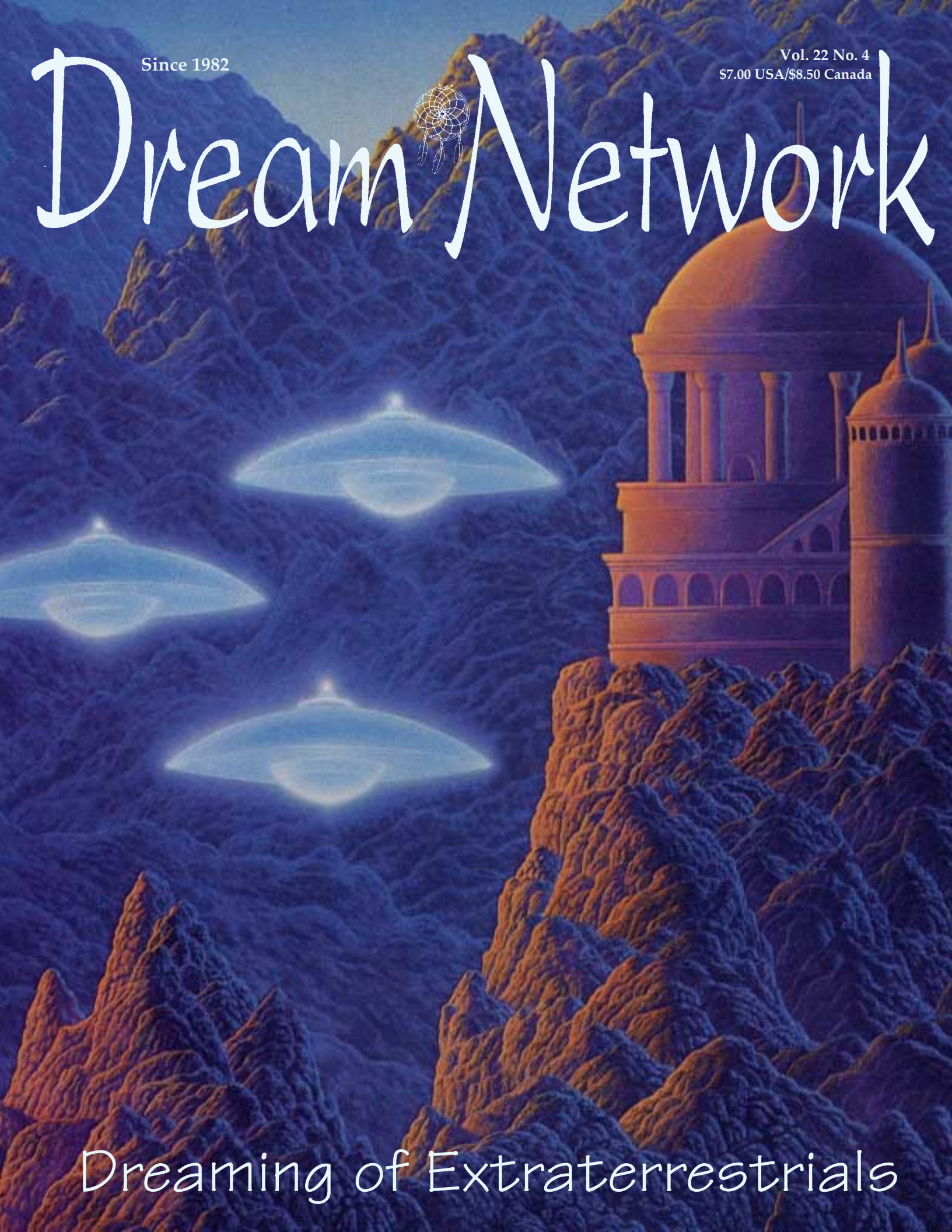


Since 1982

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# Dream Network



Dreaming of Extraterrestrials



## Going Into the Light

I'm at a party or housewarming, many people are present and helping to rearrange furniture for L. What appears to be a massive lightening flash occurs outside. We go outside to see and notice the night sky looks very unusual; there are areas of clouds with bright lights behind them. We see a couple sitting outside; they are also looking at the sky when a beam of light from the clouds envelopes them and they dissolve in the light and disappear.

We walk and watch others go the same way until we are finally enveloped in light and we go too. It is very peaceful in the light and we feel a great sense of love but several of us are returned to Earth. We tell all of the peace and love we feel and that there's no need to be afraid. I awaken in my hotel room calm but bewildered. It is 1:20 AM, so I go back to sleep.

### Once again I dream...

...of the cloudy sky with lights. They are more plentiful now and those of us who came back continue to tell others not to be afraid, as the light will take them to a place of great peace and love. I want to go back but I don't seem to be able to because my task is not done.

Many areas now appear in the sky with multiple rays of light.

The 'collection process' is speeding up. I run and hug a friend as he enters the light and we disappear. I am once again sent back.

I awaken at 3 AM and I am facing the opposite way in the bed. I must get some sleep for work. I finally get back to sleep only to dream again of...

### ...Larger 'Collection' Areas

This time there are larger 'collection' areas which seem to have platforms to step onto.

I am again helping people to decide to go into the light. There is chaos around us, many are fearful... but those who leave appear to be happy, immediately. There are others, like me, on each platform with smiles of love and caring on their faces, helping people to step up and enter the light.

I am standing with friends watching this all as the news broadcasts tell of great armies being amassed in several countries with a capacity for mass destruction. The 'collection process' is speeding up now to save the faithful; many are called but few are chosen. Some refuse to take the final step into the light. I am stepping into the light to leave as all hell breaks loose on Earth. I leave with an awareness that those left behind will be engulfed in a devastating war that will destroy them all. I also feel a great outpouring of love from the light, knowing that it will bring them all to eternal peace after the great cataclysm is fulfilled.

I awaken exhausted. It is 6 AM and I must get ready to go to work. I can still feel the anxiety I felt because I could not go into the light at a time of my choosing. "Not in my time but in God's time," I say to myself and I am at inner peace.

# Statement of Purpose

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## Dream Network

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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 welcome and 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 23 No. 1

Exploring the Many Ways of  
Working with Dreams:  
One-on-One, in Therapy,  
Groups, Art, Dance Sound  
*What works best for you?*

Lifeline: 4 Weeks  
after you receive  
this issue.

## About the Cover Artist

*Celestial Visitations* ©1978 Gilbert Williams, all rights reserved. To order *the Lazaris—Gilbert Williams Calendar for 2004: The Year of Union*, please call Concept Synergy at 800/678- 2356. For a complete gallery of Gilbert Williams images, please visit his extraordinary website [www.Gil-bertWilliams.com](http://www.Gil-bertWilliams.com)

Gilbert Williams is the world's most renowned and revered Visionary painter. His canvases glow with transcendent light and a remarkable panorama of archetypal images: temples, groves, lakes and light beings, goddesses and nature spirits, moons and magical mountains.

Williams' career as a professional painter began in earnest in Mt. Shasta, California, in late 1970s, when he began selling paintings in local galleries. Major national magazines took notice, and so did Hollywood. His images have been used for album covers by Michael Jackson, by Crosby, Stills & Nash, and for the Fresh Aire albums produced by Mannheim Steamroller & The London Symphony. They have also been used as cover art and illustration by Omni Magazine. His reputation spread rapidly, and in the early 1980s Williams became the featured painter at the Illuminarium Gallery and Isis Rising. Now Williams' originals are frequently sold to collectors within days of completion. And Isis Rising publishes notecards, posters, matted art, art books and lithographs of Williams' works.

Finally, as is obvious from everything about his painting, Williams has a deep and ever-expanding interest in metaphysics, and a deep friendship with Lazaris, with whom he creates the annual *Lazaris-Gilbert Williams Calendar*.

# Editorial



## Are We All Aliens?

I've believed in intelligent life—extraterrestrials—most of my life, though I don't recall dreaming of them. Unless this is a dream: before I had even heard of science fiction or astrology, when I was 16, I 'dreamed-up' an idea for an assembly for our rah-rah pep club, 50 members strong; we were juniors and seniors (hah!). This occurred in 1956, Helper, UT.

My suggestion, in essence, was this: Two astronauts leave planet Earth and visit all of the other planets in our solar system. And one out-of-context character inspired by the pages of *Mad Comics*. That's about all I had to say. It was a winner! The young women's imaginations went wild; they quickly organized themselves into groups from Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, etc. ... and from the original suggestion to the ideas' manifestation, we had a ball! It was magic. Each girl seemed intuitively to know which planet they would be (or come?) from, what costumes would best exemplify the energies we nowadays attribute to the various planets via astrology... and the show went on. It was a genuine treat and... we won the annual competition for 'best play.' To this day, I wonder where the idea came from, how each girl gravitated so quickly to a *her own* planet... where the script came from? The latter was purely extemporaneous, actually. I still have the pictures (**one of which I may include here**). Now you tell me, what was that?

So you see, I've had a hard time being objective in putting this issue together. I believe. The Unarians (p. 15) confirm my beliefs. For objectivity, please turn to Rosemary Guiley's article (p. 25). I hope that *somewhere* 'out there' are intelligent

species, more mature than we earthlings. Species who recognize our plight and are awaiting the right time to make themselves and their superior knowledge available to help us truly awaken. It can be very confusing, *knowing* what is true re: this intriguing question, re: the reality of extraterrestrial life; perhaps Rosemary Guiley and Andrew Ramer (p. 23) have it right; they each conclude that we are all aliens!

You might ask, 'What does any of that have to do with dreams?'

It appears the incidence of 'aliens' and UFOs in dreams is increasing and it is well we acknowledge and explore the phenonema... hopefully, many times beyond this issue. Remember, as well, many non-Western cultures and indigenous peoples—and a growing number of people in the Western world—consider the dreamtime another reality, equally valid (if not moreso) to what we experience in waking-time. Then there is that highly sought after intersection where dreamtime and daytime come-ingle. Thus, the 'borderland' we explore in these pages.

Years ago, we asked the Question: Are dreams in which deceased loved ones appear a psychological event or a 'visitation' from the 'other side'? Without exception, the response, in the form of articles, testified to believing their dreams of this nature were real events, 'visitations.'

Here, we are investigating somewhat the same question and the response is the same. So, what are we to make of all this—and all the information in regard to ETs and UFO sightings, no longer suppressible—that is coming through via the media? Who are these beings? What are their intentions toward our planet and species? Are they benevolent or malevolent? Are we merely guinea pigs on which they are performing experiments much the same way we have and do with various species of animals? Do they intend to help or destroy the human species? To occupy Earth? Are there

human-alien crossbreeds among us now? What do the Crop Circles tell us? Exciting and expansive questions. **No solid answers.. but in these pages, we explore them. Let's continue dialoguing about this dimension in future issues.**

## Thanksgiving

This entire editorial could have been filled with expressions of gratitude and then not provide sufficient space to include all who contribute in ways both visible and invisible to keeping *Dream Network* alive.. past, present and future. I'll try by extending heartfelt thanks to all readers/subscribers and advertisers. You are *why* this publication exists and are its life-stream. Authors, artists, poets, reviewers, proofreaders, editorial assistants, without you the pages wouldn't be so meaningful, beautiful and... full. An especial thanks to Dana Redfield, author of [Summoned](#) and [The Human-ET Link](#) for providing information, stimuli and connections pertinent to this issue.

It is a special honor to have been given permission by Gilbert Williams, who allowed us one of his extraordinary artworks, "Celestial Visitations," for our cover art. Thank you, Mr. Williams!

Not long ago while out on a hike, I asked the powers-that-be for a sign, looked to the ground and was gifted a purple heart-shaped rock. I thought, "Wow!" Here, Purple Hearts go to Russell Lockhart, Leon Van Leeuwen (Happy Birthday, Leon), Ernest Morales, Steve Carter, Noreen Wessling, and many many more for giving above and beyond the call of duty.

Finally, if you wish to see the *Dream Network* continue, please go to page 45 and subscribe, renew (at reduced rates) and give gifts to those on your holiday list. We need your help and the time for the truth in our dream has never been more important!

The very best of all good things this special time of year to you. ♡



## The Sky Was Filled

"The sky was filled with spaceships." Every person I've met who feels any connection to the ET phenomenon says they have seen the sky filled with spaceships in their dreams. I have, more than once, and recently had a close-up spaceship in the sky dream.

While some who openly share their 'experience believe that ETs with interests like ours (conquer/dominate!) have been abducting people, or creating hybrids and supplying world governments with advanced technologies, others of us interpret our experiences in the light of "initiation" where—after the journey—the initiated returns to Earth to enact the gifts bestowed, or perhaps the potential gifts must first be developed/realized by the one endowed.

Dreams are a complex subject for me: there are ordinary dreams, then there are the dreams that are not like dreams but are more like accounts of actual events where nothing is symbolic... where what is recalled is like remembering an event that happened yesterday in wakeful consciousness.

With *contact*, there are often various accompanying phenomena: marks on the body; implants; the sound/light announcements before and after the events.

So, is a small portion of the population experiencing ET contact/encounters—or *something* that is masking as such—or is the whole world being prepared for a shift in consciousness which is coming and speaking in the dreams among all peoples. Because of the 'giggle factor' regarding ETs, are a lot of people not talking about such dreams? Or do they suppress them?

Big questions. Perhaps now is the time to explore them.

Dana Redfield, Moab, UT

## Seven Stars/Seven Sisters

I was a kind of newbie super-hero receiving my special powers. There was a group of us there that were called from all over. I was at the grocery store when I was called to fly to an unknown location. When I got there, all were present, the newbies and the ancient ones. I didn't recognize any of the other super-heroes (There wasn't a Superman, Wonder Woman, Batman or the like).

We were all in a large crowded hall.

A woman who seemed to be the head of the order gave me the power of seven stars.

My power came from these seven stars. She explained them to me or I automatically understood them, not sure. Five of the stars represented the five human senses (sight, sound, taste, touch, smell) and the sixth was to be able to read into the minds of others (like ESP). The seventh star was the power to combine the other six stars, the ability to create one message/understanding from all the senses. The pattern was emblazoned on my costume: one large star with six smaller ones curved underneath it like a smile. I was also given equipment, four large spoons, like ladles, each formed to my feet and hands as a kind of protection.

I usually never remember my dreams, but this one I can't get out of my head. There is something powerful here and I must find the answer. I am a deeply spiritual person. I was raised Southern Baptist but have recently been challenging my former beliefs. Can you help me?

Ted Cashion, [tcashion@traffic.com](mailto:tcashion@traffic.com)

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## Hope Behind Bars

I do have dreams, though I haven't had any really strong ones for awhile. Some time ago, I was shown some really deep things that are to come. For awhile, I thought I was nuts because of having been locked up too long, but in my heart I know that those dreams were real and from a higher power. I shared a lot of them with a friend but I don't really say much to anyone about them any more. Most people don't want to

hear those kind of things, much less believe in them. I was laughed at over some of them and for a long time, was upset and angry at the ones who laughed. But I had to learn, I had to get my feelings hurt over the dreams. Most of all, I've had to learn to hold on to them, even if no one else in the world wants to believe in them. Some of my dreams were more than dreams. They helped give my life back to me and to give me real hope.

Keep hope in your heart.

Steven Stout #19738,  
PO Box 550, Gunnison, UT 84634

(Mr. Stout is serving a life sentence;  
He would welcome pen pals/  
correspondence from dreamers with  
whom he could share this important side  
of his life and be taken seriously. Ed.)

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## News From Robert Moss' Dream School

I hope you are all well in all ways, and flowing into a glorious autumn.

I am glad to report that the Dream School is growing in all sorts of exciting ways. Soon, we hope to bring to the public the first two video tapes in an 8-part video documentary series titled "The Way of the Dreamer" that I have been filming with a gifted producer who is also one of our dream teachers, a magnificent technical crew (borrowed from a national network) and some of our gifted dreamers and dream teachers. The rough cuts are quite stunning, and we are hopeful that we will be able to reach a very large audience via TV as well as with the tapes themselves. You can view clips from the introductory tapes at [www.psycheproductions.net/index3.html](http://www.psycheproductions.net/index3.html)

My dear friend Wanda Burch—who contributed to *Dream Network's* issue on Healing Dreams—will fulfill one of her BIG dreams with the publication of her first book, *She Who Dreams*, by New World in October. This brave and beautiful book is an inspiring account of her personal journey to healing through Active Dreaming, and it is a gift to many,

many people, including those in the health-care professions who need to understand how patients can use their dreams to help their doctors to heal them. Wanda is the first of several new authors who are emerging under the wings of the Dream School. (See pg. 48 for info.)

Over the past week, we brought together an extraordinary group of 20 most gifted people in our second Dream Teacher Training (Level One); they came from all over the map, including the UK, Colorado, California, Seattle and Austin, Texas (both locations where I expect vibrant dream schools to emerge with very creative outreach to new audiences and sources of support). Two of our new teachers are world-class singer-songwriters of whom I believe the world will hear a great deal more, and their best songs are flowing directly by dreaming and creating from dreams in the ways that we teach.

Love and bright dreams,  
Robert Moss [www.mossdreams.com](http://www.mossdreams.com)

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### **Making Dreams Real**

A dream, for me, is one way of applying a mystery to my everyday life. I do things, like buying something or taking pictures of objects, people or scenes that I've seen in my dreams to help bring them into my waking life. I also draw items I've seen in my dreams. I'm interested in learning more about dreams, because I believe them to be intuitive perceptions, often divinations... and I use them consistently for guidance. This helps me a lot!

Jay Atilares, San Mateo, CA  
~ ~ ~ ∞ ~ ∞ ~ ~ ~

### **Just Had to Have It!**

I found the *Dream Network* in a delightful little coffeehouse and just had to have it. I've been interested in dreams for quite some time now and have been recording my night visits on and off for probably the past ten years. Thanks for publishing such a wonderful Journal!

