

Creative Dreamwork

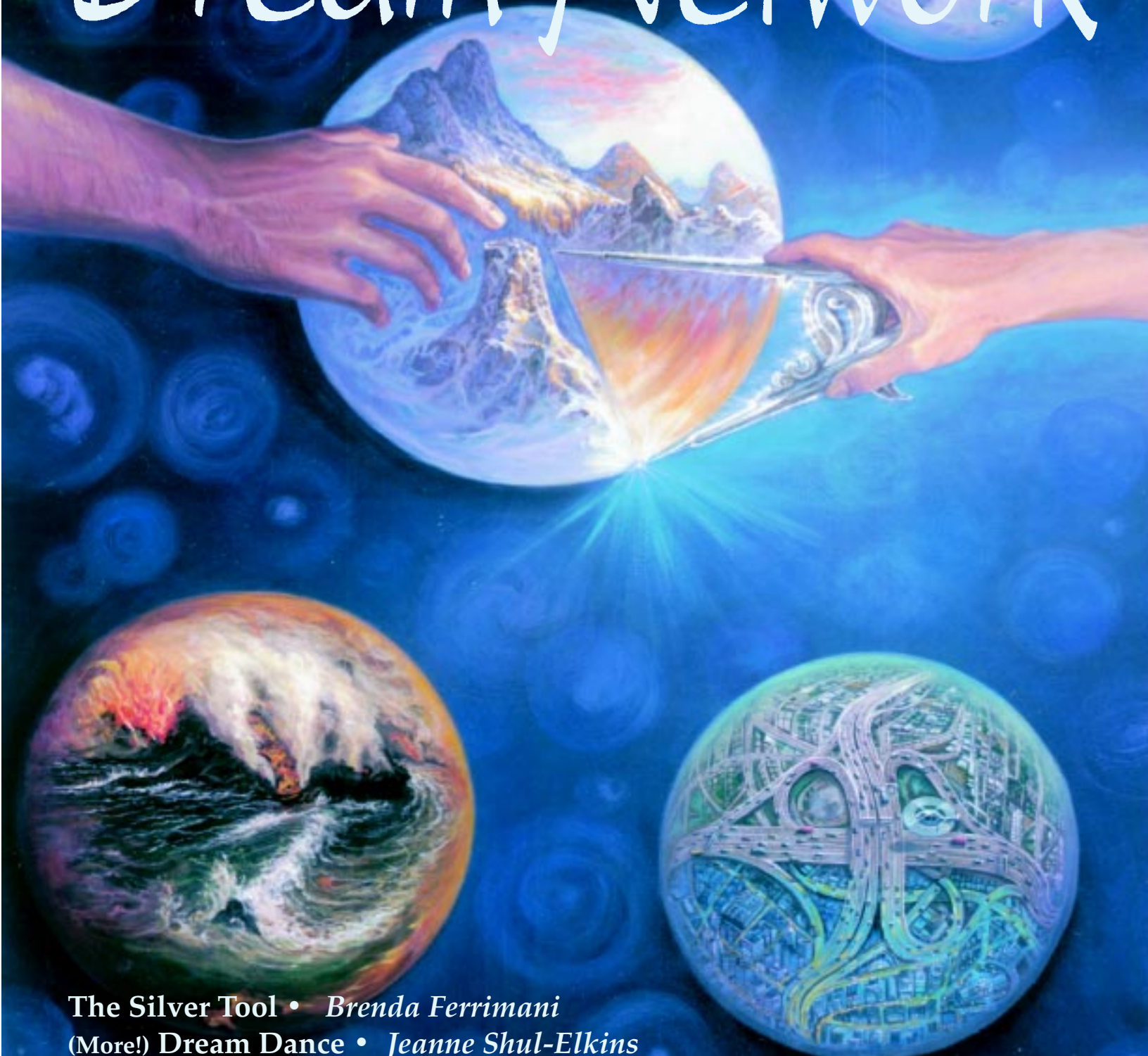
Since 1982

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Dream Network



The Silver Tool • *Brenda Ferrimani*
(More!) Dream Dance • *Jeanne Shul-Elkins*
Planes, Dreams & Eagle Feathers • *Connie Mah*
JINNS On the Road to Morocco • *Stanley Krippner*

Statement of Purpose

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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. 3

Precognitive Dreams:

How have they helped you...
Change your course of action?

Provision of warnings?

Any dreams re: upcoming election?

Lifeline: 4 Weeks

after you receive
this issue.

***NOTE Regarding Submissions:**

Individuals from all cultures and walks of life who desire to share are encouraged to submit dream & myth-related manuscript, poetry and artwork for consideration... even if it falls outside the scope of the current focus or theme. We also invite your dreamsharing, transformational dream experiences and insights regarding effective dreamwork and dreamplay techniques.

Given the overall synchronicity that shapes the *Dream Network*, your submission is likely to 'fit' perfectly in an upcoming issue.

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

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

Editorial



For decades, I've believed we are on the threshold of an awakening the likes of which have not visited this planet... perhaps since 'the beginning.' It has taken stubborn optimism to maintain this belief and it has helped to know it is shared by a growing number of people around the world; we are incorrigible optimists. In the face of fear, oppressive forces—yes, evil—and uncertainty, we carry on, knowing "Something's coming on; don't know what it is but it's getting stronger." We WILL see the light; we WILL know the Heaven on Earth the Creator intended.

Many sought-out experiences and exposures, teachers, studies—seeking, in essence—have led me to this stance. Though I had been 'on the trail' for many years—meditating, affirming, chanting, praying, immersing myself through my work and reading in cultures heretofore unknown—it was when Dreams began forging their way into my consciousness that dreams became my primary path on the journey. Dreams teach there is no quick-fix, no easy way, no positive thinking methodology that can substitute for looking oneself squarely in the face, which is what we're all being required to do as we face the chaos in our world today... and nurture the awakening.

Dreams have and continue to reveal my 'dark side'/shadow, my projections, the yet-to-be-healed trauma I've suffered and inflict upon myself and the ways in which my own personal situation is but a microcosm of the planetary condition. They have shown me that as I work to heal myself and others, I am contributing in a big way to healing the trauma that has visited all life forms and this Mother, Earth. Hard work!

HOWEVER, it is the 'Big Dreams,' the gift of being chosen by Spirit/ the 'collective unconscious' to receive

visionary impressions that provide the foundation strong enough to continue the ongoing work. One of my Jungian mentors told me it goes on for one's lifetime. Thanks, Paco, wherever you are!

There are two such dreams—big, but at the same time, personal—that have come recently that I'd like to share with you, so that you may say, "If this were my dream," and bask in the wonder with me.

The Book of Miracles

A Hand from the Sky reaches down and gives me a package on the outside of which is a set of golden KEYS. The package is slightly rounded and feels somewhat like a steering wheel. I think "Oh, someone is giving me a car!" I turn it over and see the wrap is a brilliant Sky-Blue color on which is printed in bold, white, tall letters the word MIRACLES.

Improvisation

I am sitting at the piano, feeling the same kind of frustration that caused me to stop playing some years ago: I can't improvise, but only play while reading sheet music. Suddenly, my hands take on a life—and mind—of their own and effortlessly begin playing the most beautiful improvisational jazz I've ever heard! It is amazing.

When I awakened, my hands tingled and continued to do so for a long, long time.

I've already shared this dream with a few people... you know how it's hard to contain dreams of this nature? Charles de Beer was kind enough to forward this 'reading':

"To create music is probably one of the most harmonious activities one can imagine, sound being the first creation, because for "God to say.. let there be..." "SAY-ING" must already have been created. In Jewish philosophy it is thought that the 22 letters of the Hebrew Alphabet were the very first

creation, wherewith Sound was then produced, enabling the rest of creation to proceed. I think your dream illustrates your life, in which through Dream Networking you send harmony and LOVE out into the world."

Love to you. Charles

Playing music at this computer keyboard is my gift to you and each of the contributor's constitute our 'orchestra.' Here, we explore the incredible array of ways in which we can incorporate and manifest the visions of the night into this reality and engage in the act of Creation as we do so! Brenda Ferrimani, our cover artist and contributor (p. 10) encourages Art; Jeanne Elkins shares more of her innovative Dream-Dance processes (p.12); Noreen Wessling provides a chronicle of the evolution of her work with the Pines Dream-Sharers (PDS, p. 15);* and the beat goes on to Morocco where Stanley Krippner engages and learns with the JINNS of Morocco (p.34).

This journal comes to you with the help and contribution of many people; Thank You All! I would particularly like to mention an angel named Michael Whisman, a true and trusted friend of many years, who believes in the good work this publication is doing in the world. Thank you ♥ Michael! We ask your help as well. Please encourage or give gift subscriptions to those who want to join the symphony and participate in the ongoing evolution of this unique 'Book of Miracles.'

Our upcoming issue will focus on precognitive dreams; we are especially interested in publishing dreams which speak to the upcoming election; your submission, welcome.

Yours in Peace

Roberta O.

* Please see DNJ, V. 12 # 2 for Noreen's article on the beginnings of PDS: *The Adventure of Starting Your Own Dream Group* (pgs. 30-32).

Errata: V. 23 #1: p. 27 Collage by Frances Ring. Thank you ♥, Frances!



Dreaming Up Dream Network

As soon as I saw the cover of the latest issue of DNJ, I realized that I was in for a special treat! And what a wonderfully orchestrated issue it is! Something for every type of dreamworker in there. I thought I would share a dream from a month ago, when you were, I expect "sculpting" the issue:

I am a guest at Bob Hoss' house, a sprawling modern construction, along with many other dream friends, none of whom I recognize. This is a combination party and dreamwork showcase. Different people have a variety of ways of working with dreams which they share. Everyone is very accepting of each others' methods. A short, short-haired woman in her 40's demonstrates how she turns dream into dance. I dance a few turns with her. I like this method! Another woman talks about creating dream drama. We are in a room with a large picture window and sliding glass door overlooking the landscape. It is night and suddenly a terrific hailstorm begins. Bob is startled, and he says that it never does this around here this time of year. He invites us all to stay overnight, and says that none of us should try to travel in this weather!

It looks like I was "tuning in" to your process, as well as Bob's, since he was at the time finalizing the program for the next ASD Dream Conference. I checked with Bob and it turns out that this is an accurate description of his house in Arizona (which I have never visited), and also of weather patterns there for this time of year. He says that hailstorms are more typical of August. And, there will be sessions on dreamwork with dance and theatre at the conference. Love,

Curtiss Hoffman, Ashland, MA

DN's Dreamsharing Booklet Insightful

Received the dream booklet today—thank you very much for mailing it me. From the quick glance I've had at it so far it looks very interesting and will get some time tonight (hopefully) to really get into it and give it my full attention. Your outline for the dream class will be wonderfully helpful. At this point almost anything would be helpful, since this is my first experience doing anything of this nature. It is greatly appreciated. The ethics principles are quite important and definitely need to be spelled out in the beginning, as this will encourage trust and openness in sharing personal material, so please send those as well. You have been so helpful and supportive and I am very appreciative and want to thank you for your thoughtfulness and kindness.

I'm sure it would be helpful for the dream group members to have the booklet to use as a reference and I will definitely recommend they get it.

Thanks again,
Carelyn Parr, St. George, UT

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High Compliment from Henry Reed

(written to a reporter doing a story on Henry and his exceptional work w/ cc to us)

I was thinking, if the story is about the dreamwork movement, you need to mention where that movement is today. Sundance published for only three years, and then that job was taken over by what is now Dream Network. The first few years it had several editors, including yours truly, but for the last many, many years, it has been Roberta Ossana, who has done a tremendous job of improving the look and content of that magazine. Today it is THE magazine to refer to for what is happening in today's world of dreams. I am sure she would be happy to

respond to any of your questions for your story. It would be a true service to your readers if you could mention the website, www.DreamNetwork.net

You can reach Roberta at Publisher@DreamNetwork.net.

Best to you,

*Henry Reed,
Mouth of Wilson, VA*

p.s. Last weekend i took the dream helper ceremony to James Madison University. The college students are impressed and mystified as to how it works. Maybe a senior honors thesis will figure it all out!

(*Thank You Henry! Let us hear from you soon in these pages. RO*)

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Dream Net Works for Dreamers & Advertisers, Too!

Our lives turned upside down recently, when our bosses walked in the door last week and said we were done. We managed an RV Park for three years, loved it and the people loved us. With one week to get out and the shock, both my husband and I proceeded to get sick with different kinds of flu. All things happen for good and I have an underlying feeling of excitement as I wait to see what awaits us. We are in an apartment for seven months until we know more.

I only got one chance to dream for another through my ad. She was from Missouri. Another called from Seattle but I didn't get back to her right away and my phone message to her about my move may have discouraged her.

Her original message, on my phone, was very exciting, knowledgeable and complimentary. Oh, well. Before the shock, I did sign up for a certification course with Haden Institute that I found in *Dream Network* and went to one weekend intensive. I'm hooked! Now for God to bring forth the funds... but I'm not worried about that, as my husband is behind me 100%. I'm also attending Haden's summer conference of dreamers in North Carolina

(all paid for before the move) in June.

Regarding my experience at the Haden Institute, it was a great learning experience. Afraid I'd be out of my league with therapists, after I met some on our ride into Kanuga from the airport, I was very comfortable. My own newcomers group (9 of us) were from different parts of the country, different experiences, and brought different needs to this project. We spent several hours getting to know each other. We had a magic pop bottle that we'd spin to choose the next speaker as we all had twenty minutes to tell our story. We called the bottle magic because it never picked a person who had already talked.

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Our 'Letters' section is the place for you to ask questions, share your experience, inspirations, dreams and perspectives. You may even choose to initiate a debate!

Please send one or more of the above to
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From the Middle East as a war correspondents child, to an upstate New York prison and Vets dream group leader, to a traveling musician, (who was very good), and in between, the stories touched us all. The classes were very interesting... from children's' dreams, to drawing your dreams, to poetry and dreams, to sex, dream group leadership dynamics. It seemed there was never enough time to hear all I wanted to hear. Needless to say, I'm going back for the next session in August.

I liked it so much that I'm also attending a conference on dreams there in June (6-11). Our private, new group sessions using Bob Haden's group interpretation system are extremely interesting and I can't wait to experience more. I've already put his method to work in the speeches and groups I've led since then. The other speakers were very good, also.

I'd almost given up reading about dreams, since after 20 years doing it myself, I foolishly thought I knew it all and was eager to hear of how the mainstream people and churches were finally catching up. Truth is, I've missed a lot and am eager to finish the recommended books on the lesson list. My way of dreaming for others was mentioned only a couple of times, making me feel a little different until the very end. During the evaluation session, they all asked to have yet another session on paranormal dreams. They even study that!

Out of the first conference, for me, came an outline for a brochure for my dream speeches and a better outline than I had been using. I came home and did a speech for a Unity Church on March 24, and I have another small gathering to address on April 16. Since the Haden conference takes place at a church camp and several ministers were present, I feel this work—dreamwork—is finally going mainstream. I got the brochures printed up and my story put into two small inexpensive books to sell as I make the speeches. I am sending out the brochures to all the

churches in Tampa, as fast as I can write the envelopes. I wish I could find a list of other organizations to send to, like Lion's Clubs. Ah... what I need will be provided. This time off gives me more time to spend on this. Maybe that is the reason? I had a dream last night where I saw a woman in a gift shop and picked up a book to give her. It was among several titles like workbooks for finance, mortgages, budgets. The one I picked up for her was entitled "Dreams." Opening it we found a page of contributing authors and my name was on the list. Was I ever surprised! I bought one for myself, also.

If it weren't for Dream Network, I'd never have known about Haden Institute. Thank you!

*Carol Oschmann,
Thonotosassa, FL 33592*

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Dancing the Dream Awake

I just returned from spring break and had the wonderful gift of all those copies of the current issue of *Dream Network* awaiting me. Thank you so much. I think you made a beautiful choice of images for the cover. I am extremely satisfied. I'm also very happy with the full page photo and the article layout. You and your staff did a lovely job. I am thrilled to be a part of your publication. My students are so excited. I've been handing out your journal like Santa at Christmas! Warmly,

Jeanne Elkins, Mount Berry, GA

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Author Appreciation

Thanks so much for sending the copies of *Dream Network Journal* with my article. I very much appreciate your publishing it. You did a beautiful job with the layout, as well. I look forward to the next issue. Thanks again!

Greg Bogart, Campbell, CA

Focus: (some of)

The Many Ways of Creating and Working with Dreams

Part II



YoursTruly being presented with a dancing shawl by Jamie Valadez, Elwah tribe and Mary McQuillen, Makah tribe on the Olympic Peninsula, WA.

