

• Exploring Dreams' Relationship to Mythology •

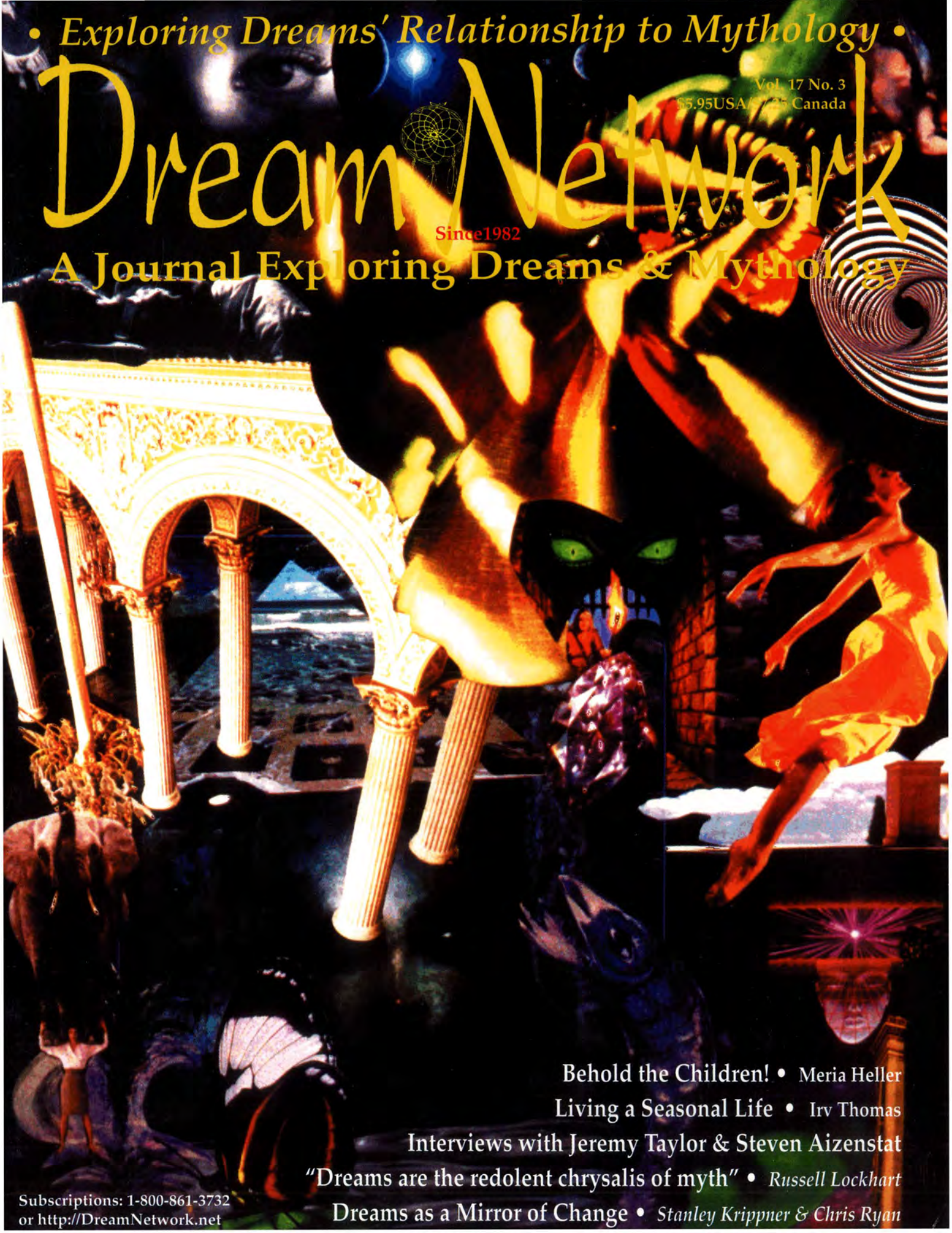
Vol. 17 No. 3

\$5.95USA / \$7.25 Canada

Dream Network

Since 1982

A Journal Exploring Dreams & Mythology



Behold the Children! • Meria Heller

Living a Seasonal Life • Irv Thomas

Interviews with Jeremy Taylor & Steven Aizenstat

"Dreams are the redolent chrysalis of myth" • Russell Lockhart

Dreams as a Mirror of Change • Stanley Krippner & Chris Ryan

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Powerful Winds of Change

I'm standing in a large town square which is also the intersection of major streets from all directions. It's completely empty of people or any sign of use, leaving a feeling of sadness/regret.

What's that sound? I listen intently with increasing awe.

There's no doubt! Far off, massive winds are gathering momentum. Although still on the other side of the globe, they'll eventually sweep the entire world. I can already feel and see the first gusts scattering the dried, dead leaves of late autumn. Those unprepared are in danger of being caught off guard and overwhelmed. There are brick bungalows all around. I walk to the home straight ahead and knock. A woman, obviously in labor, opens the door.

I offer my help in exchange for shelter saying, simply,

"We need each other."

Once inside, I escort her down some stairs to the basement.

A kindly, old man is tinkering in the shadows of the workshop we've entered. I briefly note that it's filled with an array of hand tools, many crafted of wood.

I tell the woman, "He helped me during my previous labor/birth."

I help her onto a table in preparation for the birth.

Holding her hand, I try and reassure her saying, "There's only one difference between the first child and the second. During the first labor, despite mental preparation, there are underlying fears and self doubts. With the second, you KNOW you can trust your body and the life/birth process." The old man sits close by, smiling and patiently watching, content to let us handle the delivery. It's comforting to know he's there if needed. I glance to my left and notice the far wall of the basement/workshop is broken out and open. The stray remaining boards on the edges suggest it was purposely done, perhaps by the old man.

All that's visible is a dazzling field of light, yet I know this level/world is safe and waiting for us when we're done and ready to leave. ☀

Statement of Purpose

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Dream Network

ISSN #1054-6707
1337 Powerhouse Lane, Suite 22
PO Box 1026
Moab, UT 84532-1026
Phone: 435/259-5936

Website: <http://DreamNetwork.net>
email address:
DreamKey@lasal.net

Founder

William R. Stimson, Ph.D.

Council of Advisors

Stanley Krippner, Ph.D.

Marcia S. Lauck

Russell A. Lockhart, Ph. D.

Robert Moss

Will Phillips

Ramsay Raymond

Graywolf/Fred Swinney, M. A

Editor/Publisher

H. Roberta Ossana, M.A.

Advertising

% Dream Network (435) 259-5936
Email: DreamKey@lasal.net
PO Box 1026, Moab, UT 84532

Front Cover: Collage by Frances McM. Ring

Back Cover: "Pappilon" by Jeannette Gerzon

Book Review Editor

Dick McLeester

Contributing Artists, Editors & Poets

Janice Baylis, Ph.D.

Jaye C. Beldo

Chris Grassano

Lorraine Grassano

Deborah Koff-Chapin, M.A.

Joy Gates

Susan Hickman

Marlene King, M.A.

Angela Mark

Will Phillips

Noreen Wessling

Editorial Assistance

Amanda L. Domenick

Kelly MacArthur

Lynn Shafer

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.

You are invited to indicate areas of interest and questions you would like to see explored in future issues.

Dream Network

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Upcoming Focus
for Volume 17 No. 4

Focus on the
"Central Corridor"
Highlighting Dreamers
& Dreamworkers in
Missouri, Illinois
& Kansas

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!

Dreams & Mythology Speak Truth

It is always a great pleasure and privilege to facilitate the bringing together of the materials that, combined, constitute each issue of this very special journal. I work diligently, recognizing it as a process of assisting spirit—the spirit each of you shares—to become manifest in this form.

This is particularly true with this issue, our very first focusing (almost) exclusively on Mythology and its relationship to Dreams. Given the subtitle of our publication: *A Journal Exploring Dreams and Mythology*, it's been a long time coming.

And Here are assembled some of the most knowledgeable, well-experienced authorities on the subject in our world today.

The title I've chosen for this editorial may seem an anomaly to many, as even some of the best of us have come to commonly use the word, myth, to refer to a *falsehood*; meanings attributed are often as extreme as, *lie*. Likewise, the word dream has come to mean a *fantasized future*. In his interview, Stephen Aizenstat gives us a comprehensive historical perspective on how this misuse of the words came into being, along with a keen understanding of how to bring dreams and mythology *Alive!* We can learn to experience life, the world, mythically by seeing and *thinking* differently (pg. 18).

Russell Lockhart in his consistently unique, poetic way, shares an early childhood



recurring dream and how he has come to recognize this dream series as the matrix from which his personal mythology has evolved. A courageous and soulful sharing (pg. 12).

In the exceptional interview between Ramsay Raymond and Jeremy Taylor (pg. 23), the issue of Year 2000 a manifestation of the archetypal Trickster, came up. Please inform yourselves and pay special attention to this issue, as it appears it may influence and effect all of our lives. Gain access to the internet, and visit <http://www.Year2000.com> or <http://www.Berkana.org> for critical information and updates.

Another longtime-coming event is introducing you to a ageless and age-old friend and fellow conspirator, Irv Thomas, who informs us about *Living a Seasonal Life: The Archetype of Ripening Seasons* (pg. 29).

It is a special joy to introduce Janice Baylis' new regular column, *Relationship Dreams: Blood, Sweat & Cheers* (pg. 34) and to present the benefits of *A Casual Dream Group: Seven Years and Still Running!* (pg. 37) by Edith Gilmore. Edith is a longtime dream advocate and 'Networker'/Contact Person for dreamers in her area. Thank you both.

Thank you All! ♥

News of Import

Exceptional kudos to Margy Stewart, who has recently become involved in *Dream Network's* evolution. With her help, we have been able to purchase long needed design tools and hope you will enjoy some of the results in reading this issue. Be aware, learning to utilize them has been painstaking, a *major* learning curve and we hope to improve your reading pleasure substantially with each coming issue; likewise, please forgive errors. In a way, it's been like starting all over again.

Thanks as well to Micki Seltzer, Tom Goad, Rita Dwyer, Leon van Leeuwen, Gail Arrenholz-Roberts, all of our advertisers, past, present and future (and to Jeremy Taylor for encouraging us to open that door); with your help we have (almost) recovered from the major financial setbacks of '97 and early '98!

Before I step back from this endeavor, I would like to see this publication flying to all four corners. I have prepared a proposal and if you would like to become more intimately involved, please let me know.

Responses

Questions, Dreams & Letters

♥ From ↔ YOU! ♥

Debra Won!

I would like to thank you for the subscription to *Dream Network Journal* that I won for May, 1998. I am new to the internet and your site was one of the first ones that I visited. Lucky Me! I have been working with my dreams for about six months and have started a dream journal. I have been studying the Edgar Cayce material on dreamwork but I am still having some difficulties in interpreting some of my own dreams. So I have been praying daily for help and guidance and "more info" on symbols and meanings and-VOILA!!! I won your journal subscription. Synchronicity is starting to work its chain through my life.

Thank you for being one of the "links." I'm looking forward to my first issue.

Debra Michel, Fleischmans, NY

—*†*†*—

Dreams & Personal Mythology

How do my dreams inform my personal mythology? What an evocative question *Dream Network Journal* has asked! Upon careful thought, I have come to see that dreams are certainly a vital source through which my personal mythology nourishes me. (By "personal mythology" I refer to the stories I tell myself to hearten and empower myself; that which imbues my life with positive feelings, meaning and magic; my recognition of the unifying theme of continuity in my life.) Other sources include the gut-level perception of synchronous events, reflective contemplation, and how I feel about what is happening subjectively and objectively.

I hold the unfolding events of my

life in my awareness — in particular, synchronicities — as carefully as I do my dreams, sounding out my feelings about these matters. I regard the seamless whole of life-event/synchronicity/dream and my own conscious feeling-explorations as grist for my "myth-mill."

It is indeed true that as I gain in life-experience (I now near the end of my fifth decade), my dreams have become increasingly important to me (and responsive to my need) as a "base-line" indicator of the "state of my union," of the evolution of my personal mythology. My dreams usually provide the most immediate feedback about my attitudes, actions and decisions and help me keep alert to timing.

I am particularly grateful to *Dream Network Journal* for providing this stimulating "gathering place" for us to share our dreamwork and so to tend the sacred fire honoring the upward spiral of our holistic evolution.

In Appreciation,

Joy Gates, NC

—*†*†*—

Response to *Evolution of a New Mythology*

You continue to do an excellent job with DNJ! Thank you very much.

I would like to respond to the article *Evolution of a New Mythology: Angelic, Apocalyptic and Alien Dreams*, Volume 17 No. 2.

Truth must be experienced, it is not found in beliefs. Rather than create new mythology (belief) we should move beyond myth into recognition of inter dimensional reality as presented to us in our conscious waking awareness and the perception of awareness we call dreaming.

The dimensions of what is called the dream-state have not been determined. What is possible or impossible is not known.

Jung experienced a UFO dream that *astonished* him. As he was transferring his focus of awareness from the dream-state to that of conscious waking awareness, he had the thought: My UFO/ET experiences during conscious waking awareness and the perception of awareness called dreaming are not the birthing of a new mythology. It is the growing awareness of a reality so vast it boggles the mind. It is an expansion of the psyche so great it causes me to question my sanity.

I have great respect for Jung's thought but I would be remiss if I failed to challenge the projection of mythology to explain away this phenomenon.

Dean McClannahan, Ash Grove, MO

—*†*†*—

In a recent communication, Dr. Roberts made a comment which I asked her to expound upon. *Ed.*

"....Dreams Aren't Taken Seriously Enough in Jungian Circles"

I guess I'm alluding to the sad fact that the Jungian arena has fallen victim to what assailed Christianity: it was turned from the focus on direct experience and gnosis into dogma and theology (or as Jung would say, belief as a substitute for direct religious experience). There are, in my view (as an extreme intuitive introvert) way too many extroverted thinking types in Jungian circles, too much focus on theorizing, intellectualizing and having to pay up big bucks to do so-called Jungian 'training.'

Jung would be appalled by all this, I'm sure. He was basically a simple and humble Swiss peasant, who ended up confessing that he was sure of nothing! (So the Jung 'religion' is a bit like 'The Life of Brian'.) Jung's autobiography is full

of accounts of his own visions and dreams, not full of cerebral waffle (which is what some of the Jung discussion lists get into). As you imply, thank God Jung was Jung and not a Jungian! I think Jung would enjoy your Journal far more than any of the dry 'Jungian' academic publications.

Safe journeys & soulful dreaming,
Maureen B. Roberts, Ph.D. Australia

—* † * † *—

Help Solve The Flying Wires Mystery

Telephone wires, power lines and electric rail nets. So many people encounter them while flying in their dreams, they seem to be permanent fixtures of dream reality. Or perhaps such images are creative variations on the physical or astral structures of the „screen“ on which our dream movies play. There has been speculation that such wires are symbolic translations of the blood vessels of the eye, the astral cord or the membrane of the aura that assumes ectoplasmic consistency during sleep.

Can you help solve the wire mystery? I'd be grateful for your comments and past experience, but I really hope you will try to experiment in your next dream. Here's how:

Incubate a regular dream and ask yourself a question like "What are the wires?" or "Please show me what lines mean in my flying dreams." Alternately, suggest that you will encounter wires or lines in a lucid dream. Then when you do, view, touch, hear them or try to sense the wires in a psychic manner. Or ask your dream characters or request the dream to tell or show you the answer.

Before and after you sleep, please pay attention to your body (such as position, health, diet, breath or blood pressure) and note anything that seems relevant. You might also try for an astral projection sequence to contrast and compare with the dream experience.

Then send your results to Linda Lane Magallón/1083 Harvest Meadow Court/San Jose, CA 95136 (SASE appreciated) or to CaseyFlyer@aol.com. I'll compose a report of the results of the project and share with participants. **Due date: December 1, 1998.** Thanks!

Linda Lane Magallon,
San Jose, CA

—* † * † *—

'Reading' Dreams

It was in the '50's that I became aware of the deep symbolism my dreams are often wrapped up in and the mystic message they may contain. So that is when I started on my quest to try and interpret these messages from the God-within, the Higher Self. It was during those early days of attempting to 'read' people's dreams for the mystical/spiritual meaning they might convey that I had a dream myself, the story of which I forgot in waking, but with the following words ringing loudly in my ears:

"If you would like to know the meaning, ask the correspondent of the Manchester Guardian."