Kevin Shlosberg, Boonton, NJ

## **UFO Dreams: What Do They Mean? A Reading by Charles de Beer**

I often have dreams of UFO's and wonder what they mean. The dreams are often frightening and always have a very mysterious quality about them. I'll relate a few for you. In one of them *I am standing on the lawns of the White House(!) behind a large 'laser gun' together with lots of other people and we are fighting off attacking UFO's.*

In another dream... *I am standing on the shore of a calm beach. The ambient light is a strange yellow-green and we stand watching 'shooting stars' coming in, only to realize that they are crafts of some sort, crashing and burning. Then various bits of this other civilization begins floating to shore. In one version they came simply with the intention of exterminating us.*

In another, *we are invaded by aliens who want to run the place. Many people agree to their subservient role, but many others form a resistance group and fight them off. This dream ends with 'them' leaving.*

Are these dreams just a product of an overactive imagination? I have had these dreams on and off for about 15 years.

*Anonymous*

### **Reading:-**

I see these messages as coming from 'God', i.e. from the higher Self that is the REAL self in each individual person. Paul, in his first letter to the Corinthians, makes this clear when he writes:

"What, know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, which is in you, and which is of God, and that you are not your own. Therefore adore God in your body and in your Spirit, which are God's."

Celebrating God in all that we do, think, feel, is our real task here on earth, and a means to re-unite with the Deity whence we came. (What is seen as "The Fall")

But we "forget that we forgot" and do not remember that—as Wordsworth wrote—"we came from

God trailing clouds of Glory." Not only did we forget, but we resist any attempts to remember! We are too busy with business on the circumference to remember that there is a center, which is a spirituality that encompasses all the physical and material 'realities' with which we are mesmerized.

I would see the UFOs as symbolizing the spiritual influences in our lives that we resist, that we fear, and are afraid of, because they remind us of values we have no time for: unconditional love, compassion, brotherhood and all the virtues that run contrary to our stressed physical existence 'to make a living,' to 'succeed' in a competitive world which has no time for a sense of wonder. That "mysterious quality" the dreamer sensed.

"The angels keep their ancient places, lift but a stone.. you start a wing; t'is ye, t'is your estranged faces that miss the many splendoured thing."

So I surmise that 'Anonymous' is one of those who have no time to philosophize about "Whence come I? Who am I? Whither directing my steps?"

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### **Dreams Healing the Family**

I wanted to thank you for publishing my story "*Listening to The Dreams Of The Elderly*" in the latest issue of *Dream Network*. My wife recently paid a visit to Aunt Victoria and as soon as she arrived, Aunt Victoria took her by the hand to her room and showed her a copy of the *Dream Network* article which she proudly displays on her dresser for all to see. What I am also learning, is that Aunt Victoria's dream of her sisters is also having a healing effect on our family. On the days when Aunt Victoria's health is ailing and her mind is not lucid, we comfort ourselves with the fact that her spirit has once again crossed over to be with her sisters, in the land of dreams where those who have departed are but a memory away.

*Ed Bonapartian, Albany, NY*



## The Weirdest Things Happen! I Need Help Understanding

I was thrilled to come across your website when looking for help with some personal dreams. Let me start off explaining that my string of dreams are not really a matter of *what* the meaning is, but *when is it going to happen*. In the course of two years since I have been receiving "literal" dreams, I have done extensive research into the phenomenon of precognitive dreams.

Back two years ago (May 2001), I received a call one day at work from my best friend saying, "*Hey, you'll never guess what. I had a dream last night and you walk into my house with this guy. Funny thing is, I feel as though I knew him in some way. It was like I knew him, but he met my wife for the first time. My wife (whom at the time was pregnant) was holding our daughter, too. He said he was looking forward to seeing her again.*"

At the time, I was single and looking for my mate. After I badgered my friend—who provided me with explicit details of this guy: hair, eyes, build, etc.—I thought since I had tried everything in 'real life' to meet my mate, maybe the Higher Powers were answering me with someone to look forward to.

About a month later, this same friend 'out-of-the-blue' tries to set me up with a co-worker's son whom at the time was going through a divorce. I had no idea if this prospective man even wanted to meet me or date anyone. So he gets a picture of me and my phone number. I guessed I'd get a call if he was free or interested. In the meantime, since I wasn't getting any photos of him, I cross-examined my best friend and once he started giving me details of his hair color, eyes, build, and personality, I stopped him and said, "Hey, didn't I hear all this before? Sounds familiar. Your dream. Remember?" My friend replies, "I didn't even realize it. Steve does look like the guy in my dream." Well, Steve did get a picture of me through his dad and was "WOWed!"

but I never got a call. Didn't understand, but just chalked it up. Then when my best friend's wife did actually have a baby girl as he foresaw in his dream, I was amazed and thought there had to be something to it.

Time passed and I forgot about the incident because no dream man had emerged. Then about 4 months later (Sept'01), another one of my best friends—who is somewhat of a psychic—starts talking about her dreams. You know what's coming. She proceeds to tell me she had a dream about me with this guy standing in my best friend's house and his wife's holding their daughter. Since my girlfriend is gifted with precognitive dreams, her description of 'dream man' was explicit AND verbatim to my best friend's description of real life Steve, whom he tried to fix me up with before. Every word she used to describe this 'dream man' to me was exact. It was like it was scripted (I thought my two friends were playing a joke on me). My girlfriend also added that 'dream man' seemed to know my best friend because they were catching up "like he hadn't seen him in awhile, but knew him." I turned white as a ghost as I explained to my girlfriend that I had heard the same words from our mutual friend having had the same dream about 4 months ago. She said, "Yeah, that's when I had my dream, too." Mind you, my two friends had never known of the other's mutual dream until I accidentally came across the connection months later.

Two months later (Nov'01), I have a dream that... *I'm in a bus with my best friend and his wife who is talking with the soon to be "ex" wife of the man I'm supposed to be with* (that was the sense of knowing I had in the dream). This man's soon to be "ex" is obviously on friendly terms with him, because she tells me he was talking to her about me. In the dream his 'ex' says to me, "*Oh, he knows all about you and he said, 'Tell her she's #3'.*" I had no idea what that meant, other than maybe once their divorce

was final he was going to meet another woman (#2) in between and THEN me?

I had completely disregarded all of this because in real life nothing was happening to make sense of this. But then, nine months later (Aug'02), along comes another dream from another unsuspecting person: my best friend's mom invited me over for Roshashana dinner. After everyone left, I was helping his mom clean up and she proceeds to tell me, "You know, I usually never remember my dreams, but about 2 weeks ago I had a dream and it really stuck with me the next morning. I had no idea why my son, his wife, their daughter, you and I were riding on of all things - a #3 bus. I remember seeing the #3 on the bus and hearing the bus driver saying it was the #3 bus. Then the bus stops and on comes this guy who hugs and kisses you as he sits right beside you. You were obviously with him, I'd hope. I couldn't really see his face, but I see he then gets up to talk to my son who is sooo surprised to see him! They start talking like they both know of each other. I hear the conversation and my son's saying to him, "How are you? It's been awhile . . . And what's your dad been up to? Haven't seen him around lately."

My best friend's mom had absolutely no knowledge of her son's or my girlfriend's mutual dream about me with 'dream man.' She definitely knew nothing about my own bus dream.

I write because now it has been two years since all of this first started. I never had anything like this happen to me before. Ironically, whenever a bit of time passes and I dismiss all of the dreams as having credibility, along comes another dream to confirm this same theme: me with this 'dream man.' I get the message on the "who" he is from all the clues. My question is, "when?" All the time lapses create doubt. Having the dream come to fruition is the concern. Please help me out.

Teresa Vattieri,  
teresa.vattieri@navy.mil

# Exploring the Borderland

## Dreams of Extraterrestrials & UFOs



### *Treasures of Existence*

“Earth, a grand treasure of diversity, on every level of existence throughout all realities.  
As humanity and the Earth evolve and awaken,  
we are to connect consciously with our cosmic family.” *Tracey B. Taylor*

*Tracey is an abductee who has been inspired, since ‘experiencing,’ to create remarkable drawings. Much of her work can be seen on the video Expressions of ET Contact, a visual blueprint. She can be contacted at PO Box 850, Geraldton W. A. 6530 Australia*

# Inter-Dimensional Doorways

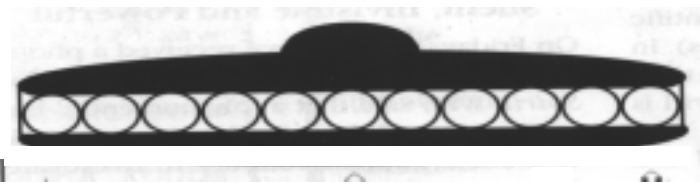
by Summer Praetorius



**F**ROM THE TIME I WAS A CHILD, my dream life has been filled with strange worlds, spaceships, and alien beings. My dreams are usually vivid, but these dreams are electric—charged with something so alive that I always wake feeling like a lightning bolt has just passed through me. It is a sense of coming closer to something I know, reassembling parts of my identity that are much greater than my waking mind can conceive. Whether these parts are alien in nature or whether they have simply been alienated from myself is a question I have yet to answer, along with many others, about the nature of this subject.

Often my dreams begin by watching the sky and then there are lights, explosions, trails of fire, messages written in contrails. I watch them from a distance with a mix of delight and nervousness, knowing that I'm about to get a visit but never feeling quite ready for it. The spaceships have come in the form of twirling jellyfish, giant floating teddy bears, multi-tiered, rotating rings and every other possible contraption. The beings are no less varied, but always seem slightly veiled, somewhat elusive and difficult to focus on. There has never been a single form or a specific spacecraft that has reappeared in my dreams but I have come to recognize the subtle energies and the re-occurring characters in whatever images they might appear. There is one being in particular whom I refer to by name, even though it is a shape-shifter and comes in such varied forms as a glowing light, talking snake, old man/woman and an angel. Although this being does not usually come in the obvious figure of an extraterrestrial, I have always known it to be from elsewhere—a kind of cosmic firecracker.

There is no outward reason as to why these extraterrestrial themes seem to be so prevalent in my dreams, as I'm not and never have been prone to reading science fiction or books on aliens. It just seems as if I've had a connection with this realm from very early on, and in a way it doesn't surprise me because I have always been a deep dreamer and I see a fundamental link between the two. The world of dreams is an alien world, filled with fantastic creatures and foreign landscapes. Even the most familiar faces can



sometimes seem like strangers. There is something that is thrillingly open and yet unsettlingly uncontained about our dreams. They inhabit a space-time not limited by our constructs/definitions; their laws are experienced within the context of a much more expansive reality... different from what our earth-lab allows. Space folds in on itself and time runs in circles. These qualities are alien in the sense that they exceed our everyday experience. We project them outward, creating imaginary boundaries that separate us from them. The definition of 'alien' means 'belonging to other,' and yet ironically, in dreams we go deeper into our own minds, our own possibilities and powers. The more intense and profound the dream we have, the stranger and more bizarre the elements tend to be. Perhaps we have only estranged these aspects of ourselves and in meeting them again, we make them into foreign creatures—sometimes heavenly and sometimes horrific.

This is not to say that aliens are but a mere projection of our own psyches. I would be the first to protest! After all, I feel as if I know some of them intimately. I've flown in their ships, laughed at their jokes, even had tea with my 'guardian alien' before journeying off into space together. These dreams don't allow me to question whether they are real or not—I feel it with an absolute certainty. I awaken electrified, terrified, perhaps a little smarter and stranger. But their reality is not of our waking world and so we cannot attempt to understand or prove it by imposing our own logic. This is where the questions begin to bubble up, where the lines between our own imaginations and the autonomy of alien beings begin to blur. In the same way the world of dreams is alien in nature, the alien world seems

dream-like in nature, fluid, a-temporal and transitory. The two form a kind of inverse relationship, a gateway that allows the dreamer to visit other dimensions, while the alien energy can slip its way through the doors that have been opened.

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**"These experiences exemplify the ambiguous nature of these realms: the confusing boundary between dreams and 'real-life,' the ways in which time can be layered and space interwoven. The only thing that I can say is that they are real. But I wonder how they are real, where are they real, when are they real? I ask you."**

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Perhaps it is easier for alien beings to interact with us in this way, as they don't need to limit or solidify themselves. Perhaps it is also easier for us to interact with them in this way, as we can keep that reality at a distance, make it less real and invasive to our waking lives. Our minds are extremely powerful in their ability to screen threatening images and cushion us from a reality that is hard to accept. Therefore, nothing in the dream world can be taken at face value. We must learn to read it on an energetic level, to sense what we see and see what we sense.

As unusual as my dreams get, the strangest thing is how they begin to blend into my waking life.

The dreams often come in waves; I will suddenly begin to have lots of them for a brief period of time. During these spells of alien dreams, my life is filled with a touch of tension and uneasiness. Strange things start to happen. I see the same lights in the sky as in my dreams. I develop an unusual fear of going to bed alone and often wake in the night at the smallest noises, or feel as if someone is there. I tell myself it's all irrational, but it feels like an instinctual reaction—a body fear more than a mental fear. I wonder about the chicken and the egg question—whether my dreams are reflecting un-integrated experiences in my waking life or whether my dream life is simply overflowing into all other aspects of my life. But there really isn't an answer. It could be either. Both.

In my most recent 'dream experience,' all these elements converged into one big event. I dreamt...

*I am in a field in Salem, OR and two glowing lights come zipping in to make a crop circle. A slightly bigger one follows and I tell the guy I am with to keep his eyes on it because it is a spaceship. He laughs at me, but then the light shoots in closer and suddenly turns into a gigantic pink and blue craft with rotating levels. It is a breathtaking sight and I am filled with joy because I know they have come specifically for me. I lift my hand to wave in acknowledgment, but then I am suddenly filled with fear because I realize they didn't just come to say hi this time.*

*I know I am about 'due' for a real visit but I don't feel ready and wish there was some way to put it off. Just then a blue beam shoots out from the ship into the*

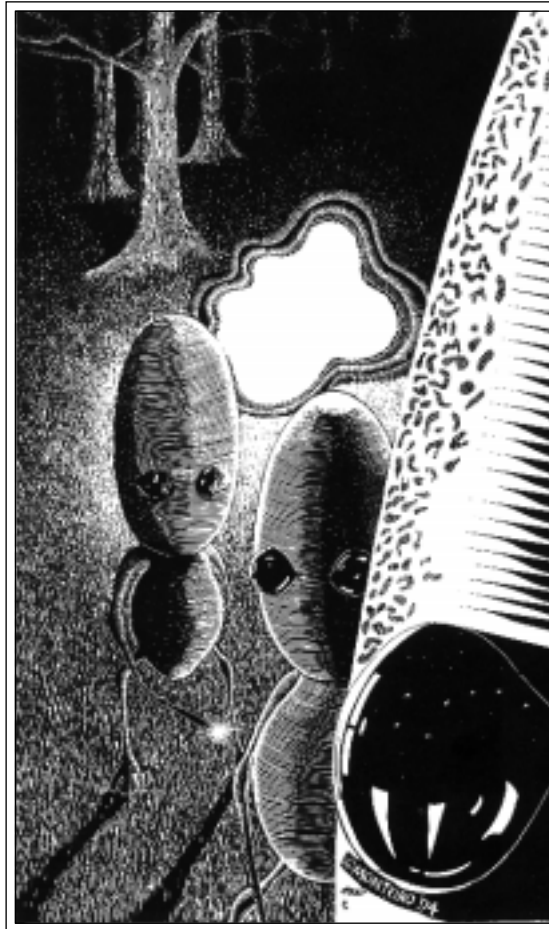
right side of my chest and holds me transfixed. It is one of the most intense sensations I have ever felt. It is like a thousand watts of electricity coursing through my body and it is both excruciating and pleasurable.

I realize that what I am experiencing is really happening in that moment. My body is levitated into the air and as I rise higher my speed increases. I have to close my eyes to try and calm myself but I can feel the air rushing around me, getting colder as I rise higher. Then I suddenly stop! in mid-air and am rotated so that my body is parallel to the ground. I am slowly floated into the ship and put onto a table. I open my eyes by this time and although I can feel all the beings around me and see how they are moving my body, I can't actually see their forms. They are all invisible.

I have another realization: this is actually an experience I had at the age of 12. It isn't a matter of just remembering the experience however; the idea is that I am actually experiencing for the first time an event that happened in what I perceived to be the past.

Then I wake up in the bed from my old house as my 12-year-old self. I am naked and confused as to what is going on. I don't remember falling asleep

and I get up and wrap a towel around myself. I walk out into the hallway and see a strange man staring at me through the window. His gaze transfixes me for a moment, but then I snap out of it and realize I am only wearing a



towel and shouldn't be looking at strange men. I walk into the kitchen where I see my mom sleeping on the floor with a sweater draped over her. She wakes up in a daze and asks me when I had gotten home. I say I have been home the whole time, and I ask her why she is sleeping on the kitchen floor. She looks confused and says she isn't sure

and then she says she had checked my room when she got home and I wasn't there. I thought this was strange because I had been waiting for her to get home the whole time, and my bedroom is right next to the front door, so there is no way for her to come home without my noticing. My towel starts falling off and I begin wondering why I am naked again. I walk to my bedroom, knowing that something strange just happened, but not being able to concentrate very well. I notice there are woodchips all over my bed and I don't understand why.

I woke in my real bed and was filled with the exact same feelings. I had no idea where I was or what had just happened. My entire body was completely numb and my hands were clenched together in a death grip. When it occurred to me that I was 'waking up,' I almost felt angry because I knew it wasn't a dream. I was in such a state of fear that I couldn't even open the door of my bedroom. I had to call my friend and wait for her to come over.

This experience exemplifies the ambiguous nature of these realms; the confusing boundary between dreams and 'real-life,' the layering of time and the intersecting of space.

The nature of the alien reality is dream-like, therefore we cannot try to understand it in literal ways. As in dreams, we must understand through the language of symbols and metaphors. We must see the multiple meanings and layers of each element and most importantly, see how each of these elements represents an aspect of our self. The question should

no longer be about the reality of such things, but the type of reality we perceive, both as individuals and as a collective. How we choose to manifest, interact with, and experience foreign life forms. Whether they come in the form of googly-eyed, tentacle swaying extraterrestrials or the face of your mother, these forms are mere embodiments of alienated aspects of ourselves - supernatural powers, dark sides, and divine knowledge we have disassociated with.

