

Dreaming as a Practice

Since 1982

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Dream Network

Evolving a Dream Cherishing Culture



Dance! "It is Holy"

With Gabrielle Roth

Dream Theatre

Jeremy Menekseoglu

Artist & the Tidal Wave

John Goldhammer

Creativity & Its Shadow

Robert Johnson

"I'm still amazed with what I've learned and how much my dreams have been trying to tell me. I just didn't know!" —YourGuidingDreams.com Member

- PERSONALIZED METHOD FOR INTERPRETING DREAMS (PMID)
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The Rapture

I am at a small town festival or carnival. It is night and the carnival is being held on a sandy beach that is protected by rocky headlands. It is a peaceful balmy full moon night. Everyone is dressed up in their best clothes. I am wearing a long, high necked gown, matching lace gloves, a large fancy hat. I carry a parasol on my shoulder and a small beaded bag.

The gown is very pale and has many lovely flounces. I am a young woman, don't seem to be married and I am very happy. I go from one event to another, not really participating, just watching and laughing as children and adults alike enjoy themselves at carnival rides and games. Everyone seems to know everyone else; it's a small town atmosphere.

In time, I wander away from the carnival—I'm laughed out—and find myself wandering along the sandy shore of the sea. I look around and see there are many like me, happily wandering... slowly... away from the carnival.

Some are couples, some are solitary, some are in small family groups.

In the distance, those of us who are on the beach begin to hear faint music coming from across the water. It is so beautiful and endearing it makes me gasp. I look around to see where it is coming from and I notice others hear it too. They look at me and their faces begin to register a rapture.

We smile, then softly laugh in wonderment. The music grows stronger...

as we see clouds forming in the sky overhead, covering the stars and the moon. Rain begins to gently fall, the music begins to grow louder and then we hear singing.

As I look around I notice the people at the carnival are dismayed, some are angry at the rain and they begin to get things under cover. As the rain gets harder, the wind begins to build, and a symphony of music begins to build and we can hear thousands of voices singing. Then the waves build into a pounding surf that is driving inland. The people at the carnival are angry and frightened, men are shouting and women are screaming for their children. The children are very frightened and crying.

But those of us who have wandered off toward the sea are filled with joy. Some walk calmly into the ocean taking their children with them, some begin to climb the rocks and cliffs that encircle the beach. I am among them and climb up as high as I can go, reaching my hands toward the streaming music.

I can make out the words and am singing with the choirs. I've long since lost my parasol, hat, gloves and shoes... perhaps even my dress. I may have been in just a long slip, for I feel very comfortable and I can move freely. My hair streams around me in the wind and rain.

There is water everywhere—in the sky and all around us—so thick I am surprised I can still breathe.

I look around below me towards the carnival and the beautiful paper lanterns that had been strung on a cable are all I can see of it; they are dancing crazily in the powerful wind. The carnival is being washed away by great and powerful ocean surges. Many people are drowning... but something magical

is happening to the ones who have walked into the sea; they are turning into mermaids!

They gambol about with dolphins laughing and playing and some of the older ones climb up on low rocks, their great and majestic fish-tails curled about for balance and they sing along with those of us who are higher up. I look at my companions who have climbed up on the rocks with me and we are all glowing. We still have legs, but we are transparent and wear long flowing white shifts.

The rapture is so great, we know only joy and we sing, laugh and cry, simultaneously.

I look to where we have been: the ocean is surging and swirling around rocks and there is no dry land. The people who have not turned into mermaids are drowning. They scream in terror and the carnage is horrifying. I can't understand! Don't they hear the music, I wonder? Can't they sing along? Why don't they simply change too? Then I understand: Their anger and fear have prevented them from hearing the music; because they did not participate in the choir, they could not transform. They are doomed.

I am sad for them and pity them, but I am caught in the Rapture and turn my face to the heavens and sing with my arms upraised.

As I do, I begin to feel myself lightening, lifting upward...

At that point I woke up. I was actually singing and giggling.

My eyes were so full of tears that when I sat up the tears spilled out and flowed down my cheeks. I still felt the beautiful Rapture. I got up and wrote poetry for the rest of the night in a state of great joy that stayed with me for a long, long time.

Statement of Purpose

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"Evolving a Dream Cherishing Culture"

Our purpose is to raise individual and cultural appreciation for the value of dreams by making available information that will assist and empower you in taking responsibility for your personal/physical, emotional, psychological and spiritual well-being, with the help of dreams.

Our goals are to unite and serve individuals who respect dreams, to empower dreamers in demystifying dreamwork and to assist with the integration of dreamsharing into our everyday lives and 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 on many levels: personal, cultural and global.

Recalling a dream is a signal that we are ready to understand the information that has been presented. Helping you to learn to understand the meaning of your dream—by journaling, studying, sharing your dreams with others one-on-one or in groups—is our primary mission and the purpose of membership in our esoteric organization. Enacting or manifesting the dream's hint can bring healing and personal empowerment.

We seek to provide a balance and to give all cultures/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 that which is surfacing and given the limited space in the print and Online Journal. The emphasis will change over time to allow for a wide range of ideas, opinions and areas of interest to be explored and expressed. We invite you to indicate areas of interest and questions you would like to see explored on our website and in future issues.

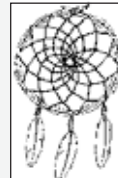
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Upcoming Focus

for Summer—Volume 24 No. 2

*How have your dreams
helped you Face,
Embrace and Overcome
Crisis and Fear?*

Lifeline: 4 Weeks
after you receive
this issue.

About Our Cover

"Wondering"



by Tony Macelli

Tony Macelli is an artist, writer, and a freelance consultant in the areas of education, development work and planning, has been working with UNESCO and until recently was advisor to the Minister of Education. He lives on the Mediterranean island of Malta with his wife Nora. Together they have worked in several developing countries, especially India, as innovative local development workers, managers, and trainers. He obtained four degrees from three universities in mathematics, physics, community development, and systems analysis of human settlements.

