had a veil over my hair and as I looked into the corner of the room, I knew I had a gem radiating from my third eye and I remember being able to read one of the books and one said fen/e...fen/e; I just knew it was an herb or medicine."

This dream is virtually oozing with symbolic imagery, metaphors, puns and alchemical implications which present many avenues for further investigation, I was struck, however, with this dreamer's ability to relate the dream based on the feelings the images evoked for her. While her dreaming self was active, the impressions of the dream events came as a sort of knowing and feeling without her actually seeing any of the components, as one would view a movie. Note the frequency of her use of the words "felt" and "know", e.g., "...he felt monk-like...", "I knew I had a gem radiating from...."

For those of you who experience your dreams in a different way from the tactile, visual and concrete "seers" in the dream world, it is validating and affirming to point out that "knowing" vs. "seeing" produces the same end-product: a viable and meaningful dream that will deliver the same profound information, just in a different way.



Dream Times is a column for you its readers. It is a forum provided to give response and discussion to dream phenomena you are experiencing. Send material to Marlene King, M.A., PO Box 477, Murphy, OR 97533-0477 or email marlene@chatlink.com



Dreaming Herbs

by Kathleen O'Mara

Coming to realize the meanings of our dreams helps us to grow into better human beings. But no dream can be understood if you can't fall asleep. Learning about herbs can gently remedy some types of sleeplessness and allow you to drift comfortably of to sleep. Still other herbs offer the sleeper a way to induce dream activity and recall.

Insomnia in Children

You may wish to treat Sleepless Children with herbal aromatherapy. Young children respond quickly to the mildest scent treatment.

On the first night, place 1 drop of chamomile oil in boiling water. Put the pan of heated water in a safe place away from the child but close enough so that the scent fills the room. On the second night, place 1 drop of geranium oil in the boiling water. Repeat the ritual alternating the type of oil on alternating nights, until the child sleeps through the night. Keep in mind that some essential oils used to relax become stimulants with high dosages, so only use one drop per night.

Insomnia in Adults

There are two general problems that cause insomnia in adults, depression and anxiety. You may overcome both of these sleep problems with some common herbs.

Depression can cause insomnia or excessive sleep. Whichever the problem, St. John's Wort may be the remedy. Given for mild to moderate depression, a few drops of St. John's Wort tincture or several cups of tea throughout the day relieves most sufferers of the symptoms of depression which allows normal sleep patterns to return. This herb has also been known to help with the control of nighttime bedwetting.

Anxiety sleeplessness is caused by the inability to relax. Usually thoughts rush through the mind which causes a physical response of muscle tension. A calming tea may allow the muscles to relax and the mind to slow enough to allow sleep to occur.

Mix equal parts of the following herbs: Valerian, Passion Flower, Hops & Catnip. Place 1 Tbsp per 1 cup of boiling water in a tea cup. Cover the top of the cup with the saucer. Allow the herb to steep in the hot water for at least 10 minutes.



A dietary remedy for anxiety sleeplessness is to include more food with natural L-Tryptophan. L-Tryptophan is an amino acid which functions by increasing serotonin levels in the brain. Higher serotonin in the brain allows sleep. You can find L-Tryptophan in turkey, bananas and whole grains. There are a few things you'll want to avoid eating before bedtime. Avoid any food or drink with caffeine, alcohol, or sugar. Tobacco, cheese, chocolate, sauerkraut, wine, bacon, ham, sausage, eggplant, potatoes, spinach, and tomatoes may be the cause of sleeplessness.

Once you are able to overcome sleep problems you might want to consider using herbs that mildly induce sleep and/or dream activity.

Sleep Herbs

Hops which is also known by the names, Beer Flower or Willow Wolf has been used in teas and placed inside pillows to bring on sleep. Originally from Europe and Asia, Hops made its home here in North America several hundred years ago. As a Medicinal drink, Hops is a bitter and is known for its sedative properties.

Lavender was originally from the Mediterranean but naturalized to the US with the explorers. Now Lavender is found cultivated around the world. Mythically used for protection and purification, it symbolizes happiness and longevity.