## Inter-Dimensional Doorway

I walk into a room where there is a holding tank filled with a blue/green goo. Inside there is a figure hooked up to tubes and wires. A voice comes into my head and says, "We are the Galactic Association. We have resurrected your father in order to communicate important information to you through his body." I realize the man in the tank is my father and become very excited to be able to talk with him again, as he died over a year ago. I go up to the edge of the tank and start talking excitedly, asking him questions about his death. But then when I focus my eyes on him, I notice that he isn't my father at all. My father was a big bear-like man, and the figure in front of me is extremely delicate: thin, hairless, and a pale, ghostly gray. I immediately realize that this is an alien being and that the Galactic Association only placed the idea of my father in my head so that I would be more comfortable receiving the information. I feel a pang

of anger at being manipulated by such a sensitive subject, and then realize that is exactly why they did it.

(It seems we are the most blind-sighted and malleable when our emotional issues are triggered, therefore it is easiest to deceive us through false images.)

Ironically, I decide that I am more comfortable with the idea of talking with my father, so I flip the mirage back on. It is as if I pull aside the veil for a moment, and finding the reality a little too scary, let it drop again, content with the false image.

I then converse with this being for a while and it said something to the effect, "Look at the incredible jade green on that wall," which for some reason is very funny in the dream. I laugh and laugh, thinking how clever and calculated alien humor is. But this is my cue to look at the wall behind me, and there is a sight like nothing I have ever seen. It is a deep jade color—deeper than any colors my eyes can normally process, but it is also simultaneously white. I have the awareness that it is really just white light, but the way it processes in my head is as the color green. The wall is infinitely designed with detailed carvings, but they are never stationary. They keep shifting and new images emerge from the previous images. Like a giant pulsating hologram that keeps folding in on itself. I immediately know it is an inter-dimensional doorway and

realize this is what they have come to show me. I know the doorway works through a specific convergence of light beams, which actually generate all the different types of light energy and this is what is perceived as different dimensions. Because this light is concentrated in a focal point, one can access an infinite number of dimensions. The only trick is in knowing how to navigate one's way to specific locations. As curious as I am, I know that if I walk into it, I will be lost forever.

Perhaps we come to a certain point when we are ready to confront new parts of ourselves, new stages in our development, so we open the doorway into these other realms.... the beings representing the type of doors that have been opened. Viewed in this light, they are an actual physical embodiment of those parts of ourselves. There are probably infinite layers to this possibility, infinite new aspects of ourselves to re-discover as we meet the beings.

These experiences exemplify the ambiguous nature of these realms: the confusing boundary between dreams and 'real-life,' the ways in which time can be layered and space interwoven. The only thing that I can say is that they are real. But I wonder *how* they are real, *where* are they real, *when* are they real?

I ask you. ☺

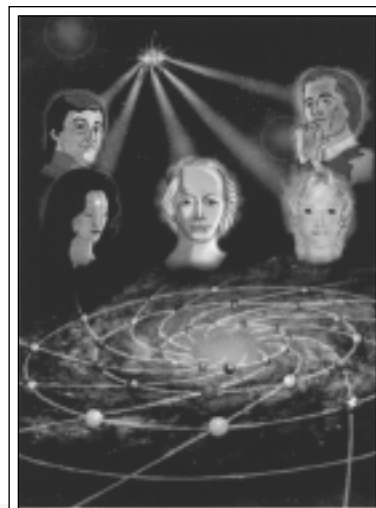


Summer Praetorius is a student of archaeology and geology in Portland, OR. She is actively pursuing her life's path as an explorer, allowing her dreams to guide her towards new discoveries. She welcomes any further guidance or reflection. She can be contacted at [Spraetorius@excite.com](mailto:Spraetorius@excite.com).

# Unarians Dreaming

## Believers, No Doubt

The dream-experiences you will read here are a compilation submitted by students and staff of Unarius, an educational foundation established in 1954. Unarius' mission is to teach a new science of life that explains the mind-body-spirit connection and the reality of extraterrestrial communication from an inter-dimensional perspective. Unarius has published over 80 books, airs programs on public access TV nationwide, and has centers in various locations. To learn more, visit their website at [Unarius.org](http://Unarius.org).



### Observing & Being Taught by the Muons from the Pleiades Star-Cluster

For the past 19 years I have been a participant in an annual event, *The Interplanetary Conclave of Light*, which advances and celebrates earth's positive future and our imminent contact with peoples from other planets. The concluding event of the 2000 Conclave was a mental transmission from the Space Brothers, psychically transmitted by two individuals, in which they stated that they were endeavoring to intuitively inspire our leaders to work together in a more positive way, with universal love.

After hearing the transmission, I had a mental query about what method the Space Brothers had used in contacting the Earth leaders. Was it a direct communiqué using some form of electronic technology? Was it a mental or psychic communication? I thought if it was the latter, certainly this method might not be strong enough to carry on communications with the leaders in a physical way. I believe my query was answered in a dream.

Shortly before retiring, one evening in December, I re-read the Conclave transmission, which had been made available in a printed format and I began to cry as I re-experienced the wonderful, uplifting love energies projected by the higher spiritual forces during the event.

That night I kept waking up at various times and felt the strong mental energies of the Muons—a planetary race located in the Pleiades star cluster—as they were attempting to contact me, psychically. This was a very positive and powerful experience. Later on, about 4 a.m., and much to my surprise...

*I find myself on a huge Muon spaceship.*

*There are many Muons busily engaged in preparations and meetings and other activities. However, they are not too busy to stop and talk to me, answering many of my questions. I speak mainly with scientists, both male and female. One lady scientist, who appears to be about thirty-five years old but is actually much older, speaks with me briefly and then excuses herself as she has a meeting to attend. I see her walk toward a rear door as she drapes what seems to be a briefcase over her left shoulder. Telepathically it is related to me that she has an important meeting to hurry to, which includes several Earth VIPs that are also in the dream-state.*

*Then I speak with a young male scientist who appears to be about twenty-five years old. He is sketch-*

*ing a diagram of an electronic wave-form principle on some form of writing pad. I am told that this information will be introduced to the Earth engineers after the landing occurs.*

*Next, another male scientist is explaining some new technologies that will also be introduced after the landing. This technology is concerned with an enhanced feeding of farm animals and livestock, whose meat is heavily consumed on our world. The Muons are relating to me that they are more than willing to share their technologies to prevent people from consuming meat with a poor psychic quality. I am shown an animated picture of a barn and how the grain stored therein can be enhanced through some form of high-frequency radiation. Because we use cattle and livestock as a major source of food, I am told there is an immediate need for this enriched livestock food.*

(Shortly after this experience Mad Cow's disease became a worldwide concern.)

*The Muons themselves are exceedingly friendly, confident, and outgoing, and they glow with an inner*

*warmth. Each one appears focused on a mission, aware of his or her part. Their appearance is very similar to our own but with very simple dress.*

Well, if I didn't think a mental contact by the Muons or the Space Brothers was sufficiently strong enough to communicate with the Earth's world leaders, I now know differently. I had proof positive that this form of communication is indeed very powerful... and happening. My life has been enriched by their contact. The next day I experienced a heightened sense of inner peace and brotherly love toward all the people I met.

*David Reynolds, Lakeside, CA*

### **Starship Hope**

The spiritual organization I belong to had been expecting a spaceship landing in the year 2001. We knew that after 9/11, the world was in a dire condition, maybe not conducive, energy-wise, to this positive landing experience. However, I still held out a very dedicated hope that the landing of the Muons from planet Myton would take place before the end of the year. As New Year's Eve came and went, I was very disappointed.

In January, I was on my way to work as a nurse; it was around midnight. I was on a canyon road leading to my patient's home. As I wound my way down the hill, I suddenly saw what I thought was a shooting star. This "star" grew rapidly, until it took up my whole field of vision through the windshield, oscillating with the brightest, whitest light I have ever seen!

I turned off the road and pulled up to my patient's home and as I was getting out of the car, I remembered the words from a song the Unarius choral group had been singing in preparation for the landing. As a soloist I sang the words: "Like a shooting star that never fades, Starship Hope crosses the galaxy." I said to myself, "Wow, that was just like the song!" I must have been so mesmerized or in a partially hypnagogic state

that when I began the mundane tasks at work—now back into my conscious state of mind—I forgot about this fantastic experience.

About a week later I dreamt...

*I again see what I think is a shooting star, and the starship zooms in as it did before.*

I awakened startled but amazed, as the same wondrous experience was now locked into my conscious mind, with renewed feelings of hope and joyousness at the proof of the original sighting. I was filled with awe and humility that I was able to see this miraculous visitation. In my questing and learning of all the possibilities for the landing, I had a wholehearted belief that it would soon come true. With my continuing positive consciousness, I was able to experience the sighting of this tremendously large and beautiful starship.

Soon after this, our Brothers from other worlds related through a mental contact to my group that Starship Hope is close by, in the Earth's upper atmosphere, coming to us as we have hoped. The Muons are living on their ship—which is the size of a self-contained city—waiting for the time when the Earth's citizens will allow them to land peacefully. Our consciousness as citizens of the world needs to go out to them in welcome, as they will teach us many positive and peaceful ways to progress into our future.

*Patricia Daland, El Cajon, CA*

### **The Space Brothers are Here!**

In 1972, when I was visiting my parents in Brandywine, Maryland, I awakened from a dream in which...

*I see the space fleet landing from the 32 other planets of the Interplanetary Confederation and find myself shouting with exuberant joy, "The Space Brothers are here. The Space Brothers are here!" as I watch the beautiful vehicles of light*

*entering our atmosphere, one after another in a vortexal flight pattern. I feel such love, sheer joy and deep inner peace as my spirit races inside of me, wanting to share this experience with everyone.*

It was so real to me when I awoke that I ran to the television set, expecting to hear the announcement and see what I saw in my dream. I turned on the radio to listen for the news of their arrival, driving my poor parents "nuts" with all my energy and joy.

To this day, I can still see clearly what I saw in 1972. I feel my Brothers and Sisters from these other planets in our atmosphere, just waiting for planet Earth to accept them, for the future of the earth world is positive and progressive.

*Neosha Mandragos, El Cajon, CA*

### **Karmic Healing**

The dream experience I am going to relate was so real and powerful that I still remember as if it happened yesterday.

I had such a severe backache at the time that I could hardly move, but instead of wallowing in self-pity, I played a cassette tape of beautiful poetry to relax and step out of my normal state of consciousness. As I drifted out of my physical state of being...

*I take a trip on a highly sophisticated vehicle of light (UFO) and am greeted by two figures who look much like we here on Earth. One is male, the other female; both are dressed in loose-fitting garments, very elegant but simple. As they inquire about my need, I mentally relate to them how my horrible back pain has nearly incapacitated me so that I am not able to physically move around or function well in my daily life.*

KEY:



*They assure me they are here to help me, to be of service to their fellow human beings on the spiritual pathway... those questing and willing to do the hard work to heal themselves, those who are open to the true remedies for their physical pains, mental and emotional problems, and the psychic adjustments needed. I assure them I am open.*

*(I wanted to be free of pain, I wanted to be healed!).*

*Immediately, the male motions with his hand in front of a seemingly empty wall and a huge viewing screen appears. On it is a scene from times past: Two knights were mounted on horses, and they were both dressed in full body armor with huge, heavy lances.*

*At this point I am no longer just watching the jousting match that is about to begin. Rather, I am in the scene, feeling every emotion, smelling the odors in the air, feeling the heavy armor on my body and the extremely heavy lance in my hand. I also see my opponent, equally armored and equipped.*

*A royal-looking male figure drops his arm and the match begins. The speed of the horses is tremendous. I can feel the power of my horse's gait, the snorting of his nostrils, for we are as one, charging toward the opponent. As we come closer, my heart is pounding, fear running through my blood. "For church and state," I cry in my heart! BAM!! I am knocked off my horse. I feel like my back is breaking. My solar plexus and back sting; his lance gouged all the way through my flesh and blood, tearing and destroying everything in its path. As I lie here dying, I am aware of the disappoint-*

*ment of losing! Some people are crying for me, others are laughing, for I have lost. I perceive this is how I died in a previous life, with pure humiliation.*

*All of a sudden, there is a hand on my shoulder. I am still standing right there in front of the viewing screen! I have been standing here the whole time.*

*Talk about virtual reality! With that I awakened. My back no longer hurt! I had absolutely no pain. I could move around again and function normally.*

*I am grateful for this dream, these benevolent space brothers and their love for humanity. I was indeed fortunate to be a recipient of their healing balm and their loving presence. I think of them often!*

*Decie Hook, El Cajon, CA*

### **The Truth About Mars**

*My belief that there is life on other planets was reinforced early in my life, having seen UFOs on two different occasions. About 20 years ago, I discovered an educational foundation called Unarius, which has many books written by and describing intelligent and spiritual people who live on other worlds. I had heard about, but hadn't yet read, one Unarius book entitled The Truth About Mars, describing the peaceful Martians who live in underground cities.*

*One night soon after my discovery, I had a dream about Mars.*

*I am taken to the surface and am standing with a guide looking at the entrance to their underground cities. The surface has a brown and reddish tint, with the entrance-way sloping down to two doors, side-by-side, large enough to allow huge things, such as spaceships, to move in and out. As quickly as I am on the surface and get a good view...*

*...my dream ended without being*

*able to go inside and visit the underground cities. I felt cheated, yet I know this experience was to help me validate that the underground cities are real, even though I wasn't quite ready to see them in their entirety.*

*My dream vision seemed very real, taking place in the hypnagogic state, much unlike the usual dreams one has. When I read the book, shortly after my dream experience, with all the descriptions of the cities, the people, and their beautiful life-style... I never doubted the truth of it. I was there!*

*Tracey Kennedy, La Mesa, CA*

### **Running for My Life and Finding Peace**

*My heart is pounding! I'm so fearful. I am running for my life and see that there are many other people running in every direction, trying to save their own lives. But there is no place to hide. The ray beams from the attacking spaceships are annihilating everything in their path: people, buildings, trees, etc. I know that there is no way to escape certain death.*

*Then the scene suddenly changes and with it the feeling changes too. I feel a tremendous feeling of peace and universal love, exactly opposite to the fear I just experienced. A huge glowing spaceship is approaching, so immense that it completely fills my field of vision as it comes closer to Earth. I know without a doubt that the beings on board that ship are coming to help us because I can feel the love oscillation that they are projecting and it's wonderful! I know I must let other people know that they are coming in peace, so the aliens won't be afraid of these benevolent beings.*

KEY:

(Continued on page 19)

# Aliens

Is a citizen on Jupiter,  
from his cool helium berth,  
pitying the sarcophagus  
he thinks he sees when he views earth?

Is he skeptical but hopeful,  
beneath his neon tentacles,  
that even where it's wet and warm,  
some sort of life is possible?

As he scans this noxious, hostile world,  
rocky and oxygen-rich,  
does he shudder at the alien  
his astronomers depict?

Does a creature, more or less, there  
stare into brooding, baffling space  
and, struck by stark loneliness,  
guess the contours of my form and face?

*by Shari O'Brien*



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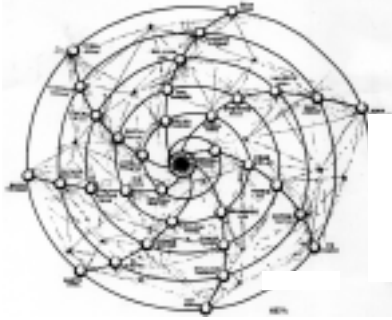
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For more information

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(Unarians, cont'd from pg. 17)



When I awakened, I became aware of the significance of these two contrasting dream scenes. I believe the scene of spaceships attacking was a past-life memory, which explained why the feeling was so intense: it really happened! But then, I realized that in other lifetimes, I have been on board those attacking spaceships and I felt remorse for having been the warrior-invader... particularly having just relived the terror of being attacked. To rectify my karmic past, I became aware that I was to help in some way to prepare our world for the future landing of more spiritually and technologically advanced humankind from other planets, as was depicted in my dream state. Especially knowing that many people would also have an inherent fear of spaceships.

I don't remember when I had this dream experience; maybe ten - twelve years ago. The important thing is that I have not forgotten what I learned and its significance. This life-lesson presented in the dream-state of consciousness is one that has shaped my life, explaining who I am and why I am here, living on this world, at this time. The reality of extraterrestrials—Space Brothers and Sisters as I prefer to call them—is reaffirmed when I recall the dream and re-experience the love energies I felt. I look forward to the time—hopefully soon—when the people of Earth will be receptive to their landing, to the love, wisdom, and understanding that they will bring us. ☺

*Celeste Appel, Santee, CA*

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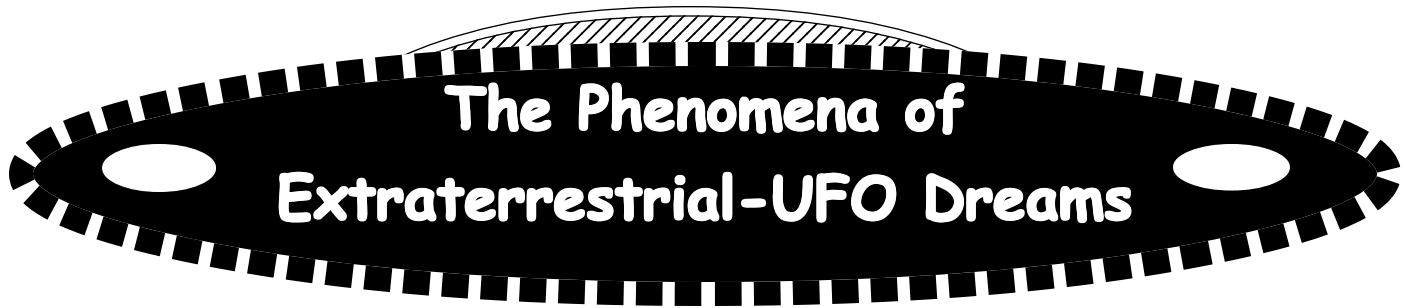
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**Elusive Dreams**

I awake and the dream  
That was unreeling  
behind my eyelids  
Shuts off.  
Not even  
Sharing an afterglow.