Upon the shawl are painted Salmon from a dream I'd shared that symbolized the coming together of two parts (or cultures) of One Whole. In the dream, ***someone was standing before me holding a salmon in two parts, one in each hand. As I watched, he demonstrated bringing the two halves together into one perfectly formed, healthy Salmon.*** (Editor)

The Silver Tool

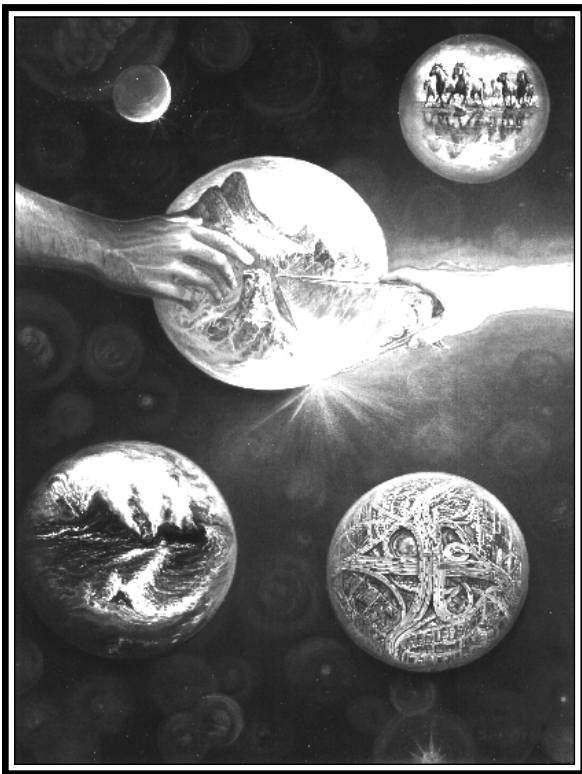
Our Power to Create



by Brenda Ferrimani

I had a Silver Tool and I was drawing circles that became worlds. My son watched me as I worked.. He said, "Mom, that's cool! Can I use it?" He took the tool from my hand and left in his car.

Dream journal entry, 6/3/98



"The Silver Tool"

"IN THE BEGINNING GOD CREATED THE HEAVENS AND THE EARTH," an ancient testimony to mankind's creative history proclaimed long ago. Throughout the ages, we have been inspired by these creative forces to imagine a universe of endless possibility. Our ability to {not only} have original ideas, but to envision complex realms rich with color, sound, and dimension is unfathomable. In emulating the gods, humans have constantly molded and reshaped their world.

Through our mind's eye, we can visit worlds of the past (Darwin), ponder the very nature of the universe (Einstein), and imagine the future (Gene Roddenberry). We wander through beautiful pastoral scenes (Beethoven) and travel hyper-speed through the galaxy (George Lucas). Some visions reveal dazzling worlds of light (van Gogh), while others visit regions terrifying and dark (Stephen King). What is the source of man's creative spark? Is creativity limited to only a gifted few?

My dream, "The Silver Tool," came as an answer to questions about my own creative process and ultimately, the power to create we all share.

We all have the power to create worlds upon worlds, for this is what we do every night in our dreams. Creativity is directly linked to the unconscious mind and paying attention to my own dreams is important to me in unlocking my creative potential. The imagination, held in the unconscious mind, is the *Silver Tool* in my dream. As a symbol, silver is reflective (a feminine quality), and

related to moonlight (that which lights the night, or the unconscious). Creativity and dreaming are thought to be the domain of the right side of the brain, which is also a feminine symbol... fascinating to me, for I only just realized that in my *Silver Tool* painting is a woman/creator on the right side of the canvas!

For me, the powerful and unforgettable visual images of my dream paintings have been tools for understanding myself and transforming my waking world. As I paint these surreal landscapes, I re-experience the dream. It is an intense form of dreamwork where unresolved issues of my own psyche—contained in the colors, symbols, and archetypal language—become manifest in my waking experience. For instance, when I was painting a dream with nests of snakes falling from the sky (snakes representing transformation; Sky, my thoughts), I became conscious of reverse transformation, or my slipping back into old, negative thinking patterns.



Nest of Snakes from the painting "Beauty's Challenge"

Another example of the way in which painting my dreams is transforming for me is my first painting "Expansion," which marked a period of growth for me, spiritually, intellectually and professionally. At that time, I was consumed with a desire to know more and could often be found at the library or at home behind piles of books considering—deeply—topics on questions of life, spirit and mind. Professionally, it was also a stretch for me to take on some public art projects larger in scope than anything I had done before. On the humorous side, when I was painting a herd of buffalo, I became really buffaloes when it seemed I was hopelessly and creatively blocked in waking life.

Creativity is essential to a healthy spirit, so to a person without sufficient outlets for expression, life can feel like a prison and even worse, a sort of walking death. In the years before I worked as an artist, my dreams told me the story of a woman who could fly like a bird but was constantly brought down... either by a storm or by crowds of people who tried to kill her!

Realizing how important my creative space is to me, I allow time every day to paint, write, sculpt, and doodle these images. I make sure I have time to meditate and have some quiet time in nature so that the unconscious is allowed to breathe. I keep track of my dreams in a journal, which in itself becomes a work of art.

It is important for me to remember to actively support my creative energy, otherwise those inventive, imaginative ideas I have will never become manifest. But, imagination is only the first step; then, I must do the work. In the *Silver Tool* dream, it is a young man (active, doing energy) who takes the creative tool (imagination) from the woman (receptive, receiving energy) and leaves in his car (vehicle of expression).

In my waking reality, this dream has been reflected in a very literal way by my son's adopting my belief that we can make the worlds we imagine, real. He too, has honored his creative life by actively pursuing education and work as a musician. My son and I used to enjoy countless conversations about human creativity. We would talk for hours about the unfailing creative recipe of taking a vision or idea and applying mental energy in the way of focus or intent, then adding energy from the heart, providing desire and motivation. All of this producing, finally, the physical result. Contemplating the power of this recipe encouraged and inspired us to continue pursuing the dreams we each held dear.

The *Silver Tool* seems to mirror these conversations and the universal, or collective level of meaning: all creative ideas are held by Universal Mind and have only to be touched by our unconscious minds to initiate the process of becoming real. Everything in our material world was at some time only a thought; in a very magical way, these thoughts become more and more manifest as they move forth from the spiritual, into the mental, the emotional, and finally the physical realm. The four planes of expression are depicted in my painting by four planets:



"Expansion" Acrylic Painting

the spiritual as lofty mountains, the mental by a world of complex freeways and connecting streets, the emotional by stampeding horses and the physical by an ever-changing volcanic sphere.

The creative process is an amazing aspect of the human experience. We all have creative ability; we need only to realize and honor that inherent quality. For me, honoring the creative process—individually and collectively—means paying attention to my dreams, allowing quiet time for ideas to surface from the unconscious, and having the freedom to explore and express these ideas. There is great potential in our imagination, just as William Irwin Thompson states in his book *Imaginary Landscape*, "As webs come out of spiders, or breath forms in frozen air, worlds come out of us."

This is our 'Power to Create. §

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Brenda Ferrimani was the attending artist to the "International Conference on the Fantastic in the Arts", held in Ft. Lauderdale Florida, in the year 2000, and her work was featured in the presentation "2001, Dream Odyssey Art Exhibition: A Closer Look," by Richard Russo. Currently, she is building a body of work featuring the dreams of women. Her vision is to provide a look into the minds of some of the leading women personalities of our time, to realize what forces have molded and shaped them, what muses guide them, and what demons they have faced in order to become the feminine heroines they are. For more information, see Brenda Ferrimani's web site: www.brendaferrimani.dreamart.com or e-mail directly: bdreamcat@aol.com



Dream Dancing



by Jeanne Schul Elkins

Introduction:

DANCING IS MY FORM OF SELF-EXPRESSION. I love to have wide open spaces to fill up with my moving body, and music with which to dance that touches my soul. Having taught hundreds and hundreds of children in schools and studios across the country, I can say with great authority that I am not alone in appreciating the pleasure of this physical sensation. Encouraging children to move freely and expressively enables them to maintain the body-mind-spirit connection that is a natural part of childhood exploration and development.

Although my clientele has changed from elementary children to college dancers in the last eight years, my basic goals remain the same: Freedom of expression is what I seek to unlock for college students who enroll in the Dance Improvisation class that I teach. Dance Improvisation is spontaneous movement that springs from an internal source within the individual, as opposed to dance technique, which is a codified movement vocabulary that seeks to achieve a standard of excellence.

My training and experience as a Dance Therapist colors my approach to the students I teach. My objective is to educate the whole person, meeting students where they are in their developmental journey and taking them further down the path of self-knowledge. When the course content is dance, this means that the dancer must thoroughly know his or her body in order to move with abandon. When the goal is to teach choreography, the art of making dances, the choreographer must go within to create work that has depth.

One of the most effective ways I have found of helping students access their own authentic movement source is through 'Dream Dancing.' Each person's dreams are both unique and universal. By going to a personal dream as inspiration for dancing, the individual has everything necessary with which to create: story line, plot, images, action, characters, setting, conflict, climax and resolution. The aspect of this experience that opens up

the individual to uninhibited movement exploration is that there is not a right or wrong way to dance a dream. Dreams do not conform to the requirements of daily life or aesthetics. They are not necessarily logical or linear, beautiful or harmonious. Therefore, there are no restrictions placed on Dream Dancing!

The Dream Dance Activity

As leader of the Dream Dance Activity, I structure the process carefully to give participants a sense of where the work is going and to answer any initial questions. I assure the dream tellers that they are not required to share anything that feels uncomfortable. I also give permission to stop the dream dancing process if it becomes too difficult or threatening. Then, I talk the participants through each step of the process and facilitate the flow of the session.

Dream Telling

The process begins by selecting a partner with whom one will take turns. The first partner verbally shares her dream material, while her partner witnesses her dream telling. Witnessing involves active listening, without interrupting the dream teller with verbal responses or non-verbal signals of approval or disapproval. This enables the person telling her dream to get into a flow-of-consciousness description of her dream.

Dream Dancing

The first partner relaxes in a comfortable position on the floor and allows images from her dream telling to arise. I invite her to call the dream characters back into her imagination. Then, as the music begins, the dream dancer begins moving through the shapes and postures that became vivid through the dream telling, as well as the physical actions that evolve out of the re-enactment. As she explores her dream dance, her partner witnesses her movement, taking in her body posturing, noticing movement patterns, and making sure she is

safe in the space (since the dream dancer may close her eyes). Music accompanies the dream dance to support the process and to provide a timeframe in which participants know they will begin, explore and complete their dances.

Closure Dialogue

After the first partner has danced, she receives the gift of a shoulder massage to gently bring her back to alertness. The dream dancer may then begin telling what she experienced or she may ask her witness what he observed, inviting him to reflect back to her what unfolded in the dream dance. (Partners exchange roles and repeat the dream dance process.)

Dream Dance Reflections

After both partners have experienced the roles of dream dancer and witness, I welcome them back together as a group and discuss important personal discoveries. I also ask students to write about and draw their in-class experience of the dream dance. The responses are as unique as the individual.

Jennie Melvin depicts her experience this way:

"One of my favorite things that we did in the class this semester was portraying our dreams through dance improvisation—we entered into a place of solitude and then depicted what we saw or felt. While I was 'dreaming,' I had an awesome experience. The image that I had was of me walking through a thick forest, dragging through mud and thorns. To me, it symbolized all the stress I was going through at the time. When I reached the end of the forest, I was on one of the most beautiful beaches I had ever seen. In the water was Jesus. I walked toward him and he cleansed me of all the mud and scrapes all over my body. It was so wonderful to dance this dream out."

Della Arrington discusses a greater personal awareness that developed out of the dream dance experience:

"A major part of the class that I enjoyed was the process in which we explored our dreams. It was a very interesting period in which I discovered that I really dream some bizarre things. I always have dreams that are either scary or very sensual. Kissing is a major theme within my dreams. As I was closing my eyes and allowing the dream to flow through my body and communicate, it was interesting to just feel my body being taken over by this passion."

Danielle Lowery describes a sense of acceptance that grew out of the dream dance process:

"One of my favorite activities was the dream work session. It felt very relaxing to be able to explore my unconscious thoughts, which are usually suppressed. Working with a partner allowed me to verbally express my inner self without being

judged, and also get input on how my portrayal of dreams was interpreted with music. The shoulder massage at the end of this activity was wonderful. It was as if we were being rewarded for being ourselves."

Out of the Nightmare, Into the Light

The Dream Dance is not simply an exercise I reserve for students. I find it to be an excellent way to process my most powerful dreams. I don't shy away from 'scary dreams' that are desperately trying to get my attention. That is where I begin.

The Victim and The Perpetrator



In my dream telling, I begin with an anxiety-producing nightmare:

This woman tells these people she is protecting them from something evil and takes large sums of money from them. However, there is no real threat. I see her go to her car, pop the trunk and inside, there is a barrel. She takes the locked-down lid off and a very wealthy woman very slowly unfolds her body and emerges. People everywhere are being released. Then, the lie of the danger is told to all.

This nightmare brings up very strong feelings in me. Immediately after having this dream, I write in my dream journal:

"I am horrified by the entrapment. I cannot imagine wishing to survive in that barrel. I feel like hurting the woman that trapped those people by making them victims of their own fear. As I awaken, to my horror at seeing this poor woman emerge from this barrel, I say, 'I would never have the will to survive that.'"

My first response to the dream is to sympathize with the wealthy woman who paid a great fortune for pro-

tection from her greatest fear: an overwhelming sense of evil. However, there really is no external evil. Instead, her fear traps her in a place that is not fit for human habitation. She hides away from an active life. She allows physical boundaries to contain her. I am horrified by the existence she has had to endure. I can't imagine being able to tolerate such torment. When she emerges, I can see her wealth; therefore, she must possess obvious gifts.

My next reaction is that I want to punish the woman who has perpetrated this atrocity. The depths of her darkness are unfathomable. How can anyone be so hateful? For me, she embodies the very worst possible female. She wins the trust of the helpless, takes their finest gifts, and then imprisons them with their own permission under false pretenses.

In this dream, I see my shadow reflected in both the victim and the perpetrator. As the victim, I surrender what is best about me to a situation that feels confining at its best and suffocating at its worst. Fearing to expose the very worst in me, I stuff myself into a mold. Even though I cannot breathe, I attempt to keep my Self under control, at all personal costs. The vulnerability of my soul is the victim. As the perpetrator, I commit a most horrific crime of the heart. I convince myself that what I'm doing is a necessary evil. The wild side of me needs to be kept under lock and key. The perpetrator is my Judge, she who knows best.

In the dream, I sell my Self out. I take all my greatest gifts—all of my creativity, love and passion—and stuff them into a filthy, dark, dank barrel which presses in on me and stops everything but the faintest heart beat and shallowest breath. There I sentence my soul to solitary confinement until I can get my Self more in line with my persona. There I waiver, uncertain I can convince myself to keep breathing, where survival does not feel like a worthy choice.

By dancing these characters, I begin to understand why this particular dream came to me. My dream portrays two polar opposites. Perhaps this dream is trying to help me see both of these aspects of myself: the consenting, passive victim and the perpetrator of the crime, the judge. Dancing these dream characters is a very intense experience. This place is too painful for me to linger long. I move into the protagonist of my next dream.

The Goddess

The second dream that I explore in the dream dance portrays a very different image of a woman:

"I am outside in the country on a very sunny day. I'm standing with my legs in a strong, wide stance with my feet planted in the earth, my arms flung open wide, and my head tilted toward the sky. As a snake slithers between my feet, I startle awake."

This dream character is a Goddess, strong and receptive. Dancing this dream feels delightful! The arm move-

ments open from the heart. My lower body is powerful and grounded. I breathe deeply as I explore this dream image. I look upward as my gestures extend away from my center toward the sky. I also release my body into gravity, sliding toward the floor. The snake brings the connection with the dark, hidden places of the earth. Rolling and pressing against the floor, I connect with this snake energy.



Conclusion

This dream dance experience did not end for me when my class was over. Instead, it highlights my need to further explore these dreams. I dance these dream images in the studio alone. I write about them. I draw the barrel and the Goddess. I narrate the dream dance for witnesses. I process the dreams with a Jungian analyst. I research the Snake Goddess. I compile visual art images that portray both the barrel nightmare and the sunlit dream.

My in-class exploration of this dream dance exercise has sparked the dance that I am currently creating for my dance company. In the process of describing recurring nightmare images and dancing those postures and places that haunt my dreams, I realized I had a dance that needed to unfold. After exploring these dreams further, I knew that I would entitle the dance, 'Out of the Nightmare, Into the Light.' The title provides a road map of the dance for me. I begin with the first anxiety-producing dream, take the audience through a full range of nightmare scenarios of oppression, and then move into the light of the Goddess, still grounded by the presence of the snake. The dance is not yet finished, but the process is exhilarating! ☺

Jeanne Schul Elkins is a Dance Specialist at Berry College in Rome, Georgia. She presents workshops in Dream Dancing at Journey Into Wholeness conferences, the EastWest Somatics Institute, and National Dance Association conventions.

Evolution of a Dream Group

The ^{Ups} & Downs & ^{Ups} Again of the Pines Dream Sharers (PDS)

by Noreen Wessling

WHAT BOGGLES MY MIND THE MOST about the Pines Dream Sharers (PDS) is that it lasted so long—over twelve years and still thriving!

"How can this be," I wonder, "that month after month dreamers just keep coming back?"

This prompted the thought, "Why not ask the present dream group folk that pertinent question. "What is it about our dream groups that keeps you coming back?" Their responses are included later in this article.

This is a story of the Evolution of PDS. I suppose over time everything changes form, falls apart, comes together again in new ways. With the perspective of my twelve-year involvement with PDS, a number of fascinating developmental patterns become obvious, hitherto mostly unnoticed.