Medicinal use of Lavender includes remedies for headaches, colds, coughs, and as a sedative.

Roses are said to bring about clairvoyance during restful and completely refreshing sleep. Myths from Ancient Greece say that Aphrodite's foot was stuck with a thorn while trying to help Adonis which explains the red of the rose. In Turkey, Muslims believe that the red rose is stained with the blood of Muhammad. Medicinal uses include cures for sore throats, diarrhea, mouth sores, stomach disorders, eyewash. Roses are high in vitamin C and pleasant to taste and smell.

Chamomile is one of the mildest herbs known. It is among the first herbs introduced to children. But don't let Chamomile's mildness fool you, it is powerful and works wonders! Originally from Europe and Egypt, Chamomile treats insomnia, helps to heal ulcers, and remedies thrush. The sedative properties induce sleep, calms the restless and hyperactive soul. Other medicinal uses include it as a remedy for flatulence, heartburn and diarrhea, relaxes muscle spasms and relieves painful menstrual cramps.

Herbs to Enhance Dream Activity and Recall

Mugwort which is also known as St John's Wort or the Dream Herb is said to provide psychic protection, bring about clairvoyance and increase dream activity. Found growing along road sides and water ways in the temperate areas of North and South America, it is also used to prevent miscarriage, bring on late menstrual periods and speed the birth process. External use of Mugwort include remedies for pain relief from Gout and Rheumatism. Avoid using this herb if you are pregnant.

Valerian or St. George's herb is said to bring purification. Originally from Asia, this herb is grown commercially in Europe especially in Germany where it is widely used. Medicinally, Valerian is used in remedies for headaches, insomnia, and nervous tension. However, be careful when using Valerian because in some people it acts as a stimulant while in others it acts as a sedative. A lesser known quality of Valerian is its ability to stimulate the brain and nervous system. This brain stimulation can help with memory in general, but it has been known to help with dream recall. (Caution must be used with Valerian because large dosages may cause headaches or heart palpitations.)

An Exercise for better dreams

Dreaming is like most other parts of life. The more you practice dreaming, the better you will become at recalling and interpreting your dreams. Keep a dream journal by your bed. Before you go to sleep each night, say to yourself, "I want to remember my dreams." As you wake, ask yourself, "What did I dream?" Write your dreams in your journal before you rush into the day. As you write you may find that details return quickly and easily.

Dream Pillows

A mix of calming, and dream enhancing herbs can

List of Calmative Herbs

Barberry
Bay
Catnip
Chicory
Deadly Nightshade
Fennel
Goldenseal
Hops
Lavender
Lemon Balm
Lemon Verbena
Onion
Passion Flower
St John's Wort
Sweet Woodruff
Valerian
Wormwood

List of Herbs for Dream Enhancement and Recall

Mugwort
Valerian

be placed inside a pillow and used as aromatherapy to help bring about sleep and induce dreams or clairvoyance. Many herbs contain volatile oils which work well on the olfactory cortex of the brain, which is what makes aromatherapy possible.

If you don't want to make your own dream pillow, a wide variety of dream pillows are available for sale at Herb and Health Food Stores as well as some of the more exclusive Gift Shops. You'll want to buy your Dream Pillow from companies that use fresh dried herbs and that create the pillows within weeks of your purchase. The fresher the herbs, the longer the pillow will last. All herbal dream pillows should last at least six months and most should still be fragrant at a year's time.