Yet something remains,  
Half of a thought,  
The border of a feeling,  
Something that wants  
to be a souvenir  
From last night's travels.

**Maxine Skuba**



# The Phenomena of Extraterrestrial-UFO Dreams

By Dean M. McClanahan

FOR MORE THAN 40 YEARS, a growing body of evidence is pointing towards extraterrestrials (ETs) and unidentified flying objects (UFOs) interfacing with human beings. The information continues to grow, despite serious efforts to repress it or to discredit and ridicule those that have been the providers of this knowledge.

C. G. Jung wrote about UFOs. He equated the coming of the UFO phenomena with the ending of an era, the coming of a new age, Aquarius and the associated transformation of the collective psyche. He likened this to the age of Pisces, associated with the rise of Christianity.

Jung analyzed and commented upon seven dreams dealing with the UFO theme from within the framework of his psychology, and gave his opinion regarding UFOs from a psychological and non-psychological view. According to his writings, he apparently accepted UFOs as being both a subjective and objective fact.<sup>(1)</sup>

According to an article written by Jerome Clark, Jung was a member of the Ariel Phenomena Research Organization (APRO) from 1958 until his death and was pro-UFO in his conclusions regarding their existence.<sup>(2)</sup>

The growing number of people reporting UFO-ET dreams presents an enigma. Some dreams are so vivid they are being referred to as experiences, something beyond, or more than a dream. This confusion exists not only among those who have these experiences but the investigators as well.

Careful reading of Budd Hopkins' book, *Intruders*, reveals many examples of these dream /experiences. Statements such as: "I had a dream, but it was more than a dream," or "I awakened from a dream, but it wasn't a dream, it was too real," are typical.<sup>(3)</sup> Other examples appear in the books, *The Andreasson Affair*<sup>(4)</sup> and *Communion*.<sup>(5)</sup>

What constitutes a dream as distinct from an experience, when both have the 'common base,' of sleep? The answer to this question lies in the definition of

"dream" and "dreaming." When dreaming sleep and waking consciousness are regarded as a 'focus-of-awareness,' it becomes possible to accept dreams and dreaming as reality at another dimension or level of existence. It is possible for one dimension or level to impinge upon another. This occurs during waking consciousness when we experience a "hunch," a premonition, or a strong intuitive knowing.

Some dreams must be accepted as experiences at a different level or dimension of reality. These may be referred to as "dream-experiences" which indicates their base of origin was the sleep state. Dreams that require interpretation may be denoted by the word "dream," indicating they originated from a level or dimension different from that of a dream-experience. This would relieve the confusion existing between dreams and dream-experiences as they are documented in the above mentioned books.

Webster's *New World Dictionary* defines "dream" as, "A sequence of sensations, images, thoughts, etc., passing through a sleeping person's mind." This is erroneous and misleading; a new definition must be formulated. It is highly probable that alternate realities are breaking through into waking consciousness as well as during the sleep state.

The following example reveals how a conscious waking UFO experience is accepted and treated as an actual event in a dream.

Male, recounting an experience at a UFO meeting. "I was driving back to Missouri after attending a UFO conference in Florida. I was somewhere in Alabama on a lonely stretch of highway 82. I had not encountered vehicles for some time. It was late, about 3:00 AM. I noticed a peculiar light in the sky, no matter what direction I turned, the light always stayed on the drivers side of the car. I stopped, got out, and took a picture of the light with my flash camera. The light began moving towards me. I became alarmed, jumped back into the car and sped away. Looking back through the rear view

mirror, I could see the light following me. Suddenly, the red trouble light indicators on the dashboard begin flashing on and off. My car began to sputter and came to a stop. I jumped out and looked to see where the light was; it was very close. I was bordering upon panic, experiencing a depth of fear I had never known before. Suddenly, a truck appeared from around a curve in the road, the light shot away at high speed. I felt a tremendous sense of relief."

When questioned about dreams relating to his encounter he replied, "I dreamt *I was standing at a chalkboard writing down my experience and explaining it to others.*" It was suggested his dream may be telling him to "chalk-one-up," an expression used many times in the military to indicate a successful confrontation with an enemy. Therefore, this should also be construed as a warning; next time, you may not be able to chalk-one-up.

The following example reveals how a powerful dream-experience can drive a person to prove or disprove the reality of the event.

Female, married, California.

"The following occurred during January, 1992. I do not remember the exact date. Upon awakening, I recalled,

*Five aliens walk into my room and stand by my bed. In an instant I am lying nude upon a white table. At this point, only three aliens are present. One has a long silver tube, about 14 to 16 inches in length and 1/4 inch in diameter, a red light is on one end.*

*The entire room is white, except that near the ceiling is a thin gold trim line. I am not frightened but feel embarrassed for being naked. The aliens' eyes seem a little larger than what I've seen in pictures. I do not remember seeing a nose but I am more curious of my surroundings than what they look like. They are not Greys, this I know. Upon a wall in front of me is a "sign," it looks rather odd because the lettering is similar to ours. "VLV LV" is in gold. I do not have to speak, they know what I am thinking and vice-versa.*

*They go over my body with the silver tube with the red light and declare me to be healthy. The next thing I remember is this large three-pointed rock formation. I remember them saying, 'Six miles north of the ruins,' then I awakened.*

That morning, like Richard Dreyfuss, *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, I found myself drawing a picture of a three-pointed rock formation and the sign, "VLV LV." I drew and redrew the rock formation about 100 times during the next few weeks. This was frustrating as I could not draw it as I had seen it.

Those that I told of this thought I was losing my mind. That is, until two months later, when my husband drove to Pennsylvania. On his way through New Mexico, he saw what I had been attempting to draw. (Figure 1) Note, I've never been to New Mexico. We flew to Gallup in April and I discovered the picture in my mind was

real. This rock formation is about six miles from an old Indian ruin, there are missile silos and a military base nearby. We inquired of the local residents concerning UFOs in the area but were unable to confirm any sightings."



Figure 1

The following is an example of how fear of the unknown may cause us to act in a manner that is not always appropriate to the situation we are experiencing.

Male, married, Missouri. 12/15/90. "I awakened from a very vivid and colorful dream.

*A UFO, or more than one, lands in our yard, then leaves. In a short time we (family) see the UFOs returning. We are fascinated but somewhat frightened. Two of us try to hide under the porch. At one point, about five or six aliens from the ships are in the house. Most of them appear to be like normal people but they don't talk much. One female, appearing to be about 50 years of age, is somewhat strange looking. She is of normal height, but her face is very pale and her skin smooth. Her features are angular and unusual, almost masculine, but not exactly that--more like powerful and calmly intense. When I happen to brush against her shoulder, I receive a strong shock, like static electricity. She puts her hand by my head and says, 'I'm checking for something.' I think she's checking for weapons, as it seems like she is acting as a metal detector.*

*There is one child or dwarf among the group who is somewhat frightening. He tends to run about babbling. At one point I run outside to get away from him and take to the air, 'flying.' I decide he is more curious than threatening. As the aliens are leaving, I think they want us to go with them. They do not say so, but that is my impression and fear. I say I do not trust them enough to go with them. My son wants to go, but I insist that he not. I take one of them by the hand and twist his arm until it breaks to show that I will resist if they try to abduct us. I say, 'Though I can't go with you, please come to visit us again.' They remain silent and emotionless through all this. The*

*ship leaves with bright lights and low humming. (I don't recall what the crafts looked like, only that they were not all alike, perhaps there were two or three and they were not the conventional UFOs.)*

*We are going outside to watch  
the small crafts return to the mother ship.*  
Then the phone rang, and I woke up."

UFOs and aliens began to appear in my own dreams during the fall of 1989 when my focus -of-awareness became centered upon UFO research. My primary interest lies in the manner in which these experiences are portrayed in what is commonly referred to as a dream. The following two examples reveal how dream-experiences attempt to raise our levels of consciousness and awareness.

*I am walking down a long concrete ramp that parallels a building. It is not quite dark. I look up and become aware of a great number of UFOs in the sky. I watch the lights of a UFO as it descends to the ground. I run over to where it had landed and see what appears to be a man dressed in a gray coverall uniform. He is carrying a clipboard and walking towards me. During the dream, I know that he has come down to earth to do some work. I am thrilled by this and want to tell others. Upon looking around, few of the other people who are present appear to be interested in what is taking place. This dismays me. The only indication this man is not human is in the manner he projects himself.*

*One had to carefully scrutinize his behavior  
in order to detect this.*

Awareness of this knowledge was brought into waking consciousness. (DM) 6/6/92

*Am inside this cave watching the alien Greys, those responsible for abduction and cattle mutilations. They cannot see me but I can see them. During the dream, I know this observation is being made from a dimension lying beyond their awareness. I am intrigued and delighted by this experience.*

This knowledge was made part of my waking consciousness. (DM) 3/29/90

These dreams are typical of the feelings and emotions evoked during these vivid dream-experiences.

*I recall seeing three or four UFOs. My first thought is, 'I'm dreaming,' but I know it is much more than that. We are inside the house. The ETs are of "light" and "energy." One approaches me, my whole being lights up. I feel different. This seems to be my imagination working but it's not.*

*They are friendly and want to teach me things. We go outside on the front porch. I see three spaceships, the mother-ship is like a large planet. I'm amazed. I jump up and down with excitement! They send a*

*spaceship and board me. This is not the first time this has happened, when I lived with my mother I had these experiences. I recall the inside of the ship but I can't find words to describe this.*

*As I get on board, a light-being approaches me, then steps inside of me. I feel like a child in its mother's arms: safe and loved. When the light-beings stepped back out of me I asked, 'What have you done?' The light-being replied, 'You needed that.' I began to cry. 'Why are you tearing?' the light-being asked. 'I don't know if I'm happy or sad,' I replied. This took place in an enclosed setting so I could slowly accept this situation. I inquired, 'Why was I not aware of the past boardings?' 'You would have gone mad,' replied the light-being, 'You have expanded your consciousness and are now ready for this.'*

I felt as though I belonged here. This dream left me with feelings of joy that remain to this day."

Shelly, 12/17/90

*"I'm taken somewhere. I see these small Grey beings that are wearing robes. They are interrogating me about my purpose of visiting Lynn, a friend. They regard this as an intrusion for she lives upon their territory. They also inquire about the channeling. I feel strange but unafraid as there are other ETs present who are protecting us. When I think upon this I began to hyperventilate."*

My daughter, Autumn, 6/18/90

These type of dream-experiences transcend human logic and reason. They lie beyond psychological concepts, have no base in religions and are rejected by science. As the weight of evidence continues to grow, it shall become evident that our concepts of what constitutes "reality" must be drastically revised. ☺



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# Dreaming of Aliens

by Andrew Ramer

**T**HE DREAMS BEGAN IN AROUND 1954 when I was three years old. I don't think I had a good night's sleep during my childhood from that age on. I was frightened to sleep and terrified of anything that even suggested aliens.

Please note that I call these experiences dreams, even though I sometimes woke up on the floor of my room with my ears bleeding. I awoke once when I was around twelve with a strange round scab on the tip of my penis, where there is still a scar today. I had heard about syphilis and although I was many years away from losing my virginity, I was terrified that I had 'it.'

As if they were happening in another part of my consciousness, I both did and did not remember that I had those dreams, although I had flash memories of the aliens. I never remembered anything that happened in the dreams, except that I always woke up terrified that they were coming to get me.

None of the aliens of my dreams were anything like the images we keep seeing of little grey bug-eyed creatures. The most common were very tall, had deadly white skin and faces that looked like the Cycladic statues from ancient Greece. Others were shorter, had red skin—crayon red—and the curious thing about them was that the tops of their skulls were divided in half, enclosing the two halves of their brains. The third group I feared the most, because they were the most frightening. They had greenish skin and although they were humanoid, like the others, they had round flat faces and noses that were a horse-shoe-shaped slit in the flat faces. They were hideous to me.

I wish I could tell you something about my dreams but I don't remember any details, not about the space-ships or what happened there. The only thing I do remember is that the aliens would lift me right out of the room, any time that they wanted. I was paralyzed and powerless to do anything about it. Frozen in terror, my deeper memories have been frozen, too. I have done regression sessions and 'seen' the insides of the space-ships and some procedures that took place there. But the insights from those sessions do not feel like authentic memories.

From the time that I was five, I was in and out of therapy. Sometimes I talked about my 'nightmares,' and I remember that one therapist saw the aliens as a metaphor for the unacknowledged deterioration and demise

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of my parents' marriage, the awakening of my sexuality and my attraction to other boys, or a host of other issues. My parents attributed them to one of my grandmothers, who liked to listen to late night radio shows where people talked about aliens. This was during the height of the cold war, the McCarthy era, and my family were left-wing political activists. Paranoia was in the air.

To this day, I don't know if my dreams were real. Fifteen years ago, when I began channeling, Jay—an old childhood friend—suggested that I contact a sister and brother who lived down the street from us in New York; they claimed that they had been abducted by aliens as well. Jay saw me in the same 'weird' category as he saw them and thought that I should reconnect with them. When we did all get together and they told me their stories, I thought that they were crazy... even though I was sitting at home each night writing down the inner-heard words of supposedly long dead teachers. Channeling. In the time we spent together, I never once thought about my nightmares, or that their abduction stories might have anything to do with my own experience. It wasn't until years afterward, when I read Whitley Streiber's book *Communion* that I began to wonder what had really been happening in my dreams.

In his book, he talks about the aliens putting little probes into people's ears and noses. I started shaking when I read his description of the little metal rods with little bells on the tips. In a panic, I called my mother and asked her if she remembered the time I told her I had put a bobbie pin in my ear. She thought that I had jabbed it into my eardrum and rushed me to the doctor, who said that I was fine. I was only three and couldn't explain that the little stick with the ball on the tip had gone all the way into my head! I was hoping that she would tell me that had never happened, but she—whose memory is often patchy—remembered the doctor's visit very clearly.

I didn't remember any aliens being there when I put the bobbie pin inside my head, but the detail in Streiber's book was so reminiscent of my early memory. Having blocked out what happened after I was airlifted out of my bed, I may have also blocked out the aliens who put in the probes and remembered it as something that I had done to myself. A bobbie pin was the closest thing my conscious mind could come up with that resembled the probe.

Between my nightmares, my parents' divorce, my struggles with my gayness, I emerged from puberty a frightened, angry, mixed-up young man. In seventh grade, I had a duodenal ulcer and the muscles in the bottoms of my feet stopped growing, although my feet didn't. They came to resemble two tightly drawn bows with toes and heels pulled together. I hobbled about with special shoes and had to have all kinds of different treatments.

By age fifteen, I was a wreck!

Fascinated with Japanese culture, I decided that I was going to commit suicide by disemboweling myself. I planned to do it in the bathtub, not wanting to make too much of a mess. I began to save the plastic bags that dry-cleaned clothing comes in. I hid them in a suitcase in my closet, intending to tape them all around the tiles and the stall-shower doors before I killed myself. I never thought about how my mother would feel when she found her son disemboweled in the bathroom; I do remember feeling pleased with myself for being so considerate, as the plastic bags would make it easier for her to clean up the blood. That chilling little psychological detail should tell you something about what a mess I was.

One Tuesday, I decided that I had enough plastic bags and planned to kill myself that Friday. I was sitting at my desk on that Tuesday afternoon, struggling with my math homework. I remember jabbing a pencil into my book, breaking it in my fury. Math was my worst subject. Then I realized it didn't matter anymore if I did the homework, since I was going to be dead in three days.

I was about to get up and get something to eat when the light in the room changed. To the right, the late afternoon sun was streaming through the opened Venetian blinds... and then it wasn't! I looked up and standing to my side—about five feet in front of the window, solid, blocking the light—was a young being with blue skin and short pointy ears that hung down like a dog's ears. To this day, when I try to describe him, I always say that he was neither naked nor clothed, as if there were a protective covering over him that was also a part of him, perhaps like hide... but not quite.

For what seemed like ten seconds, he stood there beaming at me what I can only, in retrospect, describe as Love. Then he vanished. The memory of his visit almost entirely vanished too. It would surface from time to time, only to disappear again. But from that moment, I stopped thinking about committing suicide and have never thought of it again. From that moment, all of my nightmares stopped... and have never come back.

Many months later, my mother met her second husband. He lived in California and we were packing up to move there. Most of the big things were packed and it was time to do our clothing. I remember sitting in front of my closet, opening my old red suitcase, finding it stuffed with plastic dry-cleaning bags and having no idea how they got there. I was angry and ready to yell at my brother for having done it, when I remembered.

We moved when I was in my late teens. For the next ten years, my memory of that blue visitor would surface and then disappear again from my subconscious mind. A decade later, he returned to my life again, as one of the beings that I was channeling. I thought that he would be able to fill me in on my abduction experiences, but what he told me was more startling than anything I could have imagined: He said that he had been with me on the world I lived on before I came to Earth. All at once, my terror of aliens flipped around and I had to open to my own memories of being an alien myself. §





# Exploring Dreams of ETs & UFOs: What Do They Mean?

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**D**O YOU DREAM OF EXTRATERRESTRIALS AND UFOs?

Have you wondered about what the dreams mean?

Recently I collaborated on a survey of ET and UFO dreams with a professional colleague, psychotherapist Carol D. Warner to learn about the content of dreams involving aliens and UFOs and how dreamers interpret them. We received numerous replies from a variety of sources. While the project is far from complete, I'd like to share with you some of my preliminary thoughts on the possible meanings of these intriguing dreams.

The purpose of our project is to aid dreamers, therapists and other dreamwork facilitators in their understanding of ET/UFO dreams. Many of these dreams are vividly realistic to the dreamers and seem like waking events rather than dreams. Do dreams of ETs and UFOs automatically imply an invasion of our dreamscape by alien beings? Or are they more symbolic, like most of our other dreams?

The prevailing wisdom in dreamwork today is that only the dreamer can truly interpret his or her own dreams. Others, even professional therapists, cannot decide what a dream means for someone else. However, others can offer possible interpretations and ideas that occur to them if they'd had the dream themselves, which can be of great

help to the dreamer by stimulating creative thinking about a dream.