My hope is to encourage other avid dreamers to collect in groups to explore this inner 'wonder world' together. Here's what I've learned so far:

- Start Where You Are
- Get a few friends together
- Select a quiet place
- Decide on a time
- Share your dreams as best you know how
- Just DO it!
- Learn What You Can
- You do not have to re-invent the dream wheel.
- Take advantage of the accumulated knowledge and wisdom in Dream Network, the ASD, and the many fine dream books and workshops available.
- Use the "If This Were My Dream" Approach
- My appreciation goes to Montague Ullman for creating this concept. His technique reduces the chances of projecting 'our stuff' onto the dreamer, which is a giant No-No.
- The Importance of Confidentiality and Intimacy.
- Think of your dream group as a sacred alchemi-

cal pot (cauldron) where deeply personal thoughts and feelings are laid wide open.

- Honor this space in your own way.
- Be Open to Radically New Ideas & Act on the Best.
- Realize that real 'magic' and healing can take place here.
- If you are a Dream Facilitator, trust your own Dreams and Intuition to Lead you.
- I see now that I followed the "seat of my dream pants" throughout the last twelve years as the Sacred Space Holder for PDS.
- Go with the Flow of the Ups and Downs.
- Realize that your dream group will in all likelihood have times when things will be challenging, to say the least. Keep in mind that this is part of the learning process and, unless you sink and drown under the weight, you can resurface stronger and somewhat wiser than before.

Now I'm going to be candid and relate details on my own major disruptive time with PDS, which became intense enough to make me say to myself, "OK, Noreen—enough! I'm taking a year's sabbatical from dream groups."

And I did just that.

Here's the story of what prompted my year's sabbatical from PDS. To preface, almost all the people who joined PDS over the years came by word of mouth—friends of friends. However, about 5 years ago, 3 people joined our group. One couple and a young man. They did not know each other. For the life of me, I can't remember how they found out about us. None of our regular members knew them. Although, I do remember one of the men saying that his therapist suggested dream exploration.

For a number of months things went well, and all 3 participated with enthusiasm, adding some unusual perspectives during the dream processing. The other mem-

bers seemed to enjoy the 'different,' sometimes idiosyncratic offerings by our newest members.

Then almost imperceptibly, I noticed disturbing qualities in what the trio had to offer the group. At first, I couldn't put my finger on it. Apparently, my intuition warned me well. At the next meeting, each member of the '3' started sharing very violent dreams. So, you might ask, "What's so unusual about that?"

All I can say is that this trend continued session after session with the spooky addition of relating how these various stabbings, killings, stalking, etc., were acted out in their everyday lives!! One person admitted that she couldn't tell the difference between her 'real' life dangers and those in her dreams.

Bit by bit, each of these '3' would tell me privately of their own violent actions in outer life. For instance, one person had been in prison for some brutal act. Another tried to kill someone. One of the men admitted he was still under psychiatric care for depressive, delusional, suicidal thoughts and actions. One day this fellow climbed high into one of our pine trees instead of joining the group. I asked him later what prompted this. He replied with a sly smile, "To get a better view!"

Soon after this incident I noticed PDS attendance starting to dwindle. Then, only the '3' remained and one other regular, Tom. I took Tom aside and confided in him my doubts about continuing the group with these disruptive elements. What to do? Tom suggested it might be good to stop having the PDS for a while.

The idea of telling the '3' that I simply felt the need to take a sabbatical from dream group sounded plausible. After all, I'd been doing this 7 years non-stop and deserved a break. They understood—or at least didn't come after me with something sharp! I never heard from any of them again.

Radical Departure: The Birth of the 'Dream Module'

So, after one year of no dream groups, which refreshed me more than I thought, something unexpected happened. A good friend, Carol, from the old PDS days, said to me, "Noreen, aren't you going to start dream group again? I'd like to join."

Well, this got me thinking. "Carol," I replied, "Let me meditate on this idea and I'll let you know."

During this meditation I actually 'saw' in my mind's eye exactly how to set up this new dream group. This surprised and delighted me. A radical departure from the old PDS model appeared.

Each dream group would be called a "MODULE" and



consist of the same four people who would meet once a month for six months. There would be a charge of \$10 a session to be paid up at the beginning of each six month period (\$60 non-refundable).

A current dreamer has the first choice to continue for the next six months. If there are any openings, those on the waiting list can sign up.

Each dreamer has the full attention of the group for thirty-five minutes. A timer is to be used (unheard in a cupboard until it 'dings'), as this will allow everyone to have equal time without having to be concerned that someone might hog

their spot. At first I balked at this idea. Yet after trying it out, it really does free us up more. Plus, we use it only as a guide, not an absolute.

My role as facilitator does not include the sharing of my dreams with the group (unless they absolutely insist). After all, this is their time and I have other resources for my dream work. I consider my role to be 'keeper of the sacred dream space.' What a joy!

This is now beginning the 5th year of the Module dream approach and I must say it's working splendidly. At any given time, either two or three dream Modules are in process monthly.

In retrospect, I have much to thank the 'nutsy trio' for bringing to my attention the need for a huge change to spark the evolution of the Pines Dream Sharers to new heights.

The 'old' PDS, from 1992 through 1999, needs to be applauded as the necessary forerunner of the present PDS. If you would like to read more details about the original PDS, get a copy of The Art of Dream Sharing & Developing Dream Groups (only \$7) available through Dream Network. This booklet contains my article, "The Adventures of Starting your own Dream Group."

Back in the Good Old Days!

Back then, our dream group opened the doors to whomever wanted to come, usually word of mouth. Attendance varied between three or four people to the all time high of eighteen ... our tiny living room often bursting at its seams. We met once a month, no charge. Obviously, only a few people could share their dreams in any given session. The rest participated with insights and ideas for the chosen dreamers, if they wished.

When appropriate, we played around with right-brain approaches to dream explorations, such as dialoguing, acting out some symbol or character from the dream, drawing an image and so forth. We enjoyed many fruitful years of camaraderie and life-enhancing awareness from our shared dreaming.

This approach worked well for the most part, yet disconcerting moments loomed forth occasionally. One of the most dramatic, although hilarious in retrospect, involved Ann, whose dream focused on her need to scream. Our group of about ten people gathered eagerly on the back deck one lovely summer evening.

Ann showed initial reluctance to our suggestion that maybe it would be a good idea to actually scream now as a way to enact her dream, in the hopes of gaining further insight. So, you can imagine our group amazement when she courageously changed her mind, moving quickly out of sight behind a nearby large oak tree. For a moment —silence— followed suddenly by the first of three blood-curdling SCREAMS which filled the summer air with increasing frightful intensity.

Finally, Ann returned to the dream circle grinning happily, feeling wonderfully released. A chill in the air prompted us to continue our dream circle in the living room. About fifteen minutes later we heard a knock at the front door. I jumped up to open the door, puzzled to see two nice-looking young policemen standing there. "Hello officers, what's up?" I asked.

"Evening, Ma'am, we're investigating a report of loud, continuous screaming from this area. Do you know anything about it?"


At this point, I tried to be 'cool,' invited them in, introduced our dream group and explained how the screams were simply a way of helping to process a dream. We apologized for disturbing the neighborhood and assured the officers that we would, from now on, tone down our dream enactments. Phew! They believed us.

The Here and Now

OK, let's come full circle back to the present day PDS Module approach. Since the completion of my wonderful 7 Arts Studio, we no longer have to meet in the tiny living room. Now we make a cozy circle of dreamers around the futon in a corner of the studio. We commence an evening together blessing this sacred space while holding hands and saying three OMs. Soft music plays, chocolates and chips lounge enticingly nearby, candles and incense create atmosphere —let the dream time begin.

A great value of having the same dreamers meet regularly in this more intimate setting seems to be that we are inspired to play around, experiment even more with right-brained approaches to our dream play.

Michael suggested we do some shamanic drumming (using Wilda Tanner's Taos drum which I inherited) as a means to re-enter each others' dreams to offer insights, messages, gifts. This is a marvelous, expansive addition to our other methods of exploration.



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Some Favorite "Trick the Dream Ego" Plays

- Dialogues with dream images.
- Role playing.
- Drawing, painting, sculpting dream images and/or feelings.
- Dancing with wild dream abandon or whatever!
- Drumming the rhythm of the dream.
- Singing and chanting (especially good when the dream comes with some built-in music).
- Shamanic journeying and dream re-entry.
- — and anything else we can conjure up!

Dream Action

Oh, one more thing, I won't let anyone out the door to go home unless they come up with a Dream Action to ground and honor their dream. Yes, I can be a pesky irritant in this regard, but they usually thank me later.

Don't forget that people who keep dream journals live twice.

Responses to the Initial Question:

"What is it about our Dream Groups that keeps you coming back?" ✍️
(Graciously written by a number of our present PDS dreamers):

"What keeps me coming back to Dream Group? While the chocolates and crunchy chips are addicting, the real reason is this dream group continually offers insights that I can't get elsewhere. The ability of all the participants to re-enter each others' dreamscape and return with information of a profoundly personal and universal nature is simply wonderful. It amazes me that young folks (I say anyone thirty-five and under is young) leap into the fray and return with archetypal images of great depth. The group reinforces the idea of the non-local mind by continually experiencing it.

We honor it and encourage the utility of it."
Namaste, Michael

"I would not be a whole person without my dreams. In the Dream Group I am willing to take a risk since I know whatever I say will be honored and accepted. Yet I also know that if what I am saying is just "baloney," I will be gently encouraged to dig a little deeper. How do you tell people that your life would be totally different without Noreen Wessling. And it really is the chocolate!!!!"

Micky Dasenbrock, Student

"The reason I keep coming to dream group is because it gives me a way to help analyze the energy that is radiating from my dreams. It helps me put the situations in my life into perspective, while at the same time it gives me the opportunity to connect with great people. It allows me to schedule a chunk of time for myself and to connect spiritually with people who are my friends, or are becoming my friends."

Cori Wolf

"...What started as a fun free time activity has bloomed into a light giving function at the core of my life. Dreams can be the keys to creating your own reality if given the right amount of love and honor, and that's just what the dream groups at 7 Arts Studio are all about."

Jamie Corson

"The Pine Dream Sharers is a sacred place where one can journey to the very depth of their soul! I keep coming back year after year because I find it an invaluable resource in which I begin to understand the evolution of my soul. The relationship I have with the other dreamers is that of kindred spirits. I am one with all that is. I realize this more fully with every dream I explore. It's so helpful to get the other dreamers opinions and they give me such a different perspective than I would have if I had explored the dream just on my own. I'm amazed at the depth, perception, and compassion in which we approach one another. I can come to dream group completely puzzled and leave with affirmations that completely change my life. I'm so happy to be a part of this special group of people. I look forward to the chance every month to unfold the many different layers of myself. In addition to what I learn about myself, I also learn just how special the human race is. Dreams truly can heal our world; they can take us to new horizons and bring us to that place between time

MIRACLES

Rabbits join nightingales in flight,
while a lion gives birth to puppies;
pink icicles hang from cacti,
and a dozen moons turn neon green;
then you whisper you still love me,
for miracles happen in my dreams.

Shari O'Brien

and space. Dreams can deliver us from the void and yet make us feel as though we have just been re-born. At the end of every dream group, Noreen asks us, "What action from your dream are you going to bring into this reality?" I absolutely love that we can take something from our dreams and make it tangible! It's an amazing tool and process. I am truly blessed to have this dream group in my life and these blessings will keep me coming back to the Pine Dream Sharers for many dreams to come!"

Brightest Blessings, Joy Lake

"Pines Dream Sharers is pure enchantment from the dwelling settled in amongst the gentle swaying of pine trees to the engaging warmth of Noreen's welcome. She invites each person into a space flowing with sacred mystery, rich imagination, and creative intelligence. It is happiness and belonging as we listen and discover each person's dream- stories filled with symbols, deep emotion and a message of sorts. Then we 'roll-up' our sleeves, a dream is shared, our thoughts and questions for meaning conveyed, and a mystery unravels in the gathered embrace of friends. Noreen creates magic."

Amy Orr, Massage Therapist

"Nothing less than dream therapy! In short, that's what the dream circles at 7 Arts have been for me. What started as a fun, free time activity has bloomed into a light giving function at the core of my life. Dreams can be the keys to creating your own reality if given the right amount of love and honor, and that's just what the dream groups at 7 Arts Studio are all about. The world could sure use more angels like Noreen!"

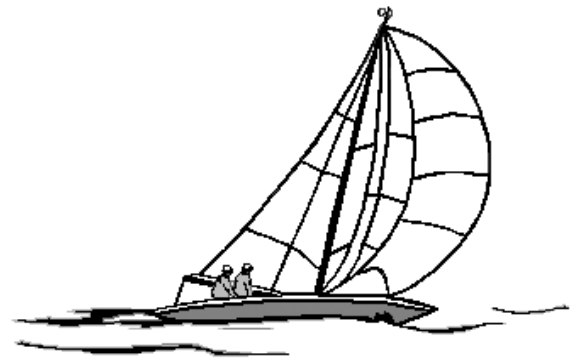
Jamie Corson

Noreen would love hearing from you. Email: NoreenFW@cinci.rr.com
Website: www.creativespirit.net/noreens7artsstudio

R U N N I N G H E A D

Dream Role-Playing

by Brendan Klosterman and Rachael Sanborn



Introduction

Dream role-playing is a method of accessing the dream world through using a group container, spontaneity and felt sense to unlock unconscious elements of the individual's psyche. Dream role-playing experientially reveals the inner symbolism and metaphor of the dreamer and participants. As the dreamers physically retraces their dream steps, they are able to understand the dream's latent content, bringing that content into their conscious minds where the process of integration begins.

What is Dream Role-Playing? Phase One: Initial Discussion

Dream role-playing can be broken up into three phases: initial discussion, action, and closing discussion. During initial discussion, the primary goals are to create a space of mutual respect and understanding. Participants may choose to share their experience of the present moment and anything else in their lives that relates to it, potentially bringing to awareness synchronicities between the participants. This sharing creates a ground of intimacy and trust in which the participants can interact freely with each other (Jennings, 1987, p. 112). With a ground of respect and understanding, the chosen dreamer re-tells aspects of the dream that she wants to work with.

The dreamer comes to the session prepared with a variety of techniques for understanding dreams, including felt sense, amplification and association with the dream symbols. Bodily movement, positions, and emotions related to dream images are also helpful for the participants to understand the dream.

When the group has a firm understanding of the dream, the dreamer assigns roles to the player. The dreamer explains her felt sense of each symbol that is going to be assigned. The players embody the dreamer's felt sense. Next, the dreamer creates the dream scenery, boundaries in which the action takes place, and positions each player. The characters are given the chance to ask questions about embodying their role. The time duration for dream role-playing is set, and then the players are ready for action.

Phase Two: Action Phase

In the action phase, the dreamer commences the scene and begins to physically go through the dream. The dreamer can take many approaches in interacting with and expressing the dream. The dreamer can ask questions, move the characters, be moved by the characters, or watch the characters and see how they evoke emotion. In a subtler dimension, the dreamer can interact energetically with the players by maintaining an open awareness. Keep in mind that there are countless ways to interact with the dream-scene, so let your imagination go.

Boundaries

In the action phase, the dreamer plays her dream self and also assumes the role of the scene director. The director controls the action with play, pause, stop and rewind, although any character is welcome to stop the scene if it becomes too emotionally challenging. Everyone in the room participates in some way, so that there is not a critical audience to make the players feel uncomfortable. 'Play' sets the scene into motion. The 'Pause' function serves to keep the players in character, but allows the dreamer to interact with the characters. 'Stop' takes the players out of character, while 'Rewind' moves the action back to a previous section of the dream for the dreamer to re-experience. In Rewind, the players are instructed to start afresh from a prior moment in the dream, letting go of what previously transpired to find a new possibility.

Phase Three: Closing Discussion

After the allotted time for dream role-playing has expired, a comfortable stopping point is sought. The ensuing closing discussion's purposes are to relate experiences and then to ground. The dreamers typically talk about their experience first, and afterwards, the partici-

pants may choose to speak from the perspective of their role. After talking, everyone takes time to become aware of their felt sense apart from their roles, in order to get grounded.

Revealing the Unconscious

Dream role-playing has the potential to quickly reveal the unconscious. This is achieved by letting spontaneous expression occur, such as, "First thought, best thought," and felt sense to create authentic dialogue and action. Spontaneous expression births unexpected possibilities and potentials unimagined by the dreamer. The scene can veer off course from the original dream, and the dreamer often finds that the players are hitting upon deeper issues than the dreamer had originally seen.

It is infrequent that the players will find that the material that emerges from this process has no relevance to their own inner life. As the founder of psychodrama, J. L. Moreno believed the entire social organization and group is working and healing through the role-play process (1994, p. 106). The dreamer's dream becomes a collective dream, activating the unconscious content of each individual.

Personal Dream Role-Playing Experiences ~ Rachael

Role-Play is a powerful tool for uncovering the complexities of the unconscious mind. Unlike working individually, Role-Play pulls the resources of all the players, not just the mind and body of the dreamer, themselves. In my experience, Role-Play has uncovered aspects of my shadow and allowed me to see my darkest and most brilliant sides.