His current interests include developing educational approaches that can attack poverty, as distinct from helping the poor, and he welcomes information and suggestions from anyone in this direction. He has made book-covers and other artwork, and would like to collaborate on dream-related or similar projects to illustrate articles or books. His art includes whimsical and dream-like pieces, spiritual-mystical inspirations, and colourful landscapes. Contact him on or ICQ 117594388. Email Mr. Macelli: tonynora@maltanet.net

Editorial

Our planet and all species hereon are in crisis. There's no denying. It is perhaps a strange thing to say, but I come to appreciate times of crisis. The word, crisis, itself is the Latin translation of the Greek *krisis*: a sifting, from *krinein*: to sift. Other associated etymological words/phrases are: able to discern, to judge, to discuss. Going back to Late Latin *criticus*: in grave condition. Consulting Roget's Thesaurus: Crisis: critical, important or turning point, danger.

'Pinch' is another reference and as George Clooney said in the barn/haystack scene in the movie *Oh, Brother, Where Art Thou?*, "We're in a pinch!"

All of these words imply pressure. Years ago, I had a dream in which I am in a classroom with other students. The professor is using the image of a pressure cooker drawn on the blackboard and a pointer stick to convey the very clear message that in order for the pot not to explode, the pressure valve must be set aright, allowing release, to be relieved. Very straightforward... and applicable. What do we do—not only to relieve the pressure—but to take advantage of the opportunity... to change... individually and collectively?

I'm reading a book that is helping me and which may prove to be controversial: The Reincarnation of Edgar Cayce? Interdimensional Communication & Global Transformation by Wynn Free with David Wilcock. The book is, in part, doing just what the title questions: exploring whether David Wilcock may be the reincarnation of Edgar Cayce and providing compelling evidence to indicate he is. That in itself is intriguing, but the deep value of the book for me comes from the messages and/or channellings that Wilcock communicates from a soul group who call

themselves the 'Ra.' I have found the book—especially the transmissions/channelings—to be most informative and enlightening; somewhat of a blueprint for how to survive these critical times. Such messages as, 'Don't listen to the news,' and 'Remain focused on the work you've been given to do to fulfill your purpose,' 'Prepare yourself to withstand even more pressure,' and much more. Understand, please, that I am a cynic—and yes, discerning—when it comes to 'channels' and 'channeling,' but much of what I've read thusfar rings true. May I share a passage from the "Ra" which is typical of references made throughout regarding the importance of our dreams?

"This is why we stress again the importance of dreamwork, as every dream is an intervention that is best suited for your needs at that particular time—and such a requirement will remain ongoing for as long as you reside within your physical body. The dreams will help you to understand why the difficult events in your life are happening so that you can learn from them. And they will also cultivate humility, by not letting you run away with the idea that you have suddenly finished all of your work and can relax." (p. 280)

It may seem unusual to you for me to say I value crisis. But the deeply painful and difficult times in my life when I've been in crisis have provided openings to learning that might otherwise have gone unnoticed. In crisis, the 'doors of perception' are cracked wide open. The dreams gifted during such times remain a backdrop, guiding my thoughts, prayers and actions each and every day. The synchronicities that occur point the 'Way to Go!!' I can assure you, from my own experience, that finding oneself at turning points, crossroads and crisis, ultimately does—as Chaos Theory suggests—lead to a higher order. What applies

in each of our lives applies also to the collective.

In this issue, you will learn how various artists and individuals employ Dreaming as a Practice. Dancing and acting dreams into conscious reality, writing and looking deeply into the mess of it all, to provide substance and energy for healing and creativity. This issue is full of Ways to take advantage of the opportunity in these uncertain times. It's all inside. The Powers-That-Be thank each of you who contributed for your sharing and teaching.

HERE, heart-felt thanks to Victoria Vlach and April Chase for the great work they have done over the past years as Review Editors. In this issue, Victoria—who is working full time and has recently begun training as a massage therapist—sings a loving Swan Song to Justina Lasley's new book, Honoring the Dream. NOW, please extend a heartfelt WELCOME to Kim Birdsong and Bambi Corso—both of whom are graduates of Pacifica Graduate Institute—as our new Review Editors. Kim is additionally offering her talent and commitment in editing articles and conducting interviews.

Here, now... WOW! Thanks to long-time friends, colleagues, and an abundant infusion of energy, we have recently purchased new computer/printer hardware and software and will have launched our redesigned website by the time you read these words. Thank you All, Deeply. Please forgive errors you may find within these pages; this represents a quantum leap and it's a bit overwhelming. There's a distance to cover before reaching 'the other side' and all this newness assimilated and mastered.

Finally, a loving adios in this human dimension to Graywolf/Fred Swinney, who has moved on to greater things and whom I know remains also with us in Spirit. ♥

Letters, Questions & Dreams

Desiring Dream Friends

Thank you for your letter and current information on *Dream Network*.

I have been into dreams since the '70's. All during this time, I wished I had a dream outlet with like minded people. I do know a metaphysical group that meets once a month. We do some dream-work, but they are not into it like I am. Although, we do have some insightful meetings when we discuss dreams.

I had my initial training into dream interpretation with the A.R.E. in Virginia Beach, VA.

I now live in a very rural community and it has been hard to find an organization open to the information with no restrictions.

I would like to purchase a back issue, however, I can't decide which one. In dealing with interpretation, the problems with emotions seems to be the most difficult for me. Do you have an issue dealing with this subject? Before committing to a subscription, I would like to read an issue. If you have no issue with that focus, please send one you feel will be most interesting.

Thank you for your help. Love and God Bless.