With that in mind, here are three points to consider in evaluating your own ET/UFO dreams:

## **ETs and UFOs Have Become Common Dream Symbols**

**O**ur dream imagery reflects our waking environment. For decades, ETs, UFOs, alien beings and space travel have been a significant part of our popular culture, appearing in our literature, mass media and advertising. It's only natural that these subjects and images should appear in our dreams just as the automobile, once an 'alien' machine, now dominates our dreaming.

As dream symbols, ET and UFO images convey personal associations within the context of the dream. For example, if a dreamer considers ETs and UFOs to be threatening or frightening, these associations take on symbolic meaning in the dream, representing those feelings about something else in waking life. Similarly, if a dreamer associates ETs and UFOs with excitement, mystery, awe or even salvation, then these would also be related to the dreamer's waking life situations.

The context of the dream is important. Perhaps the dreamer has no negative associations with UFOs, but in the dream a UFO seems sinister.

In that case, the dreamer might ask why something that is not normally frightening to him is a threat, and then try to relate that to waking life.

Thus, from this perspective, ETs and UFOs are ordinary dream symbols, just like houses, cars, buildings, animals, and so on.

## **ET Dreams as Modern Versions of Ongoing Collective Other-world Contact.**

**A**ncient beliefs about dreams held that dreams were genuine intersections with other realms that were populated by gods, demigods and hosts of non-worldly beings who coexisted in parallel but invisible realms. In fact, some of our experiences with such entities could take place only in the special state of consciousness of dreams.

Many dreamers believe this to be the case today, too. I do. I think that in addition to our personal dreams, we have dream encounters in other realms. It's possible that the beings we encounter reflect our cultural conditioning. For example, dreams of fairies are far outstripped by dreams of ETs, yet centuries ago the reverse would have been the case. ETs may be but the latest 'clothing' or 'framework' for certain other-worldly experiences that are part of the evolution of collective human consciousness.

There are interesting parallels between ETs, especially the abducting variety, which I will focus on here and other entities from myth and folklore. Let's look at three of them: the fairy, the vampire, and the angel.

First, what are the dominant characteristics of abducting ETs? They usually strike at night while the victims are asleep. They can be invisible if they choose, and they have supernatural powers over human and animals. They have the power to shapeshift. They come in brilliant light, passing through walls, and creating poltergeist-like disturbances. They paralyze their victims and levitate them to their world—a space-ship—where time passes much differently. The victims are subject to medical procedures and sexual assaults. The ETs are intensely interested in human mothers and babies, for their own offspring and also the hybrids with unusual eyes that they create with humans, are sickly. The human victims sometimes are returned to locations other than the place where they were abducted; they are exhausted and often bruised. Or, they wake up in their own beds exhausted. The ETs often have apocalyptic warnings about the end times and the dire fate of the earth. Some abductees are shown star maps or are taken on cosmic tours, and are given special information for humanity, which may be presented to them in mysterious books or couched in strange symbols.

ETs have long been compared to fairies. In 1987, folklorist Thomas E. Bullard examined ET reports and opined that ETs were not fairies per se. However, the comparison to fairies cannot be dismissed out of hand.

In his exhaustive work *The Fairy Faith in Celtic Countries* (1911), W.Y. Evans-Wentz wrote about the great dread of fairies. They were considered to be evil spirits who lived in another dimensional world. They visited the realm of humans at night, and were quite dangerous for either man or beast to encounter. They could be invisible if they chose. They had supernatural powers over people

**Ancient beliefs about dreams held that dreams were genuine intersections with other realms that were populated by gods, demigods and hosts of non-worldly beings who coexisted in parallel but invisible realms.**

**In fact, some of our experiences with such entities could take place only in the special state of consciousness of dreams.**

**Many dreamers believe this to be the case today, too. I do. I think that in addition to our personal dreams, we have dream encounters in other realms."**

and animals, and they could shapeshift. If you were in the wrong place at the wrong time, they attacked you while you were sleeping, paralyzed you, and carted you off to their world, inside the earth, where time passed much differently. If you were 'taken,' it meant you had been abducted by fairies while you were sleeping or dreaming. You might be abducted physically, or you might be taken in spirit, with your shell of a body left behind. You might be forced to stay with the fairies forever, or you might escape back to the world, perhaps returning to some place other than where you had been seized. You felt much worse for the wear, tired and exhausted. Fairies were intensely interested in human mothers and babies, for their own were sickly, with unusual eyes. The fairy realm of the inner earth, just like outer space, was a place of mystery and uncertainty, and to be feared. Fairies issued no apocalyptic warnings about the fate of the earth; however, they had associa-

tions with salvation. The g'entry' fairy folk of Ireland claimed to have the power to destroy half of the human race, but would not do so because humans were expecting salvation.

Other interesting similarities exist between ETs and vampires. Forget the Bram Stoker or Anne Rice variety of vampires; those are fictional creations. The real vampires of folklore originated in Slavic lore as the restless dead who returned from the grave to attack the living both man and animal while they slept. The grave, just like inner earth and outer space, inspired fear and dread. Vampires usually were invisible, but sometimes could be seen by their victims. They possessed supernatural powers over humans and animals, and they had the power to shapeshift. The vampires sexually assaulted their paralyzed victims and drained away their vitality, causing them to have wasting-away illnesses. Like ETs, their entry into a household was through mysterious means and was often accompanied by poltergeist-like disturbances: movements of objects, banging noises, and so forth. Vampires subsisted on the blood of their victims. There are UFO cases—mostly from South America—in which victims reportedly were drained of blood or fell mysteriously ill of wasting-away diseases after being attacked by red lights from chupa-chupa UFOs. (Chupa-chupa comes from chupacabra, or 'goat-sucker,' a blood-sucking entity that chiefly attacks animals.) Some of these chupa cases are questionable, but others are an enigma.

Vampires, of course, had no save-the-world agenda. For that aspect we find similarities between the ET and the angel. Apocryphal literature and sacred texts outside the canon are full of dream vision recitals of prophets who were visited by angels in their sleep. *The Book of Enoch* is the best known of these texts. Back then, angels were not the saccharine creatures presented to us in the media today. They were fearsome beings of great power, who—despite their obedience to God—were not

necessarily kindly disposed towards inferior humans. The angels came in brilliant light and levitated the prophets into their world, heaven. The prophets were taken on guided cosmic tours and given special information about creation and the fate of humanity, along with dire warnings about sin, judgment and the end times. They sometimes were given mysterious books, or were dictated books. They were returned to earth with the instructions to disseminate the information.

We have considered here a few examples of both negative and positive encounters with other-worldly beings. The dominant medium for these encounters is the dreamscape, as well as altered, dreamlike states of consciousness. The ET embodies both positive and negative features. Like the vampire, the ET is a soul-stealer. Like the fairy, the ET is a trickster. Like the angel, the ET is a messenger of salvation. The ET both terrifies and fascinates us.

Carl G. Jung died before the emergence of the abduction scenario, but he did consider the reality of UFOs and the significance of UFOs in dreams. He thought them to be a modern myth of projection from the unconscious, of salvation from the sky, largely in response to the deep collective fear of nuclear annihilation that developed after World War II.

Perhaps the ET is part of our inner struggle of opposing forces of good and evil. The forces are personified by different beings and projected onto the landscape of our consciousness, especially our dreams, in ways that make sense to us in our time and place. From this perspective, ET dreams may say more about the collective human consciousness than about personal matters.

### ET Dreams Are Real Experiences

Modern ET experiencers firmly believe that their dreams of ETs are genuine encounters, in which events take place that are as real as waking

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life. This especially applies to abduction dream experiences. As I mentioned earlier, ancient beliefs about dreams considered them to be real experiences in other realities. I believe this to be the case, too, although I think that *most* of our dreaming takes place in a reality where we work out inner material in the form of symbolic imagery. Nonetheless, I have had startling dreams in which I have felt to really be in the presence of other-worldly beings. If people dream of really being with an angel or a god of healing, why not an ET?

Unfortunately, the field of abduction research has been fraught with controversy over dubious hypnosis, which is often the only way abduction dreams are recalled. Many experiencers are not well versed in dreamwork and once they feel they are being abducted, they interpret all of their dreams accordingly so. One experiencer opines in her book that dreams of flying and being examined by doctors and nurses—among many other ordinary dream themes—are really ET screen dreams, which would make all of us abductees!

### How to Approach Your Own ET Dreams

It is unlikely that we will ever be able to make definitive statements about what ET dreams are and what they are not. We can consider only the sense they make in each context. Clearly, ET dreams share striking similarities to different kinds of

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other-worldly dream encounters that cannot be ignored, even if we interpret ET dreams literally. Jung envisioned a 'psychic reality' in which we accept our experiences in both inner and outer worlds equally. From this perspective, we can find truth and validity in ET dreams in all three of the areas covered here: as ordinary dream symbols, as part of our ongoing other-worldly experience and as real experiences in the full spectrum of consciousness.

To understand your own ET dreams, look first for ordinary dream symbolism with personal meaning and then consider if and how the dreams fit the theme of humanity's contact with other realities. Certain dreams may speak to you as real encounters. Many encounter dreams reported to us were benevolent in nature, in which the ETs were helpful figures who might be interpreted as angels by others. Abduction dreams recovered by hypnosis must be approached much more carefully, and taken to a qualified therapist. ☺

## Book Review

by April Chase

### **Flying Saucers:**

A Modern Myth of Things  
Seen in the Skies

By **Carl G. Jung,**

Translation by R.F.C. Hull  
Princeton University Press, 1978  
ISBN: 0-691-01822-7

**F**OR THE PAST 100 YEARS or so, flying saucers and the idea of alien life forms have fascinated mankind. From Orson Welles' panic-causing 1938 "War of the Worlds" radio broadcast to the glut of sci-fi thrillers at the box office today, our eyes seem to be on the skies - and that includes the eyes of some of the greatest minds of our time. The phenomenon of flying saucers fascinated Jung in his later years, and from about 1946, he avidly read all the material he could find on the subject. In 1958, he presented some of his conclusions about the true meaning of flying saucers from a psychological standpoint.

Although Flying Saucers is certainly not by any means an easy book to read, filled as it is with references to medieval alchemy, scattered liberally throughout with Latin and Greek phrases, and couched in the deliberately wordy prose of decades past, there is much valuable information hidden in its pages. Some of the ideas Jung mentions seem quaint in the light of the scientific advances made since the book was published (aliens being from Mars, for instance), and his doom-laden talk of the Cold War and McCarthyism give the narrative a bit of a dated feel. However, these distractions can be overlooked, because the meat and bones of the book are the archetypal meanings that Jung finds in the cases he examines, and archetypes are, of

course, timeless.

Jung freely admits the possibility that UFOs may in fact be real physical objects, which appear to multiple persons and are trackable by radar. However, his main interest in them is as a psychological phenomenon, and he hypothesizes that even if they are in fact physically real, their psychological significance is the same as if they were only individual or mass hallucinations (or visions). He writes, "It boils down to nothing less than this: that either psychic projections throw back a radar echo, or else the appearance of real objects affords an opportunity for mythological projections. Here I must remark that even if the UFOs are physically real, the corresponding psychic projections are not actually caused, but are only occasioned, by them. Mythical statements of this kind have always occurred, whether UFOs exist or not."

These psychic projections, he concludes, correlate to such phenomena as the apparitions of gods and angels that were more common in earlier centuries. Modern man, with his advanced technological knowledge, has merely found an image more appropriate to his machine-loving time. The message is also usually the same. The visionaries experience a sense of being singled out or "chosen" by a superior being, whether a god or merely a more advanced envoy from an alien civilization, and often experience important revelations, which Jung views as an attempt to compensate for the seeming

meaninglessness of life in our uncertain times. The idea of divine intervention soothes the deep, internal fear for the future that is brought about by the proliferation of nuclear weapons, war and strife, hunger and poverty and so on.

Anyone who has studied Jung's work at all will recognize the underlying principles that shape the theories in this book. By analyzing dreams and artwork, he discovers and details the sometimes hidden archetypal images, such as the round shape, equivalent to the mandala (a concept that Jung explores in depth in other works). This image represents God or the soul, in turn representing totality - the psyche's desire for wholeness and balance. There is also a distinct Armageddon/end of the world/omen of death aspect which Jung discusses at some length, and sexual connotations which he mentions in passing, although he does not really believe that they are paramount in this case and makes a little dig at Freud for his preoccupation with the Oedipal and sexual ("Freud could, with some justification, establish that all round or hollow forms have a feminine and all oblong ones a masculine meaning." In these cases [i.e., the round or cylindrical shapes of UFOs], the interest that naturally attaches to sex invites the making of such analogies, not to speak of the amusing illustrations they provide.")

The primary interest of Flying Saucers for the student of dreamwork lies in the second section, "UFOs in Dreams," in which Jung examines a total of seven



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dreams featuring UFOs as a theme in some way. While his insights in this book are not really any different than those in the body of his writing, they obviously deal specifically with the meanings of the UFO which appear in dreams and thus will be of great interest to anyone who has dreamed of these images. It is fascinating to see Jung's process of reasoning (even if you don't always agree with his conclusions) as he delves into the multiple layers of meaning in each dream, uncovering archetypal images that clearly the dreamers themselves have no idea are present. His techniques provide a powerful tool for the examination of the messages within our own dreams. Jung explains the importance of archetypes and looking for the deeper meanings thus:

"In dealing with the products of the collective unconscious, all images that show an unmistakably mythological character have to be examined in their symbological context. They are the inborn language of the psyche and its structure and, as regards their basic form, are in no sense individual acquisitions. Despite its pre-eminent capacity for learning and for consciousness, the human psyche is a natural phenomenon like the psyche of animals and is rooted in inborn instincts which bring their own specific forms with them and so constitute the heredity of the species. Volition, intention and all personal differentiations are acquired later and owe their existence to a consciousness that has emancipated itself

from mere instinctiveness. Wherever it is a question of archetypal formations, personality attempts at explanation lead us astray. The method of comparative symbology, on the other hand, not only proves fruitful on scientific grounds but makes a deeper understanding possible in practice."

While not the first of Jung's books I would recommend, this is certainly an intriguing and open-minded exploration of UFOs and will provide readers with a more specific understanding of this highly prevalent image from an historical and psychological standpoint. It will give those interested in Jung's work a glimpse into his mind, as he explains his ongoing interest in the topic and the development of the book itself, making it a most worthwhile reading experience. ☺





## They want to be human

Dreamt by Lorraine Grassano

We find ourselves in the midst of many aliens that have taken human form and we are terrified that we will be exposed.

We pretend that we are one of them, but begin to fear that soon the aliens will change back to their original form, or will offer us something to eat which is impossible for humans to consume. We are walking on a stadium ramp above a beautiful bay shining in the sunlight. I throw a match into the water and a bright white light—an electrical current—is produced, which snakes at great speed around the water, creating a vortex that sucks in all the sailboats occupied by aliens. One or two of the aliens want to go and try to help their comrades but the vast majority keep on walking as if nothing is happening. I smile to myself because we have discovered a way to defeat the 'enemy,' but then the reality of it all sets in. There are just too many of them; it is inevitable that we will be found out. We are overwhelmed by a sense of doom. *There is no way out!* Then it occurs to us: **They want to be human!** That is the only way out. They will never discover we are phonies because they are trying to **be us**. One by one, their faces stretch and distort and then **POP** into permanent form—**human form**.

They beam out a smile and say,  
"We are human now!"

# Following The Elephants

A Dream Odyssey

©2003 by John D. Goldhammer, Ph.D.



**S**ometimes a dream animal becomes the canary in the mine shaft, showing us the consequences of some dangerous exterior influence or circumstance.

During the time I belonged to a particular spiritual group, I started having recurring dream encounters with elephants. It was not until I left the group that I began to understand the meaning and intent of these dreams. Over and over, the presence of these magnificent animals, their strength, their playfulness, their anger, and their magic would leave deep tracks in the landscapes of my dreams. In retrospect, these dreams dramatically portrayed the effects of immersing myself in the group's belief system, which disconnected me from my own nature and from the qualities the elephant represents.

One of my first elephant dreams occurred about six months after I joined the group: In the dream

*I am riding a gray elephant when he suddenly collapses and dies. I feel a deep sadness. This dream, although I did not realize its significance at the time, was a clear warning shot fired over the road I had chosen. If I am that elephant, something is terribly wrong.*

Another dream followed:

*I am traveling in a group and there are two, small white elephants with us. We sit down to eat and one of the elephants is under the table and keeps licking my face and bumping into my legs. It is very friendly but a nuisance.*



For me, the 'white elephants' were small but growing problems, soon to be big trouble, classic 'white elephants,' conspicuous endeavors that turn out to be burdensome failures. Another warning perhaps of something going on 'under the table?' When I think of 'white,' I relate it to spirituality, purity, perfection, and a certain one-sided view of God—a God with no color or passion.

In another dream,

*I am in a boat with the minister and other members of our church going down a water fall. A large elephant is in front of us and is in the way. I'm afraid we're going to crash into it.*

Now the elephant presents itself as an obstacle in our path, that is, the spiritual path I was following, all of us in the same ideological boat.

In the next dream, a chase unfolds:

*I'm in a multi-storied theater with a large group of people. I explain to someone how to get out without getting caught by the elephant. A large elephant is loose and coming after people.*

*Some people are avoiding the elephant in a cowardly way and I know this is wrong.*

Now 'we' are being chased by a 'loose' elephant, implying that this elephant has escaped from somewhere. It's a common dream motif that an aspect of our essential nature is after the dreamer. It would seem that my dreaming ego is becoming adept at avoiding elephants.

Five years after joining the group, my elephant dreams began to feel a lot more threatening. This next dream is an example:

*I see a man in a rugged mountain area go into an animal pen for elephants. I watch in horror as he is dragged around the pen and slammed into the wall by an angry baby elephant.*

My elephants are evidently losing their patience and this one is angry and dangerous in spite of being a youngster— probably not happy at being penned up. Some other part of me is trying to keep my 'elephant' nature locked up, walled off. In the next dream, I had somehow provoked several elephants, they were chasing me and they were angry! By now it's apparent that I'm not going to get rid of these elephants.