In my first Role-Play, I was the dreamer. I used a recurring dream motif that felt special, but was not scary or too exciting. In my dream, I found a dusty, spare bedroom attached to my waking-life house. It was a perfect room to move into, except that it was filled with clutter

and abandoned furniture. I was intrigued by this dream, but did not feel any powerful felt senses from it.

After amplifying the concepts of a room, a house, my dream house, bunk beds and clutter, I chose Gina to play the clutter and Brendan to play the door that I passed to discover the room. I gave my players what I felt were neutral felt-senses of the characters, but I soon realized that the Role-Play was much deeper than my original dream. As I opened the door to my found room, I felt a sense of glee and power. The room belonged to me because I had found it. This feeling changed as I began to interact with the characters; Clutter also felt that she owned the room. Although I had given no idea of this to Gina, Clutter began to feel menacing toward me. She seemed angry and upset that I had come to move in and move her out. I began to direct Clutter to stop messing with me, and tried to become more grounded as I walked the room to make it belong to me. After a while, Clutter simmered down, and I began to interact with Door. I wanted Door to remain open, but he wanted to shut down, and close. This tension provoked a lot of anger from Door and finally he became sullen and withdrawn; it felt like talking to a six year-old who is refusing all directions!

All the added emotions from the players came from their intuitions. The anger felt by the two characters is a side of myself that I do not like to think about. For the first twenty years of my life, I never got angry. When I finally began to feel anger, it was like an avalanche that took months to emerge from. Luckily, I was in ashrams in India at the time, and *no-one* was acting normally. Even though I am now able to feel my anger and am not needing to punch walls every day, I have not found a way to positively express the anger I feel on a day-to-day basis. This Role-Play brought to my conscious mind my need to find ways to channel my anger. I can use this energy to ground and empower myself, like in

the Role-Play. While in the Role-Play, I rooted myself because of the player's aggression, I realize that I can ground myself using my own anger.

Role-Play allows a form where even dull dreams can lead to uncovering deep intra-psychic truths by following the player's intuitive flow. Although none of my amplifications brought up the theme of anger, it was keenly felt by both players, which has helped me see that side of my unconscious. I now see a whole area of healing that I am ready to begin.

Personal Dream Role-Playing Experiences ~ Brendan

Dream role-playing has changed me forever. It has given me the opportunity to understand how to experientially access the unconscious in a profound way. I have had times after this work when I spontaneously just gaped at my surroundings saying in wonder, "It's all a dream. It's all a dream." I experientially realized that my environment is just a collection of dream- symbols.

The Buddhist slogan, "Regard all dharmas as dreams," has become increasingly poignant, for dream role-playing has brought to my awareness how role-playing aspects of dreams are no different than playing the role of self. The laws by which I have governed myself in "reality" are merging with the ways I've learned to work with role-playing dreams.

For my first session, I was given the role of door. "Door. Wow. What a pivotal role," I thought to myself, oozing sarcasm. After expressing my dismay, I was then told by the wise guru master teacher to notice my resistance, for this experience was an important part of the dream. So, a door I was.

The dream role-play began and I dug into the felt sense of door. The dreamer walked up to me, said a few words, and tried to open me. Believe it or not, I was a bit resistant to open, just like I was resistant to being the door. I actually only opened

just enough to let her through. Later I realized that I actually kind of believed that I was the wall, because I hadn't been used in such a long time. I was resisting being a pivotal figure in the dream. Later in the dream, the dreamer came back to me and opened me completely, I pivoting beautifully (I might say) on my grounded hinges. A feeling of openness and expansion followed. Then the dreamer did something that followed up on my initial neurotic desire to be the pivotal figure in the dream. She de-hinged me. She just kind of pushed me over, to the side. What an ego-buster. Let me tell you, I was not happy. That open, pleasant feeling quickly turned into anger, then into sadness and helplessness when she pushed me into a dark corner, then into sarcasm and hatred. It was at this point, when the emotional intensity grew to an intense climax, that she said, " Stop." We all talked for a bit, recovering from the intensity, but eventually went back into the hot water of the dream.

You might think that since we all had talked about the situation and reflected on the events that everything would have gone smoothly from where we picked back up. No. I, as Door, soon became so closed down and full of hatred and helplessness through my interactions with the dreamer, that she chose to rewind the dream to the place where we stopped before. Now, it wasn't that I meant to give her a hard time. I just followed the felt-sense within me to organize my speech and actions in response to the dreamer.

The rewind function wiggled me out. I couldn't believe that we could just go back in time and start over. That's not how it happens in real life. Or maybe it can.... All I had to do was acknowledge that limitless space, emptiness, and impermanence within me to become a new person, a new character, back in time. I still found that my memory got a little in the way of my interactions, but when I came back to the felt sense of the moment, I was able to function in a proper way according to the dream.

"For my first session, I was given the role of door. "Door. Wow. What a pivotal role," I thought to myself, oozing sarcasm. After expressing my dismay, I was then told by the wise guru master teacher to notice my resistance, for this experience was an important part of the dream. So a door I was."

Through experiencing the rewind function, I was hit with life being a dream. Here we were, living out a dream in "reality" when all of a sudden I rewound my experience. Erase. Whoa. The impermanent, ephemeral, dreamy quality of "reality" became apparent at this point. Events of my life, played out in the dream role-play, immediately just disappeared. They become utterly unimportant and then lifted—talk about lightening up....

Conclusion

While the goal of most Western psychotherapy is designed "to literally help us go about creating ourselves in various desirable images," dream role-playing provides a space where the participants are free to explore their unconscious without analysis and judgment (Watkins, 1986, p. 97). Dream role-playing marries the conscious intellectual pursuit of dreams with the natural play of the unconscious, intuitive imagination. Through acting roles other than our rigid sense of self, we are able to bypass how we think we are and embody those aspects of ourselves that we deem most undesirable. ☺

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Women Dreaming

A Workshop Using Gestalt Method



© by Elizabeth L. Howard, M.A., 2003

"My shoes are too big."

This is Erin's dream. She had taken over a job where she had "big shoes to fill."

"A strange cat delivers a lecture on anthropology."

This is my dream, when I was working on my M.A. degree. The "cat" was anthropologist Claude Levi-Strauss. He was speaking in French, and in the dream I perfectly understood the language, and his complex theories.

The primary meaning of these two dreams was immediately evident to the dreamers, who felt that no further work was necessary. Sometimes, dreams are a puzzle and the answers to their riddles can help us along the path of our lives. That's why we have dream workshops, to figure out the mysteries and secrets of our dreams.

I started the Women Dreaming Workshop in 1987, in Florida. Since then, I've offered the workshop many times, in a great many different settings. As a feminist event, the workshop stands on its own... a gathering of women, sitting in a circle, a safe place to share dreams and life experiences. This is where we each learn to listen to and value our own voice and the voices of other women, speaking our truth.

These are the rules: No advice-giving. Only the dreamer may interpret the dream. If I make a suggestion about your dreamwork, please don't embrace it unless it feels right to you. My approach is gestalt

"Your shoes are too big,
A strange cat delivers a lecture
on anthropology
Your teeth fall out,
You may be flying or falling . . .
What are you trying to tell yourself?
What is the answer here?"

Elizabeth Howard (1998)

therapy with its basic theory: Everything in a dream is a part of yourself. You may decide to put away, get rid of, any symbol of a fearful event or a person that you no longer want to have as a part of yourself and your life.

The most frequent dream is that of a house. Often, this is a recurring dream - an unfinished situation for an "unfinished woman." This kind of dream can be fun, and the dreamwork is often very fruitful in terms of self-knowledge.

Some variations of the theme begin with: "I'm a house. I'm large or I'm small, I'm young - or old - I'm green or white or blue or gold. I'm an attic, a basement, I'm shy or I'm bold."

Then I suggest: "Make a dialogue with the house. What does the house say to you? How do you respond? What does the attic say to the basement? How does the basement reply? Who's in the house? Is the house empty? What's behind that closet door? Will you nail the door shut? Will you look inside? Can you describe what you see? Will you play the part of the house, the attic, the basement, the emptiness, the fullness, the nails, the door, the hammer, the inside, the outside... Will you play the part of yourself, doing the work of the dream?" Now make a statement about yourself. "Here and now I... Will you laugh or will you cry? This is the dialogue, the work, which is the basic method of gestalt therapy.

Many dreams were told to me. Many times the impasse was breached. Many precious moments passed in the company of women, hearing each others' voices,

I Will Send My Message Collect.

I will send them all the torn-out copies
of my last message collect,
as I stand breathing in the sight
of the frozen silver, its faulty light
fettering the river's glassy ice.

My memory, in its inveterate longing
to plunge into the sweet water of hope,
is being thrown to the gusty summit
where regiments of ghastly ghosts gather
to perpetrate their ghoulish parade.

Time rumbles down the bumpy street
of my crumbling consciousness, as
I am being effectively run down by its heavy cart
which used to stop at my beck and call before,
but which now will positively not,
even if I vociferously plead with it.

Days are being sipped out of me,
with relish, by the subtle connoisseurs
of the delicious wine of time and age.
I will send them all the torn-out copies
of my last message collect.

Vladimir Orlov, Russia.

Journey

learning to trust ourselves, to forgive, to know our boundaries, to say goodbye, to move on.

We learned together, again and again, that it is somehow more difficult to see the beauty in myself, "I'm a rose, I'm beautiful," than to see myself as the thorn, prickly and difficult. It is a great lesson to see my own goodness and appreciate myself.

So, for myself I close this piece of writing by saying that I helped some women learn about themselves and to speak for themselves. This year, on International Women's Day 2003, I sat in a circle of 100 women and watched and listened as each woman spoke into the microphone. Some voices were shaking, and there were some tears, and we were speaking and listening as we each spoke of our dream of peace. I thought to myself, "I helped make this speaking possible." That's what can happen in dream workshops, when the teacher learns and the healer is healed. For this I give thanks and move on to the next experience of women dreaming. ☺

From *The Dreamwork Papers: An Introduction to the Psychology of Dreams*, © 2003 by Elizabeth L. Howard, M.A., PO Box 14305, Gainesville, FL 32604 Email: holisticliz@hotmail.com, Phone: 831-622-7770



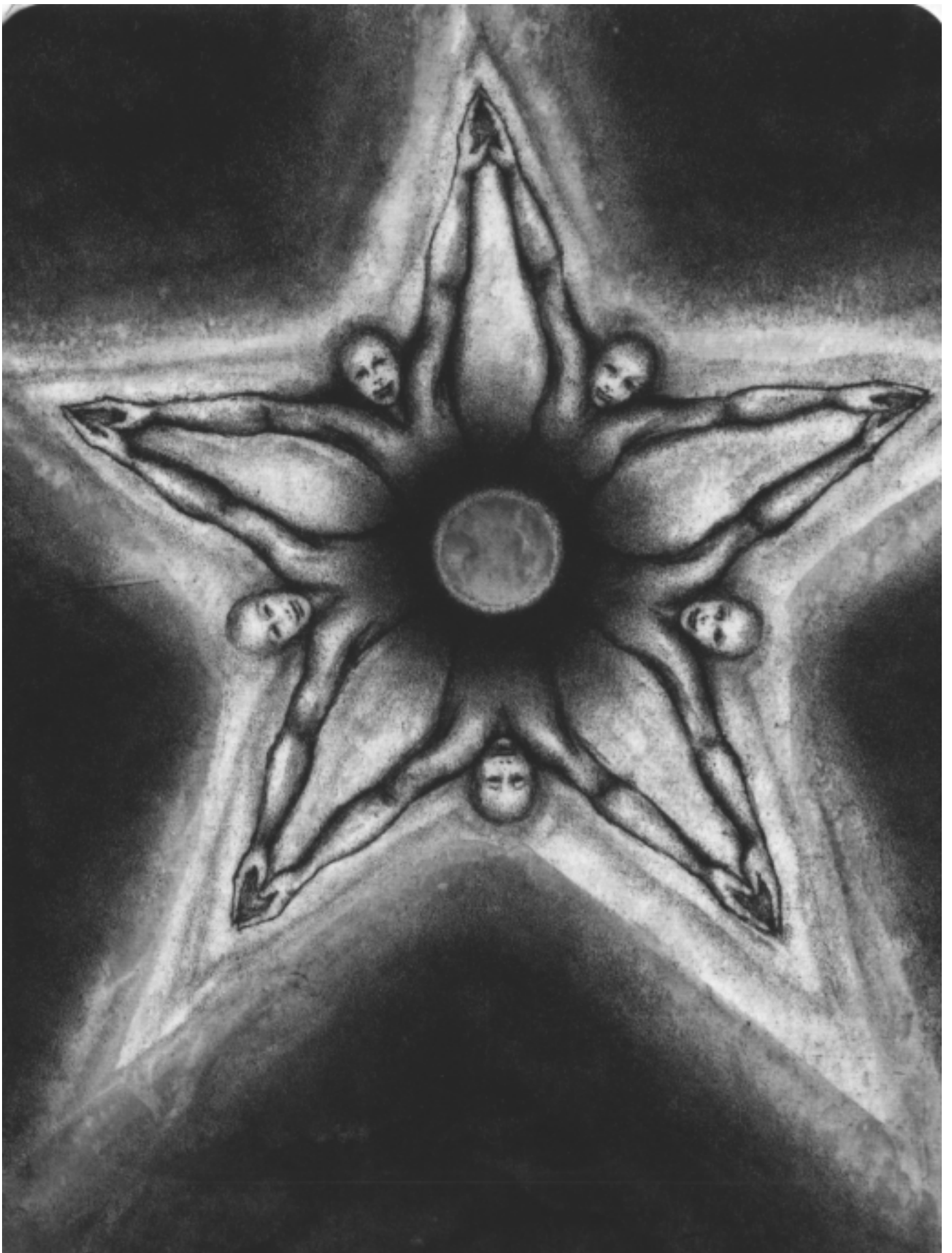
My Rite of Communion

I participate
in the beauty of the earth.
And without violation.
I partake
of the wonderment
of this awakening day.
I drink in the wine
of morning breeze, sweetened
by the flowers of May.
I break and eat the
bread of Spring, seasoned
from life's garden.

This is my rite
of communion.
In this way,
I say no to war.
And to the evil death
in the minds of
deceptive men, who have
turned to a god who is

no god: an idol loveless.
And exacting judgment.
In this way,
my heart declares my
love of justice.
And my soul stands firm
in the prophecy of peace.
I turn out
to the dawn awareness.
And to my God who
creates out of love.□
And who instills love even
in the eyes of those
suffering most. And who
tremble for their children's safety.
This is my rite
of communion.
In this way,
I say yes to yes.
And no to war.

David Sparenberg, 12 May 2004





Therapeutic Dreamwork

A Case Study with Mythic Dimensions

by Greg Bogart, Ph.D.

Part II

(Continued from Vol. 23 No. 1, pp. 38-43)

Abstract: (repeated)

This clinical case study shows how a series of dreams guided a 3 1/2 year psychotherapy treatment. The client's dreams illustrate the intelligence of the unconscious in addressing issues of prolonged bereavement, depression, sexuality, love, creativity, and helping clarify the individual's vocation and life goals. The study demonstrates how dreams promote individuation through the emergence of a personal, spiritual symbolism. Dreams are recounted featuring the Father archetype, the Anima, figures such as The Silver Man, The Old Homeless Man, The Dead Bear, Duke Ellington, and the symbolism of archaic male initiation rites. The author notes recurring symbols through the series of dreams, and how the dreams allowed the client to work through emotionally charged memories and moods. The study illustrates in practical terms the catalytic role that dreams can play in psychotherapy.

A Dream about the Therapeutic Relationship

A few months later, Chris dreams (10/2/00): "I was coming to therapy. I arrived at the curb and sat in the car. I heard you calling. You (Greg) were leaning out your window calling me. I'd been sitting in the car forty-five minutes listening to music. I said, 'I don't know what happened. I'm really sorry.' You said 'All right, come on up.'" Asked his associations to this dream, Chris comments, "I'm having resistance to coming. I've been feeling like I don't have much to talk about. I'm in a dry spell." "So you are asking yourself is it worth coming here? Is it worth the money? Perhaps you're concerned that I'd be annoyed with you if you were to stop coming." "Yes, I have fear of how my decision would affect you, and of what conflicts would arise." This dream led to productive exploration of Chris' resistance to going deeper into treatment, as well as to making decisions and plans. This was also the beginning of discussions about his eventual termination of therapy—which, as Otto Rank emphasized, is a crucial horizon that makes a client aware of the urgency of making concrete life changes. All dreams about the therapeutic process are opportunities to discuss the therapeutic relationship and goals.

The Dream of the Crossroads and the Dead Bear

A few weeks later, Chris had another potent dream (10/30/00): "I got a phone call from Liz (my girlfriend from college). She tells me she misses me. Then I am driving my truck. I take a turn off the road, going somewhere I'd been to before. I turn

around in a driveway and decide to go somewhere else, taking a left turn down a road I'd always wanted to go on. I stop my truck. It is the road less traveled. It is covered with leaves. No one has been on that road for a while. It was too steep for the truck so I decided to walk it. I walk on a dirt path in the woods. I realized there was an enormous bear laying on the path. At first I thought it was sleeping. Then I realized it was dead. It had been dead for a while. I thought I should get a camera and take pictures. I walked down the path. I got spooked and headed back toward the truck. I started running as fast as I could."