Alyce Fiedler, Lena, IL

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A Letter to Dr. Brown Re: Deja Vu

(conveyed by Art Funkhouser)

I just read an article about your studies with Dr Brown concerning Deja Vu.

It was most interesting. However, through my own experiences I have developed a slightly different concept of the idea that you might want to explore. I'm sorry to bug just you with this e-mail,

but I couldn't find any of the other people listed in the article and this has always been a pet subject of mine. Maybe you can pass the idea on to the others listed in the article if this is not in your area of expertise. I know this might sound crazy, but I am certain that this is true having documented it in writing over the years. In the article from the NYTimes there is a young lady that keeps a log of her Deja Vu experiences. I too kept a log but approached it from another aspect. I kept a log of dreams that I had.

Since I was very young, I have had many cases of Deja Vu and of dreams that have come true. I have also always been a very light sleeper and have been very cognizant of dreams that I have had the night before. As these phenomena occurred I became curious and started a dream journal and was surprised that I could go back and actually identify dreams that actually happened. After awhile I became tuned to dreams and discovered that the Deja Vu were really just dreams that I had not been conscious of at the time. I realized that the deja Vu was actually just the emotional high point or trigger for the dream. Once the trigger occurred in reality the whole dream would play through my mind in fast forward and trigger the feeling of familiarity. I know this sounds weird but I assure you that I know it is true.

A study arranged around this premise would be quite revealing. Please feel free to pass this along to any others who might be

interested or discard my e-mail to the trash bin where most think it belongs. I will not be offended. But I thought the article was interesting, and there are not many people who want to talk about this so I thought I would send my experience along to those investigating it.

John Bartell

john.bartell@verizon.net

Conversation between Art Funkhouser & Kelly Kapp on Deja Vu

Kapp: In the first article you sent, I can relate to the remarks about how detailed the Deja Vu experience can be. When I experience those "weird dream-feelings", things such as sound and taste are all as they were in my dream.

Funkhouser: Yes!

Kapp: In the second article you sent, the 3rd hypothesis of dream-related Deja Vus describes my experiences almost exactly. I was also interested in the theme of the banality in the precognitive dream. Whenever I experience the "weird-dream feeling", it always involves a simple, everyday activity. I can be just riding in a car with my mother, something I do all the time. One day at work I experienced the feeling while on the phone with someone. I should probably start keeping a journal of these experiences, but I am usually too shaken up after the experience to deal with analysis.

Funkhouser: What is it that shakes you up about them?

Kapp: All of this talk of precognitive dreams makes me wonder how possible it would be for all humans to become psychic if we could just harness the power of our dreams.

Art Funkhouser

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"Kapp, Kelly M"

<kkapp@bellarmine.edu

~ ∞ ~ ∞ ~ ∞ ~

Blood Dreams

Seeing my poetry, Blood Dream in the current issue was a wonderful surprise!

If you don't mind, I'd like to reveal something "strange" that occurred to me. Yesterday, I had a feeling Dream Network was about to arrive. I thought it would be in

my mailbox, but it arrived today. When I was on the beach today, I was thinking of the blank book my daughter bought me, you know the kind with the old, papyrus-like paper?

She also bought a black feather pen and some ink.

I thought to myself that I must begin to write some of my better poems in it. An idea then came to me to write one of those poems in my own blood, which would be somewhat difficult to do. I realized it may take a long time (I only cut my fingers carving 2 or 3 times a year and I was not going to cut myself over a poem.) The most appropriate poem I decided would be "Blood Dream."

When I saw the new edition of DN, a strange feeling overcame me. I felt as though somehow something of mine was in it but I immediately said to myself, "Don't be foolish; you haven't submitted anything for a while." When I opened DN it immediately opened to the page with my poem on it! I was so surprised! I must ask, did I send you that poem in the past?

Thanks also for putting the picture of me. To be honest, it has to be around eight years old.

Again, thank you and continue the good work!

Jude Ace Forese, Bronx, NY

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Creating a Delicate Balance

(from our copyeditor)

I know it must be a challenge to honor the open-hearted and open-minded policy of DN—to balance the desire to be a vehicle of sharing and expression for ALL dreamers (even if they are not writers) AND the aspiration to improve the quality and professionalism of the magazine. Overall, the issue was great, but truly there were some questionably written pieces—both in form and content.

Many years ago, I put out a

little newsletter called Natural Lighting, which I distributed in the local women's bars, hoping to inspire all of us drinkers and damaged rebels to get in touch with and express our creative sides; there was absolutely NO censorship—I promised to eventually publish whatever was submitted, space permitting. The experiment lasted about two years and was a lot of fun and brought a lot of people together and sure did improve the quality of my life at the time.

I guess what I'm trying to say is: I really relate to the idea of an editing policy that gives people—who normally would have little chance of being published—a venue for their writing. However, the lover of the English language in me does a lot of wincing when I proof-read DN. And I wonder how realistic it is for DN to go "bigtime" without being more particular about the submissions. What kind of conflicts, ideas, etc. do you have around these matters?

Dream Strong,

*Lorraine Grassano
San Francisco, CA*

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Request for Artist, Chris Grassano (Lorraine's sister)

Best always to all contributors! The journal just gets better and better.!

In V23, #1, "Oh, Deer! A Dream of Cooperative Healing," I just love that illustration. In the event that I am able to include illustrations when I publish my book. I would like to contact Chris Grassano and also ask you for permission to use that illustration. I'm not there yet, but should be thinking ahead. Could you let me know how I would get permission. Thanks.

Elizabeth Howard, Gainseville, FL

Lorraine Grassano's comments are well-taken and published here as critique

for me as well as a request to present and aspiring contributors: Take Note. Elizabeth Howard's request is published here to thank Chris Grassano for her frequent contribution of excellent artwork. (Ed.)

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Another Great Issue

Received another excellent edition of DN. They just keep getting better with each issue.

The work you're doing is outstanding. Best wishes to you and yours. God Bless!