I knew no journalists at all and no one I could refer to, to check whether there was a correspondent of that newspaper in south Africa. It was many months later, while working on the dreams sent to me from Belgium by Georgette Thomas, in which she had experienced several auditory communications, that it suddenly dawned on me what it is I had been told on waking: If you want

to understand the meaning of dreams, ask the correspondent of the guardian of man's chest. In other words, *ask your own Higher Self, the guardian of your heart.*

And that is what I have been doing ever since. I have been guided, time and again, e.g. by synchronistic happenings, to find the answers to the often puzzling allegories and symbols to which dreams are 'given' to mankind and left to wonder at the amazing ingenuity displayed by the 'Higher Self' of individuals who, quite often, have no prior experience of spiritual messages or of religious scriptures.

It all leaves me totally convinced that the Powers-That-Be, the Holy Ghost that is in us (as per the Apostle Paul) comes through to us in our dream to try and guide us on the path to God Consciousness, to Self realization, to at-one-ment with the Deity.

My two books contain a few hundred examples thereof and I wish to share but one of them, a fairly short dream, as an example of the wonderful intricacy in which dreams can be 'given' to us. Please realize that I am but a student on the path, not a guru, know-all sage. I have much understanding still to be acquired during the time still at my disposal. I always stress to those who submit dreams for my readings that they (the readings) are but my understanding of the messages their dreams convey; they are not THE explanation, merely one individual's idea and that the dreamer is always best placed to probe the meaning of their dream.

Maureen wrote on 3/13/98: "I can't forget this dream:

I was in a big rambling home, it even rambled into outbuildings. And all had uncurtained windows on all sides. I could get no privacy to

dress or undress. But then I was in bed and close to my face lay my much loved little dog, Gussy. But instead of dark brown eyes, he had glowing, beautiful green ones, gazing into mine. And in front of his muzzle lay a mouth-organ into which he was blowing, producing musical sounds!

Then I awakened. If you could find time to 'read' this, I would be very grateful. It means something, I know."

Reading:

Such a beautiful dream!

The rambling home and out-buildings symbolize the dreamer's present incarnation into the physical body with all its 'outbuildings,' i.e. the various composite 'attachments' that make the whole individual: emotional, mental, intellectual and spiritual bodies (levels) that function through the physical. The windows are uncurtained. In the spiritual domain there is total transparency and luminosity, complete interchange with all that IS and, hence, dressing and undressing, required in the physical world, falls away. The dreamer is in 'bed, 'at rest,' and 'still' to Know God in the person of her beloved dog, Gussy, lying next to her on the pillow. From all my previous readings, it is known that I equate the presence of a dog with that of God, not only because of the acronym in English (dog - God) but because of the qualities of total devotion, love and protection a dog affords and bestows on its master. And just a few days ago I found in the daily dog calendar, on the 20th of March, confirmation of this view and I quote: "Dogs belong to the cult of Asklepios, son of Apollo and supreme God of healing, who sometimes appeared in the guise of a dog."

Maureen's dog has dark brown eyes in 'real' life, but in the dream, it gazes at her through 'glowing, beautiful, green eyes.' Dark brown

would symbolize the opaqueness of earth, whereas the glowing green color of the eyes in the dream refer to the sea, the soul, the vibrancy of the feminine Goddess in creation. And eyes, of course, are the 'windows of the soul' as per Dante. We now come to the 'mouth organ!' What a beautiful symbolic picture; how inventive is the 'Higher Self' in illustrating its intents! The mouth IS the organ of sound, of vibratory creativity, of the 'Word.' "In the beginning was the Word, and the word was with God and the word WAS God," and God is music, is harmony, is mystical ambiance AND evolutionary creativity. There is nothing static about stillness, about BE-ing. It is, in fact, the fount of all potentiality and contains whatever was, is now and will be created to the glory and sanctification of His name, the I AM we all belong to and are part of.

I hope you will find this dream and its reading of interest and in harmony with my views on what the interpretation of dreams can teach us.

Charles de Beers,
Umtentweni, So. Africa

Mr. de Beers, at 85, continues to do inspirational and insightful dream readings for people around the world; he also speaks on radio shows and gives talks when invited. The above was excerpted from a talk recently given to the Theosophical Society in Durban, South Africa. He is the author of two extraordinary books, Dreams, Allegorical Stories of Mystic Import, and Dreams: Mystic Stories. Both self published and distributed are available through Dream Network for \$12 (S&H included). To DNJ, PO Box 1026, Moab, UT 84532 (Ed.)

---* † * † * ---

Dreams of the Great Earth Changes

I feel strongly that dreams are imparting messages about great changes coming.

Many say, "We create our own reality," based on our beliefs. The great mythologist, Joseph Campbell,

put it another way - "We create civilizations out of our myths."

Dreams show an analogy: the earth plane is like a stage play, where the "actors" have forgotten that it is a play. Planning is done in the sleep state and "scripts" are written. So, part of our work is to find out the nature of the new script being planned for humanity - the new mythologies emerging.

Early in my experience, I happened to see Joseph Campbell's "The Power of Myth" on a TV show and went to the library to find some books on the subject. I was amazed at the various mythological symbols that had appeared in my own dreams. The dreams gave me new ideas about the meaning of the world's mythologies. I began to contact others about their dreams and found the same phenomena. The extent of it is quite astonishing.

My path was also directed to the crop circle story. The dreams and coincidences were often predictive of the formations. I'll give just one example here. In early 1991, my son's girlfriend, Melissa (a 16-year old) told me of an amazing dream-coincidence. Her older sister, Cindy, came to her in a dream and said, "This is our spider . . . only you and I can touch it. If anyone else does, they will die." Later that afternoon, Cindy's best friend called Melissa, saying that she had a dream. Cindy also came to her in a dream with a spider in her hands, saying, "This is our spider, only you and I can touch it."

Yes! The two girls had the same dream on the same night! I shared with Melissa the Hopi creation myth of Spider Grandmother, who helps people in an evolutionary cycle involving three chambers underground and then a climb to the surface and sunlight. On August 11, 1994, the Spider Web crop formation appeared next to Averbury stone circle.

Many dreams seem to indicate that humanity has been on a path corresponding to the chakra levels; that we are near the "3 1/2" point and will make a leap to the Heart level of consciousness evolution. Revelation 11:11 is related. The same symbolism seems to be part of a "Signs in the Sky" (*Dream Network*, Vol. 14#4) event.

During the Solar Eclipse of August 11, 1999, at 11:11 a.m., the planets will be aligned in a Grand Cross, pointing to the Zodiac signs that correspond to the Biblical Four Living Creatures. The eclipse shadow strikes land at Cornwall, where legend says Joseph of Arimathea brought the Holy Grail and/or the Royal Bloodline of Jesus into England. The Arthurian legends start at that point. Dee and I feel it is important, perhaps even urgent, to gather all of our dreams and ideas together. Hopefully, the "picture" will soon become clearer.

Joe Mason, Modesto, CA

*Joe Mason and his partner, Dee Finney
have a website @
<http://www.greatdreams.com>*

—* † * † *—

Treasure Hunt

Aloha, I'm back in ordinary reality once again after my ten remarkably fruitful, intense, exhausting yet exhilarating days and nights immersed in what I now know to be my Dream Quest Initiation. Phew! I could never have gone this deep into my dreamworld had I not removed myself from the ordinary world. It's a good thing I went into this without much expectation because things took some odd turns, which in retrospect, makes me think that all of this was scripted by something/someone beyond my conscious self. Something very good.

And to think that the impetus for all this questing was my dream

of March 29, 1998, Gearing Up. Naturally, a friend in my dream group asked, "Noreen, what are you gearing up for?" Without thinking, I blurted out, "to write my own dream book." Wow, where did that come from! However, the more I played around with this dream, the more it cried out for action and adventure. Various dream clues suggested I go away alone on retreat for a week to ten days, with all my dream journals and bike (for grounding) and see what emerged. I went. Talk about honoring a dream!

Here's how my adventure started. My car, Rosie, was packed almost up to her roof with my 18 fat dream journals, clothes, water bottles, my pillow, fans, (no air conditioning where I was going) and assorted must-have stuff. Lorenzo, my bike, was stopped in place, ready to play his role in my morning grounding bike rides. I was eager. The only possible problem was what the weather man said that morning — 'unprecedented heat wave coming up.' Well, I figured, since I'd be alone all week, I'd just live in my underwear and keep the fans going all the time. Wrong!!

When I got to my retreat destination, Grailville, at mid-morning and was escorted to my second-floor room in this old house, I felt as if I was visiting hell's kitchen with all the burners turned on high. It only took me ten minutes to decide I needed a new agenda. I didn't unpack, instead I sat on the floor, sweating profusely, and did a brief meditation (too damn hot for a long one!)

Very quickly a splendid idea came to me, "drive right home now and have your retreat in your 7 Arts Studio (which is AIR-CONDITIONED)." Pretend it's a secluded cabin in the cool Canadian north woods. Sleep in there on your futon; spread all your dream journals

out on your large tables (at Grailville, I'd have had to work on the floor — oh, chiropractic bills!). Ask Dick to cooperate and feed himself as planned (I left him all his meals). Our bike trail in Milford is even better than the one near Grailville, so just perfect for my morning rides.

The intense heat wave lasted four days (95 - 100 degrees), but I was oblivious to it, engrossed in starting to database my early dreams onto the pile of different colored cards before me. And I was COOL. I believe that I'm more creative when I'm comfortable. The morning biking was exhilarating, even addictive, and so important for grounding myself. For about six to eight hours each day I would then embark on the dream questing. For the first two days, I did nothing but data-basing but only got through the first couple of journals. I'd scan EVERY dream and pull out whatever I thought might have some relevance for later dream projects, books, etc.

By the end of the second day my eyeballs were bugging big-time and I realized that even if I kept this up all 10 days, I probably wouldn't get through all the dream journals and what would I have to show for it but a bunch of notations on cards and eyeballs that rolled out of my head and hid under the deck. Again, something had to be done, but what?

As you probably guessed, I meditated on it and this time it became very clear that what I needed to do was key in on what excited and enthused me most about this whole project. Instantly, I knew. I wanted to play with my dream art. So, vindicated from the rigors of data-basing, I became instantly refreshed and went with glee through every one of my dream journals, taking note of each dream drawing that appealed to me. This took a day and a half and was so much fun to do that I knew I was on the right track.

OK, so I knew where all my good

dream art was. Now what? By now I was getting used to simply getting quiet, asking the question and promptly getting my answer. It came: "wouldn't it be neat to make your own set of oracle cards from your dream art. You can call them Dream Treasure Cards. They will hold the timeless essence of the best of your dream treasures." (I only do art work with dreams I feel are special in some way.) This was what I did for the rest of the ten days. Biked and made dream cards.

During this time, I'd also tape recorded any ideas I had about my forthcoming dream book, or whatever else may want to develop. Remember, when I started this quest, I had no idea what the focus of my book might be — none whatsoever. Well, during the process of making my Dream Treasure Cards, it quietly became obvious to me what my focus would be for my dream book. It's about treasure hunting. I can even see the book title, "Treasure Hunting Your Dreams" or "Your Dream Treasure-Hunt," something like that — with a subheading, "Old Dreams Never Die."

Now, as I gleaned through piles of old dreams, it became more apparent than ever before that most of my past dreams had little or no relevance for my present life because they dealt with the daily issues and problems of back then and were most helpful in their place, back when I dreamt them. I even had a dream last week during this retreat that assured me that there was no merit in resurrecting THAT old stuff. It had done it's job.

So, my guess is that this accounts for easily 80% or more of my dreams (and is probably true for most dreamers). Now here's where the treasure hunting comes in, because every time after I'd sift through my dream-mire for a while, I'd come across a treasure. This pattern just

kept happening day after day and grew increasingly exciting in its possibilities. These treasures have more of a timeless feeling to them; dreams that go far beyond the everyday stuff; dreams that can, and want to be resurrected and shared. Archetypes abound in these dreams.

By the end of my 10 days of retreat, which had now taken on the decided feeling of an Initiation, I had waded through 2,653 dreams, completed 22 Dream Treasure Cards, each with an offering and Haiku poem on the back. I use them every day now, choosing one card in the morning before I meditate. So far I've only shared them with one Tai Chi student friend of mine (they feel like vulnerable newborn babes) and she found them powerfully energized, as I do. In fact, we both noted that the cards don't want to lie down (as in a box). They just won't do it!! We figured it's because they are so full of energy they want to be upright, ready for action. So, I'm going to make a special stained glass box for them so they can be upright. I'll make it big enough for many more cards because I can feel piles of them waiting in line to be born.

Oh, that's another thing, at Grailville I wouldn't have had access to my trusty computer, and that's where I did much of the card work with my scanner and art programs. So you see, it was all meant to be. All I had to do was come up with the original idea, get it moving and be open to whatever direction truly felt right. No preconceptions. Wow, what valuable things for me to learn. I think too, since this all took place in such a compacted, intense space of time, it made it easy for me to see the patterning of how things work together for the greater good. Awesome!

My continuing plans for this quest are written up in my Franklin Planner all the way through the end of 1999. I've scheduled in two more 7 Arts Studio Retreat weeks for this

year and four for next year. These will be five day retreats and I will use the same format of bike/inner work. Once a month I'm going to take a whole day to do nothing but database those dreams until I have them all done and hopefully on my computer. Any chance I get I'll do more Dream Treasure Cards and continue to use them daily. I know for me they are very potent. Beyond that, who knows, but my feeling is they will have wide appeal to dreamer-type folk.

I'll continue tape recording ideas for my dream book and have given myself two to three years to write it. I'm not in any hurry and definitely believe in enjoying the process. After the ten days was over, I discovered I was absolutely exhausted and had to sleep most of the next day. Then I awoke with a dazzling dream, "My Outstretched Hand," which, more than anything I can think of, let me know I'd passed my Dream Quest Initiation. Hurrah!

Never in my life have I experienced anything like this. It feels like something deep in my soul has sprung to life unfolding its treasures with tantalizing surety. What incredible fun! What next?

Noreen Wessling, Milford, OH

— * † * † * —

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— * † * † * —

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.... and the dream voice said:

“Dreams are the redolent chrysalis of myth.”



by Russell Arthur Lockhart, Ph.D.

I. Dream as Task

Quite frequently, when I accept an invitation to speak or to write an article, I do so without the least idea of what I will say or write. Into this vacuity, which I mantically name brooding, will come a dream bearing a title for what I am to do. Some examples of many such dream experiences are my book *Words As Eggs*, a lecture called, “Eros at the Well,” a paper in progress called, “The Blessings of Exclusion,” and the yet unwritten papers to be titled, “The Importance of Being Silly,” and “Baked Archetype of Tuna.”

I always experience these dream titles as tasks. Part of this sense of task, I believe, comes from the sense of authority with which these dreams speak these titles. There is no person who speaks, no image in these dreams, just a strong clear voice

which I seem unable to doubt or question. So, I take on the task of the dream title and begin to work in the direction of the dream’s claims in relation to the subject at hand.

When I accepted your editor’s kind invitation to contribute to this issue’s theme on the relation between dream and myth, I did so without hesitation and fell immediately into that well known state of total blankness. In these times, I can only hope something is brewing. I’ve learned from experience that if I try too hard to bulldoze my way into the topic, it just won’t work. So I wait. This waiting has all the qualities of paralysis. Being a Sagitarian, I can, of course, shoot off in all directions except this one. Here I am stalled in a void that I then must try to avoid by all sorts of tricks. I try to rationalize

it sometimes as being an example of what Keats called "negative capability," that manner of holding the tension of ambiguity, disparity, unknowing, by not doing.... something akin to the wu wei practiced so well in many oriental traditions. But this would not be true since I don't feel I am actively holding any tension at all... except the tension of the fast approaching deadline (that your editor has generously but euphemistically renamed "lifeline," an effort that has not helped in the least to solve the dilemma of absent mind which descends upon me).

Still, often enough, into this dark void comes the "task giving dream." And this time was to be no different. The dream, only a voice, said simply, "dreams are the redolent chrysalis of myth." The claim immediately appealed to me. "Chrysalis" has always been one of my favorite words. I learned it quite young, when, by the age of eight, I considered myself an entomologist and had an extensive collection of butterflies and moths in all their stages. I realized when I wrote the dream down, that I didn't really know what "redolent" meant. At first I thought it meant "pregnant," but that didn't ring true even though I liked the idea of it and thoughts were already running strongly down that path. Naturally, I looked up "redolent" in the dictionary and, of course, found it to mean "having or emitting fragrance," "aromatic," "suggestive," "reminiscent."

With the word's "release" of these images, my mind raced about in all directions at once. I tried to note what came in this tumble of thoughts and ideas, as once again I recognized I wasn't thinking so much as intuitions were presenting themselves in a torrent while I tried to catch them no matter how raw, without trying to edit their peculiar forms or claims....