When I asked Chris about Liz, the girlfriend from college, Chris noted that therapy had helped her. I said, "Maybe this is also addressing your feelings about being in therapy. Therapy can help you take control of your life, to take the road less traveled, the road that only you can go on. Taking a road that you'd always wanted to walk on is a symbol of *individuation*, becoming who you really are. The dream reflects fear of walking the road less traveled. To travel the road that is uniquely yours you have to deal with the Dead Bear first." Chris said that the bear was enormous. "It reminds me of my dad's death: uncontrollable nature that can't be reasoned with." I said, "So the Dead Bear could be your father; it could also represent a part of you that feels dead, defeated, giving up." This dream suggests you are approaching crossroads, life transition, big choices about what road you will travel in your life. The dream is about finding your own path, your own road."

The bear motif appears in Chris' next dream (11/27/00): "I am camping out with a friend. There are rolling hills, trees. A bear and a cub come running after me, growling, snarling. The bear was right there on me. Then it stopped chasing me. Walking together, we come to the edge of some woods. There was a gate where a path started." Camping with a friend reminded Chris of bonding, intimacy, friendship, his lack of male friends. The rolling hills remind him of a golf course; golf is a social game where guys get together. Asked about the Bear Cub, Chris says, "It reminds me of being my dad's shadow, following him around while he did his work." It reminds Chris of being a kid, a little cub. I said to Chris, "Ask the bear, why are you in my dream? What part of me do you represent?" He responded, "I'm the part of you that is your power, your spirit, the force that gives you energy and motivates you. I came to show you that you have power and that you can run in the world." "The bear is a powerful totem for you. The dream asks you to embody your bear-like qualities. A bear has a big presence, big power. The dream is telling you that you can have big power, big presence. You can grow up and become a bear, like your dad. The dream ends with finding a gate, suggesting crossing a threshold, passing through the gate. Being chased by a bear suggests an initiatory theme, comparable to mythic stories about the young hero's initiation into manhood."

A Dream of Male Initiation

Six weeks later, Chris dreams (1/8/01): "I'm in a small rowboat, tied to a dock. A killer whale comes up from the depth, jumped up from the water, and swam underneath me. I was afraid he'd knock over the boat.

I pulled the boat closer to the dock. I jumped onto the dock and ran inside a house. I was scared. Then I am in a big old Cadillac with other men. We drove along to a pier at another shore. We arrive at the pier and get out of the car. We climb down a ladder to get to a lower level of the pier. A tall man approaches me with something in his hand—a sharp stone. He was going to circumcise me with this sharp stone. I climb up the ladder. He grabs me and pulls me down. He says, 'I need to mark you.' He got me in a bear hug. He said, 'I'm going to hold you like a baby.'"

Being in the rowboat reminds Chris of drifting, having no oars. Being tied to a dock feels like being on a leash, but also suggests safety, being able to pull himself to shore. Chris said, "The whale reminds me of Jaws, a vicious predator, biting aggression. That reminds me of my relationship with Ann. We have been quite aggressive with each other lately." Apparently there was a lot of aggression swimming around underneath the seemingly calm waters. I said, "The killer whale reminds me of the story of Jonah and the whale. Joseph Campbell views this myth as a variation of the hero's journey motif, where the hero goes down into the belly of the whale. The image of the man with the sharp stone also reminds me of male initiation. It suggests that you are ready to receive the marks of manhood. This inner male initiatory figure is present and is going to mark you."

In the book Rituals of Manhood: Male Initiation in Papua New Guinea, anthropologist Gilbert Herdt (1982) discusses how the tribal societies of New Guinea feature "the ritualized development of male gender identity" through various secret rites, including graded initiations for boys from ages seven onwards (pp. 49, 53). It is believed that ritual sparks, fosters, and maintains manliness in males. Maleness, unlike femaleness, is not seen as a biological given; it must be artificially induced through secret ritual. Herdt writes, "Masculinization means the overall process of separating a boy from his mother, initiating him, ritually treating his body, biological attainment of puberty, and eventual reproductive capacity; boys must be activated by men" (p. 68). Masculinization comprises "maternal detachment, subordination, and then sexual domination" (p. 73). Boys become subordinate to men both socio-politically and sexually, through sub-incision or other physical trauma, or sexual domination by older males. Herdt calls this a "culturally sanctioned trauma," which is socially channeled, ritually reinforced, and continues to live on in a boy's sense of himself and maleness" (p. 77). Ritual utilizes "extreme aggressive behavior, to redirect the child's attachment away from the preferred maternal figure

and compel it toward male figures" (p. 79). I believe that in this dream of the man with the sharp stone the archetype of male initiation is active in the unconscious, even in the absence of the father.

A Brief Reflection on the Anima Problem

Several months passed. Chris and I did several months of work focused on Ann's attraction to another man and Chris' attraction to other women. One night (June 2001) he saw a woman sing and play guitar in a nightclub, and that night he had a dream about her. He then became very moody for several days, depressed because Ann doesn't inspire him the way this woman does. I explained to Chris, "This is a problem of the *anima*—the enlivening feminine. When faced with the anima problem, you have three options: dump your girlfriend to pursue the inspiring woman—who probably has a boyfriend already or she is a free spirit who doesn't want to be tied down; or you can adjust to the limitations of your chosen spouse with a feeling of resignation; or you can recognize the face of the anima as your own unlived potential. In the anima problem, our soul is pierced by a longing for union. The enticing divine feminine that men long for, that we think will make us whole, carries intimations of our own wholeness. The vision of the anima often evokes a moody depression in a man, a surly resentment about the woman at home, 'the old ball and chain.' But the depression comes because you think you lack something. The anima is really a part of yourself, the creative side, an unrecognized face of your own soul." Over the next several weeks Chris began a period of artistic productivity that ended a two year drought.

A Dream of the Self under Construction

Several months later (10/22/01) Chris dreams: "*I am working construction, using a forklift to move a huge cement cinder block, six or seven feet tall. I move it three blocks away and leave it there. I come back. The route cuts through a warehouse art studio. I am dressed up in nice clothes with my wing tip shoes. Janet was in the room—an artist I worked with last year. In real life Janet is living in both NY and LA, commuting back and forth. I go back with the forklift to get another huge block.*" I said, "Moving the block suggests moving something that's been blocking you. The construction site suggests that the Self is under construction; building and construction suggest ego development." Cinderblocks are used for walls, foundations. This reminds Chris of his desire for a stable foundation. Doing construction work while wearing nice clothes contrasts doing "grunt work" and building maintenance with wearing nice clothes, which Chris said represents "the intellectual and artistic part of me." I said, "The dream depicts a union of opposites. You are a man of culture and refinement driv-

ing around a forklift." Janet represents success and sophistication. She enjoys making art, she makes good money, but she lives a bohemian life in an art studio. She is a positive symbol of making it as an artist. Here again, Chris is trying to imagine himself as a viable artist in the world.

Wearing nice shoes and clothes reminds Chris of dressing up, going on job interviews, making a good impression, looking sharp, projecting an image of success. "It's an image of the enterprising artist who has motivation and drive, and is charming and successful. They say that clothes make the man." Chris is grappling with issues of *persona* development, not the superficial *persona* as a mask, but the *persona* of the authentic self establishing a viable place in society. The focus of the unconscious has shifted from Chris grieving his lost father to defining his own ideal: the Enterprising Artist.

The Dream of the Old Homeless Man

Next Chris dreams (10/15/01): "*I am walking through an empty house looking for people. I'm down near the Golden Gate Bridge. There are cliffs behind me, on a beach. I find an old photograph—one of my dad's. On shore, there is an old man on an inner tube. We're looking for a place to launch him off on his inner tube. He's dressed in slacks and a tweed blazer. He looks like an old homeless guy in an old, ratty suit. He gets out of the inner tube. I hug him and start crying really intensely. I didn't want him to go. I was sad he was leaving.*"

The inner archetypal figure of the old homeless man is re-emerging. He is the embodiment of a complex. "The Old Man reminds me of my father, grown old. This reminds me of a homeless guy I used to see around Berkeley who wears a suit. He always looked troubled. I feel tenderness for him. His troubled look reminds me of how I feel a lot, my insecurities about the world." I say, "Now it's time to launch this old guy off, and get on with your life." "Hugging the old man reminds me of not wanting to let him go, to lose him." "Like you didn't want your dad to go away." For a few moments we dwell in the grief Chris felt as he sadly watched his father's life slip away. The intense crying in the dream felt cathartic to Chris; as a little boy he bravely fought back his tears. The dream allows completion of the grieving process. Later Chris said, "The old man also represents failure to me. He's not in a nice, crisp suit. He's a derelict, not having achieved anything and not trying to. He reminds me of addiction and weakness, wanting to be an artist, but not knowing how to do it." The dream suggests Chris' need to compassionately embrace the old man, the shadow feeling of failure— not knowing how to achieve his goals. His path to wholeness requires embracing the regressive shadow, his failure complex, his feeling of defeat.

The Dream of the Maggots

A month later Chris had a dream that evoked some deep despair and negativity that occupied us for several sessions (11/12/01): *"I was in my apartment with Andy (a childhood friend). There were maggots coming out of the kitchen water tap. There was a dark trail of ants on the floor. And there were maggots in the sink. I realize I have been drinking water coming out of that tap. I woke up very disturbed."*

In dreams the imagery that is most disturbing and uncomfortable usually carries the most affect. The maggots remind Chris of death and decay. "They disgust me." "What disgusts you in your life?" "What's going on in the world, terrorism, anthrax. I feel a sense of futility and hopelessness. I want to have will power and drive to overcome obstacles, but I don't have it right now. It's hard for me to focus on the future with these disturbing events." I said, "Perhaps the maggots also imply decay in the sense of not striving for clearly-defined goals, a sense of stagnation, decay, not growing." Chris said, "The maggots got on my hand and were boring under my skin, like a leech." I ask, "What's getting under your skin?" "Frustration about my career. I used to feel a sense of adventure about finding a new career. Now I feel that artists are even more irrelevant than ever. I feel fear and self-doubt." I said, "You said that the maggots remind you of leeches. What do leeches remind you of?" "Leeches remind me of taking, not giving, not sharing." "How are you being a leech?" "I'm goofing off on the job, being half-hearted, not doing much work at all." "Do you think that contributes to your feeling of decay and weakens you?" "Yes." "Drinking the water filled with maggots symbolizes this despair and discouragement. You're drinking from this tap." The maggots are a classic symbol of the alchemical *mortificatio* stage in the evolution of consciousness, a stage of intra-psychic decay and decomposition—the emergence of foul moods and deep discouragement. We descend into the dark valley before we reach the Mountain of Light.

Chris' childhood friend Andy is a successful entrepreneur who makes things happen. He again symbolizes Chris' desire to become a successful artist. "The ants are diligent workers, who can lift things five times their size." The dream depicts a contrast between the industrious worker ants and the maggots, which symbolize despair, decay, discouragement, negativity, feeling like what's the use?, rotting away on the job, not striving toward clearly-defined goals. Through this mysterious insect symbolism, the dream is attempting to bring about the union of opposites.

The Dream of the Little Girl and The Living Room

Chris' next dream (1/28/02) seemed simple but in fact had rich meaning: *"I am in a house, a living room, dimly lit; it's a beautiful, idyllic setting with dark*

wood, lots of plants. I'm sitting on a couch.

A little girl is sitting on top of me.

We're playing, giggling, talking, hanging out."

Chris comments that the dream reminds him of his sense of intimacy and love, and of Ann and the playfulness of their relationship. Many of Chris' recent dreams had featured the figure of the old man. Here, a child-like sense of wonderment of life is emphasized. The old man/*senex* is a symbol of what Gareth Hill (1992) calls the static masculine principle—the urge to make it, to establish ourselves in society. In the previous dream, Andy represents Hill's dynamic masculine principle, which represents ambition and drive, the *puer*, the emergence of potential and possibility. Chris said the dream reminds me of having a child. The child contrasts with the heavy, dark mood Chris has been in lately. Here, the unconscious gives him an image of playfulness and joy, perhaps instructing him to contact this young, feminine, playful spirit inside him. Here we see the emergence of the creative, playful spontaneity and openness of the dynamic feminine principle. But what has not so far been touched is the ground of the static feminine, which Hill describes as a source of renewal and restoration of our intrinsic wholeness.

Suddenly our work with this dream took an interesting turn. Chris said, "The room had a Japanese feel to it; it reminds me of Japanese gardens, that kind of consciousness about space and the atmosphere these gardens create. The room is lit ambiently by other rooms. It reminds me of a childhood memory: I was sitting in a dark room, the living room, while mom was in the dining room with the light on full blast. She was trying to figure out the bills, crying, hitting her head against the wall, feeling overwhelmed, as I sat in the dark room and watched her, helpless." Chris wept as he recounted this story. Here Chris connects to his experience of the static feminine: his mother's feeling of being trapped; and his own guilt about his mother's suffering, grief, her despair and hopelessness, as well as his own identification with her. It's paradoxical: The little girl in the dream living room brings him back to the boy in the dark living room watching his frantic mother's grief. The dream helps Chris understand and release his unconscious identification with his mother. This is an example of how dwelling in the atmosphere of the dream allows the unconscious to spontaneously cough up memories and feelings that need to be felt and discharged. Note how the dream links together light and darkness, joy and sorrow—another example of how dreams promote the *conunctio*, the creation of consciousness through the union of opposites.

The Dream of the Silver Man

Then Chris dreams (1/7/2002): *"I'm at my workplace. There is a maintenance shop in back. I look to my left and there is a metal shop. A guy is dressed in work clothes with welder's goggles. He is silver,*

covered with aluminum dust from head to toe. There is a big oven behind me, or a forge. I turn to my right. I see Ted (a teacher from college, head of the art department) shoulder to shoulder with me. He is so close that he pushes me off my course, nudging me. He says, 'We're all going to start complaining about a general stiffness.' He tells me that all the workers are going to start complaining about the same ailment so we can get workman's compensation."

The Silver Man reminds Chris of musician Tom Waits in a similar costume on an album cover. Chris says, "Waits is one of my heroes. He represents unbridled creativity." Here is another example of the Artist archetype that is trying to find expression within Chris' unconscious. "Silver reminds me of guys doing mime in San Francisco in silver makeup, doing performance art; doing performances for spare change; doing art for very little money, just because they love doing it." I said the oven or forge reminded me of fiery initiations, the tests that enable the youthful, dynamic masculine spirit to prove itself worthy of acceptance and validation within the static masculine social order. "The forge or oven also reminded me of the shaman or blacksmith melting solid metals to pour into molds, to shape it and forge it. Here we see the emergence of an archetypal image, the Blacksmith, the first technician of the sacred, as Eliade showed in *The Forge and The Crucible* (1979). The forge suggests to me alchemical themes: the fire of creativity, creation, transforming matter, the Promethean fire of art, innovation, and creativity. These fires are burning in Chris. Mime reminds Chris of silent acting—silently doing your job, going through the motions. "In the dream, the figure of Ted is influencing you, changing your direction, nudging you." "He represents ingenuity, he was an important mentor, an expert at many things in art." I ask Chris about "a general stiffness": "It reminds me of a David Mamet film about scams, people trying to pull something out of nothing." I said, "It reminds me of a creative block, a sense of inertia. A place you're stuck, in a state of negativity. Your mentor is nudging you from inside to change your course." "Ted would never complain about working hard. He'd always take pleasure in what he was doing, and he welcomed problems as something to solve." A positive male mentor figure is emerging from within, encouraging Chris to prove himself in the world by undergoing the fiery initiations that would enable him to find his place in the world.

The Dream of The Funeral and Meeting Duke Ellington

After several years of work together, Chris was on the threshold of making some major breakthroughs.

The final dream to be discussed here was intensely catalytic (2/18/02): "I'm at a funeral in a big Cathedral, for Ellis Marsalis (father of the famous jazz musicians Branton and Wynton Marsalis). The service is over, everyone is outside, like a New Or-

leans street parade. The mood is somber yet celebratory. Leaving the cathedral, I am walking with Duke Ellington. I also saw Danny Glover, the actor, and wanted to meet him. The Cathedral was located on a big cliff on a Northern California coast. I walked toward the cliff. There was a chain-linked fence. I walked around it. I was feeling very emotional. I thought to myself, 'The whole world is cold, stupid, and doesn't give a damn about anything.' I was going to burst from the emotions inside me. Then I looked down and saw a patch of daffodils, colorful flowers. My emotions were released and everything made sense to me and I didn't feel overwhelmed anymore."

The funeral reminded Chris of his father, death and rebirth, celebrating life, letting go of the past, a ritual. I ask Chris about the current relevance of a ritual, and he says that he and Ann are planning their wedding. "I'm closer to where I want to be. I feel in motion, things are building momentum. With acceptance of my dad's death, I sense new possibilities for my future." The dream contains death, but then an unexpected rebirth. I ask, "What is being born?" "My ability to stand up for myself, my self-valuing."