Dean McClanahan, Springfield, MO

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

The 'Real' Martians

(A dream)

I see George Bush Sr. ordering storms from a printing press in the basement of a church. I see John Kerry in a dry hot spring or sink-hole, fountain of youth in the state of Florida, or "Flowery Easter," in a church. He has sacrificed his daughter here in order to bring the spring for the church once again. I descend down into the eye of hurricane Ivan which is a dead black hole in Prometheus Lake inside a baseball stadium. The blackness is intentional so that no one can see what is happening here. I am assaulted on the way down by Islamic "football" players, soccer playing terrorists in the field of dreams. I am tortured with shock treatments, lightning bolts from "God," Mel Gibson, as an Asclepius attempting to get to the bottom of this blackness, this utter blindness about how monsters are created in the basements of churches abusing creation in order to drive the sheep into the fold and bring the Kingdom. I get all the way down to the bottom of this black hole where I find the dismembered, torn apart body of Kerry's daughter of dreaming, of Joseph tossed in the pit. There are parts of her-him lying all over the landscape being

feasted upon by vampire priests. I look out across the baseball field behind this murder and can see scores, hundreds of "dreamers" standing beneath an apple tree talking to a snake selling dreaming, their brother, to the church for the black ops, weapons department. All they have to do is forget what they have done, the covenant they have made when they wake. They have all made deals to benefit from the enslavement of dreaming to create monsters.

The first beneficiary of these deals I see is Stephen Spielberg being given the inspiration for Jaws. It will make him hundreds of millions of dollars and frighten millions of dreamers out of the waters for good where the actual body of our dream child has been sold. Jaws represents the "Rainbow Covenant" of "Peace" with God. He then gives all the power of our Promethean dream child to a deformed alien with a "finger of God." He makes millions from this one too. Thus we are driven up out of sleep away from the murder site and forced to long for the stars, for "Heaven," for "God." I am aware here that it is the Church that is at war with human kind and that it is its stated intention to conquer the world for a Kingdom of God, in actuality a Sky Net Law and Order computer program and that it uses precisely dreaming, dream rape, to gain access to every single human being. I attempt to give this truth to the editor of a magazine on dreams but find that her office is IN A Church. Meanwhile the hurricanes, the Frankenstein storms, rise from the pit from which the church is raising them. Dumbly, like drunken Manchurian candidate assassins, they seek their creators and batter the state of Florida, the "Flowery Easter" for regency politics and the renewal of the church by blood.

Jeff Lewis, delfi@centurytel.net

Thanks for Making the Relationship Booklet Available

I've already read the Relationship Booklet and it is really great! In fact, I like the author Janice Baylis' style of writing so much I have purchased her other book, Sex, Symbols and Dreams from amazon.com. Thanks for making the booklets available at such a reasonable price.

*Cheers, Sue Grossman
North Beach, WA*

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Hope for Growth

It was nice sharing with you the other evening. Thanks for getting back to me regarding how to send the write-up that I did on prophetic dreams. I love the Dream Network journal and the work you all do. I hope it continues to grow and reach more people; the information is so important! Be well. Again, thanks for the work you do. Warmly,

*Sandy Steckling,
Kingston, WA.*

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Our 'Letters' section is the place for you to ask Questions about dreams — even your own dream — and to share your experience, inspirations, criticism/critique — even your dreams. You may also choose to initiate a controversy or debate!

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Please send to:

**LETTERS % Dream Network
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Publisher@DreamNetwork.net**

Help an Eleven-year-old Understand

First of all, I'm eleven years old. A couple of months ago, I dreamt:

My cousins, sister, mom, my three aunts and I are going on a road trip to Florida on Easter vacation. We stop by a wooden house because my aunt loves it. When we get inside, nobody is there. We search all over, and then I see a room we haven't examined. The adults are just talking about the scenery of the wooden walls and my cousin found a pink, 4-year old playhouse. Then we climb to the tallest floor which is a sunny attic. When we get there, my cousin is saying "Today Jesus dies." Then, with the smallest brightest sunlight, Jesus appears wearing a garment, only on his bottoms; he did not cover his upper body. He is carrying a cross, and has a thorny crown on his head. My parents and family are waiting outside with my cousins and my sister. I love Jesus! We get along... and every floor we explore, we talk and Jesus carries that cross suffering with it. Then he says he has to go now to die... like all the villagers are waiting to give him a beating. I start crying and offer to carry the cross for him but he says no. I disagree with him and plead to stay and say I will take the cross, but he says no. My cousins are sad but not showing emotion. We go a few stairs up, then I cry hysterically and look at him a few times and he says "Everything will be all right, do not worry." He kisses and hugs me and disappears. (I think I remember saying good bye and that I love him.) Then I see him being beaten by people across the street. I see him bleed and die. I hear him saying, "Forgive them, they do not know what they are doing." The last thing I say is, "I love you Jesus."

NOTE: I never saw Passion of the Christ.

A week later, I dream I am going to the bathroom at night and I see Jesus with his thorny heart showing and his hands up. He is shining so bright. I was terrified and confused. Sydney, Corona, NY fmed64@aol.com

DANCE

“It is Holy”

An Interview with Gabrielle Roth

by Jeanne Schul-Elkins



Gabrielle Roth began her exploration of trance dance in the mid-1960s and has devoted her life to honoring and communicating the language of primal movement through her **5Rhythms™**. Her workshops connect the currents of world music, poetry, and theater with the ancient pulse of shamanism. She is author of *Maps to Ecstasy*, *Sweat Your Prayers*, and *Connections* and has a number of musical recordings available on the Raven label. You can discover where Gabrielle's next workshop will be by visiting: <http://www.ravenrecording.com/schedules/withgabrielle.html>

Jeanne Schul-Elkins: For more than thirty-five years, your work has been entitled “ecstatic dance.” You have described the five universal rhythms—flowing, staccato, chaos, lyrical and stillness—as a way to “sweat your prayers.” Could you help us understand how these movements offer a “gateway” to the soul?