At a Conclave, a weekend church gathering in Carmel, California, I had another encounter with an elephant:

*I encounter an elephant trapped in a large, red, iron box-like container. Somehow I manage to set him free, but I know he's going to come after me. Then I set out to kill him with a knife.*

In the dream I am aware that this is a recurring dream. As this elephant, I'm definitely removed from my natural environment; I'm contained inside an iron box, a red, iron box. Red, for me, represents blood, vital life force, and passion in contrast to iron's cold, unyielding, unfeeling hardness— something once comprised of natural elements extracted from the earth, but refined, shaped, and manufactured. Maybe my 'will of iron,' my absolute adherence to the 'teachings' and my one-hundred-and-ten percent dedication to the 'spiritual path' had manufactured my red, iron tomb. Looking

back on this dream, I was caught in-between all that the elephants represented and what I was subjecting myself to by conforming to an exterior ideology. My 'save the world' spiritual ego trip had to keep the elephants at bay, 'in irons.' No wonder I found myself, my dreaming ego, at times trying to kill the elephant.

More dreams followed of elephants dying. Then, nearing my tenth year of following my spiritual teacher and guru, I noticed some doubts creeping into my psyche. Some distant part of myself was beginning to question what I was doing with my life. Now, a different sort of elephant appeared:

*I see one of the church leaders and their family all dressed in long mink coats. I know they represent the money and luxury in which the ministers live at the expense of the members. Then I am holding, very tenderly and affectionately, a baby elephant in my arms. This elephant then turns into a young boy about nine or ten years old. He has dark hair and an Asian or oriental complexion. Next, we come to a deep ravine in the earth, which I know I have crossed before. I also know that now I have to jump over it again and somehow get to the other side.*

When I imagine being this boy's age, my father's death in an automobile accident when I was nine immediately comes to mind. We were very close and his death altered the course of my life. Overnight I changed from an extroverted, happy, confident child into an introverted, shy kid, profoundly grieving and furious with that Methodist God who let my father die. I retreated into myself and life was never the same for me. That 'deep ravine' seems to me to represent that terrible wound, and I had to somehow 'get over it.'

Thinking about this latest elephant dream, I resolved to begin taking care of that very hurt little

boy, re-parenting him and giving him space in my adult world, letting him out, letting him play, dream, and have fun again. I also realized that this 'baby elephant' was missing a parent! I could feel walls collapsing. I felt like a parent who had just found a lost child. And it dawned on me that the group had become a pseudo family for this hurt little guy, complete with a charming, charismatic motherly woman/guru/teacher. No wonder someone in me felt warm all over every time she greeted me with, 'Welcome home, John.' I could hear the church walls crack, the earth starting to shift under my feet. My dreams were desperately trying to save my authentic life.

Then I had a dream in which *I see an elephant who is lying down as if dead, I know he isn't really dead, so I decide to get some water to revive him.* Now, I'm consistently connecting with the elephants and trying to help them. But just as I was reconnecting with my elephants and during the last two years of my involvement in the group, I regressed, meeting an elephant 'trainer.' Here's the dream:

*I'm watching a man who had once been with the elephants, training them. Now he has come back and they are unruly: one elephant chased him up a tree.*

I can't help but identify with the elephant trainer, that part of my nature that can be so self-disciplined and strong-willed that I could force myself to do anything, just like I had been doing for years to keep myself in a religious cult. But the elephants, fortunately, are not putting up with this old 'trainer,' and instead chase him up a tree. The elephants were winning this epic battle. My ego, intent on maintaining my spiritually superior status as a member of the church, had other ideas; it was not so willing to roll over and play dead. Hence, a little setback for the wild side. I had this dream about one year before leaving the mother ship:

*I'm observing a huge, rogue elephant, loose and knocking down buildings. I (guess who) got a high-powered rifle with one bullet—a '235 Magnum'— to kill the elephant. Someone tells me I can't kill that elephant with my size gun, but I reply that I can too, by shooting him in the eye and hitting the brain.*

Now there's big trouble afoot. Someone's survival is at stake. My dreaming ego is out to kill that 'rogue' elephant, literally meaning a 'vicious, solitary animal that has separated itself from its herd.' I had separated myself from who I was, from my writing, from my really understanding my dreams, from living my own life. There was a 'rogue' in me that was very angry, 'knocking down buildings,' collapsing the ideological, ego-centric structures my ego had built in the group. In India, many rogue elephants are teenagers who have lost their parents and have become separated from other family members.

That dreaming/waking ego was messing with my mind, taking aim at the eye and hitting the brain, perhaps killing my ability to think for myself. Exactly what had happened as a result of saturating myself in the murky waters of a religious system and brainwashing myself with group-think.

That ideologically-bound, plastic visionary was done for, those buildings could no longer stand up against the emerging elephant, my emerging life. It now made sense to me why I had been feeling so angry, depressed and even found myself occasionally thinking about suicide, which was a real shock. If I'm in such an enlightened spiritual group, then why do I feel suicidal?

Moving forward: About eighteen months before I left the church, I had another dream of an elephant in an unusual setting:

*I'm in a large room high in the mountains of what seems like Tibet. I can see tall mountains through the window and am thrilled with their beauty, struck by how exquisite they are! Then I'm with someone and we are sounding tones that can bring dead animals back to life, which we do. I remember specifically an elephant. Then I pull his tail to get him moving forward through a mountain tunnel.*

This dream gets straight to the point: awakening the dead. That being me, of course. I had been efficiently executing the instinctual, authentic members of my inner nature for years. In this dream, the 'me' experiencing the dream feels very different—still the dreaming ego—but far removed from its familiar group terrain, high in an exotic, mysterious land. The dream says that we need to 'get through' something, which it portrays as a 'tunnel.' I finally was moving towards the 'light at the end of the tunnel,' as I approached that immense door, the threshold into my own life at last.

## **Night-Blooming Jasmine**

One year before finally leaving the church, I was walking a tightrope smack in the center of a furious storm of doubts about my life and the choices I had made. I was reading several books on philosophy by Eknath Easwaran that restored my spirit because, to my surprise and delight, they totally contradicted the teachings of my church. Here was another, entirely different approach to life. The spiritual life was not, after all, my group's exclusive property.

Eknath Easwaran is a retired English professor from the University of California at Berkeley and he spoke about world religions, meditation, and living a spiritual life. In 1960, he came to the U.S. from Kerala in South India on the

Fulbright exchange program. A scholar of religions and the author of twenty-four books, including a biography of Gandhi, he believed a spiritual life meant living a life that somehow helped others in the world. When asked once what religion he followed, He replied, "I belong to all religions." It probably comes as no surprise that going to hear 'another teacher' outside of our church would have been seen as a terrible betrayal of our teachers, the 'ministry' and the 'spiritual path.'

Inspired by Easwaran's books, my wife and I began secret, weekly road trips from Los Angeles to Petaluma, a small coastal town about forty miles north of San Francisco. We went to hear Easwaran's evening lecture series. A slender, quiet man, then in his mid-seventies, dressed in an immaculate Indian suit and with his ever-present cup of herbal tea at his side, he would launch into commentary on Gandhi, the Upanishads, the Bhagavad-Gita, the environment, how to protect the elephants in Africa from poachers, which was a special project of their group.

I know what you're thinking: Hey John, here's yet another 'spiritual' group and you are right. A large group of followers had sprouted up around Easwaran and with many all to familiar group dynamics. But no matter, we were not about to 'join' any other group. We wanted only to immerse ourselves in the clear, cool water of different ideas, other ways to look at life. And how curious: here we were, my wife and I along with all my battle-weary dream elephants, listening to someone whose pet project was helping to save the elephants from becoming extinct! That's when I had another elephant dream, but this one was a horse of a different color. Here's my dream:

*I am in the audience carefully listening to a very wise man, a philosopher, give a lecture. I know he is Eknath Easwaran. I follow him from city to city extremely interested in what he has to say about life, its*

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*meaning and purpose. He is on his way back to his homeland. At the last city, I notice three elephants have been quietly following him also.*

*An exquisite fragrance from a bouquet of Night-Blooming Jasmine he is carrying in his arms attracts them. The elephants are homesick and the aroma from the Jasmine reminds them of their home.*

Easwaran represented an open, non-dogmatic spiritual perspective, a view suggesting that we fill our life with meaning and purpose by doing something meaningful with it. Very simple and straightforward. My wife and I loved the freedom and openness he expressed.

Looking back on this dream, I realized that at last my elephants were on their way home, back to where they belonged, drawn by the fragrance of a plant that blooms in the night, perhaps dreams blossoming in the night, in the unconscious.

We didn't realize it at the time but our adventures to hear those lectures about life and philosophy and elephants became our exit door, our way out of the prison compound,

our 'setu,' the bridge between this life and a new life. ♪



"If the great beasts are gone, man will surely die of a great loneliness of spirit."

Chief Seattle, 1884

~ ~ ~ ∞ ~ ~ ~

*Setu* is a Sanskrit word meaning a bridge between this life and what comes next.

Adapted from: **RADICAL DREAMING: Use Your Dreams to Change Your Life** by John D. Goldhammer, Ph.D. 16840 Bothell Way N.E., Suite B Lake Forest Park, WA 98155 jgoldhammer@mindspring.com Phone: 206-306-0322



# Dream of Global Awakening

by Paul Levy

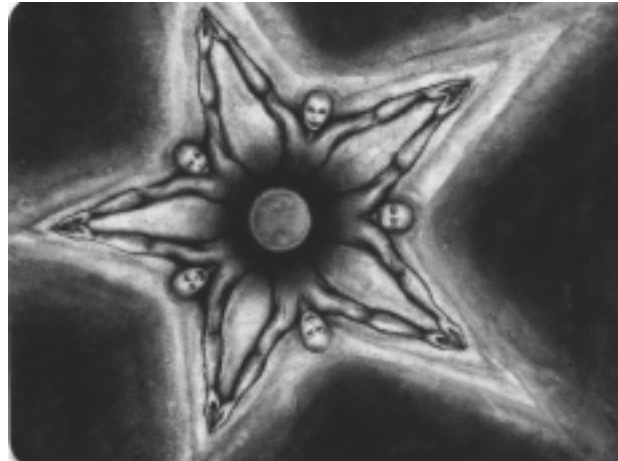
**W**AKING UP AND BECOMING LUCID inside of a dream is a second order change, where one literally snaps out of a hypnotic trance in which you were identified with being a separate, contracted self, or ego, cut off and disconnected from the rest of the dreamscape. You have an expansion of identity; in full-blown lucidity you realize your identity with not only the entire dream, as it is recognized to be just your own energy projected outwards, but also with the dreamer of the dream—what I call the deeper, dreaming Self—which is who you've now discovered yourself to be. The question I want to investigate is, how would you dream the dream onward if you became fully lucid?

When I ask some people this question, they respond by saying they would dream of losing twenty pounds, or getting a million dollars, or something of that nature. I respond by saying that these are all dreams of the smaller self, which is the dream that they've now wakened out of by becoming lucid. I remind them that in becoming lucid, they've discovered their identity with the deeper, dreaming Self. So the question becomes, how do you imagine this deeper, dreaming Self wants to dream the dream?

Please try and imagine the following as we proceed. You've awakened in the dream, becoming enlightened, so to speak, but now that

you've seen through the illusion of the separate self, you've realized that there is no such thing as enlightenment until everybody gets it. For when you become lucid in a dream, the boundary between yourself and others dissolves, as you realize the interconnectedness and non-separation between yourself and everybody else (all six billion others) in the dream.

So many of your fellow dream characters are so asleep, not



recognizing the dreamlike nature of their reality; it is as if they have fallen under an enchantment. They've become absorbed in the dream and have become so identified with their roles that they've forgotten who they are. They are truly suffering a case of mistaken identity. They are all just aspects of you. This is the point where you step into your bodhisattva-nature, as you begin to realize that to be of service to others is to literally help yourself, as who are these others but your own true Self?

Once you've become lucid you see that this isn't a dream that you are just passively watching in a detached way, but a dream in which you are actively participating in and co-

creating. You realize that you can consciously step into and cooperate with the dream, helping it unfold to its highest, wherever that may be. This isn't done from the point of view of the separate, egoic self, whose moment by moment expression is effort-full, straining, and striving, continually strategizing and manipulating the dream so as to fill its imagined sense of lack. This realization stems from a totally different center of one's psyche, an all-embracing place of fullness, an experience totally unimaginable as long as one is identified with any reference point whatsoever.

Over time, or better yet, when you snap out of the illusion of time itself, you realize that the boundary between dreaming and waking dissolves until you recognize that life itself is the dream from which you are awakening. You begin to have the astonishing realization that the universe is actually dreaming itself awake through us and it takes the most awake

and visionary among us to recognize this reality and help further the momentum of the process until it builds up a life of its own. We become agents, or representatives, of this awakening process, as we've realized our place in the universal dream, offering our lives in service as a conduit for this incarnating deeper, dreaming Self. ☺

Paul Levy had a spiritual awakening in 1981, and is in private practice, assisting people through their own process of awakening. As an artist, he is creating an art happening called "Global Awakening." He can be reached at (503) 234-6480. Upon completing this article, he turned on the television only to hear the words "This is your dream and you deserve to have dreams come true."

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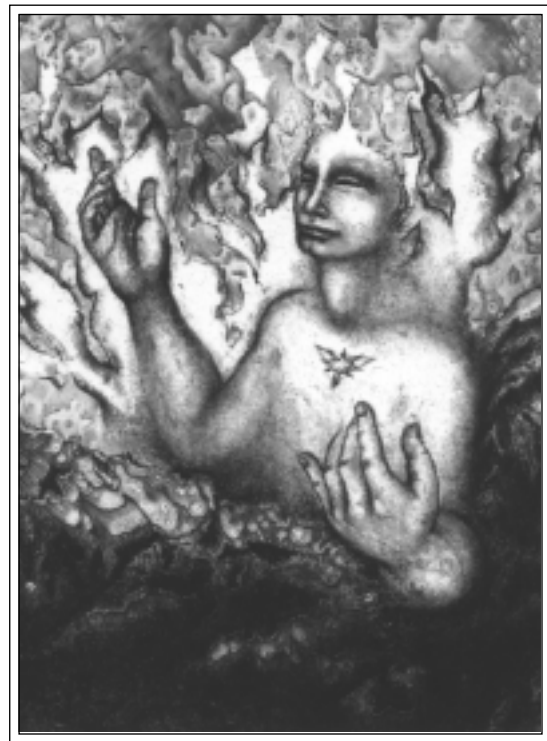
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## Dreaming Humanity's Path

### *a star, slowly opening*

*I see a tiny place within my body  
that appears in the shape  
of a star, slowly opening...  
and there is light in the center.*

*I begin to see/feel the message, which is that all  
healing begins deep within our inner being  
and is opened by our own desire  
and full participation to heal ourselves.*





# Haiku

By Jeanne Schul Elkins

Haiku originated in thirteenth century Japan. From its inception, the goal of haiku has been to create a connection with the natural world. That deep relationship to nature has lead many to describe haiku as a spiritual path. Usually, each haiku establishes a sense of season in collaboration with another image to stir the feelings and the imagination of the reader.

Like dreamwork, haiku is a vehicle for spiritual insight. It frames the experience of one insightful moment in a single breath. The world of the senses unites with the world of nature in haiku, as an offering from the heart.

The language of haiku is condensed, distilling a powerful experience into just three lines. As in dreamwork, haiku is written in the present tense. The flow of consciousness in haiku and dreams is not necessarily logical or linear. The intelligence that governs both is that of intuition.

As the most concentrated, shortest form of poetry, the focus of haiku is on images. Like dreamwork, haiku imagery has many layers and is multi-sensory. The symbolic value of the image enables the haiku poet to share a moment that was deeply touching with brevity.

Just as you can invite dream imagery to play in your conscious mind all day, haiku can be explored in a similar manner. If you approach each haiku in a relaxed state by dropping into your own breath and releasing distractions, you can open your heart and engage your active imagination. Experiment with reading a poem silently first, then out loud a couple of times. This approach enables you to cross the threshold of consciousness and to embrace the images as they appear in your mind's eye. Try not to analyze the poem. Just let the first two lines create their impression, while the third sometimes offers an insight or a surprise. Then, if you choose, you can take that haiku with you and mull over the images throughout the day. Enjoy the journey!

first Mother's Day gift -  
tiny reaching fingers grasp  
luminescent breast

Gulf of Mexico  
surf's monologue—ebb and flow  
a kind of silence

lone stork — frozen stance  
suspended timeless moment  
whom do you await

pelicans silhouetted  
against the sunset -  
in V-formation

bronze sun worshipper  
glimmering with fragrant oils -  
your lover, the sun

tide rolling toward shore  
cresting, crashing, colliding -  
souls dissolve in foam

sunrise beach comber  
fistful of buried treasures -  
which direction home

adolescent dream  
swallowed by enormous fish -  
who will rescue me

wide eyes peer at me  
rising out of surface sand  
awaken morning

conch shell oracle  
raised anxiously to my ear -  
awaiting answer

lost in books' pages -  
summer's sweet forgetfulness  
ah, timeless moments

blonde curly headed boy  
diving deep into the sea -  
what treasures you find

hammock suspended  
August's heat lulls occupant -  
dreams are having you

rainy summer night -  
overwhelmed, the woman sighs  
do not survive, thrive

black widow nightmare -  
slow sensuous seduction  
sucked into vortex

birthday visitor -  
snake peers in upstairs window  
what gift do you bring

summer fantasies -  
boughs of rocking willow tree  
manifest for me

Photography by Randy Elkins

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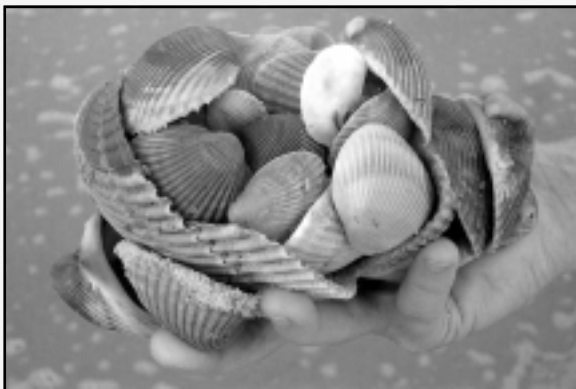
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ocean lullaby  
rhythmically to and fro -  
dance with me, my love



ocean breezes blow  
sleeping man anchors his kite -  
awaken to life



ocean pilgrimage  
amongst the shells and seaweed -  
wisdom pursues you



# SOUND Transformation in Dreamwork

by Sven Doehner, PhD, MFA

ONE DAY, A YOUNG WOMAN  
PRESENTS A DREAM:

*I am at the foot of a volcano that is about to erupt, surrounded by people running hysterically in all directions. To my surprise, I notice within the dream that I am calm in the midst of the chaos that surrounds me. I awaken.*

I ask the dreamer, "what was the sound in the dream?" The question surprises her. After a moment of hesitation, silence, to allow for a quick but intense review of her dream, she blurts out, with a bit of shame, "there was no sound."