"The Marsalises remind me of the album they made called *Fathers and Sons*. The album is about making art, and going through the struggle of being an artist." I added, "It seems to represent the continuity of generations and the commitment of artists—like you and your father. The New Orleans parade reminds me of Mardi Gras, a celebratory event of endings and new beginnings, a renewal of the profane world through a return to a mythic, sacred time." Deep within the unconscious there is a shift, a turning from mourning and death, to life, celebration, and creativity.

Asked about Duke Ellington, Chris says, "He is the archetypal jazz musician and artist, totally dedicated to his music. He sacrificed his life for the music." I noted, "He also represents dignity and creative genius." Chris: "He was like king of the world, carefree but somber." I noted that this image evokes the King archetype. "The name Duke denotes dignity, royalty, the solar principle where the Duke or King represents the Self. It is a symbol of individuation, of what you can become." I asked Chris if there was any further significance to meeting Duke at the funeral. Chris said, "He is there to encourage me, and inspire me to dedicate myself to being an artist and to put the work into it and to put my faith in it."

Danny Glover, Chris said, is dignified, politically active, the artist who is successful but still has principles and speaks his mind. Here again is the Artist archetype. The artists in the dream are dedicated, dignified, refined.

In the dream, Chris walks from the funeral to the cliff, suggesting uncertainty, being on the precipice. The cliff reminds Chris of the Fool, innocence, walking off the edge of the cliff, the abyss, trusting of the uncon-

Haden Institute

scious and the unknown.

The chain-linked fence suggests a barrier, something in Chris' way. The dream is speaking of the need to identify the internal barrier, perhaps his feeling that the world is cold and impersonal, and doesn't care about people. The dream portrays the union of opposites: suffering and happiness, despair and hope, ugliness and beauty. The counterbalance to the stupid, cold world is the flowers, the beauty of art and nature. The dream ends with a sense of closure from the funeral, the cliff, and in Chris' emotional response to the flowers. He is able to say I want to get married, I am excited about it.

This dream is an epiphany and an emotional release. It depicts an internal movement from father's death to being taken under the wing of Duke and Danny Glover, positive symbols of the male creative principle, role models to emulate, embodiments of the Artist with integrity, dedication to their craft, excellence, and achievement. Through the dream, Chris is finding the emotional nutrients he needs from within. Even though Chris' father passed away long ago, the archetypal father is there to protect and guide his development.

As I mentioned earlier, there was no funeral when Chris' father died. In the dream there is finally a funeral. This dream allowed Chris to bring closure to his long bereavement, and to put to rest his anxieties about not having a male role model to emulate. He is able to find images of his own ideal, from deep inside, from that

deep core of intelligence that scripts our dreams.

Soon after this dream, Chris made a major decision about his career that would require returning to graduate school for advanced training in a specialized art technique. While many uncertainties remain about his ultimate path, he has now found his life's direction. The flow of dreams stopped for a while as Chris completed his applications to schools. He is continuing to explore with me his feelings about terminating therapy. ☺

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Planes, Dreams and Eagle Feathers

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I AM FLYING OVER MY HOMETOWN in the passenger seat of a four-seat plane with Bob Berman (friend, astronomer and author of Secret of the Night Sky and Cosmic Adventure). We soar with a gentle grace that feels like an old friend. The Berkshire Mountain range appears small with rounded hills, and I cannot get my bearings. Then I spot Onota Lake. "Go that way! My house is over there!" We swoop over the house and my children scream with glee in the back of the plane as we look down at our small spot on the planet. Oh, how I wish that I could do this each day. Flying, what a feeling!

I don't have this type of waking experience every day, so it is not surprising that it would give way to wonderful dreams. The next night I have two dreams:

Facing the Wind

I am with Barbara, a friend from childhood. We are in our childhood town. We have a discussion about needing to take flight and start jumping into the air to see if we can maintain lift. Someone points out that it works better if one leans into the wind. Barbara and I face the wind and leap into the air. We are lifted into the air and maintain our position about one thousand feet above the ground. I am thrilled with my skill and enjoy flying with Barbara.

Barbara and I had lost touch for a few years, but we had recently spoken on the phone. At that time we discovered that both of us had traumatic experiences in the past two years. I felt that the dream was telling me that we had risen above the issues in those respective traumas and that we would enjoy spending quality time together in this post-traumatic period.

Golden Eagle Gift

I am walking up a hill and notice a large kiosk to my left. I see a Golden Eagle and its silky white baby. The baby seems to have adult form, but I know that it is young

because it is white. I continue to walk up the hill and eventually turn and face downward. The Golden Eagle flies past me, from back to front, brushing against my cheek and leaving a pile of Golden Eagle feathers for me in various sizes. One feather is uncharacteristically long and thin with blue highlights. I feel excited about the feathers!

Golden Eagle Gift was an exhilarating dream. In waking life, I love birds. I dream of the day that I see an eagle in the wild here on the East Coast (I have seen them out west). But mostly, I love their feathers. I collect feathers and enjoy using them as healing tools. To receive many forms of the Golden Eagle feather was a magical experience in the dream. I woke longing for the feathers, remembering in particular the blue one.

Within a couple of days, I found myself gazing at a vase full of feathers in a home that I was visiting for the first time. I asked the owner about one feather in particular, to which he replied, "that is a Golden Eagle feather." So, I dreamed the dream and then for the first time in my life, encountered the feather. That's how dreaming goes - weird! This experience reminded me of another dream from a couple of years ago, another dream and waking experience in which I received feathers as a gift:

Five Bald Eagles

I am at a friend's house, up the hill from the Omega Institute. I go outside and walk up the road to my right. I hear a ruckus in the sky and turn to my right. Way above, on my left, a hawk is chasing a crow and other smaller birds.

The same is going on with a group of birds to my right. Suddenly, majestic white eagles with gray spots soar onto the scene (ten-foot wing spans.) I refer to them as Bald Eagles. I am blown away by their beauty. One eagle joins the group on the left. Four eagles join the group on the right. In the group on the left, either the eagle or the hawk eats the crow. In the group on the right, one of the four eagles eats the hawk. I am very surprised about the hawk's death.

The group of four eagles on the right lands on the ground and I approach them. I hear a voice in my head that says, "don't get near a Bald Eagle - they can take your arm off." I approach anyway. He threatens to bite, but I reach out with my hand and place it on his beak to calm him. He is as tall as my heart chakra. He threatens again but does not bite. Then, the four eagles fly away and I am left with the gift of an armload of dark Bald Eagle feathers (not the white feathers of these birds, but feathers of the physical Bald Eagle). I am elated and excited about this gift. I know that I need to clean the feathers in water and share one with a friend.

The experience of physical flying in a plane had opened the door to new dreams of flight and triggered my memory of a flying dream from my past. Five Bald Eagles had originally come a few months prior to a diag-

nosis of breast cancer. In the shock and trauma of that diagnosis, surgery and treatment, I had lost touch with the gift of the feathers in my Bald Eagle dream.

But, the day before my breast surgery, several months after my dream, my dear friend Kellie brought me a bald eagle feather. I will always remember what she said as she handed me that feather to assist me in getting through my surgery, "Connie, you have to do this. I don't know what I would do without you." Intimacy comes when we least expect it, and thank God it is there to see us through our personal crisis. I was actually able to focus on how much I loved this gift instead of all of the difficult things that I had to face.

In the wake of a plane ride, flying dreams and healing from cancer, the memory of Five Bald Eagles brought me a sense of power with respect to my personal shamanic practice and inspired me to work with eagle energy more often. As soon as I vowed to do this, I started getting requests for shamanic soul retrieval work. Did the dream bring the feathers to me when I most needed them? Were Bald Eagles to be part of my personal healing? Were they to inspire my soul retrieval work with others? Were Kellie and I about to fly on the wings of this wonderful spirit together?

Many months before my plane ride, Kellie and I had planned a workshop for twenty people in Nova Scotia, "On the Wings of Spirit." We had not been thinking of the Eagle spirit when we titled the workshop. But, I believe that the Eagle spirit was thinking of us! The wonderful feedback that we received from the people that attended our workshop has launched us into new work together. It seems that Eagle has become a shared totem for us, in every sense of the word.

The Bald Eagle feather sits amongst my treasures, a gift of a lifetime. I am thrilled to be back in touch with eagle medicine these days, dreaming of more eagles and placing totems of their images in my new Dream Room. They are majestic creatures that came to me in my dreams. All I need do is get on a plane or imagine their majesty and I am flying high!

To shift gears in my discussion of dreams, a parallel story that emerged for me during my day with Bob Berman involves an old waking dream, a dream of my grandmother always telling me that my nose was too big. While dining with Bob at the Dakota restaurant in the Berkshires, I became uncomfortable when I realized that he seemed to be staring at me. At this point, he exclaimed, "Did you have a nose job?" Shocked by his question, I said, "NO! Why did you ask me that?" His response, "You have a perfect nose!" At this juncture, I drifted into a strange waking dream, a moment where I could not reconcile the beliefs of my past with what I was hearing from Bob. I was speechless—a rare state for me. The next time I saw Bob, I brought up the subject of my nose and the strange thing he had said to me. His reply, "Oh yes, I have been admiring your nose today, you have a PERFECT nose." And, when I emailed



*Shamanic Costume Honoring Deer
created by Connie Mah*

Bob to ask him if it was OK to quote him in this article, he replied, "Hi Connie — Yep, you can quote me anytime, and attribute anything to me whatsoever. And yes, your nose is definitely in the top 5% of the general population in terms of "perfect noses." I am still trying to wake up from this dream!

Bob Berman came into my life while I was being treated for breast cancer and what FUN he has been. Only recently have I attempted to speak with him about my enthusiasm for dreams. I shared with Bob a wonderful technique for exploring dreams, a method that helps to uncover personal myths, taught by Stanley Krippner, author of *Personal Mythology*, only to hear him mumble, "Why would anyone want to do that?" I told him that getting in touch with personal myths brings our unconscious into consciousness, hopefully helping us to get out of our own way. Again he mumbled, but this time with an affirming nod, "OK."

So, flying with the astronomer has brought me wonderful dreams and reflections, and maybe it gave Bob Berman a taste of the gift of dreams. At the end of Five Bald Eagles, I know that I need to share a feather. I have decided that Bob is the friend with whom I will share the dream bald eagle feather. After all, he did say that he would "teach me to fly." ☺

Connie Mah enjoys the study of dreams, shamanism and human consciousness. She has trained with The New England Dreamwork Institute, The Monroe Institute, Sandra Ingerman, Stanley Krippner, Malidoma Some, Sobonfu Some and Judith Orloff. She has completed the Foundation for Shamanic Studies Three Year Program and is currently enrolled in Sandra Ingerman's Shamanic Teacher Training. She holds a Bachelor of Science from Tufts University College of Engineering. She lives with her husband and two children in the Berkshire Mountains of Massachusetts and can be reached at connie.mah@qasma.com.

JINNS

On the Road to Morocco

by Stanley Krippner, Ph.D.,
and Christopher Ryan, Ph.D.

THE WORLD HEALTH ORGANIZATION (WHO) finds that traditional medicine has maintained its popularity in all regions of the developing world, and is spreading rapidly in industrialized countries for preventative and palliative care. Worldwide, \$60 billion is spent per year on traditional medicine, \$17 billion in the U.S. alone (Traditional, 2003).

This essay will focus both on Islamic Medicine and a trip we made to Morocco in 1998. Yes, this is the same country that has an outpost in Epcot Center, and that was brought to public attention half-century ago in a Hope-Crosby-Lamour film, "The Road to Morocco." Contemporary Morocco is one of the most open and stable countries in the Arab world. Two years after our visit, King Hassan II passed away and was succeeded by his son, Mohammed VI whose attempts at social betterment have already earned him the sobriquet, "The King of the Poor." Some 70 percent of the population are under the age of thirty, providing an impetus for societal change. Time will tell.

Our expedition was initiated by Hassan Amir, a Saybrook alumnus who wanted us to meet several sheiks (i.e., spiritual counselors) who claimed to work with jnun, the plural form for jinn (also spelled djinn, and known in Western popular culture as "genie"). Jnun, or jinns (to use the Anglicized term) are legendary creatures who are very much alive today,



A sheik in Agadir displays his medical library to Krippner

at least in the imagination of those who call upon them for healing, succor, and good fortune. They also live on for unfortunate believers who attribute bad luck and misfortune to their interventions. They exist below the level of both angels and devils, and have been featured in literature since the appearance of the classic anthology, *The Arabian Nights*. More recently, "genies" have been featured in the Walt Disney movie, *Aladdin* (with Robin Williams playing the role of the blue "genie"). In addition, Barbara Eden played the role of a "genie" in a long-lasting television sitcom, "I Dream of Jeannie."

In Arabian and Muslim folklore, there are a variety of jinns. The most powerful is the jinn of Iblis, the "prince of darkness." Iblis is not equivalent to Satan, from Christian folklore, because Satan is described as a "fallen angel." In Islam, there are no fallen angels. However, Iblis

disobeyed Allah's commandments and was denied contact with Allah. Angels are mentioned several times in the *Holy Quran* and in Islamic tradition. It was the Archangel Jibril (called Gabriel by Christians) who conveyed the *Quran* to Mohammed, the *Gospel* to Jesus, and the *Torah* (Tawran in Muslim tradition) to Moses and Abraham. Gabriel told Mary (or Miriam) that she would give birth to Jesus (or Essa).

The Western medical diagnostic process includes consideration of invisible entities such as microorganisms, but has no counterpart to jinns or similar tricksters and helpers. Islamic Medicine is an intriguing example of traditional medicine because it addresses the positive and negative potentials of jinns at the same time it includes concepts and practices that are highly sophisticated. Islamic medical practice is a combination of several practices that emerged shortly after Mohammed had established Islam as a dynamic and powerful movement throughout the Middle East in the 7th century CE. The first public hospital dispensing treatment freely to all opened in Baghdad in 809 CE. Soon thereafter, every major Muslim city had such a hospital, and each was also a teaching institution and research center. Both state funds and private donations supported them, and they were clearly superior to comparable institutions in Christian Europe.

The medical encyclopedia of Abu

al-Qasim al-Zahrawi (who lived from 936-1013) illustrated surgical instruments of such sophistication that they can easily be recognized as the forerunners of the set used today by Western physicians. Ibn Sina (980-1037) wrote the *Canons of Medicine*, a standard text for centuries thereafter, even among non-Muslims. Treatises on specific diseases set new standards. For example, the physician and scientist al-Razi (854-935) described smallpox in great detail. In 1716, the wife of a British diplomat in Istanbul wrote about Muslim physicians' use of weakened strains to insure immunity; Edward Jenner (1749-1825) did not make this discovery until later.

The Siegler-Osmond Model

Comparisons between Western biomedicine and traditional medicine such as Chinese, Ayurvedic, and Islamic practices can be made utilizing hypothetical structures such as the 12-faceted model proposed by Miriam Siegler and Humphry Osmond (1974). In the social and behavioral sciences, a "model" is an explicit or implicit explanatory structure that underlies a set of organized individual or group behaviors. Their use in science attempts to improve understanding of the process they represent. Models have been constructed to describe human conflict, competition, and cooperation. Models have been proposed to explain mental illness, personality dynamics, and family interactions. We have modified the Siegler/Osmond model, making it applicable to both "physical" and "mental" disorders, although traditional practitioners usually do not differentiate between the two. The utility of the Siegler/Osmond model can be demonstrated by comparing a shamanic medical model, an eclectic folk healing model, and the allopathic biomedical model on 12 dimensions. The 12 parts of the model are:

1. Diagnosis
2. Etiology
3. Patient's behavior
4. Treatment

5. Prognosis
6. Death and suicide
7. Function of the institution
8. Personnel
9. Role of the patient
10. Role of the family
11. Role of the community
12. Goal of the model.

The utility of the model can be demonstrated by applying it to traditional Islamic Medicine.

1. Diagnosis is done on the basis of both internal and external examination.
2. Etiology is based on the "humors"; there are two types of sickness—of the heart and of the body.
3. The patient's behavior is observed; e.g., unusual cravings are symptomatic of a disorder. The practitioner is especially alert to nightmares, convulsions, and other signs of "possession," i.e., a malevolent jinn's intrusion into the patient's psyche.
4. Treatment can be natural, spiritual, or both, e.g., "cupping" the afflicted area, prescribing dates, honey, and herbs, exorcising cases of "possession," asking the patient to perform a zekr (i.e., repeating the 99 attributes of Allah), using protective amulets or charms that include inscriptions of verses from the *Holy Quran*. Sheiks can treat themselves with the aid of sacred texts, but there are hazards to this practice. It is advisable that they go to another sheik for treatment.

5. Prognosis depends on how well the patient follows instructions and the nature and severity of the problem.

6. Premature death is especially adverse if it comes before the patient performs the required pilgrimage to Mecca. Suicide is a sin.

7. Institutional settings include hospitals and clinics. Their role is to provide a spiritual site for restoring the health of the patient. Sheiks and other traditional practitioners often play a role in these institutions, but that role varies

from region to region.