....dreams are myths in formation...personal myth is the child's repeating dream...dreams are the myths of the future...the mythmaking factor is

alive...new myths are not the old myths reborn...dreaming is mything...is, post modernly, my/thing...and if we built a Hall of Fame for dreams, or maybe dreamers, would that do it, would that bring the people to their knees once again...best of times, worst of times, there is no telling as all pretense to any scale of judgment, not to mention subtleties of discernment, have long since fallen away...we have need of myth as verb, as something we "do," our mything...what is the mything piece...redolence as the scents of myth/the sense of myth ...redolence as reminiscence, as memory, and out of this word's roots rise a whole panalopy of

muses, and Minerva, and maenads, and madness and all this as the psyche mentoring (there too as Mentor) in the museum of memory...and that word "suggestive," as "sub" (below) and "gerere" (to carry)...to what below, when and where, are we carried when mything...or what do we carry there...is there something im-proper or indecent im-plied in this suggestive element, this smell of myth...

"The first hint, then is the idea of 'stages' of development and an appreciation for the uniqueness of each stage.

I take note of the implicit idea that dreams and myths go through stages and that each stage must be appreciated for its individual nature. And most certainly, each stage carries the incipient potency for change to the next stage."

Well all that went on for a long time, and I won't embarrass myself further, or try your patience by listing it all. In the end, when it comes to a halt, it feels as if, like Psyche, I have an enormous pile of seeds to sort through, again with a strong sense of task, impossible though it may be.

Unlike Psyche, who's adversary was Aphrodite, I don't know the power who has poured these seeds on my plate. The "who" behind this process does not reveal itself readily, but most definitely it does not feel that I've done this, certainly not in any conscious or willful way. This "presentational" aspect of the psyche (unsought, unwilling, unconscious) I believe is close to the core of whatever it is that produces dreams and myth and the art that serves to manifest the intentionality of this "otherness" beyond one's conscious personality.

II The Redolent Chrysalis

I think of my task first of all as following the hints and intimations embedded in the language of the dream. This is not a linear process but more circuitous: oblique, indirect, something like wandering, even webby. To describe it at all brings up images and ideas that hang in the air, dangle there, leaving threads unwoven, disconnected, perhaps to be pursued another time. Not unlike myth itself, where each detail often gives rise to a new story, another thread. Myth, like dream, is not linear. Only a thread or two of this weave can be followed here.

*First egg, then larva,
then chrysalis, then adult.*

The dream throws me into a developmental fantasy for exploring the relation between dreams and myth. My little boy memory remembers these stages as metamorphoses, and how difference each stage is from the others, the truth of how a child is not a 'little' adult. I remember how fascinated I was in reading Kafka's Metamorphosis and how I had to read it over and over. Later, I came to know of Ovid's fascination with the basic theme in all mythology, the change in the shape of all things, which led him to title his most important work, Metamorphoses nearly 2000 years ago. It remains the most compelling of all the classical sources for what we know of Greek and Roman myth.

The first hint, then is the idea of 'stages' of development and an appreciation for the uniqueness of each stage. I take note of the implicit idea that dreams and myths go through stages and that each stage must be appreciated for its individual nature. And most certainly, each stage carries the incipient potency for change to the next stage.

Egg. It's familiar to me from my work with 'words as eggs' and how hidden in the roots of this word lies the image, that is, the foretelling of things to come. So, at the beginning, in the nature of 'egg,' is the image of the future. In this sense, dreams and myths have to do with the future. Rather than

looking 'backwards' in relation to dreams and myths, the hidden meaning of egg tells us to look forward, to the future.

Larva. It's that worm-like, grub form, that rather dis-gusting maggot quality, often inhabiting and feeding on dead things. The word itself means 'disembodied spirit' or 'mask,' and historically is associated with such figures as the Lemurs, the Roman malevolent spirits of the dead. The word's first use in English (1651) was to convey this hideous 'mask' quality. Not until 1768, did the word take on its scientific meaning. Still, the mythic word carries over into sci-entific language (even if we do not know it) in much the same manner as cathedrals

are built on grounds of pagan sites of worship and sacrifice. Science 'used' the word to mean that the larval stage 'masks' what is to come. So, a hint here that our grubby little dream, our grubby and hideous little story, may be a butterfly, a myth, in formation.

The true nature of the psychic importance of these grubby, wormy, experiences is masked to us. It is well to remember that the Greeks named the psyche with the name of the butterfly, intuiting the trans-figuration process as a crucial element in the

emergence of psyche.

Chrysalis. My boyhood memory reminds me that chrysalis means 'gold,' (real value here) and that this case of fine silky viscous fiber is spun by the larva to encase itself in what is also known as the pupa or the cocoon. Imagine all those wormy, grubby, hideous maggot-like qualities, spinning themselves into a fine silken protective case to form the pupa, the Latin word for little boy and little girl. Is this why we must revisit our childhood, to spin the cocoon? And what part do our dreams play in such spinning?

Cocoon. Another of my favorite childhood words and one I use to this day in referring to my introverted retreats from the world. In French, the word means just this: 'to retreat from the realities of a harsh world.' It was borrowed from the Latin word *cocum*; in turn borrowed from a Greek word

*"It comes to me that this
childhood repeating dream
is a personal myth.
I realize my life story
could be told from the
perspective of this dream.
How, like Apollo chasing
Daphne, I have been
in pursuit of my 'home'
all these years."*

Continued on page 43



BEHOLD THE CHILDREN



by Meria Heller



Meria Heller Passing the Talking Stick in Circle with the Children

I have had the pleasure of working with children for the past two years, and want to let the whole world know that there is more than enough hope for the future of humankind. My work is always on the positive side, and I believe in and choose peace and perfection as the future of my world. My work with children proves this beyond a shadow of a doubt.

I want to share this joy with you, and I want you to share it with everyone you know, every soul that is down, every being that is depressed, those without hope for the future. Tell them that the children are here, and their souls and their gifts are intact.

As the teacher and founder of the Universal Medicine Wheel, a tool for our generation and all races, I found myself volunteering at "The Desert Center" in Scottsdale, Arizona. It is a beautiful place

in natural surroundings, where all the elementary school children in the valley come on a field trip to learn how to steward the desert.

They teach the children about the animals of the desert, the plants, the rocks, and the Natives that used to live here, primarily the Hohokam (approximately 1,000 years ago). The goal is to educate the children about the desert so they can acclimate themselves to it, but more so, for them to take care of it.

We are losing one acre an hour of the desert, and the key is educating the children. I am there teaching them about the "circle of life." This story is the children's story, and what I have seen with my own eyes and heard with my own ears. Some of it is truly amazing, as I'm sure you will agree.

Each week I get to work with

approximately one hundred children, ranging from first- to fourth-graders. We each have our own area in nature to work with these children, and host four separate groups each week. To truly change the world, we need to do it one person at a time. Or one hundred little persons at a time!

The scene is set. We are sitting in a circle around a buffalo blanket on the Arizona desert. The plants, the saguaro, the cholla, and the prickly pear surround us. In the distance are bursage, mesquite, and palo verde.

Flying overhead are doves, crows, hawks, and quail. Little bunnies occasionally skip by, to the delight of the children. We have a universal medicine wheel set up with 13 Hohokam stones. I tell the children we are going to "play." I will ask them to use their imagination and travel with me back in

time to what the desert was like a thousand years ago. I ask them to pretend to be Hohokam children meeting in circle for the first time.

The children eagerly join in, sitting cross-legged on the ground. Their little fingers automatically start touching the earth and playing with the soft stone people around them. Some form circles in the ground. I ask the children why they are playing in the dirt, and they nervously move their hands away from the rocks. I tell them to continue playing but tell me why. They share: "It feels good," "it's fun," "they are so soft," and "they are so strong."

I explain to them that the earth is alive. The stone people have a language all their own. I teach them to learn the language of the rocks, by noticing the signs in their shape and the patterns or pictures on them, and by touching them. I ask them to think about the possibility that the rock people are happy to see them and want them to touch them. It feels good to the Mother Earth. The earth needs us to stay alive, as we need the earth to stay alive.

I start their experiential learning by asking them to close their eyes and listen to what their music would have sounded like back then. My good friend, Ken Lenke, sits in the background under a beautiful mesquite tree and plays his wood flute for them. The children intuitively place their little hands in their laps; some connect two fingers in a meditative pose. When I ask where they learned that, they tell me, "It's meditation; we do it all the time" matter-of-factly. I am amazed.

After the music, I ask them to tell me how they felt. Most say they felt relaxed; some say they felt real "Indian." One little second grader surprised me with "I feel protected." When I asked her to expand on that she said "like a spirit came down from heaven and is protecting me." I am awed. Ken nearly falls off his stool! Basic cellular memory stuff. These kids

naturally have their gifts "out there" in full force. No embarrassment, just very matter-of-fact, in-your-face statements; I love it.

Next I explain the talking stick and pass it around the circle as they introduce themselves and share (the person holding the stick "has the floor" and others must listen to that person until she or he passes it to another, who then



speaks). They giggle and laugh during the passing of the stick, but each honors the other by listening and waiting his or her turn. I teach them that the natives were the inventors of democracy.

No one feels "that's not fair"; they each know they will get a turn. What surprises me is that some of them already know what a talking stick is how it is used.

I then ask them if they have seen Pocahontas, the movie. All raise their hands, bragging that they own it. I tell them that I do, too. I explain to them the part where the medicine man throws some magic stuff into the fire and the spirits come out and show them visions. I tell them that the sage I will now burn is the same stuff; they love it! I take out a prayer fan and fan the sacred smoke over myself, and then show them how they offered it to the six directions at the start and end of their day and during their ceremonies. I take the smudge around the circle of children, letting each one smell it and feel it. I explain to them how Grandma Willow (the tree in the movie) tells Pocahontas how to learn the language of the wind. I explain that each creation has its own language and doesn't speak English, but does speak. I ask

them if they have pets and rock collections. I ask them if they talk to them. Some children say they do, but that the rocks don't talk back. Some admit that their rocks do talk to them. When I ask how, they say in their imagination, in their "feel," and one child actually says, "telepathically." Amazing.

I encourage them to use their imagination and never lose it. I tell them that their imagination and their intelligence is one and the same. I explain to them the danger of watching too much television and how it dulls one's brain. I encourage them to continue working on their computers and their Nintendo games. This will stimulate them and open up the whole world to them. I ask them to stay outdoors and play until sundown. They will learn more in nature than anywhere else. The children agree and look forward to doing so.

I tell them to take their parents out for walks in the desert, in nature. This will open up a wonderful dialogue between parent and child and will help their parents relax after a hard day's work. It will feed the child's need to have quality time actually talking with their parents.

To conclude the circle, I ask the children to tell me why they think they are at the Center today (besides taking a day off from school).

Some of their answers are absolutely awesome. "To learn about the desert so we won't be afraid of it" is a common answer. But one second grader this week said, "We are destroying our environment. It's disgusting how many animals are losing their homes and how many plants are being destroyed. We need to learn so we can fix it." Eureka! She knows.

These children feel the responsibility for fixing the mistakes of generations before them. Do they know this intuitively, societally, or what? Surely they haven't learned so much about the environment or democracy yet in second grade, yet they know.

I explain to them that my generation was raised on television. We were not as smart as they are at their age. We are counting on them, the children, to fix it all, and we know they can do it. They are capable of so much more than we were, so much more aware than we were, so much more astute with modern technology than we can hope to be, and they are basically babies.

They are the ones who will know how to use the technology for more than entertainment, to actually solve the world's problems: little children, little warriors. They want their world, and they want to keep it beautiful for their children. How do I know? They tell me. Each week, they confide and share with me all their thoughts and intelligence.

I feel truly blessed for the opportunity to work with these special little souls. I'm not sure our children need us as teachers, but I know they need us to listen to what they have to teach us. Make no mistake about it: the human race is wonderful, and that is shown through our children. They have an inner knowing that defies logic, tradition, or upbringing. They stand on their own as far as their intelligence and thought processes. They know the job they were born to do and are eager to do it. They intuitively know that we are all connected and interrelated to all other living things, regardless of size, shape, or color. If you are looking for hope for the future, look a little lower; bring your eyes down to the level of a child's.

Behold the children! ☀



Meria Heller is the founder of The Universal Wheel©, Scottsdale, Arizona. It is a philosophy based on our interdependence on each other as humans first, and our interconnectedness to all living things. Meriamakes herself available to children of all ages for workshops, classes, and private consultations toward a better and happier life. Call (602)502-2385, or e-mail Merswheel@aol.com

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Dreams & Mythology:

Alive!

With Stephen Aizenstat, Ph.D.

DNJ: *Thank you, Stephen, for being willing to take time from your busy schedule.*

I would like to begin by bringing the meaning of the words, dream and mythology, into their rightful definitions, by honoring the truth of these precious dimensions. How and where have the words myth and dream come to mean falsehood or lie and fancitized future (respectively) in contemporary Western culture?

SA: I think what happened as the culture evolved the last several hundred years and we adopted as our philosophy of thought the methodology of science, we then started to literalize. As we began to literalize and concretize, then anything that was different from an empirical understanding became, at best, suspect and most often, false. Myth being a kind of prevailing cultural story, not necessarily anchored in causal and factual proof, but rather out of oral tradition was devalued. In fact, even the oral tradition as an orientation was devalued tremendously in service to a kind of scientific methodology. Western culture moved toward a way of being that is grounded in causal literalism and became increasingly suspicious of dreams, myth, or story.

DNJ: *So how do you-in your life and work-'buck up' against those prevailing definitions?*

SA: For me, personally, the medium through which I see the world looks more poetic or aesthetic, than it does scientific or literal. A portal into that way of seeing or listening, is the dream. Dreams come with their own sense of the poetic or aesthetic because they are anchored primarily in the cultural imagination, rather than in scientific explanation.

DNJ: *As Jung said, you are leading a symbolic life....*

SA: Yes, or an imaginal life. And myths, I believe,

generate out of and perpetuate that imagination and a relationship to psyche and soul. When we hear the world mythically, from this point of view, the world is alive and we're engaged by it; it's animated!

When Joseph Campbell suggests that we operate out of the myths that live through us, I believe he's talking about that same sense of the poetic and of the imaginal.

DNJ: *What initially inspired you along this path?*

SA: It had to do with a lot of my own curiosity and my own suffering or affliction in relation to the different social and political situations in which I was involved in my early twenties. One of which was that my behavior was a result of the influences of my peer group or my family of origin, and so on. Those explanations soon started to give way to the need for something a little more full-bodied or embodied. The notion of what impacts a life or influences a culture started to really work on me, and I started to think in terms of mythic or archetypal story and universal themes... and that, of course, brought me right into consideration of dreams and mythology.

These things opened up for my consideration other influences, beyond the prevailing explanations.

DNJ: *Did dreams become alive, a more active part of your becoming, in the early stages of your search?*

SA: It was a question of developing a friendship with my dreams, and to the extent that I brought attention, curiosity and interest to them, was the extent to which my sense of recall increased and my active engagement started to develop. I think that's how it is with dreams; a big part is remembering the dream and working with it. Ultimately, to befriend the dream.

DNJ: *One question that guides this issue is 'What is the Relationship of Dreams and Mythology?' How would you describe that relationship?*

SA: Mythology is in an alive, active expression of a living psyche. Myths aren't something to look at historically, necessarily; they're as alive, active, and present as we are, and they operate in the cultural imagination.

Dreams are the same. Dreams open up to the same kind of poetics as do myths. They're alive, engaging, imaginative! Both come from essential ground that is psychological or imaginative, so they share a tremendous amount in common.

DNJ: *How does the mythic dimension act in the moment—from day to day—In your life?*

SA: The same themes in myth present themselves in the dream. Part of what's so important for me is to appreciate that myth isn't something of the past, but is always in the immediate experience. To touch into the range of experience that's informed by these themes, or these entities, that appear—both in story and in dream—is really to access some of the primary influences that are directing our lives.

As important as this notion of going into the past to recover the meaning of a myth, or exploring early childhood or family of origin issues to interpret the meaning of a dream, is to appreciate the here and now, very immediate sensibilities of the entities, or figures in the dream. Dreams and myths are not static events of the past; they are alive in the present moment! Community is a marvelous place where this can be enacted and unfolded. Part of what we do in our dream workshops is to hear the dreams—Not as something that's occurred only in the past—but as something that is operating right here and now, betwixt and between. That's one thing to think about.

Another is the nature of myth and/or dreams as being informed by the soul of the future. They are so shaped by—not only by what has occurred

and sometimes not even by what is occurring—they are impacted by the pull of what is yet to be. They afford us that opportunity, to feel the sense of what's yet to come.