Gabrielle Roth: Each of us is a moving center, a space of divine mystery. And although we spend most of our time on the surface dealing with the daily details of ordinary existence, we hunger to connect to this space within us. We yearn to break through to ecstatic states of consciousness, to be swept away by the beloved, and this longing is organic to who we are.

As a young dancer, I made the transition from the world of steps and structures to the world of transformation and trance by exposure to live drumming. It was the sixties on the wild coast of Big Sur, and sometimes these drum sessions would go on into the wee hours of the night. The beats, the patterns, the rhythms kept calling me deeper and deeper into the trance. These dances took me from the edge of myself to the moving center; as I went on this journey again and again, I recognized that the same movement patterns carried me to this blissful place.

In a parallel universe, I was teaching movement to thousands of people and began to observe that these patterns emerged on all dance floors, in all bodies. And so I named them and began a life long apprenticeship to the “5Rhythms!” Being young and wild and free, it didn't dawn on me that in order to go into

these deep, ecstatic places, I would have to be willing to transform absolutely everything that got in my way. That included every form of inertia known to man; from the physical inertia of tight and stressful muscles, to the emotional baggage of depressed, repressed feelings, the mental baggage of outmoded/outdated dogmas and attitudes, philosophies. In other words, I'd have to let it all go. I'd have to let everything go. And, anyone who wanted to go on this journey would have to do the same.

Thus, a body of work was born in the sixties that is at least seventy-five thousand years old, and is now maturing into a contemporary Zen shamanic practice that has planted its roots and spread its wings into communities all over the world.

The concept of soul has been abstracted by religion. But for me, it is a visceral reality. It is when the body, the heart and the mind are completely hooked up into a unique expression of the unified field. In other words, it's when our style kicks in, and we truly become who we are with our own voice, our own dance, our own fashion, all the accessories to our fabulous fingerprints.

The “5Rhythms!” catalyze and speed up this process. In fact, they make becoming who you are a totally irresistible process.

Jeanne: Early in your career, you worked with Fritz Perls at Esalen. How did he influence the direction of your work?

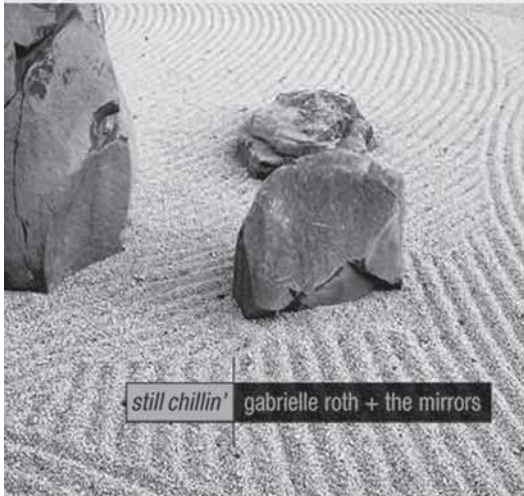
Gabrielle: Fritz Perls was a genius and a friend. He uprooted therapy from the past and planted it in the



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present; he turned it upside-down, taking it out of the head and putting it into the body. He loved dancers, and when he found out that I had put myself through school by teaching dance to kids on playgrounds, old folks in senior citizens homes, schizophrenics in mental wards, junkies in halfway houses, he was ecstatic. He invited me to teach movement to all of his gestalt therapy groups at Esalen. Thereby, he created the first lab in which I would begin my archeological dig into human nature.

Jeanne: Gestalt Therapy, which Fritz Perls created, has a very specific approach to dreamwork. What is your experience with dreamwork?

Gabrielle: Writing my dreams down turns me on. It's a deep and intimate way to get to know myself. Dreams fascinate me, they're very theatrical, and I treat them as such in my work. I love to stage them as ritual theater pieces. There is something about making them visual and visceral

that allows us to go beyond them and take the next step, to make choices, to move beyond the dream. We can use the dream as a diving board into a sea of possibilities as artists, as healers, as lovers.

Jeanne: You are often quoted as saying, "the body never lies." Would you talk to us about what that means within the context of your dance?

Gabrielle: It's not that the body never lies, it's that the body can't lie. We've all had conversations with someone who is telling us how good they're feeling, and yet we pick up an entirely different message. Perhaps we feel the weight of their sorrow or the edge of their anger coloring their words, shaping their body. What we're seeing is not what we're hearing, or what we're hearing is not what we're seeing, or some combination of both. The truth is what we carry in our bodies. The deceit is what we struggle with in our heads.

At the root of my work, we are learning to listen to the body, to truly

get to know who we are in the most direct, intimate way. Through movement we become familiar with the messages, stories that we carry in our shoulders, in our hips, between our legs, and under our arms. The body is the gateway to the entire psyche. Through the body we enter into the landscape of our inner world, which includes our feelings, our thoughts, our dreams and our realities.

Jeanne: You emphasize connecting with imagination and intuition in your approach to dance. Does stepping into this realm of non-linear, symbolic thought process help bring about "Trance-Dance?"

Gabrielle: No. Trance-dance is the gateway to an intuitive, imaginative, inspired way of being. In the "5Rhythms!" practice, we're stretching the mind as well as the body, and exercising it as a muscle so that we are stepping out of our old, tired patterns, into our own style of moving. Our ego lives in a state of unconsciousness and self-consciousness.

But our soul lives, moves, and breathes in an intuitive, imaginative, inspired zone. When we dance, we shift our attention from the chattering monkey-mind to this soulful dimension. We can do the dance of the dolphin, or the dance of a stone or a spider. Through the dance, we can connect to the spirit in all things.

Jeanne: What do you mean by "Trance-Dance?" Could you help us understand what it looks like?