8. Practitioners include hakims (spiritual healers), sheiks (spiritual advisors), herbalists, surgeons, orthopedists, and exorcists; often, their functions overlap, especially in the case of hakims and sheiks. A faqui is a sheik who is also a scholar. The word means "poor" - the connection being that the more one knows, the more one realizes one's poverty of knowledge. (The English word "fakir" might have been derived from this term.) All the practitioners operate from a spiritual base and they often work together in various combinations, depending on the traditions characterizing their locale.

9. The role of the patient is to follow instructions and to prevent a recurrence of the problem.

10. The role of family members is to feed the ailing patient nourishing foods, and to help in preventing the spread of the sickness.

11. The role of the community is to make qualified practitioners available, and to visit those who are sick.

12. The goal of Islamic medicine is the preservation of good health, combatting disease, and restoring health to the sick. Sufism, the mystical aspect of Islam, adds that healing must help patients attain a state where they function harmoniously with the universe, because people are cosmic beings as well as social and biological beings.

The Role of Jinns

Jinns are mentioned several times in the Roman Translation of the *Holy Quran*. For example, in Chapter 72, "a company of jinns" is described listening to sacred script. They said, "We have really heard a wonderful recital! It gives guidance to the Right'." This group of jinns spread the word among their fellow jinns; some believed and some did not believe. It is this latter group who tries to lead humans astray.

Jinns are invisible beings who share the earth with humans, and

belief in them is especially prevalent in Morocco (Davis & Davis, 2002). Female jinns (more properly, jinniya, the female plural) have been known to "possess" humans, but they give themselves away by their feet, which resemble those of goats or cows. Men "possessed" by jinniya can be rescued by the Hamadsha, or other curing groups who use musical performances and sacrificial rituals (Crapanzano, 1973).

There are Muslim jinns and non-Muslim (e.g., Jewish and Christian) jinns. Some jinns are benevolent and some are malevolent. The evil ones may enter the body through any one of the five orifices, often going straight for the head to drive their victim mad. The helpful ones can be persuaded to grant favors and wishes. Some writers claim that the jinns' tendency to enter a person's mouth or nose has led to the practice of covering one's nose or mouth when yawning or coughing (Crapanzano, 1973, p. 112).

The Sheiks of Agadir



Krippner and his student (Hassan Amer) drinking coffee in Agadir with a sheik.

Upon our arrival in Agadir on 10 December 1999, we stopped in a coffee shop for our first appointment with a sheik, a spiritual advisor who, in Morocco, often gives medical advice as well. In fact, this sheik had a cell phone and told us that he made house calls. He would not let us use his name, but spoke freely about the jinns who, he claimed, had been created from fire (in contrast with humans who were created from the earth). He told us that there were two ways of manifesting jinns. For a fee of \$3,000 he would manifest a jinn from the palm of someone's

hand, or would recite a specific verse of the Quran several times, taking a person into an altered state of consciousness in which the jinn would appear.

Later the same day, we had an appointment with another sheik, Fawadane Mohammed M'bark, a 70-year-old Bedouin with 45 years of counseling experience who claimed that he had been certified by a governmental religious board. He began his discourse by stating that "purification of the heart leads to gifts from Allah."



In Aligar a sheik presents a discourse on jinns.

This purification consists of healthy living, loving relationships, direct person-to-person communication, and sound business practices. His family line goes back to the Prophet Idres; teachings have been passed along the male line of the family with young men being tutored by their grandfathers. We were informed that clients come from all over Morocco to consult with him, as well as from France, Italy, and Saudi Arabia.

M'bark informed us that Allah sent 113 prophets to spread the words of the Quran to all tribes and all people. He often finds himself playing the role of a mediator between married couples. It is usually the wife's mother who reports the conflict; M'bark often finds an appropriate verse in the Quran, passing this along to the mother, who then gives it to her daughter who, in turn, mixes the paper with milk,

juice, or coffee. This mixture is fed to the family of the husband. If the husband has not abused his wife, the family is told the contents of the mixture; if he has been abusive, the mixture is fed them without their knowledge. In addition, he engages in pre-marital counseling and will give advice on the match. Occasionally, he will assist a man attract a woman's interest "if that man is a good person."

M'bark also engaged in business consulting. If an item is not selling, he will give the merchant a verse from the Quran and this is generally hung over the door of the shop. It can also be placed on the merchant's left arm; however, if there is an item that is not to be sold, the verse is placed on the right arm. M'bark deals with a variety of health problems, most notably diabetes; if a physician has diagnosed someone as a diabetic, M'bark prepares a special tea made from fig tree shoots to assist recovery.

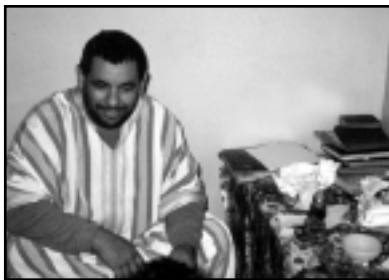


A sheik in Agadir displays his medical library

When people come to him, their "destiny" determines whether or not they need his help. He insists that his clients try to help themselves, only coming to him when their own efforts have been exhausted. Then he listens to their story, and will tell them whether or not he can be of assistance. If so, he uses both Muslim and Indian astrology to learn about the client's temperament. He has worked with foreigners, as long as they manifest faith in God. When we asked about jinns, he told us that some sheiks work with these entities but he has not found them to be

reliable allies. Further, the assistance they give is not long lasting. His concluding remarks were, "Ignorance is the enemy of humanity; people should keep seeking knowledge until the moment of their death." We were quite impressed by Fawadane Mohammed M'bark, and his commitment to ethical principles; for example, he told us that he would not refer us to practitioners whose work with jinns relied on the use of negative forces. His work is only with what he called "positive energies" and with the Holy Quran.

Three Sheiks of Aligar



A sheik in Aligar at a desk in his office

The next day we arrived in Aligar, and our colleague had arranged a series of appointments with local sheiks who were knowledgeable on the topic of jinns. The first was Bounamt Haj Ahmed of the St. Akouchar Agency of Medical Plants. He had no hesitation in telling us that some sheiks use the services of jinns simply to "play games," others for "financial gain," and still others "to serve spiritual purposes." He described two types of jinns: "There are those who help and heal people, and those who hurt people or play tricks on them." He cited the example of a jinn who hit a client when he was sleeping, leaving him with a dislocated jaw; however, Ahmed recited a verse from the Quran, and the jaw returned to its normal state. If one encounters a malevolent jinn while awake, less damage can be done.

Ahmed acknowledged that negative jinns can "possess" someone, either completely or partially. In the latter instance, his clients complain

about "hearing voices in their head" or manifest what Western psychotherapists would term visual hallucinations, depression, obsessions, or anxiety. Surprising to us was the news that not all jinns are of the same religious faith. The Muslim jinns appear dressed in white and have a clean appearance; these jinns are the wisest and the most articulate. There are also Jewish, Christian, and "infidel" jinns; the latter have no religious principles, are "dirty," are dressed in black, and are the most dangerous. Some jinns live in the air or on the earth (generally in caves), while others live in water or even in fire, the place of their origin. They enjoy living near gold or hidden treasure. Jinns are especially sensitive to hot water; if this is thrown at them, the perpetrator is bound to suffer revenge.

The next two sheiks came together and were part of the Inezgane family; their practice was part of this "family business." The Inezganes claimed to work only with

the good jinns, and both had spent several decades in their profession. However, they observed that we had arrived on a Friday, the one day of the week that no jinn-related activities could be conducted. They confirmed that jinns can live in a variety of locations, but all of them exist in a "parallel universe" where they have their own kingdoms and their own laws. Jinns were created 1,000 years before the advent of humans; both were brought into existence to worship Allah. King Solomon was acquainted with jinns, especially those who live in the sea. When the king died, he is said to have remained on his throne for 200 years because physicians were reluctant to examine him, fearing the wrath of his jinn allies.

Jinns are less intelligent than humans and occupy themselves by working in simple trades. However, when they appear to humans, they can change their forms, appearing as animals, birds, snakes, or even as

(Continued on page 44)

"Dreams provide an inexhaustible resource for students of consciousness and for anyone who wants to explore their inner life."

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Waking Dream: Finding the Lost Little Girls

By Kellie Meisl

NO, YOU CAN'T PARK HERE on the main road; just park on the side street over there," I tell Steve. He parks without further negotiation. Steve and I, along with our three and a half year old son Benjamin, pile out of our SUV. I wonder briefly why I have decided to include myself on this excursion; usually late afternoon trips to the park are a Daddy-Benjamin thing. I wish I had brought my book.

We meander across one cement square of a sidewalk, and in perfect unspoken agreement, begin to stroll along the very green, slightly long summer lawn in front of a red brick apartment building, once a school. I pause to notice its former name etched in the grey concrete above the bricks: 'Johnson School.' I stand admiring the sturdy front door, crafted with character. "School buildings just don't have that same old-fashioned appeal as they used to," I think to myself.

We walk across a solid cement bridge with thick posts and rails with little 'windows' in between them. Below lies murky water with glistening spots of sun shining here and there. We are approaching a playground on "the other side of town." Though I had always thought of this as a tough neighborhood, the park and playground are surprisingly bright and cheerful. Benjamin and Steve chose to come to this park, as



they have been here before and really like its atmosphere too.

As I enter the park, I see several teenage boys playing basketball on red and blue courts, meticulously painted with white stripes and geometric designs like none I have ever seen on a basketball court. Benjamin strolls happily along the edge of one of the three courts. The teen boys, intent on their game, do not notice him. One teen male sits on a bench taking a break; I want to say hi but we do not make eye contact. I get a feeling of positive energy as I walk through. We reach the playground

equipment. It, too, is brightly painted and neatly kept. I expect to find graffiti but see none.

Several children, their skin a beautiful palette of ambers and browns, are playing on the climbing structure. They vary in age and size. The young boy is loud and high with energy, jumping a good four feet from the top of the slide and landing like a cat in the wood chips below. The girls eye us but continue playing within their tribe. I sense a toughness about them and start to feel anxiety. I move in towards Benjamin and watch him keenly as he asserts himself, climbing up a ladder causing one of the girls, slightly older than him, to back up. Then, crawling through the tunnel, he meets up with the loud boy and successfully passes him without incident. I comment to

Steve on his confidence level and begin to relax and let go of my anxiety. Steve and I walk over to a bench and sit down.

Benjamin goes over to the youngest girl there, barely a toddler, and tries to take the steering wheel out of her hand and claim it as his own. This makes Steve uneasy and he begins to call firmly from the bench at Benjamin to "give the wheel back to the girl." I tell him to ease up a bit. "You handle it then," he tells me. I go over and try to balance the situation and bring some harmony to the situation, avoiding negativity.

At first I am unsuccessful at getting Benjamin to open up to the idea of sharing the wheel. He is about to turn four in a month and very much into his 'me' phase of life. Steve keeps calling me to remove him from the area but I refuse to give up and soon the situation is resolved, with Benjamin even agreeing to share. The little girls are gathered around, each taking turns looking in on the youngest one, though she is well on her way to being able to take care of herself. I ask her name while I am playing peacemaker. "Her name is Erica," I am told. "She is one." Soon I have the middle sister's name. "Glenda, five years old," I hear her say through a slight speech impediment.

They are beautiful, deep brown, their skin shining radiantly, spirals of black curls neatly collected atop their youthful heads. Glenda is wearing sky blue eye shadow. Though it is meant for someone many years beyond her age, she dons it as if it were tribal face paint; it serves to only further enhance the innate beauty of her face and skin. I soon realize the girls are friendly as they begin to share more and more about themselves. Glenda just finished Head Start; she'll be going to Drake in the fall. Another slightly older girl appears, her skin the color of autumn honey. She is wearing a fuchsia pink top and ruffled skirt; very pretty, impractical as playground wear, but it's her style and it suits her. Her eye shadow perfectly matches her outfit. She is, "Heather, seven" and she goes to Drake. Glenda shows me how she can cross the bars, swinging to two bars before jumping off. Heather proudly crosses them all. Soon Glenda is asking me to hold her while she crosses the bars, which I do without a problem; her body is light, almost ethereal. Erica, or 'MooMoo' as her sisters affectionately call her, wanders off to another piece of playground equipment... so does Benjamin with Steve in tow. I stay with the girls. Heather wants to be held now while crossing the bars. Her cousin, Glenda's older sister, reminds her that she doesn't

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need help but that doesn't stop her from taking it. Heather and Glenda retreat to two toddler swings. Their bodies, though very long for the swings, slip into them with ease. They beseech me to push them. I do so without hesitation, their free spirits, their friendly, welcoming attitudes, their innocent beauty captivating me.

Soon they are talking about family. They are cousins, Heather and Glenda. Heather's sister, more elusive, in a form fitting dress that ties in the back, looking to be ten, remains in the background. We are introduced but her name doesn't stick. Glenda reminds me that she lives at 309 Milton Street and has five sisters and two brothers. Heather tells me she has ten sisters. With Glenda, I get a sense of pure truth. With Heather, I feel the need to read between the lines, yet I know there is truth in her words. She tells me about a brother who died in her mother's stomach. I tell her that's very sad. They continue to be delighted as I push them on the swings; they attempt to keep their turns fair.

They are most pleased by my attention; I feel completely calm and connected; my spine tingles with the sensation. This is what Life is: pure reality, a spontaneous trip, a chance meeting, youthful—albeit on the brink—feminine energy. Ahhhh! I look to Steve and receive an acknowledging smile and am even more comfortable in the place I find myself. This is the simplest and best day of our week-long vacation so far and it's Friday.

Soon Isaiah, Glenda's brother, wants to swing. He comes in with a tough masculine attitude that threatens to break up our powwow. My feelings of wellness permeate his surge, however, and soon he is allowed to share the swing of his cousin, Heather. Erica has wandered over and been placed in Glenda's swing. I'm back to holding Glenda on the monkey bars but glance peripherally at Isaiah, picking up on his need for support in this whirl of femi-

nine energy. I go over and push him on the swing, which magically penetrates his defensive barrier. Through his disturbed speech, I hear how he can dive into a 'dar' (pool), and about his burnt rabbit that died in the fire that was set in his home and in which he lost everything except his Barney. His cousin reminds him that the rabbit now carries a burn mark. I make the suggestion that Barney is somehow special and can be held for comfort. He doesn't shun the idea. He continues to talk of fire and lighters and how he can light them and firecrackers.

Sierra comes over to push Moo-Moo, inserting details into her brother's tales in a most respectful and mature fashion for a ten year old whose birthday will be on August 7th. I mention how special it is to have a summer birthday. She, too, is receptive to my input. Isaiah gets off the swing to go see the rabbit, a muskrat, which runs away at the last moment he approaches it. He comes back and happily reports that it went into the water. It hits me, using the Native American ritual of Power Animals, would be an excellent way to work with Isaiah. He then threatens to punch Heather who is now occupying his swing. Both she—and he—know that he means business; she leaves promptly. When he returns to the burnt rabbit in his conversation, I take the opportunity to ask him if he is sad about the rabbit. He proudly retorts, "No, I laughed because it bit anyway." I decide not to judge but to just stay with him; this works out well. He tells me about his brother who lives in Philadelphia and who called yesterday to ask for a picture. He mentions his Dad is living there, too.

Wishing I could send him an animal totem, I ask him for his last name. There is some confusion about this and both he and his cousin decide on Judd Daily—that's his father's name, he tells me.

Then Steve calls me. "It's time to go to the hardware store before it closes," he tells me. I tell the kids, who are still vying for my attention

with an intensity that tells me they are not yet satisfied up by my interest, though they are sincerely delighted by it. Sensing my impending departure, Heather asks quickly, "What's a hardware store?" I blurt out something about nuts and bolts and tools. Isaiah asks if there are toys. Heather wants to know if they have notebooks. "No," I tell Isaiah. "Maybe," I tell Heather. She imploringly asks if I'll buy her one; she needs it for friend's addresses and "to write about friends and stuff." She asks if I could bring it back today or meet her here tomorrow. I ask her what her house number is. "Twenty, I think," she replies. I will try to find it. Then I stroll, with Steve and Benjamin back to our vehicle, mesmerized by the richness of my experience, still vibrating from it all. The question that has become my mantra of late: "What is my life's purpose?" pops into my head. As I cross back over the bridge with the glistening river beneath it, I smile with an inner knowledge that I am receiving my answers. Something is swirling beneath us there in the river, "It's Isaiah's muskrat," I think. As we reach the green lawn of the brick apartment building—once a school, I ponder, "What color notebook will I get for Heather?"

I consider this experience to be a "waking dream" because, like spontaneous night dreams, it is one of those times when every thing moves in varied time frames. Although the physical body is moving in linear time, the emotional body is moving in dream time, rather like a lucid dream with an edge on having abilities that help you perform feats of an emotional nature rather than those of a physical nature, such as willed flying, which we may associate with lucid dreaming. A waking dream can seemingly merge one's mind's eye with the present experience at hand, and the gifts can be profound. One receives the aptitude to look at his or her life in past tense, present tense and future tense, all at once. One also gains a sense of what we now know is so crucial to mental



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health—the absolute power to really live in the moment.