If we develop a way of being in relationship to these influences, we can move out of an identification or possession state, into very productive, creative dialogue with ourselves and one another.

DNJ: *Joseph Campbell identified the various levels at which mythology functions. Do you see emerging or evolving mythologies that will serve us in these perilous*

times, in the way that mythologies serve(d) other cultures?

SA: In myth and certainly in dreams, the image of the Green person or the Green Man seems to keep presenting himself. This is different from 10–20 years ago.

The cultural imagination has really become curious about the Green Man, who represents something generative and more ecological in

orientation and informed by multiple myths and various legends, such as Celtic lore.

In addition to that particular image, the possibility that opens and that is so important is not the particularity of the myth that we are going to be guided by as much as it is a way of experiencing life mythically.

That's the key! That's the real key:

To begin to open our sensibilities to a mythic way of being in the world. It results in living in a world that is more animated so that we see the creatures and things of the world as ensouled or at least enlivened by a sense of psychic presence or depth. That makes a big difference! Or to view our relationships, or our community's political or social structures in a kind of imaginative way, as well as a literal or concrete way.

DNJ: *The concept that comes to mind is 'Enchantment.' Recognizing the world as enchanted. It's something we've lost, by and large. But, it's here, now...*

SA: Yes. We've lost that. And something different happens when people allow dreams and mythology



to open up and be alive for them.

Myths never were but always are. They are here, now, in the immediacy of experience... and to be open to a way of seeing and experiencing life as if it were a dream or as if myth were present and alive, really creates something different behaviorally. I believe that first there's imaginal background—the mythic story; then there's behavior. Imagination precedes behavior.

One of the emerging myths—as you ask—would not be the particularity of a essential 'story' as much as a way of perceiving the world from a mythical point of view.

*"... we need to think differently.
We need to hear the dream,
not as a reflection of personal
history or collective human
experience only. We also have to
allow the possibility for the
things of the enchanted world to
speak on behalf of themselves."*

I'll give you an example. I was asked to be part of the Earth Charter Initiative, which is a United Nations sponsored attempt to develop 12-18 principles for a sustainable environmental future for our planet. I joined 70 other participants at The Hague in the Netherlands, where we talked about the possibilities and worked on an emerging Earth Charter. Their question was: "What are the principles that we can develop to assure and insure a sustainable future for the Planet?"

The problem was, that question doesn't take us anyplace! As long as we keep asking what we can do for the planet, we are still imposing our set of values in a linear way on a static system. On the other hand, when we appreciate the planet as alive, as a planet informed by a mythic notion—for example, Gaia—then we ask a different question. Then the question becomes not what we can do for the planet, but how we can listen into the planet and what the planet can tell us about its plight.

Until we hear the planet animated and alive,

informed by this notion of story, myth or dreams, we can't even get to that place!

So, the question becomes: "How we can extend the notion of experiencing life mythically from the personal to the collective to the planetary level?" And here's a perfect example of an emerging effort on behalf of 'we the people' around the planet working to come up with the essential principles to develop something called the Earth Charter that will be adopted by the assembly of the United Nations—we hope by the year 2002—and disseminated to all the countries on this planet.

DNJ: *That's very hopeful.*

SA: Yes.... and it's informed by story, by myth. What we've developed at Pacifica Graduate Institute in our work on the Earth Charter Project is a way of hearing into the living story, the living myth of the planet... through the portal of dreams. We've asked literally hundreds upon hundreds of people to hear into dreams and hear the planet speak to them: the creatures, the oceans, the flora, the buildings, the streets....

We've asked them to hear those entities speak on behalf of their plight—originated in the world, not originated in personal or cultural consciousness—as expressed in the images of dreams.

But, in order to hear that, *we need to think differently.* We need to hear the dream, not as a reflection of personal history or collective human experience only; we also have to allow the possibility for the things of the enchanted—to use your word—world to speak on behalf of themselves.

That's the way that it can extend into the cultural, collective realm.

DNJ: *That's a crucial and wonderful task you give us, Stephen and it feels like it has brought our talk full circle. Thank you again. ☀*

— * † * † * —

Dr. Stephen Aizenstat is the founding President of Pacifica Graduate Institute and a clinical psychologist. His original research centers on a psychodynamic process of "tending the living image," particularly in the context of dreamwork. He has conducted dreamwork seminars for over 25 years throughout the United States, Europe, and Asia. For further information: Pacifica Graduate Institute, 249 Lambert Road, Carpinteria, CA 93013. Phone 805/969-3626 Fax: 805-565-1932 or On the Web: www.pacifica.edu

Dreams as a Mirror of Change in Personal Mythology

by Christopher Ryan and Stanley Krippner

The word "myth" has been tainted by common usage in which it has come to refer to a falsehood. This is unfortunate for each of us as individuals and for society in general. Rather than being judged as "true" or "false," mythology can be best thought of as a way of making sense of reality - an interpretive tool. As such, a myth can be judged only insofar as it is functional or dysfunctional for positive growth and development at a particular point in time for a given individual, family, or group.

Just as each culture organizes reality according to its mythology, each individual also views his or her life through a unique mythological lens. As we move through life, we are called upon to update our basic mythological understanding of the world. Accepting that our conceptions of reality are mythical in nature makes it easier for us to revise and reformulate old ways of thinking rather than to feel pressured to defend outdated views. Our personal mythologies, therefore, are our ever-changing systems of complementary and conflicting personal myths. A personal myth is a cognitive-affective structure or schema - a pattern of thinking and feeling that gives meaning to the past, defines the present, and provides direction for the future. It serves the functions of explaining, guiding, and sacralizing

experience for the individual in a manner that is analogous to the way cultural myths serve those same functions for a society.

We can think of our personal mythology as including all the interacting and sometimes conflicting thoughts and feelings we consciously and unconsciously have about our world. These thoughts and feelings shape our comprehension of what the world is and of our place in it, and they help determine the actions we will take as we live our lives. Although our myths do not always engage our conscious mind, they are always intimately affecting our lives. We are most likely to become aware of a given myth when a change is occurring within it. Because dreams appear to synthesize one's existing mythic structures with the data of one's life experiences, any incongruity between these elements is often presented to us in dream content. It appears to be the task of many dreams to resolve any disjuncture between our personal mythology and our actual experience.

Indeed, personal myths appear to form in a manner that is parallel to the way dreams develop. We can hypothesize that personal myths and dreams are both related to the brain's propensity for language and narrative structure. Humans have often been described as "meaning-seeking animals." Our personal myths may

be a way for us to find meaningful structure in our experience, while dreams perform the same function with the torrent of images and feelings welling up from the unconscious every night. As Montague Ullman has written, "Our dreams serve as corrective lenses which, if we learn to use them properly, enable us to see ourselves and the world about us with less distortion and with greater accuracy." The same can be said of our personal mythology.

Since our personal mythology has its roots in the ways we learned to make sense of our world during childhood, there is frequently a conflict in one's personal mythology which is affecting one's feelings, thoughts or behavior. A mythic crisis is apparent in regard to personal development. This crisis occurs when a prevailing myth becomes so outdated or otherwise dysfunctional that the psyche generates a counter-myth to organize perceptions and responses which the old myth cannot accommodate. When this occurs, the psyche is in conflict as each competing myth becomes a psychological entity attempting to dominate particular situations with its particular modes of perceiving and responding.

While personal myths shape our awareness, they themselves operate largely outside of ordinary consciousness. It is possible,

however, to willfully bring many aspects of our personal mythology into our awareness. Because it is the nature of dreams to expose and puncture dysfunctional personal myths and to shed light on the self-deceptive strategies we use to avoid initiating a more functional pattern of behavior, dream appreciation can be one of the most effective means of bringing these myths into conscious awareness. Awakening to the mythic dimension of our lives is to achieve the freedom to inspect and revise that which for most people controls them unaware.

We can develop a categorization system which describes several aspects of dreams in this ongoing dialectic. A particular dream may include one or more of the aspects outlined below. For people who have learned to understand inner events in terms of personal mythology, this can be a useful framework for understanding their dreams.

- The dream may attempt to strengthen an old, self-limiting myth (particularly when it is challenged) by (a) emphasizing past experiences which provided evidence for the validity of the old myth; (b) resolving conflicts between the old myth and daily experiences through the assimilation of these experiences into the structure of the old myth; (c) providing visions of a future dominated by the old myth - a preview of the future according to the old myth, often with a sense of inevitability.
- • Dreams may create or strengthen a counter-myth which has grown out of the old myth's

deficiencies by (a) reworking old experiences and interpreting them in a less self-limiting, more affirming manner providing an alternative to the old myth's template of reality; (b) interpreting new experiences in this manner and/or accommodating the old myth to fit new experiences in a manner that corresponds more closely to the counter-myth; (c) by organizing possibilities into a positive future with wish-fulfillment qual-



ities; while inspiration for pursuing these possibilities is often present, instruction for how to translate them into daily life is not generally evident.

- • • The dream may facilitate a cognitive integration between the two myths. As ongoing experiences bring the two toward a compromise, they become more compatible, an integration of essential elements of each becomes possible, and the cognitive forces that work against conflict begin to integrate the two myths. This process is suggested in dreams which (a) highlight experiences from the past in which the mythic conflict was evident and show ways it could be integrated; (b) highlight the conflict as it emerged in recent experiences and show ways of resolving it; (c) portent a

future where the conflict is resolved, often instructing us in how to accomplish the resolution.

Feeling tone often gives a clue as to the function of the dream. "Old myth" dreams typically feel defeating, hopeless, and draining in terms of energy and vitality. "Counter-myth" dreams typically tend to feel hopeful, optimistic, even exhilarating. "Integration" dreams tend to produce a calm, positive, realistic feeling.

In summary, dreams can play an important role in presenting the personal mythic structure to the dreamer. Dreams can itemize each aspect of our personal mythology and can point out when an old personal myth has become inadequate for life's current issues. The dream can point out when personal myths have become outdated, can provide a dialectical encounter between old and new myths, and can

mediate conflicts between myths, even providing new mythic structures and facilitating synthesis. ☀



*For further exploration of the concepts and techniques pre-sented in this article, please see *The Mythic Path* by D. Feinstein and S. Krippner, New York: Put-nam/Tarcher, 1997. The second part of this essay, appearing in a future issue of *Dream Network Journal*, will apply these tech-niques of dream appreciation to some well-known popular songs in which dreams are presented.*

The Living Labyrinth

The Universal in
Myths, Dreams
& Waking Life



With Jeremy Taylor



DNJ: Joseph Campbell once said, "A myth is a public dream; a dream is a private myth."

For you, what is the relationship of dreams to myth?

JT: Well, I think Campbell is exactly right. From my point of view, the main thing that binds the two forms together— myth, or sacred narrative, and nighttime dreaming — is the archetypal symbols that manifest themselves simultaneously in both of those forms. These archetypal energies and symbols also manifest in the details and resonances of waking life. One of the things I'm trying to do in my book is to make it clear that this archetypal realm does not exist just in the isolated realms of sleeping dream and waking sacred narrative. They are present all the time and influence even the most mundane kinds of perceptions.

DNJ: You said that "Dreaming itself is the universal model, the prototypical experience of the generation of a sense of meaning." How do dreams help to generate a sense of meaning? Is this related to the mythic dimension?

JT: It's a great question. I think it has to do primarily with story, with narrative. The things in our lives, individually and collectively, that are the venues of most meaning can only be verbalized adequately in story form. That dramatic, emotionally charged narrative is the only verbal form we have equal to

the task of conveying the multiple layers of meaning that real significance requires. We can also do it with visual art and visual symbols and of course the dream does it with both. We not only construct a verbal narrative when we tell the dream, we experience it with all the senses. Our dreams remind us constantly that the reality that we live awake has the same multiple resonances even though the narrow focus of consciousness tends to numb us to that fact. That has always been true and has always been an important spiritual realization. The mythic dimension of our individual and collective lives is not limited by the envelope of European culture. An adequate grasp of the depth and significance of archetypal forms also requires at least a nodding acquaintance with sacred narratives from Africa, Asia, India, the Arctic, Pacific Island cultures, Native American traditions, et. al.

DNJ: Many people experience a loss of meaning because they don't have a sense of their place in a larger pattern. Is it your sense that myths help us to discover spiritual meaning by revealing the ways in which we are participating in something beyond the personal, something transpersonal?

JT: Absolutely....Participating in something that had meaning before we were born and will continue to have meaning after we die.

DNJ: *Why is it important at this time that people begin to understand the mythic dimensions of their own dreaming, meaning that which is beyond just their own personal world?*

JT. I don't say that it's only important now, I think it's always been important. Such awareness has always been a hallmark of authentic spiritual development. But I think it has become an absolutely crucial social, cultural, economic and political matter now. The failure to develop that greater mythic understanding contributes to the destruction of the biosphere by ill-considered human action. The health and wholeness that the dreams are striving toward is not limited by the envelope of the individual dreamer.

What used to be a secret amongst initiates has now become absolutely crucial, necessary, public knowledge. That's one of the reasons that I have devoted my life to promoting group dreamwork and devoted my literary life to writing books that will hopefully entice people into paying more attention to their own and one another's dreams. This new book is an effort to extend this respect as well to sacred narratives from around the world—and not just the sacred narratives of the Indo-European people—which up until fairly recently has been what people mean when they talk about mythology.

DNJ. *You talk about the compelling nature of the encounter with the collective unconscious in our dreams, whether it be the fathomless ocean, the limitless sky, ancient lost civilizations or your area of particular interest, UFO's, alien encounters. Can you say something about this encounter with a superior intelligence*

or force, which is sometimes benign, sometimes ruthless. There is such attraction and fear.....

JT. The encounter with the deep collective unconscious always involves a radical reassessment of the meaning and value of waking consciousness. It invariably diminishes the notion of it's importance. There is no notion of superiority left. And if the sense of importance attached to the waking ego is derived from a sense of "superiority," as so many post-modern Western folks' is, then the encounter with the collective unconscious is initially disorienting and horrifying. At the same time, it is always filled with hope and deeply renewing energy. The element of the alien abduction story, which involves women being impregnated against their will to create a new hybrid species that will change everything and save the planet, is clearly a metaphor for the desire of consciousness itself to evolve. The knowledge and energies of evolution come from within.... what Jung called the collective unconscious, the Celts called the Other World, Emerson called it the World Soul and the Buddhists call the Buddha mind.

DNJ. *Joseph Campbell, studying the world's folklore and mythology, said that there really was just one myth, the mono-myth, the myth of the hero or heroine's journey. Does this seem true to you?*

JT. Sure. My reading of him does not say that it's the hero/heroine's journey alone. I hear him saying that virtually all of those narratives—the hero/heroine's journey being one of the ones that he spent the most time on—are all examples of the mono-myth which is more generically the One separating itself into the Many, then the Many finding their indi-

vidual ways back to the One. Sustained dreamwork regularly awakens an increased understanding that the evolution of the individual consciousness parallels the narratives in these great sacred narratives.

DNJ: *You have such a positive trust in dreaming and, in many ways, in the collective. What is your sense of some of the dangers of the ways the collective unconscious can function in a group? Jung warned about that in Nazi Germany.*

JT: Jung's own personal encounter with archetypal energies had been so healing and so transformative, that initially he was not able to imagine that a collective activation of these same archetypes—which he recognized in the National Socialist movement in Germany—could have anything but a positive outcome. But then he saw that it wasn't a done deal and that the crucial difference was not the archetypes, but the consciousness that encounters the archetypes. *The problem is not in the dreams but in the way we interpret them* and channel the energies of the dream into waking experience and action. That's why I think dreamwork is such a crucial art, such a crucial skill, because the energies that we encounter are indeed the energies of primal creativity and transformation. Those in fact are the energies that the Nazi's activated and called up. But they did it in an interpretive framework that was mistakenly literal and prematurely closed.

DNJ: *And malevolent.*

JT: Well, you see from their point of view, the Nazi movement was not malevolent. It was seen as deeply benign and positive. It was an effort to cleanse society of evil and create a "brave new world," free of uncertainty and fear. The

problem is, the Nazi's tried to accomplish this by denying the shadow aspects of their own personalities and culture that were unevolved and untrustworthy, and instead projected these aspects outward onto their "enemies." Premature closure and mistaken literalism—particularly through projection—are two sides of the same coin and I'm convinced are the root of all evil. You have to be born yesterday under a flat rock to believe that these incredible experiences are only literal. The realization that events have meaning below the surface of obvious appearance is the single most important moral act of which we are capable. And the dreams regularly, day in and day out, invite us to that primary moral understanding.