Gabrielle: Trance is a tricky place, a place not many understand. It's a mindful state that only happens when you get out of your way and fall into your true self so deeply that something inside clicks and you are simultaneously being and witnessing yourself. It's not true that trance is a spell that someone else puts you under. Trance is hypnotic but it's not hypnosis. Nobody can put you in a trance but God, and God makes you beg for it. It takes a lot of preparation to let go of being the mover and allow yourself to be moved.

It looks holy. ☸

Dream after reading Starhawk's

The Fifth Sacred Thing

I had been reading Starhawk's
The Fifth Sacred Thing,
staying up till nearly midnight,
my heart & mind so engaged
it took forever to let go to sleep.

I woke at 7:30 on the far edge of a dream.

There are a woman & a man.

*The woman, slender, in a black leotard,
is describing emptiness with her body,
curving it into a circle.*

She moves with great economy.

She becomes thinner & thinner.

The man, also slim, wears white kimono.

*He is doing Japanese brush painting,
inking strokes on one sheet of paper
after another.*

He takes up his brush,

loads with black ink,

*to inscribe the last gold-flecked paper
with one broad stroke.*

The meaning of this stroke

is fullness.

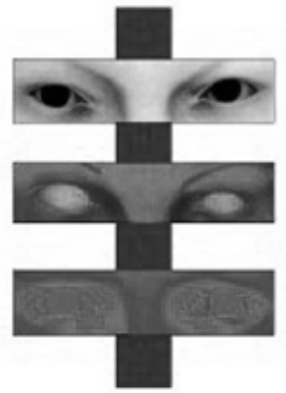
by Karen Etheldattar



DREAM THEATRE COMPANY WAS FOUNDED during a blizzard, late one night in Russia. I have been in several blizzards in my lifetime—Chicago, Colorado Springs, Pittsburgh, Cambridge, even one freak ice storm in Shreveport Louisiana. I thought that I understood the drill. “Too much snow means all work comes to a screeching halt.” But not so in Moscow. To them, a blizzard, two feet of snow, jagged icicles the size of your arm, three inch patches of black ice, is nothing more than a small inconvenience that you are expected to overcome. Shops remain open, the streets are still packed with cars, and the people still bustle around as if it was just another day. Moscow is the only city that I have ever lived in that everyone has had the experience of slipping on a sidewalk and falling down all the way on their backs. But no matter where you’re from, you’re in Russia now, and like its people, you must learn to endure.

DREAM THEATRE

by Jeremy Menekseoglu



RUSSIA CHANGES YOU. UTTERLY. It is a country shrouded in past miseries with an eerie supernatural quality that has to be experienced to be believed. For instance, I spent a frozen day wandering through an old cherry orchard that led to an abandoned church on the top of a hill. There, beneath the dead trees, was a small cemetery that had eroded away so much that the caskets were now sticking out of the ground. And as I entered the cemetery, suddenly there was no more sound. The howling wind, the squawking birds, all became silent. I stood there, listening to the nothingness until I became so afraid that I turned away and left. And as soon as I passed the broken gate, all sound returned. I had a similar, yet more terrifying experience at the grave of Stalin. I'll write that one down in a play some day, but nobody will ever believe it.

The next thing that Russia does to you, is infest your dreams. Dreams in Russia show you things that you have never thought before and it was through this that Dream Theatre Company was born.

Through my dreams in Russia, I realized an amazing phenomenon: Dreams are the purist form of Truth. A truth that, when presented on stage in an honest and exciting way, pours to the Audience like a river. No matter what the story, be it of atrocities, purest love, innocence, hypersensitive powers, the end of the world, the birth of the world, the supernatural, all can be believed when they are treated with this sense of purist Truth.

All writers have the rule of 'Write what you know' beaten into them by every professor, critic, and anyone else that feels it a duty to remind them. But guess what? You know more than you realize. In dreams, the entire world is yours. Really yours! Made whole by your imagination! The sleeping mind creates patterns and subplots and ideas that, although they may seem fantastic, are only you. They are your purest Truth.

Dream Theatre Company harvests that Truth and then opens it before an Audience. We take the Audience into the reality of our dreams and they experience first-hand our truth. Sometimes we bring them into nightmares. Sometimes into moments of love where all is well and beautiful: Perfection. We do this with dreams. We connect with dreams. For in our dreams we are all our most honest selves. ☺

Jeremy Menekseoglu has written more than thirty-five plays; over twenty of which have been successfully produced throughout the United States and Russia. Kerry Reid, a critic from the Chicago Reader, described SISTER 121 "As if Ayn Rand had scripted a snuff film, it might have turned out a bit like (his) new play." Nina Metz from the Chicago Tribune wrote that ANNA, IN THE DARKNESS was "a chilling experience." This February, his plays will premiere. THE CAGE at The Chicago Cultural Center; ISMENE will be produced at the New World Theatre in Indiana. Jeremy is a founding member and Artistic Director of Dream Theatre Company. www.dreamtheatrecompany.com





The Artist and the Tidal Wave: How Dreams Can Save Your Creative Life

© 2004 by John D. Goldhammer, Ph.D.

**"Inside you there is an artist
you don't know about."**

Rumi

FOR MANY YEARS the occasional dreams I remembered appeared to be either unintelligible nonsense or exhaustive dramas about frustrating work scenarios. I would wake up in a panic, relieved it was just a dream. But one December night over twenty years ago, everything changed. I dreamt that I was looking through a tiny window in a massive, ornate door, intently curious to see what was in a mysterious room. I was startled to see a huge single eye looking back at me intently. That winter night I began a remarkable journey that forever changed my life, an adventure that continues to this day.