What spurs these waking dreams? Aside from the fact that we are all receiving these experiences regularly as we go about our day—though we might not be aware all of the time—I believe taking the time to work with our night dreams helps. Doing so opens new doors for each of us to begin to look at our life as one big dream. Just as we can journal about, confer with others on and receive guidance about our night dreams, for the purpose of bringing us clarity about our mission in life, so, too, can we treat our waking lives in the same manner. So, we can journal about our waking experiences, confer with others about them and use dream techniques to bring clarity to them.

One dream technique that can help us gain understanding about a waking dream experience is Dream Mapping. With this technique, one places a particular theme from his or her dream into the center of a piece of paper. (For instance, a theme I might use with my waking dream is: 'playgrounds'). Then, one freely brainstorm any feelings or associations that seem connected to the central theme. (I might include: 'an area of open ground' or, 'a place where I lost parts of my self as a little girl'.) Each new piece of information is written around the pe-

riphery of the central theme. Lastly, one connects the main feelings and associations that resonate most with her by drawing a line first from the central theme, and then to each important word or phrase. What emerges is a visual and written 'path' that provides more understanding about one's waking dream. This is a technique I developed along with my dream partner, Connie Mah. We use it in our dream circles and workshops, in a variety of ways. Just about any dream analysis technique one could use to learn more about spontaneous night dreams, can be used for waking dreams.

It has been almost three years since I wrote my waking dream story. I have found myself to be the one writing 'about friends and stuff' like Heather had hoped to, as I weave my stories together in preparation for my first manuscript. My female relationships have become a very integral part of my life. I am working with my soul friend of fifteen years, Connie, developing a manuscript for the book we shall write together. We hold dream circles and workshops together monthly. We just returned from Nova Scotia a month ago where we held a weekend workshop for 20 women, ages eighteen to sixty. This experience brought us even closer together and put us in touch with the intimacy of our friendship. Often times that weekend we found our-

selves transmitting thoughts and ideas to each other with out using verbal language. We could incorporate them at the spur of the moment into our work as facilitators, finishing precisely where the other left off, without missing a beat.

I have rekindled a childhood friendship with my birth friend of 40 years, another waking dream story that I will soon tell. I sit at least weekly, sometimes for six hours at a time, slumped in comfort, sipping coffee and pouring out emotion with my former teaching partner and spirit friend for the past eight years. We have learned that we're more the same than different. I commented recently that the story she just told me could have come out of my mouth instead of hers. "The lines between you and me have blurred," I tell her. "Work' with my friends has become play. I find myself telling my friends I love them. Is this in part due to my waking dream experience on that summer day? I think so. It is with deep appreciation that I thank my Dream Guides for reuniting me with the lost little girls. For, I am a Grateful Dreamer. ☺

Kellie Meisl is an educator and enjoys studying the field of dreams. She uses her dreams as a springboard for her writing and paintings. She lives in the Berkshires with her husband, Steve and son, Benjamin. Kellie Meisl, 42 Brookside Drive, Pittsfield, MA 01201

Using Dreams to Heal Depression



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"I refuse to become a seeker for cures. Everything that has ever helped me has come through what already lay stored in me. Old things, diffuse, unnamed, lie strong across my heart."

~ Adrienne Rich
from *Your Native Land*

I REMEMBER A CLIENT once told me, "I'm sick of being labeled with one of those personality disorders from that horrible big book, and then having the therapist try to fix me."

A compelling, unnamed longing for our own life and identity often motivates us to join some group or seek out a psychotherapist. Unfortunately, many contemporary therapies—while well-intended—often focus on un-natural medications, social re-adaptation and continuing conformity, leaving individuals in the same or worse circumstances than they were before engaging.

So how do we find natural remedies, ways to help ourselves reconnect with our own genius, our own distinctiveness and way of being the world? A process I have come to call "*Radical Dreaming*" uses dreams, dream images and dreamwork as tools to facilitate the life-changing process of reconnecting us to our essential nature. In this process of freeing our authentic selves, dreams—with laser-like precision—point out those outside influences and ideas that threaten to extinguish our creative potential or harm us in any way. Here's an example:

Peter, a computer programmer

in his early forties, hated his job and the company for which he worked. He had just begun taking a new prescription drug for anxiety and depression when he told me about a scary dream he called a nightmare:

It was just getting dark and I was standing outside and realized that there had been a nuclear war. Everywhere I looked I saw blackened remains, a burned-out landscape. It was horrible! Then three, white Atlas rockets landed like space ships, the kind that carry nuclear warheads. As I watched, three alien beings came out of the rockets' doors. A strange, green glow came from the doorways. I woke up really frightened wondering how aliens can be in U.S. ICBMs?

After working on Peter's dream using the *Radical Dreaming* approach, Peter understood the true impact of his devastating bout with depression, how it had effectively wiped out his world (the 'burned-out landscape'). He realized, with a look of real shock, that the three, white ICBMs in his dream represented the outside world's remedy he had chosen as well as the actual, three white pills he took each day—a powerful, synchronistic allusion to the gravity of the pharmaceutical establishments' at-

tack on his 'depression'—a quite real, 'alien' invasion of his psyche.

From this dream he began to re-think his approach to his depression. Instead of altering his brain chemistry so that he would not feel depressed and could continue the status quo, Peter began to consider other alternatives—including exploring what his depression wanted—using his depression as a catalyst to change his life and his career. He determined to stop depressing his hopes and dreams and his un-lived life. It makes sense that we would feel depressed when we depress who we are in order to conform to outside rules and expectations.

A lot of our 'depression'—which has reached epidemic proportions in the U.S.—may well be the consequence and symptom of 'non-being,' of an un-lived life. This also means that depression can be one of our most valuable signposts, a red flag... a symptom of spiritual distress... a deep inner protest about something we are doing to ourselves. To mindlessly obliterate our depression with drugs, shutting down our natural alarm system and numbing our innate human sensibilities, is non-sensical and perverse.

Peter's dream helped him redirect his life by illuminating foreign influences that ironically were preventing him from getting to the heart of what his depression really intended: to free him from: living someone else's life!

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John Goldhammer, Ph.D., is a dream researcher, psychotherapist, and author of three books. *Using Dreams to Heal Depression* is adapted from his newest book, *Radical Dreaming: Use Your Dreams to Change Your Life* (Kensington Publishing / Citadel Press). John lives in Seattle, Washington; Email: jgoldhammer@mindspring.com 206-306-0322 or 206-367-4379

NIGHTMARE REVISITED

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THE VALUE OF DOING LIFE-LONG DREAMWORK IS UNDENIABLE.

About 15 years ago, I said good-bye to a recurring nightmare that I had experienced since I was a child. The nightmare always involved a house that took many guises, but within it was something I feared. I was often inside the house, sometimes I was outside of it, but experienced the same tremendous fear, the root element of the nightmare.

Imagine my surprise when I recognized one of the 'houses' from my former nightmare series in a recent lucid dream. This time, however, the scenario was different.

I cautiously entered the house and noted the atmosphere was light and warm and my feelings were ones of safety and security that comes from being in the familiar surroundings of home. As I entered every room, I saw this person who was me as I looked in my thirties and she was joyous!

Radiant, with happy smiles, jubilant energy. In room after room, I found a variation of the same person (me) with the same joyous demeanor. I expressed my doubts to one of the women about having time to go upstairs to see if the former malevolent feelings still existed there, but she assured me—guaranteed me—that it was safe and there was no need to go there.

Upon awakening, I recorded the dream and later unearthed my dream journals from 20 years ago. I leafed

through them and found many examples of how different my house nightmare looked then and the intensity of the feelings of fear surrounding them. I also discovered and was reminded of the process that assisted in eradicating them.

I took my recurring nightmare to a dream practitioner who assisted in helping me work through the terror by getting to the core issues that were causing them. She had me re-enter the latest version of the dream I had. In that particular dream, I was ascending a stairway and I knew that something hideous was awaiting me at the top of the stairs. I never actually 'saw' anything scary or frightening, but always experienced the dreaded and paralyzing fear of what was awaiting me just beyond my line of sight. So she had me make the feared thing into a concrete object in my mind and I converted it to a sword that was literally hanging in mid-air. She then instructed me to create a weapon and a shield for protection. In my recreation, I armed myself with a fireplace poker and moved toward the object. I felt empowered with my weaponry as I confronted the 'sword' and commanded it to 'shrink.' I watched as it started to reduce its size into a barely perceptible object, then it disappeared altogether. After that, I never had the same dream again.

My recent dream served as confirmation, as if I was testing myself to see if the house was still safe from its former elements of

fear. Since the house is classically an archetypal self-symbol, the recent dream of seeing myself safe, happy, well there—and represented at about the same age as I was when I had the experience with the dreamworker who helped me through the nightmare—is reassuring me that the healing is complete.

Why did I have the dream now? It is obvious, from the point of view that I am entering into new phases and transitions in my life, that it must have been a 'safety check' for me, helping me to realize I am safe and secure wherever it is I want to go in my personal growth. Thus, the value of having written dream records to substantiate and re-connect with the place I was twenty years ago in my life is invaluable; it provided a way to measure my development and insights.

The unconscious is always at work, even when we do not believe that it is. Having dream journals to chart and monitor our life passages, healings and growth cannot be underestimated. Revisit your early dream journals or start the tradition of recording your dreams *now* so that you can peer into the mirror of your mind. It is rich and glorious territory! §

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Have you had an interesting dream experience you would like to explore in this column? Please send to Marlene King, M.A. c/o Dream Network, or e-mail me directly at marlene@chatlink.com

humans. In the latter case, they have been known to marry naive humans and the female jinns bear their children. Some of them are eager to learn what humans know and will follow someone around constantly, especially if that person is weak and offers little resistance. Because they are able to fly, one can not escape a jinn by travelling to another location. Jinns subsist on bones, blood, leftover human food, and pungent smells. They are especially partial to bedrooms and bathrooms because the smells nourish them; in addition, they enjoy watching people have sex, which is why Muslims cover themselves during intercourse. Sometimes, jinns will try to join the couple during intercourse, but the couple only need to say the name of "Allah" to repel them.

Jinns typically live in the sea, air, and earth, but some prefer volcanoes and hurricanes. When people report having *ihlam* or the "sixth sense," they do not know if it is a gift from Allah or a gift from the jinns. Sheiks can make this determination, and give counsel on its use. Jinns can live for hundreds of years and have souls that survive their eventual death.

Two More Sheiks in Aligar

The sixth sheik we visited, Alkadie Al-Hussein, was a member of the Berber tribe and had been practicing for 10 years. He told us he represents the fourth generation of sheiks in his family. Al-Hussein worked out of his private office; although small, it had room for a television set and his banjo. He showed us his palm and traced the figure 8, noting that people with this configuration can see jinns more easily. Al-Hussein works with palmistry as well as with the Quran and the benevolent Muslim jinns. The latter entities "carry the message of the Quran" to his clients, especially when interpersonal relationships are in need of improvement. It is no easy task to summon a jinn; Al-Hussein must recite the appropriate verses from the Quran for seven days before they

appear. On the other hand, he protects people from bad jinns by giving them appropriate verses from the Quran. However, in cases of epilepsy, brain cancer, and schizophrenia he is too late; the malevolent jinns have already wreaked havoc with a person. Some jinns will "possess" a person who refuses to have sex with them; others will do it because of their fascination with all things human.

Al-Hussein's clients come to him for advice on love, business, health, and interpersonal "communication." The most common problems stem from marriage or business. Less often, he will see people suffering from "partial possession," which results in personality problems and impaired work abilities. Typically, he will take the name of a client, count the number of letters, mix the letters with the name of Allah, and then make numerical calculations with the results. These numbers are translated into specific verses from the Quran, which form the basis for treatment. The writing of the Quran verses has become Al-Hussein's specialty.

Mujarhib Mafour Mubarak was the final sheik we visited. His office was small and humble, with a cluttered table in its corner, two weathered easy chairs, and a photo of his grandfather on the wall. He was very proud of his small library; one book he showed us was a treatise on "the beauty of wisdom" and the other was the classic Tbn Sina text. Mubarak's practice, as he described it, is very comprehensive, ranging from marriage counseling to business concerns, to health problems. He declared, "If a sheik has the determination and intention to improve a situation, he will be successful. Not everyone can do this type of work well, and their clients must work hard as well." He remarked that Friday was the "holiday" for jinns so we could not expect to observe any sheik working with these entities. When a sheik works with a helpful jinn, the dialog is not perceptible to outsiders; sometimes the sheik rea-

sons with the jinn, sometimes he bargains, and sometimes he cajoles. It is important that the sheik keeps his priorities focused and does not let the jinn distract him.

In the jinn kingdom each day of the week honors a special jinn. Mubarak named them as Mamoun (Saturday), Mudhab (Sunday), Alakhmar (Monday), Marah (Tuesday), Barkah (Wednesday), Shamharush (Thursday), and Albiad (Friday). Again, we were told that King Solomon worked with jinns; according to Mubarak, Solomon's mother was a jinn. Only sheiks and similar practitioners can see jinns, but they can perform special procedures making it possible for their clients to see them if this would serve a positive purpose. Mubarak told us that for \$1,500 he could produce a jinn for us, but it would have to be on another day of the week.

Mubarak includes dream work in his repertoire of skills, describing two types of dreams. One type reflects daily concerns while the other type is produced by jinns and includes nightmares, dreams of being chased or attacked, and dreams that are "wish fulfillments." When a jinn "possesses" someone, it lives in that person's blood. Some people have attained the "sixth sense" without the help of jinns; these individuals often become faqui or scholars. Most scholars rely on "book knowledge," but when it can be supplemented by *ihlam*, the combination of reason and intuition can produce remarkable insights. He added, "However, all human knowledge is like a drop in the ocean." This modest evaluation of human capacities is the reason that Mubarak depends upon the Holy Quran for direction. He stated, "All my cures are in the Quran."

Discussion

Western psychotherapists often are called upon to treat patients with belief systems considerably different from their own. Ethnic minorities often harbor explanations of their sicknesses that are quite dif-

ferent than those put forward by a psychological therapist or psychiatrist. For example, post-traumatic nightmares nearly two years after the Iraqi invasion of Kuwait were recorded by one team (Barrett & Behbehani, 2003). Children interviewed by the team were even more likely to report repetitive nightmares (p. 139).

In a world that is becoming increasingly multi-cultural, it is important that therapists become acquainted with the mythologies that their patients bring along to the therapy session. Furthermore, there are interesting parallels between the appearance and behavior of the jinns and those of goblins, leprechauns, and UFO aliens.

The Western psychotherapeutic literature contains several articles that describe cases of mental illness attributed to jinns. For example, Mohia (1986) described a case of "jinn hysteria" in which a 23-year-old woman whose delirium and agitation was attributed to "possession" by a jinn, and how the psychotherapist worked with the patient with this attribution in mind. Bilu (1979) described the plight of two Moroccan Jews living in Israel who were convinced that jinns had evoked a malady named sira, marked by somatic disturbances and symptoms of anxiety. And in 2000, a Pakistani newspaper reported that a 17-year-old girl had eloped with a jinn (Anonymous, 2000).

Some Arabian traditions categorize jinns into ghul (shape-shifters), ifrit (evil spirits), and sila (trickster spirits) (Coleman, 2002). However, one of the surprises of our short visit was the discovery that the sheiks we interviewed felt that many jinns were benevolent, and could be useful in treating patients, while other jinns who were less compassionate could be exploited with the proper magical procedures. It was our misfortune that we had to leave Aligar for Fez on Saturday morning; furthermore, our budget could not cover the costs involved in persuading a

jinn to join us on the Road to Morocco.

But there was an unexpected turn in the road when we came across a book written by Ken Wilber (1991), *Grace and Grit*, in which he describes the fatal illness of his wife, Treya, and her search for her daemon. This Greek word describes "the god within," one's inner deity or guiding spirit, also known as a djinn or genie once the Arab world became the custodian of the Greek classics. According to Wilber, this daemon or djinn "is indeed one's guiding spirit; those who bear a god within bring genius to their work. When, however, one's daemon is heard but unheeded, it is said that the daemon becomes a demon, or evil spirit—divine energy and talent degenerates into self-destructive activity" (p. 58).

As is often the case with ancient myths, one can find direct applications to one's daily life. Our search for jinns on the road to Morocco culminated in a renewed acquaintanceship with our inner jinns, the guiding spirits that have helped us find our life's direction. And we managed this for much less than a thousand dollars per session. We learned that in Morocco, every price is open to negotiation—even the price of self-knowledge. ☞

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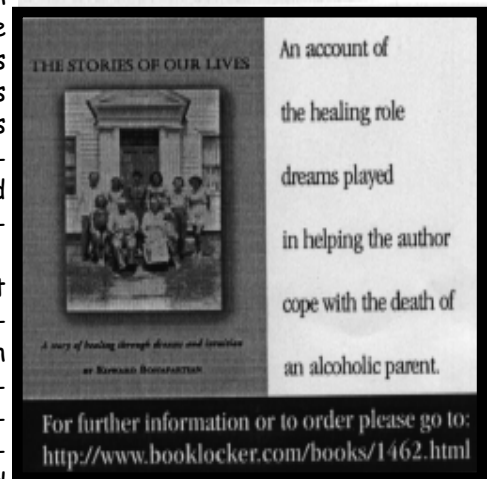
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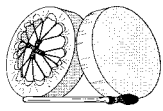
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