Create an environment for pleasant dreams with evening rituals of relaxation, requesting that you remember your dreams, using aromatic herbs to set the mood, and taking the time for dream recall each morning. Every dreamer should learn to use herbs to remedy those nights when sleep eludes, as well as, to enhance dream activity and recall. ♡

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Angels from Beyond the Dawn

by Loretta Bonnier Anawalt

In his article, "What Is An Angel?" published in *Dream Network*, Paco Mitchell suggested that "Sometimes it is an animal...." This observation recalled a dream I had which I recorded as follows:

"Dawn"

It's early morning. B. and I are in bed. I wake up and see a baby boy about two years old, on the stage to the left of our bed, moving behind transparent curtains. He makes his way through an opening to the front of the stage. He's a lovely child, naked. I get up, go to him, lift him down. His arm is silky soft, wonderful to touch. I stroke it gently, remembering my sons. I think how long it's been since I've touched a baby's skin. Where did he come from? He's exquisite, not the least bit afraid. When I take him in my arms, he doesn't protest, though I'm afraid he might and I move carefully. B. wakes. I show the baby to him. He's as enchanted as I. He takes him from me and begins right away to play with him in the bed. The boy has a charming face, warm coloring. He's completely happy playing with B.

Surely they must be searching for him?

I go outside and walk around the front of our house, though it isn't ours but an unknown house in an unfamiliar neighborhood. A man looks out of the window next door, my neighbor S.R., though he doesn't in the least resemble him. "It's all right," I call. "He's with us." The man smiles and withdraws. Through the windows, I see our neighbors dancing what looks like a square dance in the early light.

Our garage door is open. Out of it drifts the boy's mother, seeking him. She's young and attractive, with long brown hair. As she emerges from the grey of the garage I realize she's naked, but with no awareness of it. She draws near. I'm astonished by her. The boy appears under the house, making his way to her through a tangle of wood beams and other stored lumber that I'm surprised to discover we've accumulated. Where did it all come from? Lightly she turns away from me toward the open garage, and I see a funnel like shape hanging down between her hind legs. It's enormous and hangs very low. Testicles? No. Testicles, udders, and womb, all in one—a great sack of sexuality. The overall shape suggests the womb. The lower part suggests the testicles and/or the udder. The whole sack is joined to her upper, inner thighs. I realize I'm viewing the back end of an animal.

Goat? Horse? Half woman, half goat. I try to remember the name of such creatures. I want to say satyr, but I know it's not right, though she has the size and coloring.

She's more like a small centaur. Her skin is greyish tan, her features feral, an animal's profile, the cheekbones high.

She moves away from me to my right, up the slope toward the horizon. I follow her as far as our driveway, still astonished. Where she vanishes into the horizon, a man appears. He's in his sixties perhaps, with a kind face and a wise look. He smiles at me warmly as he approaches. "Who is she?" I ask. "Tisephone," he answers.

"Didn't you know?" He passes me, on his way to the party next door which I suddenly realize is the dance of a bacchanalia.

I know he intends to return in awhile and visit.

I get the sense he's my dear friend, or means to be.

I awaken in amazement, repeating her name.

Commentary:

To me, this is a dream about wholeness and naturalness, about integrated sexuality. The testicles, udders, and womb are a fusion of male and female. The creature's hermaphroditic organ suggests a mythic time when the sexes hadn't yet separated, when beings contained both sexual parts. It evokes the age in Plato's parable that recounts the original separation of the round, unisexed first creatures into male and female, who have ever since been struggling to reunite.

Mr. Mitchell's evocative reflections stirred me to go back to my dream of Tisephone and see if I could get her to emerge from her wordlessness and tell me who she is. Is she an angel? In an act of receptive imagining, I let her speak:

Tisephone:

I am a creature of the dawn. Though grey tan like an animal, I'm light inside, fine grained, woman and goat, male and female. My sack of testicles, womb, and udder displays my major functions. Though I walk upright, my animal organ hangs low and heavy.

I've entered Loretta's time for my baby boy. He hears my call and is emerging from beneath a pile of lumber. He wandered onto her inner stage out of curiosity and she was drawn to him by his beauty, naturally. He's perfection. He came from before the beginning, as have I, through the emerging light of the horizon. It's where I'm going, up the hill to get milk for him. As I pass her, I feel the woman's excitement at being in my presence. She doesn't know my name, or that I live with other immortals beyond the crest, or that we visit the earth now and then.