DNJ: *And so the meeting in groups, particularly egalitarian groups, is a hedge against that premature closure.*

JT: Absolutely. An absolute practical necessity because of the unique sort of blindness every individual waking consciousness has to it's own drama. It is an inevitable consequence of partially evolved consciousness.

DNJ: *You have said, "As a whole species we are in deep trouble." Do you have any sense of any new, or returning, myths that can help to guide us as a species, as a people, as a family, through these next times?*

JT: Absolutely. I think that's one of the most important questions that can be asked. In some sense, my whole book, The Living Labyrinth, is an effort to answer that question. In terms of new myths versus old myths, I do not believe that question can be answered one way or another. It dependson what level you ask the question.

At the level of specific narrative, obviously there are new myths. Probably the most important one being the new cosmology—the Big Bang theory and its implications—namely, that everything in the universe has the same source and that the laws of physics apply everywhere. Ultimately, this is a theological assertion and contradicts all of the old 'special privilege' myths, the limited sectarian understandings that are used to foster 'double standards' of morality and action in the world. Now that, at one level, is a new story that grows out of our new 'scientific' culture. It has the advantage of embracing the entirety of the cosmos, the entirety of humanity, the entirety of experience.

DNJ: *So this allows a new evolution to take place of everything being used.*

JT: Everything having a place....Now on a deeper level, it's not a new story at all; the Big Bang is simply the most current version of the One dividing itself into the Many and then the Many fragments finding their individual pathways back to the One again, to get back to the point that Campbell makes. At that level it's not a new myth at all.

DNJ: *And Genesis makes sense, the first paragraphs.*

JT.: Yes, Genesis, the If a Oracle, the wanderings of the Willawak Sisters, the Rainbow Snake and Earth Maker and Coyote walking across the face of the darkness.. All the stories stand and complement one another. There is no one story that eclipses all the others. They illuminate one another and at that level of depth there are no new myths. Both of those things are true at once.

I would say, for instance, that



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what Rianne Eisler calls the 'Partnership Way,' the balance of respect and mutual aid between masculine and feminine, is a new story. Although she projects that story backward onto the early Bronze Age, I do believe she is absolutely right about the archetypal importance of this pattern; it's just that it should be projected forward onto our future, not sadly and nostalgically back onto our 'lost past!'

I believe that we have arrived for perhaps the first time in human history, at a place where the archetypal 'Partnership Way' can in fact be practiced on the Earth. In that sense, the 'Partnership Way' is a totally new story and in another sense, it is not new at all! It is the great balancing act between ALL the seemingly irreconcilable opposites. It's the yin and yang in harmonious mutual embrace, the liminal place of dawn and dusk, where the light meets the darkness, and new consciousness is born; the same archetypal place where new consciousness has always come into being.

The problem in our own psyches and out in the world (and they reflect one another exquisitely) is premature closure. The moment we take the stance—oh we've got this one down, we know how this one works—then the archetype of Trickster is potentiated and vitalized, and brought into the drama.

DNJ: *I'm glad you brought up Trickster. I've wanted to ask you about Trickster and the Year 2,000 (Y2K) computer problem. This little two digit glitch, this oversight from mid-century may potentially be quite damaging.*

JT: Yes! The "Millennium Bug" is just one more contemporary example of the archetypal Trickster at work!

DNJ: *I sense Trickster at play here in the way that technology itself might bring about the fulfillment of the Biblical prophecy of a millennial apocalypse. That such an event would come from the most self-confident area of the culture—science & technology—that disclaims this mythic dimension is a lesson in hubris.*

JT: Yes, and a more sophisticated grasp of sacred narrative would have made it clear immediately, as it was to a number of people, what a mistake this was. The history of the evolution of the computer is a history of this kind of mistake. It's one of the most amazing Trickster histories and it's all so fast. I think it's very important for people to realize that the Trickster is not an archaic archetype. It is just as much a contemporary archetype as it ever has been.

DNJ: *It's alive and well and operating.*

JT: Absolutely.

DNJ: *So stay awake.*

JT: Yes. As Rumi says, "The only one who is awake is the one who has heard the flute." ✨

Jeremy Taylor has contributed greatly to the popularization of dreamwork over the last several decades. A Unitarian Universalist minister who teaches at several universities and seminaries in the San Francisco Bay Area, he is a co-founder and past president of the Association for the Study of Dreams, and author of three books on dreamwork, all of which are currently in print. He has contributed significantly to several TV and radio specials on dreaming, and pioneered interactive dreamwork on-line as host of AOL's *The Dream Show*.

Ramsay Raymond, MA, MHC is an Advisor to the *Dream Network Journal*, a psychotherapist, and educator in spiritual psychology. She directs The Dreamwheel, a program in dream education in Concord, MA.

Movie Review

by Jonathon Young

Insights from Ever After A Cinderella Story

Some movies are so rich with symbolism that they practically ask us to look for meanings lurking beneath the surface. The current film "Ever After - A Cinderella Story" has Drew Barrymore as the girl with the glass slipper and Anjelica Huston as a memorable wicked stepmother. It is fascinating to take the characters in a story as aspects of ourselves. At its heart, "Cinderella" is an orphan story. It is about losing parents and coping with the grief and dislocation that follows such a loss. The world's favorite fairy tale has once again provided rich source material for a big production. This movie departs from the familiar story in significant details, while maintaining the spirit of the original. The filmmakers have included the best lessons from the classic tale. There is much here that we can take figuratively.

In this version, the storytellers emphasize the girl's great love for her father. When the father dies, his new bride cries out, "You cannot leave me here." Anjelica Huston shows us that the stepmother's distress is enormous. A man she barely knew brought her to a new place with her daughters — and left her. Her only connection to this life was the man who has now abandoned her. It is helpful to realize that the stepmother's stern behavior has some legitimacy. She is in a tough situation as a single mother with a household to run, and three girls to raise. Still, Cinderella hardly deserves the fall from the good life she had with her father. In one scene, when the girl appears ungrateful for the life as a servant, the stepmother says wearily, "After all that I do." It is one of those moments when the oppressor twists things around to feel like the victim.

We might see the lost true parents as representing an inner sense of safety and self-acceptance. Cinderella has no memory of her mother and yet the mother has a presence. In the course of the adventure, our heroine uses her mother's name. People say that she looks like her mother. The dress and glass slippers were her mother's and now wait in the girl's trousseau stashed away in a hope chest. It's as if the story is suggesting that we each have two

inner mother-images to choose from. The shift to the stepmother symbolizes falling into our fears and self-rejection. In the classic version, Cinderella resolves this emotional quandary by bonding with the Fairy Godmother. We can see this as a rediscovery of the sense of unqualified acceptance that came from true parents. The implication is that we all have this potential to accept ourselves if we can just find it within.

This is a tale about the fresh young qualities within each of us. It is about what we're to do with that earnest part of ourselves. The story shows us how it feels when the shelter of childhood ends. The widower's daughter is working like a servant in her own house. The chores run her ragged; washing, ironing, scrubbing, dusting, and cooking. This sounds like the real life we all know well. The mundane tasks never end. Keeping a hopeful spirit in the face of all the chores is a considerable challenge. There are always stepsisters within — inner critics ready to find fault with everything we do. It is easy to project this — so that we imagine that others think badly of us. Dealing with the mean stepsister voices within is a struggle for most people.

There is no Fairy Godmother in this movie. The filmmakers have removed the familiar magic tricks of the tale. No pumpkin turns into a coach. No birds make a dress for her. A different kind of magic is at work. There is a mentor figure in place of the Fairy Godmother — and the movie's handling of this is a fine surprise. The crucial role of a mentor character in the tale reaffirms the central notion that we all get our parenting where we can. The presence of a mentor also suggests that we have an inner wisdom that will be of assistance if we know how to get in touch with it. There are aspects of each person that are more mature than the other parts — and these qualities can come forward at crucial moments.

This heroine is bookish, given to reading while sitting on the hearth, using the fire for light. Her favorite is the last book her father brought home, Thomas Moore's *Utopia*. Sitting virtually in the fireplace, she often gets soot on her

clothes. The stepsister's derisive nickname for her is Cinderella. In the classic tale, she gets sooty from cleaning out the ashes. Either way, the symbolism is clearly about grief. Ashes often represent the realm of the dead. Mourning rituals from many traditions involve wearing ashes.

An underlying theme in this story is bereavement. If there is wisdom here for our own lives, it is probably about the importance of grieving. People who have suffered great losses are often acutely aware of the many ways our customs and manners dampen emotion. There is great healing in fully, deeply, acknowledging and experiencing our grief. After a death, it is rare to feel that things are quite right for a long time. The impact of both parents dying shapes the drama of Cinderella's life. A story about the effects of untimely losses has insights for us all. We all suffer setbacks and must face many challenges if we are to regain a sense of place and purpose.

The announcement by the king is the call, the moment that offers the possibility of something out of the ordinary. In personal psychology, this is when we realize our routine perspectives can give way to new ways of seeing ourselves. What he offers is a great ball at the castle, at the palace. The reason for the ball will be that his son is of age. The heir apparent, the crown prince, must choose a bride so that the kingdom can go on.

In ancient times, most people believed that the king and the queen were gods. This is still true in some places. For example, many Japanese still think that the emperor is at least slightly divine. Royalty in a fairy tale may represent the sacred realm. The King has invited Cinderella to a dimension beyond her dreams. Such transcendent characters call us out of ordinary experience. Symbolically, they suggest an opening to our higher selves.

The king invites all eligible women to the ball. The excitement spreads quickly. The stepsisters want to go, and so does our heroine. The stepmother will permit this if Cinderella completes all of her chores in time. Of course, this is a cruel trick. When it is time for the ball, the stepmother has found reasons to withdraw permission. The stepmother is a marvelous symbol for harshness. Psychologically, she would represent



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our capacity to treat ourselves badly — and cheat ourselves out of radiant opportunities by postponing the enjoyment of life.

One of the stepsisters has every intention of winning the Prince's favor. This step-sister may represent our vain qualities and self-importance. The part of the personality that believes in control tends to value comparisons, power, status, and competing. That kind of consciousness wants the Prince for material advantages and to make the others envious. We all have to watch out for our ability to indulge crass motivations — that can ultimately be self-defeating.

As always, Cinderella has her helpers. Sometimes we feel very alone. It is important to realize that we have allies who are available to us. We have friends, teachers, family. Later, we have the memory of all of these. It's important to be able to be in touch with them both literally and in the imagination. Their support does not end when they die. We can always use memory to draw on their love in the present moment. In stories, the most magical kind of help is from some kind of sage. In the stories it's often someone who magically appears to provide help at a time of great anxiety. In our lives, it can be the surprising awareness of a perspective or strength we didn't know we had.

In all tellings of the Cinderella story, the elegant dress plays an important role. Her mother was aristocracy and the dress is a link to that noble status. When she is in clothes that designate a well-born person, others believe her to be a true lady. When she appears at the ball, she wears the stunning gown prepared by her helpers. This is simultaneously a link to her mother and a return to her true nobility. The psychology here is that we each have an inner elegance and a noble quality to reclaim.

The Cinderella story teaches us something about coping. When we suffer losses, we may feel like orphans. It is as if life has left us in the hands of wicked impostors, people who claim to be family but deny our humanity. They may see us as servants, useful only to play supporting roles in their life dramas. The structure of the story is moving from problematic relationships to finding allies, mentors, and self-reliance. It is



Living a Seasonal Life



The Archetype of Ripening Seasons

by Irv Thomas

It has taken me a lifetime - unless the gods grant me another septide or two in which to enjoy it - to learn what seems, now, the simplest of truths. In its barest terms . . . **The greatest gift of all is to be Alive!** And those which follow most directly are those that flow most freely of it: the sun and rain, the ocean surf, mountains & trees (yes, trees!... more likely at the front of the list), and not leastly, love and friendship.

I want to tell you about this marvelous discovery I made, many years ago, that we literally *live the seasons* in the course of our own year's passage, as much as does any instinct-based animal or soil-rooted plant. It is outrageous to contemplate, so sure are we of our independence from Nature, but our time-process is governed by an Archetype that is patterned on Nature's own year, and we fulfill it without even knowing that we do.

Not just in the year's four seasons, either, but in every stretch of time that we commonly deal with. For the particular nature of an Archetype, as Jung explained it, is a *patterning tendency*, a 'framework waiting to express itself in outer events.' But we have to be able to stand back from our lives, in

order to see it. I'll tell you how I came to see this in my own life, and then we'll look at what this archetype thing is all about, and why it is so important to realize.

In my early forties, I broke free of the conventional life I had been living. It meant that each week, each month, was no longer a predetermined routine, and gave me my first real chance to experience life in a natural flow. Many things were going on in my world - a veritable whirlpool of path openings and choices to make - but when the dust of it settled briefly, in winter, and I could take stock of the year's chaotic adventure, a pattern began to emerge. I saw it first in a recurrent summer crisis: the first time, in 1971, when it precipitated my break; but again the following year, when a communal effort in Oregon shattered for me . . . and yet once more, the very next year, when a year-long personal relationship dissolved.

Remarkably, each of these separate crises reached its peak moment during the first two weeks of August, and I realized that I was looking at the central element of a repetitive annual pattern that I had never even been aware of. I saw the year in a

new light, and began looking for other pieces of the pattern - pieces that just as remarkably repeated themselves. Not every year, perhaps, but with sufficient consistency to confirm that I was onto something.

The evidence for it was not just in my own experience, but in calendar lore and seasonal rituals the world over, in the way that earlier cultures with Nature-based calendars had observed the annual passage, and even in etymology - for words tell tales that history has all but forgotten. But

"Thus, it is no great stretch to bring seasonal cycle into the array - yet, strangely, it has never been fully explored as an archetypal influence. We seem, actually, to have a blind spot here, that traces all the way back through Western cultural history...."

the richest trove was when I applied the idea of an archetype across other time spans than the year and its four seasons, and discovered the incredible parallels - 'seasonal effects' that natural activity could not account for. They could *only be* explained as functions of an archetypal pattern.

A seasonal archetype, if such there happens to be, would be a *patterning of time* as we experience it, that could as well apply to any passage of time that has coherent meaning for us: a year, a day, a month, a week, a lifespan . . . whatever. We would experience each of these passages in conformity with the pattern, almost by instinct - in fact, it is not very different from instinct, for our conscious minds have very little to say about any archetypal process, except to observe and recognize it. But this helps, im-

mensely, in understanding what is going on with us.

Will you accept the Seasonal, or Ripening Archetype on my say-so? Why didn't Jung, or any of the masterful analysts who followed in his trail, ever identify it as such? In fact, how could they have missed it, when they rambled on into such arcane and primal typology as numbers and form? These are good challenges, and I think I am going to have to lay out a groundwork before the legitimacy of this claim is clear. So let us first explore the background

of the Archetype notion.

It was not a pure invention on Jung's part, but was derived from Kant's earlier insight that the human mind has a tendency to 'organize reality' into meaningful forms and sequences. This is hard to grasp, for we live in a world literally bathed in meaning, and we suppose that all that meaning is 'out there,' plain enough for all to see. Kant clued us to the realization that events, concurrent or consecutive in their happening, have only the relatedness and meaning that our minds choose to impart - and, in fact, that we don't even choose such perceptions, but are compelled by an inner necessity, a predisposition to 'discover' them. This insight of his led to Jung's formulation of the Archetype concept: an array of *preordained patterns* that literally impose themselves, like a creative grid, over personal experience.

rience.

In the grip of an archetypal pattern, we observe an internal necessity to pursue certain ends: we pick up on certain cues, take certain actions of self-involvement, and work our way thus toward a particular destiny. It does not defeat free will, but *utilizes* it, though the conscious self may think we pursue different ends. That is, we give ourselves other reasons for doing as we do, which has been actually demonstrated with split-hemisphere testing. We respond, you see, with a sense of infinite freedom, but the archetypal pattern underneath is the guiding influence.

Jung's earliest development of archetypal theory focused on common patterns of human experience, identified by transformative configurations that most of us are now familiar with from portrayals in the popular and New Age press: the Hero Archetype, the Trickster, the Crone, and so forth, along with those of basic human experience: the Child, the Mother, etc. But the principle of archetypal patterning has been extended far beyond such essentially personality motifs to incorporate dynamic processes that cover the full range of human experience and even purely conceptual territory, such as numbers and form.

Thus, it is no great stretch to bring seasonal cycle into the array - yet, strangely, it has never been fully explored as an archetypal influence. We seem, actually, to have a blind spot, here, that traces all the way back through Western cultural history, for the ancient Greeks, who gave the gods responsibility for everything under the sun (even the sun, itself) ascribe to none, in their grand Pantheon, any authority over Time - a rather glaring oversight. A cursory consideration

of the Greek gods would conclude that Kronos had that significance, but scholars are careful to point out that the Greek words Kronos and chronos have entirely different lexical roots.