Almost matching her tone and sound, with maybe a slight sense of interrogation, I repeat out loud: "there was no sound?"

"No," she says once again, more firmly, "there was no sound," before falling into a concentrated silence. I simply wait. Later, she says that during the silence, she had been identifying those aspects in her life that lacked sound—and what this meant to her.

If we pay little attention to sound in our lives, it is most probable that we also take it for granted in our dreams.

So I ask: "Had there been a sound, what might it have been?" wondering to myself which sound from the dream she would choose.

I'm surprised to see her body respond instantly, changing in posture, breathing rhythm, skin color as she tries to imagine—and then make—the sound that eventually emerges: a deep, low, long, lament around the vowel e... eeeeeeeeeiiiiiii.

Working with sound as a transformative tool has taught me that a sound must be sustained for at least two minutes for the ego to begin to relinquish control and allow for the authentic expression of whatever the person is experiencing most deeply to emerge,

I encourage her to disregard her breathing and simply continue making the sound, letting IT guide her.

This she does until suddenly stopping, which abruptly ushered in a pregnant silence, a space for reflection. In the language of alchemical psychology, after having been dissolved in the sound, something genuinely new had begun to take shape.

After several minutes of making and listening to the sound, it became clear—after an initial tentativeness and some slight shifting, as if tuning to find just the right pitch—that the sound, while soft, became quite firm, consistent, and insistent. With the different tones and nuances within the sound, it literally transported and connected us both to deeply unconscious places, drawn from surprisingly different and disconnected moments in our lives.

Soon she explains, to herself as much as to me, that she recognizes the sound as that of her most deep, secret, intimate pain. She had discovered the unmistakable sound of her pain and had given unequivocal voice to her hurt. It can now be truly heard and experienced.

It was at this moment that I realized that while all other sound therapies involve hearing and making sounds in order to achieve harmony, or a different state of consciousness, a genuine *sound transformation*—at the deepest levels of our being—calls for making, experiencing, and listening to the unconscious sounds of one's most profound pain, or of a difficult place in one's life, the sound of a burning need or passion.

The deeply therapeutic and transformative possibilities of allowing for our own spontaneously-made sounds to assist in the work of transformation in our lives dawned on me, and I could not resist asking for other sounds in the dream, not really knowing what to expect.

This time she identifies with the volcano, gradually making the grumbling sound of something boiling deeply within her rrrrrmmrrrrmmggrrrr mmmggrrrr. It becomes dramatically evident that an explosion is preparing to take place.

My final intervention is a suggestion that she attempt to make a sound that

combines both sounds, each now clearly identified with a specific state of consciousness. The challenge is to be faithful to each, even as they blend into a single, third, new sound.

To my surprise, after two or three attempts, going from one to the other, she actually manages it, coming out with a sound that indeed brings the two others together in a way that reflects both, even as it emerges as something completely new and powerful. Without prompting, she sustains the sound for a long time, fully enjoying the experience.

Afterward, we sit in a long silence, taking note of what has happened.

Then she speaks of how the different sounds bring with them an unexpected encounter with crystal clear images tied to different emotional situations, from the present as well as from the distant, more forgotten past, all somehow fitting into a new vision of herself in a specific context.

We end the session agreeing that she will try to make this combination of sounds periodically, particularly in moments of stress or anxiety. The challenge for her then is to really observe what happens within herself in making, experiencing and listening to her sounds.

Alchemical psychology shows how processes of transformation are accelerated by a special kind of participation, beginning with a carefully differentiated, phenomenological or naturalistic kind of observation. And there is much to observe, as we can be responding at several different levels simultaneously: somatic, emotional, intellectual, and even to something beyond the personal in our lives; the trick is to notice.

At a very practical level, hearing allows us to notice all sorts of things. Listening—and being listened to—favors interpersonal relationships far more than seeing and being seen.

Many months later, I can report that the transformations in this dreamer's life have been dramatic, clearly manifested in her marriage, career change, and other surprising developments in her inner and outer worlds—including the fact that she now sings regularly, literally making sound in her life every day.



As shown with this example, if the sounds within our dreams themselves are remembered, the way we explore the dream using sound(s) offers an often unexplored experiential mirror for reflecting surprisingly unconscious aspects of our relationship to the images that do, indeed, structure and inspire our daily lives.

There is a highly successful male lawyer in Mexico City who comes in unexpectedly with a dream, about having hurt his knee—with the point being how to tell his horseback riding buddies that he won't be able to join them.

I ask him to substitute telling me "about" the dream scene with actually saying it as if we are in the dream.

He quickly manages to see himself in the situation and blurts out, with correspondingly appropriate gestures and body language:

"I will tell them that it isn't my fault, that I don't really feel that much pain, but what can I do, the Doctor ordered me not to, so I can't do it, I'm sorry, it isn't my fault."

I instantly ask him to freeze, as I repeat the phrase out loud, imitating him as closely as I possibly can, letting the sound and the gestures in the phrase "...it isn't my fault" resonate in the room for a few instants. He laughs out loud, embarrassed, unmasked, uncomfortable—obviously moved at hearing himself. In spite of so-called defenses or resistances, he has begun to listen to himself as never before.

Then the fun begins, as I guide him into an exploration through the sound of his unconsciously stated phrase: "it isn't my fault. I would like to, but I can't, not my fault," for a full fifteen minutes.

After saying it several times to get a sense of which way it sounds closest to the way it is intended in the dream, I invite him to do a different kind of sound exercise. With his agreement, I ask him to say the same exact phrase throughout a series of different intonations, each time really trying to give the phrase the most authentic tone and full sense of first, anger, then, after a slight pause, sadness, then one by one, as an accusation, despair, with a sense of patience... then disparagingly, pleadingly, seriously, seductively,

convincingly and finally, with understanding.

To the degree that the person doing the exercise is sincere in committing him or herself to communicating the true sense of a phrase through the sound in which it is expressed, that same person experiences the same phrase very differently; each time, in accordance with the tone and attitude in which it is said. Remember that how we say something carries far more weight than what we say.



In the language of alchemical psychology, transformation is a process that involves first, identifying something very precisely through a recognition shared with the 'other.' Then a shift can take place, often facilitating the experience of the breaking or falling apart—dismemberment—of that identification, in ways that both open and bring to the protagonist a new stance and new possibilities in relation to what is at stake for him or her within the context of that which is being considered.

Saying out loud, hearing, experiencing and listening to the same highly charged—although unconsciously said—phrase, in different tones, pitches, inflections, accents, attitudes, breaks down the initial identification with only one particular sense of it, and shifts or transforms the person's re-

lationship with the basic themes and content of the phrase.

All of these exercises are magnified in dream groups, which serve as containers for as many perspectives as there are participants, and through sound-work, can provide all group members with an opportunity to hear and see the dream images through the experience of "mirroring" and "being mirrored," at many different levels and from multiple points of view. In practice, this often proves to be difficult, yet revealing, good fun for all involved.

In another exercise, I ask the dreamer to convert the words "it's not my fault" into only sounds, repeating it several times until becoming a long single sound, which I encourage him to sustain for several minutes—until he literally breaks down in tears that he cannot repress.

Minimizing or disallowing the words altogether automatically lowers the defenses triggered by the literal content of the words, allowing the listener to concentrate purely on the sound that carries the intention and reveals the emotional sense of what is trying to be expressed.

Afterward, the dreamer's account of the different images that appeared to him during his journey in sound—from early childhood to an unexpectedly different sense of what the issues at stake for him today really are—opened my imagination further to the transformative power found in the soundwork suggested by dream images.

Before ending this session, the dreamer shares his experience of hearing and listening so clearly to himself as the victim, recalling how he becomes the victim in different ways with his wife, his kids, his boss, his clients, his buddies. The obvious exercise is then to say the actual phrase—as if, in fact, with his wife or one of the others - out loud, in order to hear and experience it and make listening to it possible.

The results in the dreamer's everyday life have been astonishing, as he has clearly moved out of the 'victim' stance in all sorts of ways. He now easily recognizes himself unconsciously becoming the victim and can no longer bear to see himself in that position.

*Continued on page 43*

## BOOK REVIEW

by Victoria Vlach

### Journey From the Keep of Bones

by Michelle Miller Allen

"All this time we've been sitting  
here, my brother,  
I can think of only one thing."

"What is that, brother?"

"That I must go into the water."

AND SO BEGINS A JOURNEY across time, across gender, across water from the world known to a world unimaginably far away, across and back, changed, transformed, and unrecognizable from before. And those who remain? They are changed as well, willingly, and not. Aware of what appears to be one thing, but revealed to be something else.

It was difficult to put this book down. Chapters alternate between a tribe in ancient Mesoamerica and the journeys of four people coming together in modern day America. People who are bound together now by who they were and what they did then in that long-ago tribe. Exploring issues of gender and power, self-autonomy, and fear, Allen weaves a compelling story. The movements and choices made by the major characters (in both sections) are echoed often enough by their across-time counterparts that, at times, Allen seems to imply that time is simultaneous. While the idea of reincarnation is no longer a strange concept, the idea of simultaneous time is not usually found in general fiction. Simultaneous time might not be unfamiliar to those who read Jane Roberts/Seth or some of the other channeled material, but it is re-

freshing to see it implied (if not overtly stated) in a work of general fiction. And, as a woman called Light would say, 'it's about Time', and one's relationship to Time / in Time.

The characters are complex and it wasn't a simple matter to figure out which characters were counterparts across time and gender. They aren't simply reversed images, especially given that power and self-autonomy are more evenly balanced across gender-lines in modern America. Following the characters as they meet and part in the New Mexico landscape, and flashing 'back' to Mesoamerica at critical junctures, kept pulling me forward, wanting more. For Light, this coming together is part of a 'gathering of Souls' agreements among individuals who have known each other 'before' to reconnect in this life. The reasons are as varied as the individuals resolving past problems, correcting imbalances, fun, etc. Just the idea of a 'gathering of Souls' is exciting to me, even though it's not all sweetness and white light in the process. Living through the process of becoming aware, awake, alive, can be most difficult. There is a risk to taking a name for one's self, and while there are guides and help along the way (Light is one), each person must do what is needed and necessary—it won't be done for them. Patterns must be changed or broken, taboos must be challenged and even shattered, in order to leave the known and enter into the unknown. It's an uncomfortable and sometimes dangerous place, the unknown. There are wild emotions,

wild animals. One could be killed, or die. In that journey, the bones of the dead may provide the only shelter, and temporary shelter, at that. But it's worth the risk. "I hope you get it," says Motorcycle Woman to Maxine. The jaguar watches Sah-bey.

It's a big thing to get, moving into this new world. Allen adroitly explored this theme in her previous book *hunger* in the first person singular (written under the name 'Michelle Miller'). And it's not just making the journey there: one has to come back, as well. And upon returning will you be recognized by those closest to you? Will you be welcomed, or will people respond with fear and mistrust? The returning can be even more of a challenge. To think that someone is dead is one thing, but to see them return a completely different self, bringing ideas and concepts that can totally change the world (and the power-structure in it), that is something else again.

This is a book of Change. It is no accident that one man enters the water (and is transformed) one man stays (and fear takes hold. It is no accident that one woman is banished (compelled to go out from the known, becoming transformed among the Bones) and one woman dies (within the culture in which she is nameless). It is no accident that they, woman-to-woman, man-to-man, agreed to come back, across time and gender, to see the world from the other's view. To be transformed, across time, across gender, across self—that is a compelling journey. One enters the water—all the way to the Bones. §

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### Sound Transform...Cont'd from p. 41

Whether his overweight condition is connected to these results or not, he continues to lose weight, which is a major concern in this man's life.

This exemplifies how a heightened sensitivity through soundwork leaves a form of imprint that is easy to remember when a similar situation presents itself. There is often far more consciousness, embodiment and freedom of expression as a result of its (soundworks') use.

The proposal that sound transforms is so obvious and simple that it is usually overlooked. Sound involves breathing, which brings movement. Movement produces sound, and sound has an effect on things. It unblocks, releases, and gives inner and outer form to different encounters.

We communicate our deepest feelings through sound, which is an energy that vivifies, giving form to the emotional aspect of the situation that produced the sound. Through sound, breathing joins the body with the emotions. Sound is an energetic structure

that—when freed from the need to be harmonic—transmutes into new forms.

This technique does not depend on being able to sing or even to keep a tune. It is also definitely not about sound as a catharsis, or release of energy. It is also not about toning or harmony or the search for equilibrium, but rather about simply helping an individual to find the sounds that best expresses his or her conflicts and tension—as it appears in the dream images—and then letting the sound itself—sustained and / or modified—take the dreamer, and anyone participating, where the sounds need to go.

When we become sensitive to sound in dream images, we enter and touch depths that cannot possibly be imagined beforehand. Let us begin to practice listening to the qualities in the sound of a person's voice. What tone, pitch, attitude, extension, height, depth, rhythm, melody, volume, timbre, resonance, dissonance, energy or intention is revealed in the sound?

Sound is transformative in that it involves and brings together the life of our body, soul emotional & intellec-

tual bodies. Sound often takes us to levels that go beyond our personal experiences, connecting us to a universal, mythical, or transpersonal dimension that encourages something truly new to emerge in our lives.

Since 2001, my personal experience attests to how—by way of sensitivity to the sound that comes with our dreams—we can bring higher consciousness into our lives. §



Sven Doehner, PhD, MFA, has been trained in Depth Psychology by James Hillman, at the Dallas Institute of Humanities and Culture, at the C.G. Jung Institute in Boston, and in his 20 years of psychotherapeutic work, principally in Mexico City. He has also worked extensively with native Mexican healers. He explores the borders between contemporary depth psychology and ancient healing traditions. Email: [sven@psicologiaprofunda.com](mailto:sven@psicologiaprofunda.com)

# BETWEEN TWO WORLDS

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In keeping with the theme of this special issue of *Dream Network* addressing the 'borderland' dream experience, the following dream beautifully illustrates the place where dreams can take us. The dreamer requested my opinion of the dream in regard to whether a psychic friend of hers interpreted it correctly, and also asked for my insights about her dream experience.

This dream occurred approximately in April of this year:

*I'm standing in the mountain hill of Eskifjörður, where I come from, and my son is by my side. I am conscious of the facts that the location didn't matter and that my son doesn't have any role in my being here. I look up at the sky and see these huge cloud formations; it seems as though the clouds come together in the wide open clear sky and make unbelievably bigger circles. One by one, they open up in the middle and a sort of pale orange light comes out from the middle. It is not like an explosion, but just a little 'puff,' when the middle opens up and the light orange color comes through. This happens five times and the circles come closer with each circle formation.*

~Anon., Reykjavik, Iceland

What first stood out about this dream, was the dreamer's emphatic clarity about the facts that her dream location, Eskifjörður, and

having her son beside her had no bearing on being in the right place at the right time to witness the gathering of concentric cloud circles. In other words, she did not attribute her connections (birthplace/son) to the earth (self) to her observations of the phenomena in the sky. Her dream message seemed to underline that the circle phenomena was clearly separate from her earth life. The drama that plays out in the sky is symbolic of the intellectual realm where linear, practical and functional parts of experience take root and grow; the source of creation, the void out of which all is/was born. The dream events may have been a 'directive' from the mental to the physical world, vis-à-vis her dream. And, I think there is meaning attached to the dreamer placing herself at the location where she was born. Perhaps new beginnings or 'birthings' are afoot for the psyche/self of the dreamer.

Further examination of the dream's symbolic elements also yields useful information. Consider that although clouds appear solid, they are actually dense vapor molecules that form in the atmosphere. Who hasn't laid on their back at the beach or in a field and watched clouds finding shapes, as wind currents moved them across the sky? And these clouds took on circular forms and expanded as they merged. Jung believed circles appearing in dreams were symbols of the authentic self. The cloud circles in this dream coalesced and expanded into bigger ones; Jung might speculate that the dreamer was ready for integration to happen. Paralleling this concept is the circle as representative of the

feminine, which ties into the birth (birthplace/son) theme of the dream present in the dream's imagery.

Orange light is an interesting choice of color, since orange is usually connected to physical energy. It would be helpful for the dreamer to associate to what the color orange means to her. Its presence in the sky (or intellectual realm) is an interesting placement, but perhaps its soft tone is an attempt of feminine energy fusing the mental and physical together. The dreamer stated that the blending of circles happened five times. Five is a number of chaos and change in some interpretations; it indicates marriage in old fortune telling traditions. The number five will have personal meaning to the dreamer such as relevance of dream material to when she was five years old.

While at one level there is the opportunity for the dreamer to experience the fusion of mental and physical energies of her authentic self, there is another level to consider. The dreamer's psychic friend suggested that she had been watching spaceship activity, "because they are in numbers around us now." Intrigued with this notion, it is possible that the dreamer did visit the edge, the borderland of dreams and was 'shown' the possibilities that exist between the realms of heaven and earth, between two worlds.