Beginning with that dream, the floodgates opened and a torrent of dreams spilled over the walls of my well-planned and quite ordinary life. They contained thematic images, symbols, and dramas that moved through my life, leaving strange tracks, exotic fragrances, tearing down old buildings, setting fires. I was captivated. I committed myself to understanding their real meaning and gradually filled five dream journals with thousands of dreams, all the while voraciously reading everything I could find on dreams, symbols, the imagination, and theories

and techniques of dream interpretation. Several years later, another unusual dream was the catalyst that inspired me to leave a lucrative business career, return to school and become a psychotherapist specializing in dreamwork.

The poet and philosopher, Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882), once suggested a stunning possibility: that Dreams may well have an analogy with our whole life and fate. I couldn't agree more! After twenty-plus years of researching dreaming and techniques of dream interpretation, working with over twenty thousand individual dreams, I discovered something extraordinary, something with tremendous implications for both individuals and for our planet. I realized that the majority of our dreams have a profound intent and purpose; they stand as guardians at the gates of the human spirit, defending us from all manner of nefarious influences. In fact, our dreams focus, with laser-like precision, on freeing us from anything that is self-negating and self-defeating. Dreams are like a master sculptor removing everything from the block of marble that is not 'elephant.' This natural process slowly but surely brings one's Authentic Self and particular genius into clear definition. Like a fog lifting as the sunlight emerges, we begin to see and to know exactly what it is that we must do with our life.

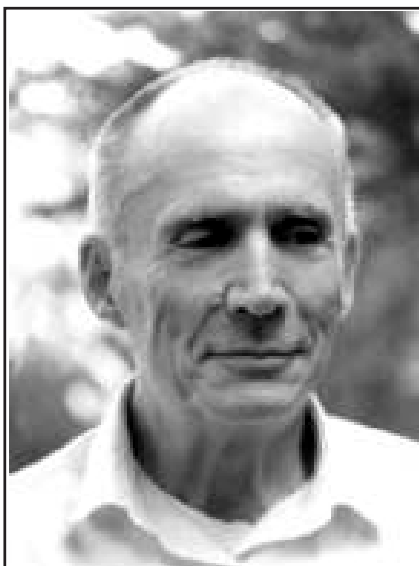
This astonishing characteristic of dreaming has tremendous implications: it means that we each have

an inner, spiritual and psychological defense system designed to not only insure the survival of life as we know it but also to facilitate the evolution of the human spirit and change the world we live in. To be sure, our dreams are social activists. They intend to derail the status quo, to dynamite the careening train of a routine life. Dreams want the individual life to become a creative intervention in the social order.

Here is a fascinating example that appears to be a specific memory of dying: Terri, a beautiful, exuberant eighteen-year-old rebel, had a frightening dream immediately after joining a spiritual group. She had the dream just as she was in the process of moving across the country so that she could be near the minister, a commanding, charismatic woman in her early sixties who she described as "my spiritual teacher." Unfortunately, over time, the group evolved into a very destructive cult. Many years later, after finally leaving the group, we worked on that old dream that still puzzled her. Back then, her spiritual teacher told her the dream was from a past life in Pompeii and that was the end of that. The dream had always haunted her and just wouldn't go away. Her dream:

I am on a beach at the ocean painting with an easel. There is a woman with me also painting. I then look out and see a gigantic tidal wave nearly on top of us!

*Then I look back
at my painting and my friend
and I realize everything has*



by Robert Johnson

Creativity and its Shadow

“Enough has been said about Creativity, too much to my mind. I wince when I hear of creative writing, creative suffering, creative exercise, etc. My own shadow bellows from its rude cave, “Fine! But where is the destructive writing, destructive suffering, destructive exercise?” Nothing exists in our human dimension without its opposite close by.”

Our culture is slow to accept the fact that every human experience is based on pairs of opposites. It is strange that a fact so obvious should be largely ignored, but that ignorance constitutes one of the worst forms of suffering that moderns face. Every creative act carries a saurian tail, a shadow of its opposite. Day exists only by virtue of night; warm by its constant companion, cold; feminine by masculine - on and on, encompassing every human experience.

Eric Neuman startled me into a finer differentiation of this subject by saying that something is masculine only in the presence of something more feminine than itself; exactly the same thing is feminine when it is in the presence of something more masculine than itself. The implications of this ran like a shock wave through my whole philosophy for many a month. We speak of the Unity of God and the Oneness of Enlightenment; but these are rare experiences for a human and are purchased by moving out of the time-space duality which is our human definition.

Enough has been said about Creativity, too much to my mind. I wince when I hear of creative writing, creative suffering, creative exercise, etc. etc. My own shadow bellows from its rude cave, “Fine! But where is the destructive writing, destructive suffering, destructive exercise?” Nothing exists in our human dimension without its opposite close by.

I designed and built a clavichord D'Amour many years ago. None have survived from the 17th and 18th centuries when it held a high place in the musical world; only one paragraph in an obscure treatise on instrument building describes its physical structure but long paragraphs of the fineness of its tone and the observation that it is the ideal instrument to accompany voice, violin, etc. did survive.

If I was to hear this fine voice, I would have to build an instrument from the meager description of the one remaining short paragraph. I spent two winters of spare time in the designing and building; a fine instrument

“When I was studying with Toni Sussman in London I grew weary of so much interior work. To balance this I found an old harpsichord builder and apprenticed myself to him to learn his art. He proved to be a poor builder but a master at the nearly lost art of inlay. So my clavichord D’Amour is my one foray into both instrument design and the art of inlay.

The point of all this is that I was daily reminded of the polarity of all experience; I was shuffling around in piles of wood shavings, companioned by glue pots and a general mess of cast off wood and metal as I fashioned this delicate instrument. The glue was the old horse hide concoction, perfect for inlay work. Horse hide glue? - skin an old horse, boil its hide for a week, skim the fat off, boil it down to the proper consistency, etc.