Any thought of a seasonal archetype has been generally subsumed under the quaternity symbol - the number 4 - which is recognized as an overlay pattern for the ideas of completion, order and wholeness. In a limited sense, this is sufficient, for it brings the year, alone, to archetypal account as a 'containment' within which a ripening process has begun and come to completion, the four seasons providing it a pace and sense of fullness.

Something else occurs when we proclaim an identity between time and the ripening process: we have given vitality to time. We invest the phenomenon of experienced time, which is only, after all, a function of memory and imagination, with an inherent quality that must henceforth 'animate' perceived time, no matter what the length of its passage. This is precisely what an Archetype is all about!

The archetypal pattern, drawn from eons of familiarity with Nature's year, and expressed in the symbolic perfection of the quaternity symbol, becomes a conceptual template for every coherent framework of time that we encounter. We instinctively experience a lifetime in this pattern - as everyone knows. The course of a full day and night, while seldom thought of in seasonal terms, is perfectly analogous to it. In fact, the archetypal nature of the analogy appears explicitly in Greek myth, in the riddle of the Sphinx: "What is it that walks on four legs in the morning, on two legs at noon, and on three in the evening?" (Oedipus, in the myth, correctly replies that it

must be Man, who crawls in infancy, walks upright in his prime, and leans on a staff in old age). The Greek language even employs one word - *hora* - for the meaning of either 'hour' or 'season.'

You have perhaps begun to wonder, by now: how is our very insistent claim on free will im-

It puzzled me, however: Why these three years, and not any of the adjoining others? Of course, I was forewarned for the subsequent years, and perhaps not so observant for the prior ones - but still, it was a conspicuous concentration which I could not resolve until the full implication of archetypal theory settled in on

"Jung's earliest development of archetypal theory focused on common patterns of human experience, identified by transformative configurations that most of us are now familiar with from portrayals in the popular and New Age press: the Hero Archetype, the Trickster, the Crone, and so forth, along with those of basic human experience: the Child, the Mother, etc. But the principle of archetypal patterning has been extended far beyond such essentially personality motifs to incorporate dynamic processes that cover the full range of human experience and even purely conceptual territory, such as numbers and form."

pacted by archetypal theory? It does, after all, seem very close to fate and destiny - both of which are difficult concepts in a culture devoted to the worship of that Supreme Being known as "me."

Well, if this were a book, I'd probably get very analytical about it, and set out to show you the probably limited range within which free will can be certified as real. But since it's not, and since I've been living consciously with these issues for a very long time, I'd rather tell you what I've learned from my own experience.

Regarding those three crisis summers of mine, I was responding to events as they developed in the natural course of things. Nothing literally compelled my response, but it seemed the most effective course available to me at the time, in each instance, all things considered. Events in each case had simply reached a crisis level in the course of their year's evolvment.

me . . . Why, of course! These middle-forties must be the summer peak of my life - and only natural, then, that the archetypal effect would be compounded and amplified.

Still, the "summer of my life," even in its peaking moment, should increase the intensity for a longer span than three years. But the answer was good enough, for the time being. It was only in the longer retrospect of many later years that I came to realize what those three years constellated.

In the aftermath of a long adventure abroad, done in my 60s, I went through an unusually deep phase of depression. I could find situational reasons for it, but by this time I was convinced of the overarching influence of the Ripening Archetype, in setting such patterns, and I looked for the real cause in that framework. I was moving out of fall and into winter, now, in my life's time-path . . .

(Cont'd on page 42)

Dream Inspired Poetry

Ancient Art

Last night, I was surrounded
By the grandeur of ancient
Greece, where palaces gleamed
Like frost in a crystal light.

Above a marble column,
On one of the buildings,
Prometheus beamed me welcome
From his stone niche.

He looked down on a treeless
Square, where glistening
Sculptures sat, which represented
Figures of Greek mythology.

Before I awoke, the
Sculptures faded, one by
One, turning into constellations
To adorn a black sky.

Donna A. Ryan

Myth

At the hour of the wolf, a shroud
casts it's image on cave walls.
As I, dwarfed by shadow, move
through ink, torches dim.

In my mouth, salt-taste and nostrils
breathe air black-gold to the eye —
but air I know as red, fuschia, purple.
Soon other silhouettes

fan forward, coalesce in dance.
Aware of half-remembered
themes, I strain to decode verses
of their faint songs.

Skimming, they initiate rites,
dipping, swaying,
impressing palm shapes
upon rough stone. Now the chorus

swells, patterns repeat, and I
elongate until my outline
matches theirs for size. Then
I begin to know names and tales.

Then their songs are mine. Though peril
looms, danger and delight
share a common key, so I — embracing
darkness — add handprints to the wall.

Susan Terris

Dreaming of Autumn Things

The fate of the self is written
in these dreams. The soul knows
all too well what the trees mean
each time a leaflet goes and makes
the wind its temporary home.

This is a time when the spirit
steps from its green magic
and slips into auras spun from colors
that understand the sorcery waiting
in shades of crimson and burnt umber.

These are dreams packed with yellow
straw, dreams that spill their seeds
from pods so brittle even the ice
won't have them, dreams that wear
far too many ribbons in their hair.
Sometimes I go among them in fear
of my life. Sometimes I dance
just for the colors. Who would
believe these bright sun dried things
could bloom from the monotony of green?

These are dreams that sometimes
leave the dreamer hanging like the last
leaf on an otherwise barren tree,
dreams that watch and wait
for the autumn thing that pursues them.

Fredrick Zydek

Dream Inspired Poetry

The Solipsist

He thinks.
Therefore, I am.

Lauri Calhoun

Apocalypse Fatigue

After citizens had fallen over night too hot to not glow and
shattered the glass progressions of day,
absolute order did not come nor did differences vanish like
bones crushed by bombs on battlefields without survivors.
Believers staggered through lives and suffered.
The universe's origin slipped farther into eons ago as the end
of time grew unfamiliar.
Many saw how suns would cool and tremble
but given our solar system's tiny part, gained lives close to
infinite.
How powerful heroes and the uninhibited will have to be to live
out ordinary times, when prophets know events have new
feelings found nowhere in the psychological brilliance
of old movies.
Excitement drops
slowly among failures
to find peace
in grand preparations
for paranoias
circled from intricate be-boppings of metals collecting tidbits
of irony and motives for disturbances with spectacular,
well financed announcements for a nothing built on
imagination's fragmentation.
There will be change.
We will seem old.
The world will terrify us without end.
Forget the historical salvation.
To develop a better Satan was the life's work of 20 centuries
of Christians
who've built hope on god and destruction's the easiest way to
dismantle and remove truth.
We are just in time.
We are just in time.
The end will go on forever
and curse us to death.
We who care how the world ends and exactly how it lives will
taste the bitter and smell age.

Nathan Whiting

Stitches in Time

Our chaos is coming out
at mythology's elbows and knees
before the season has worked a week
on the sidewalk of any major city.
Should we invest in tin cups
or roll out the barrels
and practice sideshow routines?
We may soon be democrats with no cloths
pasting fig leaves to private parts.
I'm even having trouble expressing
this warning! You're looking for it
in bold print on the back of a spray can.
Artists have always been confused,
ambiguous. They love the mystery.
You can't have a relationship with them
without their tearing at your shirt
or dragging you along the earth
until the seat of your pants
is cheesecloth and you are left
with a match called the sun dawning
a shoulder like a light bulb.
But today art's a frustrating profession.
The citizenry changes their fashion so often
to keep up with the sciences,
the Bohemian is a fat moth with an old pen.
He can't wait for tv; he reads ahead.
I've caught up with clowns
posing in layers of clothing.
Sculptors may well pour concrete
into the mountains of acrylic, rayon and cotton
at the Salvation Army's donation Center.
But I digress and you may not be the shabbier for it.
It may be the century to require anatomy classes
or figure drawing in live studios.
We will then have worked through the phobias
and gotten more used to the temperature
or wherever we are.
We could reflect on the closets and attics
of antique word and image combinations,
then take a deep breath and agree
that the rats have it better than we do.
Now, that is some uniform
from the heap of of beginnings.

Rich Murphy

DREAMING INSIGHTS INTO RELATIONSHIPS: BLOOD SWEAT & CHEERS

IS SHE A DREAMBOAT OR A NIGHTMARE?

© 1998 by Janice Baylis

Are you and your girlfriend heading for smooth sailing or rough riding? Your dreams may have the answer. About 25% of dreams are about interpersonal relationships. If you are in a male-female relationship, check your dreams for an evaluation. This goes for marriage relationships too. Dreams tap all of your inner intuitions and "gut feelings."

The dream examples in this article were created by the individual dreamers for their individual situations. They show the kinds of messages and guidance you can expect from your own dreams.

Dancing VW's - Bill's summary of his life at the time he started my dream class was this, "Christmas Eve 199-, beginning of a new love - end of an old love. September 199- end of a love that once was new. I feel like a "Pizza to go." During the dream class semester, Bill met a new girl. She owned a white VW, he owned a blue VW. Soon after they started dating he had this dream.

"I'm walking home. I'm being pursued by a large construction machine. I run through several ditches. Along come the blue and white VW's driving in a kind of dance pattern. They remind me of the yin-yang symbol."

In the beginning of the dream, he is heading for home. Bill had said he wanted a home and a lasting love. But, he is ditching constructive pursuits. This is not the way to prepare for a home. Cars often represent how the owner's life is moving. (You don't want to dream your car is lost in a huge parking lot!) Bill's dream suggests that the girl with the white VW could be a partner in the yin-yang dance of life. This one is a dreamboat.

Jane's ville - Joe had been dating a girl named Jane. Bicycling was an activity they shared. Here is

Joe's dream.

"Jane and I are meeting to go on a bike ride. Our destination is a nearby town, Janesville. (This is an actual town he used to cycle to as a young boy in another state.)

When Jane arrives, she has a girlfriend with her. She is no one I know. Jane introduces this friend. Her name is Eileen. We start off for Janesville."

Believe it or not dreams often play tricks with words. When Joe took the name Eileen and changed it to I lean the dream made sense. I, Joe, lean toward Jane's ville. I lean toward Jane and her way of life. He marked this one a dreamboat.

Here's handing it to you - Bruce was young and single and smart. He'd been debating whether to buy a condominium or to continue paying rent on his apartment. He had started looking at condos that he might buy. He had visited several. Then he dreamed.

"A hand appeared with a business card. The hand gave the card to my girlfriend. We looked at it together. On the card was the address of the condo I liked the best."

Bruce bought the condo. Later while living there he married the girl in the dream. When they had a baby he was very pleased to be able to sell the condo and have a down payment on a nice house for his family. Chalk up another dreamboat.

Dreams may also comment on the dreamer's financial situation. Buying the condo was good business.

Now about those nightmares.

Cherchez la femme -
Look to the woman -

"The curtain rose on a puppet show. The chorus began to sing its lilting love song.

'I'm as restless as a willow in a wind storm, I'm as jumpy as a puppet on a string.'

The dreamer was amazed as he watched the puppet. Whoever was pulling the strings was keeping his feet off the ground - holding him up in the air. *He drifted closer and saw that he, himself, was the puppet!* He had another dream that same night.

"Would you like a bloody Mary, dear?" "Yes, I'll have one.

Cough, gag. Spit!" Horrors! The drink was laced with glass splinters! He looked unbelievably into the face of his sweetheart as he clutched at the glass in his throat.

She smiled sweetly."

He woke in a cold sweat.

This cut-throat gal is bad news, a real manipulator who keeps the guy "up in the air" all the time. A serious nightmare.

Heavyweight - Irwin found his dream confusing because in waking life he was sexually attracted to Fay. His dream:

"Fay and I are having breakfast in a cafe. She invites me to come home with her and have sex. In the dream she has put on a lot of weight and is very fat. I tell her, 'No thanks, you are not sexually appealing to me."

A little discussion revealed that what he found unattractive about Fay was her religious fervor. He said, "Fay keeps throwing her weight around trying to get me to go to her church which is very important to her. Fay's religious ideas are not at all compatible with mine." That area of incompatibility was enough to make her a minor nightmare in Irwin's book.

In most dreams about a relationship the opening scene will show the two people together. Putting the dream pictures into words and noting what that says in street language often reveals the meaning. Is she a dreamboat or a nightmare? Are you heading for smooth sailing or rough riding? Look in your dreams for an answer. ☀

***Next Issue: "Is HE a Dreamboat or a Nightmare?"**

DREAM TIMES: DREAM EXCHANGE

THE MYTHOLOGY OF DREAMS



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Familiar themes and symbols emerge to most people who record their dreams. They are components that parallel their lives above and below conscious awareness. Do these themes and symbols form pieces of your own mythology? Since dreams dip into the world of the unconscious to select their stories and dramas, they tap *both* the personal and collective unconscious for dream material, thus forming a unique relationship between your personal mythology and your dreams.

What is the definition of "myth"? Webster defines it as follows: "...a traditional story of ostensible historical events that serves to unfold part of the world view of a people or explain a practice, belief or natural phenomenon."¹ Do your dreams reveal your world view? Certainly, your personal history is reflected through your dreams in regard to the content you select from your life activities to play out in your dreams. Thus, your dreams reflect your personal 'myths' - ones in which your personal relationship can change and transform, just as your life experiences do.

However, the collective unconscious component adds a deeper layer to the meaning of your dreams with the appearances of the archetypal themes and symbols which reflect the primitive and ancient part of your personal mythology: Arthur Cotterell explains that:

"The myth in a primitive society...was the recognition of the link between past and present established by myth in daily life. ...Jung became convinced that the individual possessed both a personal and collective unconscious; the former

filled with material peculiar to the individual whereas the latter housed the common mental inheritance of mankind - the archetypes, or primordial images which 'bring into our ephemeral consciousness an unknown psychic life belonging to a remote past. This psychic life..is the mind of our ancient ancestors, the way in which they conceived of life and the world, of gods and human being.'... No doubt the creative period of myth is set in prehistoric times."²

How can you track your own personal mythology through your dreams? Those who have kept dream journals for more than five years will have ample material to process; begin by reading through them finding frequent images/scenarios that you notice. Jot them down and see how your world view/psyche has changed, remained the same or intensified - is it a map for the evolution of your own life pattern? Have your myths outgrown you - or you them? But no matter how long you have journaled - whether a novice recording the magic of the dream world or one who is well-seasoned, you will be able to recognize the emergence of your own myth material.

For example, several of my older dream themes had to do with hotel/motel settings; that is, temporary way stations on a journey to somewhere. It reflected my internal as well as external search for "home". Since I have found what I call home both within and in the physical world, the occurrence of a hotel or motel setting in my dreams generally has diminished.

Similarly, there has been an increase in circular-shaped symbols in

my dreams during the past few years. For me, this equates to the archetype of the integration process of the self wanting to coalesce and evolve through internal processes.

In *Personal Mythology*, Feinstein and Krippner further explain the personal mythology process:

"Many depth psychologists believe that dreams are best understood as an unfolding of the psyche and should not be distorted by intellectual interpretations. In a similar manner, you can learn to sense, without being overly intellectual, the relationship between patterns you find in your dreams and developing personal myths. Dreams serve to mediate between your daily experiences and your underlying myths. Working with your dreams can reveal changes in your mythology that are occurring outside your awareness. Dreams may support or challenge an existing myth...and you can understand your personal mythology more fully through the instructions [symbols] of your dreams."³

I encourage you to examine your own dream material in this light of mythmaking; it is a template for you to observe the smaller and bigger picture of your life as it evolves through developmental stages and reveals the inner and outer journey of the self. ☀

¹ Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary, ed., G. & C. Merriam Company, Springfield, MA, 1977.

² Dictionary of World Mythology, Arthur Cotterell, G.P. Putnam's Sons, NY, NY, 1979.

³ Personal Mythology, D. Feinstein and S. Krippner, Jeremy Tarcher, Inc., Los Angeles, CA, 1988.

NETWORK NOUS

TAROT, DREAMS & NEUROCIRCUITS

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In order to enhance my dreamwork, I often employ the major arcana of the Tarot deck (I use the Rider/Waite deck). The deck can be used in many different ways and is not limited to use solely as a means of divination. The archetypes represented by the Tarot, such as the Magician, the Emperor, The Tower are often found in our dreams, although in often disguised or subtle and allusive forms. Dreams of lightning striking can allude to the Tower, for example. Appearing before a judge could hint that the Justice archetype is active in the psyche.

Using the Tarot in dreamwork assists in not only deepening our understanding of our dreams but also helps us become aware of just how multi-dimensional they are and how we can use them to speed up our spiritual evolution.