It's been ages since I've come. I wouldn't have if she hadn't called for us from her dream. My boy heard or he'd never have crawled so far. It was he who drew me down. Though I was aware of her, she knew nothing of me. She's awed by my feral face

and coloring, my tawny hair, my prominent organ. I have no language. She understands me on a deeper level. If I'd been able to talk, she wouldn't have understood me any better. She needs to experience my natural way, my androgyny.

Philoman is her guide. He watches over her, sees that she's making progress. He's a wise soul, older than he appears. As old as I? I couldn't say. I was here when the Titans roamed the earth, when earth was an Eden, before the dinosaurs, before the flood, before recorded history or memory. Her soul remembers me and the time I come from, before the dawn of civilization. She needed to be reminded of it; and I appeared in response to show myself, lest she forget me and my beautiful offspring.

We're enchanted creatures. We manifest in her and in those she loves. We embody natural union and harmony, divine essence before the beginning, timelessness, eternity.

I'm pleased I could descend to where she was standing, if only in

passing. She sensed my essence. She simply didn't know what to name me. Philoman followed, aware of my purpose. He wanted to be there when she asked my name. He enjoys helping her. He also enjoys a good time and was on his way to dance with some of our friends who were masquerading as humans, long enough to get her attention and make her wonder what was going on in the neighborhood. In a way my son was doing the same thing, leading me down to get her attention. We were all in on it together, you might say.

Now that she's made contact with us, she feels better about her prospects all around. I'll come again, if she calls, and pass before her in all my natural beauty. She seeks the unconscious harmony I manifest. I'm the shape of a natural perfection she understands but forgets in her waking hours. My boy and I are angels from beyond the dawn. ♡



bottom of the cartoon a website address. Being on-line at work, the very next day I was able to reach the cartoon-maker by email and implored to be put in touch with the dreamer. I had to know what had sparked this strange dream.

"Lucky for me, the dreamer was Noreen, a very dear person and as might be expected, a bit of a psychic. Anything's possible, especially now in this virtual world. Now Noreen and I are best friends in Seattle and Cincinnati, Ohio, never having met. We write every few days. It is the strongest bond."

Noreen Speaks:

"Usually when synchronicity occurs in my life, I take it as a sign that I'm right on track with something meaningful and good. So, when I read Lucy's first email about the death of her beloved dog, Monkey, my thoughts instantly darted back to a few months hence when I, too, felt great loss at the death of my devoted companion, my 14-year old funky little poodle dog, Fiona. Lucy and I already had a common bond. Then to discover that Monkey's favorite pastime was to roam the parks as a lover of life, which tied right in with my Noseless Man being in a park and talking about his enthusiasm for life and how he didn't mind dying.

"It seemed no coincidence to me that somehow, by the mysterious workings of dreams and the mind, Lucy and I were moved together in relationship to explore right off "The Big One" ... **Death!** And that we did for many months, sharing our deepest feelings, thoughts, fears and hopes. For both of us, this experience was richly healing, touching our souls with some unexplainable, yet precious, force. We became instant friends."

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A Cyberspace Triumph:

Now it's more than a year later and our friendship has blossomed into a cyberspace triumph. I'm amazed at the vastness of our email conversations and how much fun we have together, regardless of the topic of discussion. We send each other 'Fun Packs' by snail-mail and have talked on the phone together a few times, yet we have not met in person. Maybe we will, maybe we won't. What seems most important is to simply enjoy and appreciate what we share now. So thank you Noseless Man and Monkey (as you were both hanging around in a park enjoying life) for bringing us together—straight out of a remarkable dream with a mind of it's own. ♡

Lucy Hanagan, animal lover, is an ardent advocate for off-leash areas in Seattle's park system and likes to put it this way — "I'm interested in the parasensual capabilities of dogs."

Jesse Reklaw illustrates your dreams for the nationally self-syndicated comic strip *Slow Wave* (<http://www.nonDairy.com/slow/wave.egi>). He's proud to be part of the Noseless Man Experience. Email: reklaw@nonDairy.com

Noreen Wessling of 7 Arts Studio is a stained glass artist, Tai Chi teacher, writer, dream enthusiast and drum-mer — with a penchant for traveling to exotic islands. Email: NoreenFW@aol.com

upper facets had a gold aura, were growing upward out of the side of my face. In the dream, I was simultaneously watching this as a double and said to the other me, "This is the next phase of our evolution, so don't worry about it."