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Dream Times is an interactive column available for you, our readers. Submit dream questions or topics to Marlene King, M.A. P.O. Box 477 Murphy, OR 97533 or e-mail, marlene@chatlink.com

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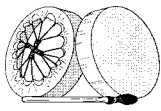
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We are honored to be able to assist in making quality dream-related information and resources available to you via the willingness of these knowledgeable individuals. All are committed to the value of dreams; each has her/his own area of interest and/or expertise and can help point the way to the most appropriate resources to meet your needs. Most are available to answer questions from any caller, regardless of location. **If you would like to serve in this way, please contact us.**

Please respect each individual's requests insofar as time availability. **If no specific time is indicated, assume that you can call at anytime;** you may get an answering machine. When leaving a message on a toll call, expect a collect call in return.

**AFRICA** dreams1@telkomsa.net

**Charles de Beer** PO Box 598  
Umtentweni 4235, South Africa  
Dream Readings: Worldwide

## **ALASKA**

**Susan Fredericks** 907/983-2324

Jungian, Dream Groups, Info  
Skagway, State of Alaska

**Tima Priess** 907/479-6553

Animals, Dreams & Trauma  
Near Fairbanks

## **CALIFORNIA**

**Bay Area Dreamworkers**

**(BADG)** 707/824-9121

% Eric Snyder

Email: esnyder@sonic.net

Info & Resources on Regional  
Networking for Dreamworkers

**Dream Library & Archives**

**Jill Gregory, Director**

**415/897-7955**

Extensive Dream Resources  
San Francisco Bay Area, CA

**Bambi Corso** 805/376-8281

email: ohtodream@aol.com

Dream Groups, Dream Tending

Call from 8am-8p.m.

Southern CA/West Coast

**Elizabeth Howard**

**831/622-7770**

holisticliz@hotmail.com

Dream Groups, Resources

CA., will respond to calls from  
anywhere USA

**Patricia Keelin** 707/254-7829

Lucid Dreaming - NO. California

**Frank Stefano** 619/270-6766

Groups, General Info

San Diego Area

## **CANADA**

**Suzanne Nadon** 519/371-6060

Creativity & Lifestyle, Jung

Ontario/Native Community

## **COLORADO**

**Georgia Stout** 970/328-5280

georgiastout@cs.com

Gen. Info/Groups

Colorado/Rocky Mountains

**Kat Peters-Midland** 970/204-4005

Dream Groups/Resources

Rocky Mountains/West

Email: bobkattc@attbi.com

## **CONNECTICUT**

**Nancy Weston** MA 203/744-6823

e-mail: InnerKid2@aol.com

**Isobel McGrath** MA 203/790-1503

e-mail: UKHypnosis@aol.com

## **FLORIDA**

**Eleonora Marinaro** 727/697-2763

Jungian Dream Analysis-Spiritual

Direction. Groups-Workshops FL

## **GERMANY**

**Michael Schredl** 0621/793525

General info/resources, groups

Preferred language German

6pm - 7pm Mon-Fri

Germany, Austria & Switz.

## **HAWAII**

**Athena Lou**

LouJ001@hawaii.rr.com

General info; Dream Retreats

Hawaiian Islands/West Coast

## **ILLINOIS**

**Gail A. Roberts** 630/365-0771

Dream Groups, Creativity

Saint Charles Area, IL

**Rev. Dan Prechtel**

**847/492-9013**

General info/lucid, groups

Spiritual companionship

Metro Chicago & Northshore

## **INDIANA**

**Barbara Zimny** 317/577-3675

Dream Groups. General Resources

Indianapolis Area Email:

bzimny@intuitionbridge.com

## **KANSAS**

**Steve Carter** 316/263-8896

General Resources & Groups

M/Th/Fr eves. KS/No. OK

## **MASSACHUSETTS**

**Edith Gilmore** 978/371-1619

Lucid, General, Sunday p.m. Group

Early eves Boston/MetroWest

**Dick McLeester** 413/772-6569

General Resources

Greater New England/W.MA

**Ramsay Raymond** 508/369-2634

Experiential dreamwork.

Mon. & Fri. best.

East MA/esp. Boston & West

**Fa. Joseph Sedley**

**508/842-8821**

Pastoral dreamwork/12 Step

**Cody Sisson** 413/498-5950

cody@dragon-heart.com

Dreamwork Certification

## **MICHIGAN**

**Judy White** 616/353-7607

Holistic Therapies & Dream

Groups-Michigan

## **MINNESOTA**

**Jaye C. Beldo** 612/827-6835

Dream Democracy/Integrative

Dream Narration-- Evenings

Upper Midwest

**Mary Flaten** 507/663-1269

General Resources & Groups

State of Minnesota

## **MISSOURI**

**Rosemary Watts** 314/432-7909

General resources, Creative!

St. Louis & State of MO

## **NEW JERSEY**

**Dawn Hill** 908/647-3720

General Info and Groups

Evenings after 5:30p.m. EST/NJ

## **NEW YORK**

**Jennifer Borchers** 212/683-5667

Recovery from childhood abuse.

NY/esp. Five Boroughs

**Alan Flagg** 212/532-8042

Senoi & Ullman dream groups

Information & General Resources

allenefflagg@rcn.com NY

**Ann Goelitz** CSW 212/561-1633

Dream Groups & Workshops

General Information & Resources

New York City area

**LeonVanLeeuwen** 212/888-0552

General Resources, groups NY

**Pearl Natter** 845/353-0511

Dream groups, General Resources.

NY/No. NJ/CT

## **NORTH CAROLINA**

**Robert Gongloff** 828/669-1203

Dream Groups, General Resources

## **OHIO**

**Noreen Wessling** 513/831-7045

General Info & Groups: OHIO

**Micki Seltzer** 614/267-1341

General Info & Groups. OHIO

## **OREGON**

**E. W. Kellogg III** 541/535-7187

Lucid dreaming/Dream Healing

E-mail: DoctorStrange@msn.com

**Graywolf Swinney** 541/476-0492

Dreams & Consciousness International

**Peggy Coats/The Dream Tree**

**503/288-9991**

pcoats@dreamtree.com

online dream resource center

## **PENNSYLVANIA/OHIO**

**Mena Potts, Ph.D.**

**614/264-4444**

Experiential Dream Groups

7-9 p.m. Central PA/N.E. Ohio

## **SWITZERLAND**

**Art Funkhouser** (031) 331 6600

atf@alum.mit.edu \* Bern, Switz.

## **TENNESSEE**

**Tom Goad** 615/834-6564

General Resources/Dream Group

dreamgroup@webtv.net

## **TEXAS**

**Phillip Dunn** 214/908-6261

Classes in Lucid Dreaming & OBE

Dallas, TX dreamclasses@yahoo.com

**Vicky Vlach**

rememberdreams@yahoo.com

Info & Resources-Austin, TX

## **UTAH**

**Roberta Ossana** 435/259-5936

DreamKey@lasa.net Resources &

Groups, Info UT/Four Corner Area

## **VERMONT**

**Janis Comb** 802/933-6742

Dream Groups,

Astrological Dreamwork

## **VIRGINIA**

**Anthony Golembiewski**

**540/949-6901**

Mutual & Lucid Dreaming

Eves & Weekends preferred

## **WASHINGTON D.C.**

**Rita Dwyer** 703/281-3639

General Resources, Groups

Metropolitan D.C. area

## **WASHINGTON STATE**

**Judith Picone** 425/745-3545

and **Lee Piper** 360/659-0459

General Resources/Native

Pacific NW/ID/MN

## **WISCONSIN**

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- a quarterly issue of lucid dream experiences submitted by readers who enjoy sharing their lucid experiences and learning from those of others. Contact Lucy Gillis at [lucy@turbotek.net](mailto:lucy@turbotek.net) or Robert Waggoner at PO Box 11, Ames, IA 50010.

In this GROUP, we promote self-discovery via understanding the special language & imagery of dreams. **Manhattan & Westchester NY.** Call 914/591-7607 Elizabeth Howell, Ph.D.

## "WORKING WITH DREAMS"

Weekly Ullman-style Dream Study  
Tuesdays 7:30 - 9:30 Contact  
David Pitkin Ph: 518/885-2095  
Ballston Spa, NY

Exploring inner worlds through LUCID DREAMING? Weekly study group. No fee. Johannes Vloothuis, 25 East 21st St., Hamilton, Ontario Canada L8V 2T3  
Phone: 416/383-5743

## Dream workshop of the THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY in Miami & South Florida.

To encourage the study & interpretation of dreams for psychological & esoteric purposes. No fee. Facilitators: Sy Ginsburg & Angie Hall. Meets Wed./12 Noon @ Theosophical Society, 831 S. Federal Hiway, Deerfield Beach 33441 Ph: 954/420-0908

## Stanley Krippner & Ruth Inge Heinze

Drawing from Ullman method & other systems. Wed: 7:30-9:30pm.  
BERKELEY, CA. Ph:510/849-3791

BAY AREA LUCID dreamers of all levels of experience. Monthly meetings on Sunday P.M. No fee. Ph: 510/549-2162 Berkeley, CA . Contact Ruth Sacksteder

## DREAMWORK, Jeremy Taylor Style

Santa Monica, CA.. Licensed Marriage & Family Therapist, Shannon Batts, M.S. Donation.  
[Bathead@ix.netcom.com](mailto:Bathead@ix.netcom.com)  
or Ph: 310/339-5958

## DREAM GROUPS & WORKSHOPS

### Northern & Central Vermont

Ongoing dream groups;  
Astrological Dreamwork  
Contact Janis Comb 802/933-6742

### ASHVILLE, NC

Mountain Dreamers  
Ashville: Meets 1st & 3rd Wednesdays  
No Fee—Info, Contact Robert Gongloff  
Ph: 828/669-1203

### "IF IT WERE MY DREAM"

Groups and Dreamwork by phone  
Workshops, Groups, Adult Ed  
Courses, Presentations, Individuals.

### Contact DREAMCATCHERS

Nancy Weston 203/744-6823  
[InnerKid2@aol.com](mailto:InnerKid2@aol.com) or  
Isobel McGrath 203/790-1503  
[UKHypnosis@aol.com](mailto:UKHypnosis@aol.com)  
Western CT/ NY border

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Perry Harris Ph: 914/782-8286

### Dream Resources, Groups & Connections

Roberta Ossana @ 435/259-5936 or  
[Roberta@DreamNetwork.net](mailto:Roberta@DreamNetwork.net)  
Utah/U.S.

### LAMB & LION MINISTRIES

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journey, individual & group  
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Reverend Dan Prechtel.  
Ph: 847/492-9013 Evanston, IL

### CREATIVE DREAM GROUPS & WORKSHOPS

Utilizing Jungian, expressive and integrative dreamwork methods.  
Contact Marlene King, M.A.,  
PO Box 477, Murphy, OR 97533-0477

### NEW ENGLAND Contact

Greater Boston / Cambridge area.  
Dick McLeester @ New Dreamtime  
PO Box 92 Greenfield, MA 01302  
Ph: 413/772-6569

### COLOMBUS, OH Dream group.

Peer-led. Ullman style process.  
Meets every MONDAY, midday,  
Clintonville area. Micki Seltzer  
Ph: 614/267-1341

## METRO D.C. COMMUNITY

Open To All who share an interest in dreams. 1st Sat. each month, 1-5pm  
133 Park St. NE, Vienna, VA.  
Info: contact Rita Dwyer.  
Ph: 703/281-3639 No fee.

## EDITH GILMORE

Egalitarian dream study & interpretation group meets monthly on Sun. afternoon in my home. 112 Minot Rd., Concord, MA 01742 Ph: 978/371-1619

## CYNTHIA KOHES, M.S.W.

Dream Group, Thursday evenings.  
No fee. Santa Rosa, CA. Ph:707/526-2500

The ASCLEPIADS will receive requests for dream consultations and guidance from any reader of the *Dream Network Journal* on a once-free/second-time, donation basis.

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Our email address is  
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## THE DREAMWHEEL

Dream groups, workshops, individual consultation, referrals for lay people and professionals.

Jungian/Psychoanalytic orientation, creativity, deep ecology, vision quest.  
Ramsay Raymond, 191 Sudbury Rd.  
Concord, MA 01742-3423  
PH: 978/369-2634 or  
Email: [Dreamwheel@compuserve.com](mailto:Dreamwheel@compuserve.com)

## EDGAR CAYCE Dream Workshop.

Meets every Monday night from 7-9pm. Please contact Leon B. Van Leeuwen at 212/888-0552 NY, NY.

## SWITZERLAND

Bern & Thun: Art Funkhouser  
Altenbergstr. 126, 3013 Bern

## Is Your Group Listed Here?

If you wish to start a Dream Group or have an active group and are open to new members, please send us your information so that we can help you get the word out.

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

## New Releases

**SHE WHO DREAMS:  
A Journey Into Healing  
Through Dreamwork**

By: Wanda Burch

Foreword: Robert Moss

Publication Date: October 8, 2003

Price: \$14.95, Trade Paper

Published by New World Library

In *She Who Dreams*, Wanda Burch proves that dreaming is healing. Our bodies speak to us in dreams, giving us early warning of symptoms we might develop, showing us what they need to stay well. Dreams give us fresh and powerful images for self-healing. Beyond this, dreams can take us—sleeping or hyper-awake—into realms where we can have direct access to sacred healers and teachers.

These themes and possibilities come vividly alive in Wanda Burch's "brave and beautiful book, *She Who Dreams*, which is both the narrative of a personal journey into healing through dreaming and an incitement to bring the gifts of active dreaming into our everyday lives." [Robert Moss, foreword and author of *Conscious Dreaming*].

Her message is that wisdom lives within each of us, and we can tap into that wisdom with some guidance. Wanda writes that "within each of us lies the ability to rise above the challenges of our lives and choose our own ways of living, of healing."

Wanda is a long-term survivor (14 years) of breast cancer who has always had a vibrant dream life. She works with Robert Moss, author of *Conscious Dreaming*.

**Publisher Contact:** New World Library, Marjorie Conte • 415-884-2100 Ext. 18 - • marjorie@nwlib.com

**Author Contact:** Wanda Burch 518-922-7051 email: ronwan@capital.net



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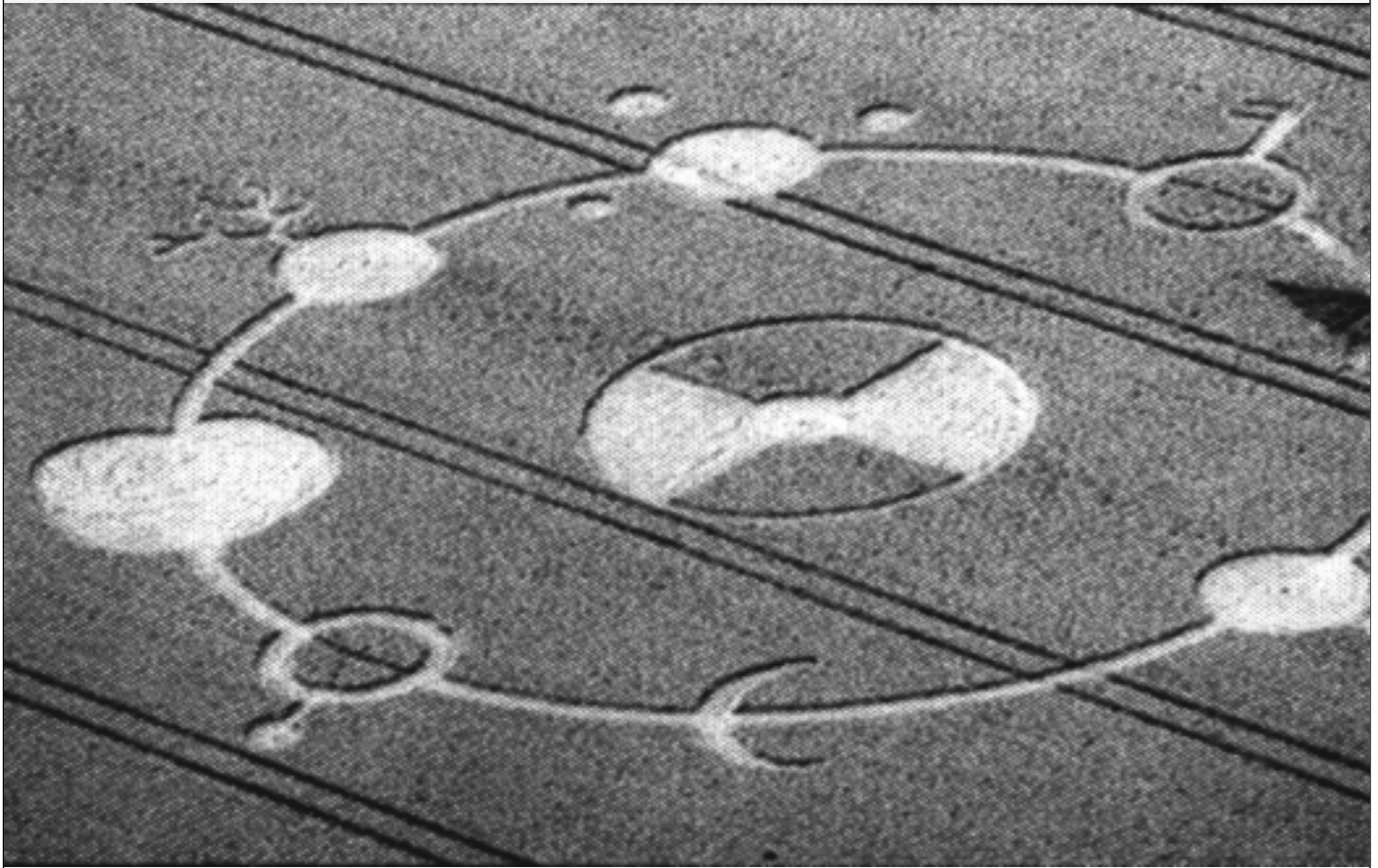
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There is complete silence this day, the day before Christmas.

Richard Chamberlain rides his bicycle, his priestly robes billowing in the wind, as he travels through the country roads and little villages on his way to Lourdes in France.

Then at the stroke of midnight, as Christmas-Day enters, the Heavenly Chorus begins to sing and for a whole day this continues and the world is at peace.

"Ah," I say to myself as I watch and listen to all of this unfolding, "It can be done."



The "Dharmic Wheel" Crop Circle