In the late Timothy Leary's book, The Game of Life, he explicates, in his often humorous, psychedelic way, how each of the major arcana of the Tarot can activate our neurocircuits, i.e. those pathways within our central nervous system that become imprinted with information at various stages of our evolutionary development. We have everything from a bio-survival neurocircuit which is imprinted at birth up to a non-local quantum neurocircuit which is dormant in most humans but is beginning to become activated in those of us doing transformational work (and those sincerely studying quantum physics on a heart chakra level). In dreams many of the characters and places that appear often are symbolic representations of the neuro-circuits themselves and are beckoning for integration and activation. When we quit fretting over what will happen to us in the future, this often takes place. Weaving the Tarot symbols into our dreams will help us gain an understanding of these elements in an intuitive way where we can bypass the usual anxieties and shortcomings

associated with analysis and interpretation, the very things that often block the neurocircuits.

What follows is an example of using the Tarot in dreamwork. I once had the following dream:

I find myself in this semi-deserted, very old factory on the bottom floor where all these machines are. I feel compelled to leave, but the only way to do so is to take an elevator. I discover a floor that has not seen human activity for years judging from the dust on the floor, at least three to five inches thick. I'm afraid I'll get trapped on this floor, so I maneuver the elevator and the doors part and I'm faced with a solid brick wall. It seems that I cannot get out of this elevator. I do not panic. Finally on the fifth floor, I pry the doors open and escape.

I decided to use the number five that appeared in the dream to select the appropriate card from the Tarot deck: The Hierophant, since I ended up on the fifth floor of the factory. Traditionally this card represents: "establishments, groups, organizations or structures (including the family structure), key or critical figures you align yourself with, the search for truth or understanding, new thinking and new opportunities." (definition taken from Tarot made Easy by Nancy Garen)

Enhancing this interpretation is Leary's unorthodox approach to this card which for him, represents the collective neurogenetic neurocircuit, i.e. the circuit responsible for our awareness of collectives, from the collectives of our family to the collective unconscious. According to Leary, the Hierophant archetype when meditated upon will activate circuit five, which also contains and has "access to the whole evolutionary 'script' past and future" according to Robert Anton Wilson in his book, Prometheus Rising, an

excellent introduction to the eight neurocircuits.

I drew the Hierophant card out of the deck, held it in my hands and closed my eyes, tuning into the energies associated with it. I could feel my throat chakra start to vibrate (which, incidentally is the fifth chakra). I then reentered the dream:

Finally on the fifth floor I pry the doors open and escape. I walk down a hallway and at the end of the hallway I discover the Hiero-phant sitting on his throne. "What do you want of me?" said the Hierophant. "How do I get out of here?" I said. "The way you got in," the Hierophant said.

I could hear the elevator doors opening behind me. In the elevator I could see many people in my life, family and friends all waiting for me to return. I then tuned into my own collective neurogenetic neurocircuit to see how I was being imprinted. I could see my education from grade school on up, a system based on the Prussian system of education where true, independent learning is discouraged. I could see how others were blocked in terms of activating this circuit. I turned around and asked if I could have one of the keys at the feet of the Hierophant and he allowed me to take one. I went into the elevator and inserted the key in the panel and the elevator rose up one floor and the doors opened upon a beautiful vista...

I exited the dream and then tuned back into my body and felt my heart chakra warm up as well as my throat chakra. I made sure to thank the Hierophant for encouraging me to develop this kind of a subtle awareness.

It is best to be well grounded before trying this technique as the archetypes themselves are very powerful. I also suggest reading, The Inner Guide Meditation by Edwin Steinbrecher for further inspiration. ☀

A Flexible & Casual Dream Group: Seven Years & Still Running!

by Edith Gilmore

Our small ongoing dream group is alive and thriving after seven years of existence. During this time we have developed a laid back format, which is still open to change and experiment.

As coordinator, I began this group on a once-a-month basis. I hoped that potential members would be willing to invest that amount of time in an enterprise which they might find rewarding. No one is asked for a commitment to a given number of meetings, or to absolutely regular attendance.

And seven years later, we still meet approximately once a month.... gathering at my house on Sunday after noons at one. A simple buffet lunch is available for those who want it. People bring food for this, or nibble in the afternoon. During the work time, a member will sometimes drift into the kitchen to replenish a teacup. We don't have an opening ritual, though there is usually a candle lit on the low round coffee table around which we gather for the dreamwork. Occasionally seasonal ceremonies have crept in: a Christmas party, a toast to the solstices & equinoxes, etc.

Attendance is usually five to eight people and of course there have been membership changes over the years. We begin by going around the circle. Everyone gives personal news: relationships, jobs, successes, problems.... whatever has happened of emotional importance since we met. It's difficult to keep this catching-up session brief but we try to resist the temptation to prolonged discussion. We exchange news of new dream happenings, articles in publications or upcoming local events that might be of interest to the group.

Then, if we're moving along fairly quickly, I may take time to ask people if they dreamed about the "reminder." This is a letter I send out with the date of the meeting and a photocopied picture. The picture is always something at least vaguely symbolic or archetypal. People may think about it the night before we meet, perhaps tuck it under their pillow. It's fun to know if the image has turned up in someones' dream and in what form.

We then ask who wants to present a dream that evening. This helps us to keep time in mind. Ordinarily almost everyone has a dream and does get time to work on it. As facilitator, I'm usually the one who suggests when it's time to move on, but essentially we are self-regulating.

We've never quite figured out how to decide whose turn it is but this usually solves itself in a



From your left: Edith Gilmore, Shirley Henderson, Silvia Jorgenson, Kathleen McLeod and Curtiss Hoffman.

common sense way. Someone may have to leave early and wants to be sure of a slice of time, or someone may have come with a dream that is—or isn't—urgent.

After the dream is shared, the rest of us ask questions or make comments which we hope will be of some help or elucidation. Very often, of course, a dream will have some reference to matters already mentioned during the catching-up session.

We don't stick to any specific method of interpretation; we seem to depend chiefly on intuition and our knowledge of one another's day and night lives. With some success, we occasionally try the four-step Savary Berne method when it seems appropriate for a lengthy dream.

I keep a haphazard and skimpy record—on a notebook page with the member's name—of recurring images or situations. This is sometimes useful as quick reference.

We don't have a fixed time for ending the sessions; they trail off, or end in a chatty 'after dreamsharing' session. But we do, before we break up, set our next meeting date according to the convenience of the majority.

We have our downside, of course. Personality clashes have led to the loss of group members. I think we feel that our sessions are too verbal and analytical, but we haven't found a satisfactory way to vary this.... with, perhaps, some form of artwork. Though some members are in touch with others between meetings, our once a month plan does mean some lack of continuity, especially if someone misses a session or two. Yet we endure..

Are we surviving because of our casual format?
Possibly in spite of it! ☀

Please address correspondence to 112 Minot Rd. Concord, MA 01742

Truth!

by LuviaJane Swanson

Over the door to the temple of Apollo are inscribed the words:
"To thine own self be true. That's where you work."

Layla Oakland

In a dream scene,

I sit in my usual seat at Friday night music group, among the regular participants, who I recognize as fellow tribal members from a past incarnation. Superimposed on the present scene of dim-lit cellar, wooden chairs and men in casual 20th century clothing is a smoky teepee, within which gather the same men in their spirit bodies: a rather dysfunctional family of mine from an earlier chapter in my life stream. In response to someone's question about my heritage I indicate a mixture of bloodlines, and casually include "Indian" in the mix. At once, two lovely native women come up to greet me with gifts of blankets and delighted, welcoming smiles. My heart is moved by their openness and purity. They ask, with enthusiasm, to which tribe I belong. I want to respond, to match their gesture of goodwill, and I long for inclusion in their sisterhood. Yet I know I can not do so because when I claimed Indian heritage I presented a false image of myself, and have thus lost the guileless simplicity to which I feel so attracted.

My initial impulse is to justify to myself the truthful elements of my claim by acknowledging the larger identity of Self, of multiple incarnations and parallel lives, the layering of realities and the oneness of all beings. "After all," I consider, "how can the question of affiliation or identification with any ethnic group be valid from the perspective of the soul?" My response has not been an outright lie; nevertheless, it is clearly untrue in the context of the question posed to me.

The recognition and admission of my intent to mislead is experienced as excruciating pain throughout my physical, mental and emotional bodies.

I wakened crying in anguished regret over each time in my life that I have acted evasive, misleading, or in any way untruthful. My grief encompasses the passage of time; moments thus tainted cannot

be restored to innocence.

I've wondered some since the dream about the reason for the depth of anguish associated with it. Exactly what, I asked, is so damaging about untruth? And what gets damaged? I turn for an answer to the part of myself who feels the pain. She is a true essential self, a childlike presence whose innocence is absolute. Her self-expression must come through my behavior. My choice to deceive implies a discrediting of her—or my inner—reality. Lying is effectively the same as telling myself that my feelings, thoughts, perceptions, etc. are unacceptable in some way and must be disguised to be presented to the world. Though I'd been long familiar with the squirming feeling that accompanies the telling of a lie or even the impulse toward pretense, I had never experienced that same dynamic from the perspective of this core self. Never had the painful extent of injury incurred on all levels by the energy of deception come even close to reaching my consciousness.

To conceive of a lie as a betrayal of self seems rather self-evident, yet for me this so-called blind flash of the obvious had a quality of revelation about it. My sense was that the message there for me was bigger than my initial comprehension of it suggested. The insistent quality of that sense compelled me to consider another aspect of truthfulness; that is, the embrace of one's truth, or being true to the creative force that informs the heart's desire. Ah, here I began to squirm. This was the impact site at which my dream took aim; from this perspective, the anguish that I felt seems proportionate.

The telling and presenting of truth has always been less of a challenge to me than has been the obedience to or follow through on what I know to be my truth. Interestingly enough, an example of my resistance to such challenge has manifested in the form of procrastination in the writing of this piece. The dream occurred two years ago; still the unshared revelation has haunted me, for my inner instruction had, clearly and repeatedly, been to share it.

"To thine own self be true," reads the injunction. Oh dear, this not only means don't lie or misrepresent yourself or do anything that is in conflict with your personal value system, this also means DO cooperate with the directives of the true Self—whatever/whoever/wherever that may be. As in the dream, it comes down to a question of courage: Dare I stand so exposed as to present an

(Continued on page 40)

Book Review

Book I: The Occult Life of Jesus of Nazareth Given Through Alexander Smyth

First Published by The Progressive Thinker Publishing
House. Chicago, IL: © 1899 J.R. Francis
Reprinted by Unarius Science of Life. El Cajon, CA: 1997

Book II: The Crucifixion and The Resurrection of Jesus

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145 S. Magnolia Ave. El Cajon, CA 92020: 1968, 1997
Cloth 471 pp, illus., \$30 + \$4 P/H
To Order Call 1-800-475-7062 or FAX 619-444-9637
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These two books, combined within one cover, *The Occult Life of Jesus of Nazareth* and *The Crucifixion and Resurrection of Jesus* were acquired by Unarius' founders E.L. and Ruth Norman, in 1967; both deal specifically with the life, death and resurrection of Jesus of Nazareth.

The Occult Life, first published in 1899, is a first person account by an admittedly humble and self-educated man—Alexander Smyth—who began, in the midst of his young adult years, having extraordinary 'inner' experiences such as hearing music, then singing, etc. He lived during an era when speaking of such things put one in danger of being labeled insane, so he kept these experiences largely to himself. He did, however, discover and write to a well known clairvoyant of the times (mid-1800s), Andrew J. Davis, who validated and encouraged Smyth to befriend and further explore his extraordinary experiences.

What issued forth from that encouragement was a series of thirty-five waking Visions and transmissions that constitute the main body of Book I. These are revelations given by Saul of Tarsus (the Apostle Paul) and Judas Iscariot regarding classic Shakespearian-type schemes, plots and betrayals that underscored Jesus' 33 short years on this Earth. This is a version of Christ's life that challenges most religious interpretations of

the bible and which could have served as inspiration to the creators of the rock stageplay, *Jesus Christ Superstar*.

I don't know about you, but that play/movie created a much more palatable image of Christ than I ever received in my early years of catechism and indoctrination to catholicism.

Book II, *The Crucifixion and The Resurrection*, is in the form of a lengthy letter/manuscript, first discovered in the old Alexandria Library and written by one of Christ's 'invisible' companions, an Elder of the Essene Order, to which—he claims—Jesus belonged.

The manuscript is written from one Elder Essene in Jerusalem to another, living in Alexandria.

Both books challenge the perspectives held by most Christian religions.

Fascinating reading; important information! ☼

Unarius Academy of Science is a 44-year-old publishing house and educational foundation bringing information to humankind which remains somewhat controversial even today. Their two main areas of emphasis are the reality of reincarnation and 2) the existence of extra-terrestrial life.

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TRUTH, Cont'd from pg. 38
absolutely honest self-identification? And what does that mean in terms of day-to-day behavior? How might one exist within, let alone contribute to our modern-day social structure without maintaining some measure of pretense?

As I try it on within myself—the sense of absolute alignment with my truth—I find that rather than restricting behavioral vocabulary, the clarity of such self-identification offers unbounded freedom. The key may once again be found in ancient wisdom: To “Know thyself,” then, “To thine own self be true.” It’s about inner motivation or intent, not at all about the range of costumes we may wear or the roles we may play or the sorts of experience we may sample. In maintaining a clear, firm, and unified Self, it’s perfectly fine to play with modes of expression; any restriction has solely to do with the dictates of one’s own spiritual value system.

The injunction of truthfulness can be taken into all levels of experience and expression such that the subtlest fine-tuned shades of authenticity and integrity of intent become guideposts to an aligned, integrated state of being. It seems that my dream was as a telegram from my innermost self to my persona, revealing its desire and need for cooperation, that “we” may present a unified front. And, indeed, it is my dream to express to the world a homogeneous expression of my essential self. ✨



LuviaJane Swanson, D.C. is a dreamer who celebrates this sphere in which “dreamer” is not a slanderous label. In the long-time role of bodyworker, she is employed as facilitator in the transformational healing process. Address: LJ Swanson 139 Kennel Rd., Cuddebackville, NY 12729

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was this to be the expectable psycho-emotional course of my remaining years?

The thought was depressing in itself, and it hardly tallied with the memoirs of other lives. I did find some confirmation of a mid-sixties downturn, but it was not a permanent, deepening thing, as the archetypal influence seemed to suggest. There had to be some other factor. And I was especially relieved when life began looking up, for me, after a year or two on the downside.

I turned, then, to a segment of the theory that I had given some earlier but brief consideration to - that we may be operating on other unsuspected timeframes, as well as the familiar ones, in an archetypal mode. I had, for example, seen repetitive features in the pattern of a decade, that came with remarkable consistency in my life. But I looked, now, at a pattern of seven years, suggested by the frequent appearance of that number in a wide variety of contexts, many of them mystical and going way back into proto-history. It was Aristotle who observed that "...those who divide life into periods of seven years are not far wrong, and we ought to keep to the division that Nature makes" - and I had, myself, arrived at the certitude that the perfectly full lifetime, in seasonal terms, should run to 84 years (7 x 12), and have since taken note of the remarkable number of prominent deaths which occur at that age.

At any rate, I had long since come to feel that the 'deep summer crisis' of my life had not been those three crisis years, but rather, the colostomy that came upon me a few years later, in 1975, and stayed with me until 1978. It was far more of a "lifetime issue," in that it deeply tested lifelong concerns around personal security, and the catharsis of the experience ultimately pulled me through the looking-glass, as it were, into a firsthand experience of the spiritual nature of all real security.

If I took seven years as a lifetime's 'month,' then the full 1971-1978 span would certainly qualify as 'mid-July to mid-August' for my life, accounting for the intensity of any annual summer within that period. And I surmised, then, the influence of a genuine seven-year cycle, in which these three summers of 1971-73 (a two-year span, in actuality) must have been the 'summer period' of that archetypal pattern.

If you're still with me, then, those three summers each exploded into August infernos, for me, because I was experiencing the compound moment-of-intensity in three major cycles at once: the Year, the Septide (as I am calling it), and the Lifetime. Whether or not this potential 'flashpoint' occurs in the same age-bracket (44-46) for everyone, I cannot say, except that it certainly coincides with a

period recognized as the midlife crisis point.

Returning, then, to the question of free will, there is nothing in my tale to deny it. But I cannot help wondering how free I really was, in the grip of these archetypal concentrations. Perhaps, had I known their nature and potential . . . but then, does knowing the cause and source of an intensity really empower one to resist it? It's a question you'll have to answer for yourself.