After meditating on this, it seemed that the dream was a kind of alchemical *coniunctio*, a union with matter which produced an antenna-like amplification of my own energies as I worked in union with the crystals. We were one in the sense that we were each manifestations of the same universal Energy. Hence I see the energy not as flowing from one point to another, but rather (in line with physicist David Bohm's view of the 'holomovement') as the manifestation, or unfolding of the one Energy into different points in space-time. The double-antenna formation of the crystals also brought to mind the strange glyph for Uranus, co-ruler of Aquarius, which looks like a TV antenna with two parallel vertical bits.

In relation to the synchronistic mirroring of physical and psychic, for a few days after I had this dream the same side of my face was aching and I wondered if it was about to sprout the dream crystals!

The new mythology that our age is birthing, then, is essentially holistic. In part, this means that all phenomena — dreams and outer events, matter and spirit, science and mysticism, dark and light, conscious and unconscious — will increasingly be seen not as separate dualistic opposites, with one inevitably privileged over the other, but instead as mythic movements and moments inscribed between the poles of a continuous and limitless light spectrum of consciousness, along which psyche is implicit in matter, matter in psyche; in which it is no longer a question of which is mirroring which, but more a search for the meaning and sometimes wordless message that underscores the whole. ♡

Dr. Roberts can be contacted via email at nathair@camtech.net.ua

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

Related sidebars and quotes are always welcome.