The Septide configuration - a seasonal cycle of seven years, or thereabout - has provided me with all the ballast I need, to confidently navigate the years that remain to me. Sure, I am entered upon the wintertime of my life. By my reckoning, I am early into its 'December,' at this time, with a relatively barren period of some 14 years ahead of me, on such Lifetime terms. But the Septide awareness assures me that it won't be that bad.

In Septide terms, I'll go through two full cycles in that time, which will include a substantial spring and summer influence that will lighten and 'inspire' a pair of three-four year spans along the way. In the actual spring and summer of those years, I shall have enough productive energy to counterbalance the long-term winter influence. Granted, it'll not have the potency of my youth and midlife, but it will be sufficient to my late-life purposes.

This is the value of realizing the archetype: I can foresee the framework of my aging years, in energy and emotional terms. I will not be inwardly 'defeated' when the bleak periods arrive, as they surely will, for I'll know their limits. It is the most supportive and comforting knowledge that a person of 70 can have - and far better than money in the bank, for it braces my spirit, while money can only make a bitter life bearable.

It would happen, of course, without the awareness or foreknowledge - the archetype does its thing, either way. But the conscious mind can be a player in the process, in rather meaningful terms: it is like picking up a weak radio signal and amplifying it. When awareness interacts with the archetypal process, it sets up a harmonic resonance that becomes a creative aspect in its own right. The lift goes higher, the drop is softened, and the possible becomes more possible.

Which brings me back to that simple realization that the greatest gift has been right here all the time: Life, itself . . . while I have been looking the other way. ☀

— * * * * —

Email Mr. Thomas @ lrvthom@u.washington.edu

meaning, 'seed.' In the dictionary, I see that in Roman time, an insect called Coccus ilicis, was mistaken for a berry, and it was this 'berry' that was ground up to produce an astonishing scarlet dye used for wool and other fibers. And my eye falls on the next entry, which is Coccum cnidium, the berry of the spurge-flax, also known as Daphne gnidium.

And so, as I follow the hints of my dream and the word cocoon, I come to Daphne's laurel. And I learn that the laurels are the most aromatic of trees being those of cinnamon, cassia, camphor, magnolia, and rhododendron among many others. Redolence indeed! If Daphne is here, Apollo is as well. The same old story, of course, but what does it carry for the future? What new butterfly lies cocooned here? Is there a new outcome possible in this chase of one's object of desire?

I know that Daphne was a 'nymph' and I know too that nymph is what we call that developmental form that does not go into the chrysalis stage, does not metamorphose completely. And I begin to think of dreams and therefore myths remaining nymphs in our psyche. Is there any other relation to these nymphic forms than the Appolonic one of chase and loss and endless celebration of the 'might have beens'? In this sense, the scent of laurel is suggestive of failure to embrace change, perhaps the desire to remain forever in a strange state of unrelatedness and failure of generation. On both a personal and cultural level, we might imagine our profound difficulties through the lens of this nymphic cul-de-sac.

III. The Repeating Dream as Personal Myth

At three years, I dream of
*walking alone down a city block.
I stop and look intently at each
house.... and move on to the next.
It puzzles me that each house is
the same in every detail. I can't
tell which one is mine.
They all look exactly like my
house. I venture into one...no,
it is not my home.
I try the next. No, again.
I wake up. I cry out. No one hears.*

At eight years old, the now familiar street is dreamed again. How many times now? I've lost count. I have never found my house. More curious now than scared, my young little scientist mind turns the dream over and over as I did my butterflies. My childhood repeating dream.

Nearing sixty now, I'm asked to write an article on the relationship between dreams and myth. It comes to me that this childhood repeating dream is a personal myth. I realize my life story could be told from the perspective of this dream. How, like Apollo chasing Daphne, I have been in pursuit of my 'home' all these years. I have entered many places that looked like my home, seemed to be my home, only to discover they were not. I search still. I suddenly become aware how many synchronistic experiences have involved or revolved around the sense of home. Many stories to tell someday.

There was tennis. Set on the path of becoming a pro, I felt at home with the professional players I got to know and with whom I played. But calcinitis burned in

my arm, disabled the wicked serve Pancho Gonzales had taught me, and sent me away.

There was medicine. First in the family to go to college, first to become a doctor. Everyone I knew was intent on this being my home: my parents, my best friend, my girl friend. Then one morning I woke up, and 'knew' that medicine was not my home.

I wandered into psychology. I became a research psychologist, a faculty member at several universities. I knew, early on, it was not my home... though I thought it was for many years.

I became an analyst. For many years I felt I'd found my home at last. Still, there was that dream of twenty years ago.... now, forewarning me, even if I chose not to listen, that this analytic home was not to be my home either.

I imagine now I will never find home by 'looking' for it. I feel this looking is the nymphic cul-de-sac that fails to metamorphose, fails to spin the fine web of chrysalis, of cocoon, of pupa. Spinning. I have to spin

I will spin tales!

—*†*†*—

IV. Story as Home: My Father, the Bookie

My right hand in his left, my leapfrogging attempts to keep pace with his long stride... regulars we were, especially in summers. Some would say the track was no place for little boys. After all, what good things could a fiveyear old child learn there in the presence of all that gambling, that foul language, those wasted, drunken, lives praying to the hard-of-hearing god of long shots?

So saith my mother.

Well, I learned a lot. Like the first names of all the jockeys who shook my little hand. They were not Arcaro, Shoemaker, or Longden to me: they were Eddie, Willie and Johnny. And would be for years to come. Johnny was my favorite. He would take my cap off and tousle my hair and say, "Never bet against me Rusty." I was there when Johnny won his last race in '66 at Santa Anita. The winningest jockey ever at that time. I always bet on Johnny whenever I had the chance.

Like how to bet. I learned my Dad's lessons so well, that years later, my wife and I would move back and forth between Hollywood Park and Santa Anita so that I could earn some extra money to help us through college. And, I too, just like Dad, had my son there, hand in hand, pulling him along. Still, on occasion I had ideas of my own. One day, maybe I was six, I said, "I want to bet on Blue Velvet." Dad said, "You know better than that!" Try as I might, I couldn't get him to place the bet for me. I was so excited when Blue Velvet won that I nearly forgot I wasn't going to get that \$254 after all. That point marked the beginning of some difference between Dad and I. He bet strictly by the book. I learned how to do that; but my intuition, even then, shouted in loud voice!

Like love. Those times at the track with my dad were the times I loved the most. There was that day in '51, July 14, when I was not yet 13. At Hollywood Park, winning the Gold Cup, Citation became the first million-dollar horse. My father grabbed me and hugged me and we danced as Citation went across the wire. I didn't know it then, but that moment would mark the high point

in my life with my father. That was Citation's last race. It was the last time my father and I hugged and danced. The very next day saw the publication of J. D. Salinger's The Catcher in the Rye, a book I would devour many times that summer, as if it were answering some questions I had not yet asked. Sports and girls and other such things soon took me away from my Dad and the horses and the jockeys.

You see my father was a bookie.

Oh, he also held a most respectable job, at Arden Milk Company. But his buddies there used him as their bookie. This did not sit well with my mother, who was a fiercely proud woman, who could find nothing to be proud of in my father being a bookie. Nor did she like being a part of it, as she would often be the one who would answer the phone and take the bets. She particularly didn't like those times when Mickey Cohen threatened our lives. Mickey was a local mobster, who ran the gambling, drug and vice operations in LA and subsequently for the Mafia. He had a dislike for independent bookies like my father and so it was common to threaten family and kids to force them to become part of the operation. My dad refused. I liked that he did that.

To be a bookie in LA in the early fifties was not something to take lightly. The movie, *LA Confidential*, portrays the sense of that time with exquisite precision. It was a dangerous time. LA was Mickey's town. My father's resistance led to his working with the police, many of whom were among my father's clientele. For a long while, there were detectives at our house, guarding my father

and us against Mickey's threats. During these long sieges of duty, the detectives taught me to play poker, a skill that would later bring me much pleasure and reward. Only Mickey Cohen's arrest, his subsequent imprisonment, the breakdown of the LA crime machine, and the wholesale housecleaning of the LAPD took the pressure off my father.

And, of course, what my mother pulled on him. This is how I remember it. I had been running across a field, on the way home, when I tripped and fell on a broken glass Clorox jug, slicing my right hand quite severely. To this day, a large scar runs from my pointing finger down across my palm, and down into my wrist. I must have gone into shock because I don't remember any pain. I remember blood, and I remember my curiosity as I looked deep inside my hand. Somehow, I got home. I found my mom and showed it too her and she grabbed me and pulled me into the bathroom and I guess was going to wash off all the blood, when suddenly she keeled over and fainted away into the bathtub. In trying to wake her up, I managed to get quite a bit of blood all over her, but revive her I could not. I ran to the house next door. The mother of my sister's best friend opened the door, and I showed my hand to her and she copied my mother's feint. As she became a heap on the floor, I bled on her too. Her husband, the communist, appeared dressed only in his underwear. He was always in his underwear, and for many years that's what I thought a communist was.... someone who always went around in his underwear. He surveyed the scene, roused his wife, wrapped

my hand, put me in his car, and off we went to the emergency room. By this time I was losing consciousness myself, so I don't remember the scene at the hospital, but it must have been something: a man in his underwear carrying this hulk of a kid with blood all over the both of them.

The early fifties were not a good time for communists, with McCarthy and all, but for me that communist was nothing but a good guy. When my mom woke up lying all bloody in the tub, she was hysterical (she told me later) and went charging out to find me. I couldn't be found and no one was home next door. She didn't know what to do. About that time one of the detectives arrived. Of course when he saw her wandering about with blood all over her he imagined the worse. Finally, I guess she was able to relate the story to him. He guessed that I would likely be at the emergency room. So he took her there. One of my hobbies at that time was speaking with a British accent. In my delirium, I shouted out, "It's my bloody mother!"

But for her, by some strange logic I still don't understand, this was to mark the end of my father's days as a bookie. It was a couple of days later that my dad came home from work and began going over the day's bookings. My mom approached him and put on quite a show of hysterics. She confessed that she'd taken a large bet on a long shot and hadn't covered it properly and that he now owed what was obviously some astronomical sum. Whatever would they do? They were ruined, wiped out. She went on and on. Finally my dad stormed out. When he came back he was dead drunk.

Mom asked me to help him to the bathroom where we laid him out in the tub. She turned on the cold water. After a bit he started to come around but she kept pushing him back under the water and shouting "No more, No more!" I was watching this scene with some kind of detachment that was new to me. To see my dad laid out there where my bloodied Mom had been a couple of days earlier seemed to mark the end of something, although I could not have named it at the time. When Mom finally told him that she was, "only kidding," and that no uncovered bet had been placed, my dad seemed not so much relieved as defeated. I don't think he ever fully recovered from that experience. He lost a good bit of his funloving character, his joy of life dampened to low ebb. He quit being a bookie. He stopped going to the track. He took up golf and shuffleboard. For reasons I still do not fathom, they became involved in fundamentalist church groups and this began to consume their time and energies. In spite of the heroics of the man next door, they became rabid antiCommunists, became leaders in the local John Birch Society, and their prejudices hardened against blacks and Jews and Asians making it impossible for me to bring any of my friends home.

Somehow, those images of my father and mother lying in the tub, one all bloodied, the other nearly drowned, came to mean that my parents, as I had known them, died there. In their rebirth, they seemed hardly parents at all, recognizable yes, but as if they'd become strange echoes to me.

V. The Smell of Myth

My dream claims that dreams themselves are the chrysalis out of which myth emerges and like the butterfly, unlike and unpredictable from any of its earlier forms, yet inescapably bound to each of those earlier stages. The dream too, insists on attending to the redolence, the smell of this chrysalis, the smell of a dream. In pursuing some of the hints in the language of these images, there is the hint that the scent of a dream can lead one into a culdesac of development, a nymphlike stage in which the object of desire, the aim of love, forever remains out of reach. This would mean that many of our dreams and their potential myths, remain stunted, unrealized, ungenerative.

It is not so much the case that we should look at myths of old as a way to understand the dreams we have today, however useful and arresting this may be. It is more to the point to realize that our dreams today are the chrysalis of new answers to old mythic questions, the formation of unheard of myths, of our future in preparation. There is much to unfold from these claims the dream makes and I suspect that attending to the 'smell' of a dream, whatever that may possibly mean, is something I must turn my attention to. In doing so, I call your attention to the last issue of *Dream Network*, and the article by Noreen Wessling entitled, *Monkey Meets the Noseless Man*.

I will begin there next time. ☀

---*÷*÷*---

Parts of this paper (*My Father the Bookie*) are quoted from *Gleanings from the Dreamfield*, a book in progress by Russell A. Lockhart, Ph.D. Email welcome ral@halcyon.com.

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Movie Review, Cont'd from pg. 28

choosing to claim the full complexity of our many sides. This is the long process sometimes called adulthood.

Cinderella bides her time. She is faithful to her dreams, keeping them secret and nourishing them until they are strong enough to bear fruit. Somehow, Cinderella knows that imagination ultimately creates reality. She does not yield to those around her who would deny her essential nobility. She never thinks of herself as a servant. The insight is to keep faith in ourselves. If we remember who we are and keep working on our dreams, more might be possible than anyone thought.

In the end of such a story the protagonist usually gets a bountiful prize. This reward signifies the rich inner life that is the result of all our diligent seeking. In the Cinderella story, she gets a husband, but it is not that the prince rescues her. She solves her own problems, even in the classic version. The psychology of the story involves an inner shift — away from inadequacies to a stronger identity. All versions of the tale include this essential transformation. Symbolically, the Prince is her missing half. Finding the inner Prince or Princess is claiming whatever part of ourselves that we did not previously acknowledge. It is owning qualities thought to belong to the other gender and declaring our full radiant human dignity.

It is best to consider all these interpretations in a light-hearted spirit. When we take a symbolic look at a story, there are thousands of possible implications for each detail. These are just a few reactions to seeing "Ever After - A Cinderella Story." There are many more meanings that we could uncover.

When something reaches us emotionally in a book or movie, it is probably touching some memory or pattern that is waiting within us. Seeing the various characters as reflecting the inner life is a good way to take an internal inventory. There is no end to the insights available when we start looking at familiar stories as wisdom tales. ✨

Psychologist Jonathan Young, Ph.D., was founding curator of the *Joseph Campbell Archives & Library in Santa Barbara* from 1990-95. His recent book is *SAGA - Best New Writings on Mythology*. Email: young@folkstory.com
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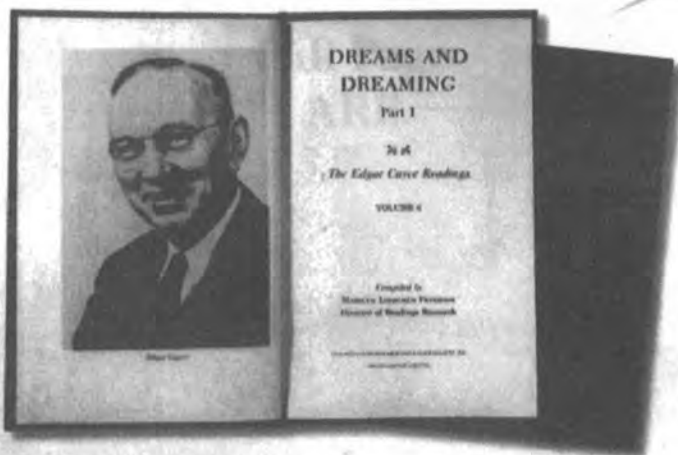
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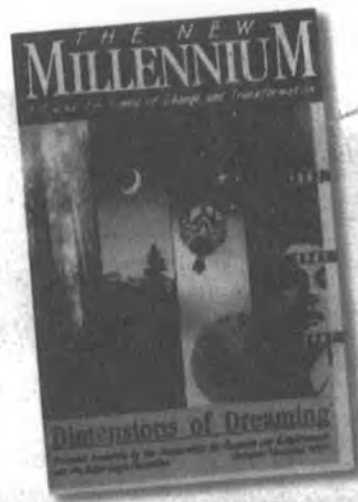
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"Papillan" by Jeannette Gerzon

"God, Are You Real?"

The man whispered, "God, speak to me." And a meadowlark sang. The man did not hear. So the man yelled, "God, speak to me!" And thunder rolled across the sky. But the man did not listen. The man looked around and said, "God let me see you," and a star shone brightly. But the man did not notice. And the man shouted, "God show me a miracle!" And a life was born but the man did not know. So the man cried out in despair, "Touch me God, and let me know you are here!" Whereupon God reached down and touched the man. But the man brushed the butterfly away and walked off unknowingly.

~Author Unknown~