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

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



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MARLENE KING, M.A. is researching dreams from people who "surrogate" dream for others who are emotionally blocked due to grief or trauma. Confidentiality assured. Please indicate consent for publication. **PO Box 477, Murphy, OR 97533**
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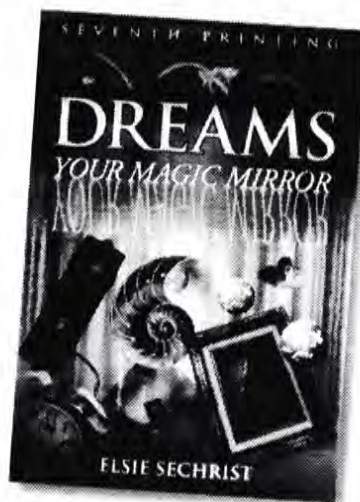
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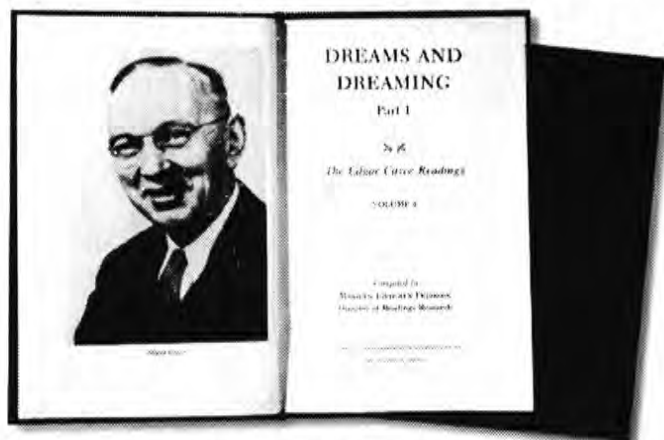
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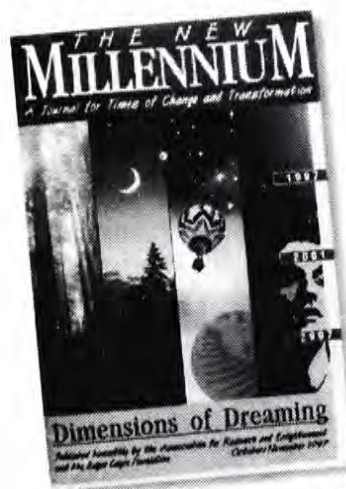
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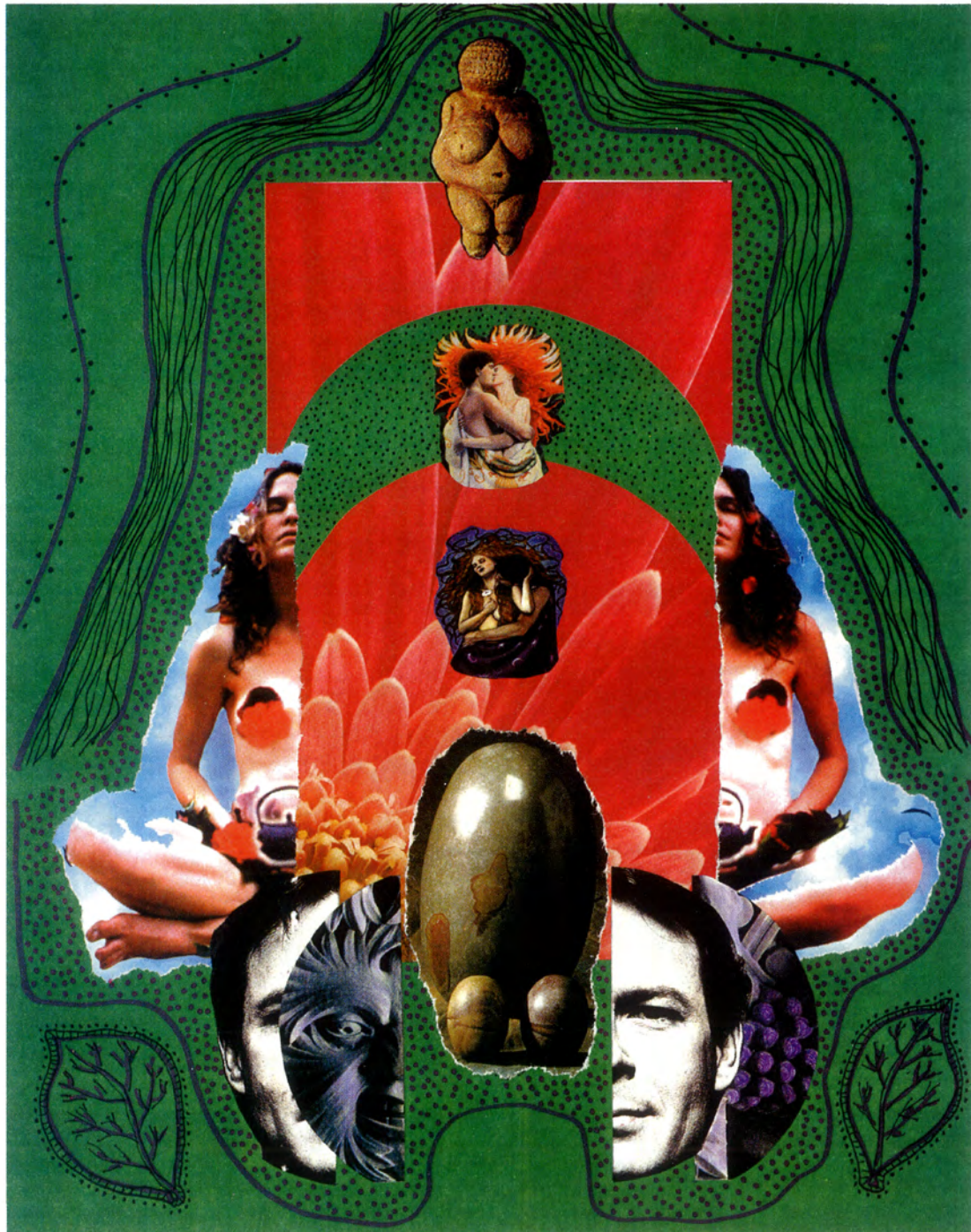
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