Mess: that is the lesson I learned exactly parallel to finding the dulcet tones of the clavichord D’Amour - probably the most delicate and refined sound of any man-made instrument.”

resulted. I was so pleased with it that I spent nearly as much time on decorative inlay of the case as the structure itself. When I was studying with Toni Sussman in London I grew weary of so much interior work. To balance this I found an old harpsichord builder and apprenticed myself to him to learn his art. He proved to be a poor builder but a master at the nearly lost art of inlay. So my clavichord D’Amour is my one foray into both instrument design and the art of inlay.

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Mess: that is the lesson I learned exactly parallel

to finding the dulcet tones of the clavichord D’Amour - probably the most delicate and refined sound of any man-made instrument.

The accompanying mess affected me deeply.

So, what about the mess that man makes with any activity he engages? What about the poor horse? That is our subject to examine now.

I evade the subject and sense the collective reluctance to look squarely at it. Mess! How can I cope with this concept when I was born and bred into the worship of the good, the beautiful and the true?

There is no way around it but to plunge into this collectively proscribed subject. At risk of rudeness, I have to say that Shadow and Shit have remarkable parallels. There is one notable difference - to be noted later on - but the parallels are nearly exact. To create or choose the good is to extract what we value from the vast array of stuff that greets us from all sides; the alchemists called this stuff the Prima Materia, the material from which all creation springs. We eat natural food, extract from it what is useful to us - and excrete the rest.

Mankind seems to be the single - or at least the principle - carrier of the search for the good. The rest of creation seems content to take what is, or at least to follow its instinctive patterns of the right way to do things. Man, on the contrary, is not easily content and wants to improve everything he touches. There I was, improving the state of wood and glue and metal and varnish - to make something better of it. I like what came of the work, but I am in severe danger if I lose track of the mess I made in the process.

So, what about the mess?

Christian man drifted off into a trick so cheap that it is unbelievable; he sold himself the idea that there is no mess or at least that it was polite to hide it and even

play as if it did not exist. So much of our personal world consists of playing as if we don’t have perspiration or dandruff or smell like a billy goat, or make frequent calls to the bathroom. Carried to its extreme, we can not even stand direct names for the toilet we use daily. An article some time ago pointed out that in the Anglo-Saxon world a new synonym has to be found for our toilet as soon as the recent name becomes clear in its meaning. Toilet turned into lavatory which turned into bathroom which turned into rest room which turned into wash room which turned into WC which turned into —. Our reluctance to face our shadow is very strong.

Our reluctance to give dignity to our sexual nature is far worse than our unease in the lavatory department. Christianity departed from its most basic tenant: that Christ (the prototype of man) is equal parts Man and God, equal parts of Earth and Heaven. Much of basic theology concerns itself with this fact and the word

VAN HELSING'S NEPHEW

An Epic, dreamt by Curtiss Hoffman

A chubby boy, about 12 years old, wearing glasses, is visiting his uncle for a week. His uncle is a rather mysterious and eccentric man who dresses in fancy 3-piece suits and has a watch on a gold chain. His house is full of antiques and has finely polished wood panels and window frames, with diamond-shaped window panes. He is a person of wealth and good taste and, as it happens, a powerful White Magician. The boy has visited his uncle before, and is fascinated with his way of life, but he has never stayed for this long a time before. His uncle has permitted him to bring a friend with him, and he has chosen a thin Latino boy about his age. While they are exploring the house, they discover a curious instrument tucked away in a cabinet. They dust it off, and they find that it is a ring of fine reddish-brown wood about 4 inches in diameter, with 3 brass knobs set at 120 degree angles on the perimeter. The ring fits into a stand of the same kind of wood, but it can be picked up and rotated to any angle. The uncle finds them examining this in the living room and tells the boys that it is an aleitheometer, and that one can see wonderful things through it if one uses it correctly. He demonstrates how to do this: they have to pick a prominent point on the horizon, like a tower, and line up one of the brass knobs with it, and then keeping this orientation, mount the ring in the stand.

Using the ring as a sighting device, they should look through it and it will show them a different reality.

They try this several times, and they are fascinated with the results. On one attempt, the Latino boy gets a glimpse of a blond sailor to whom he is attracted. Night has fallen, and the uncle goes to bed, first warning them never to use the aleitheometer at night. The boys are sleeping in the living room. The Latino boy cannot sleep; he wants to use the aleitheometer to see the blond sailor again. He does this, and the sailor is at once aware of him and tells him to extend his hand towards the ring. He does this, and the sailor reaches through the ring and grasps the boy's hand. He then steps through the ring, fully materialized. The chubby boy, awakened by this, is a little concerned about not following his uncle's warning, but the sailor – who is really a Black Magician in disguise – tries to reassure them. He tells them that the uncle is really very old-fashioned in his attitudes. He offers to bring the boys through to his world, where he says that he will show them many wonders. He is tempting them while at the same time he warns them to be quiet so as not to awaken the uncle. The Latino boy is eager to explore this new world, but the chubby boy is afraid of what may happen. As he continues to resist, the uncle awakens and comes into the living room, dressed in a maroon silk night robe. As soon as he and the sailor see each other they drop into defensive crouches, and they proceed to engage in a magical battle which results in both of them, grappling with each other, falling into the ring into the other world, and disappearing. The boys are very worried. Some time passes, and then only the sailor returns. Following him are some of his allies. He tells the boys that he has defeated the uncle and that he will never return. He has now come to take over their world. He and his allies draw the boys' families to the house, where they put them under their mesmerizing influence. The boys are horrified, but there is not much they can do. The sailor takes them all to an old warehouse and leaves them there while he and his allies and their family members go out to spread their spell to others. The Latino boy speaks to his companion; he is genuinely sorry for having fallen for the sailor's line and causing all this trouble. The chubby boy, almost in tears, forgives him. He takes out the aleitheometer, which he had hidden under his night-clothes. He sets it up and aims it toward a tall radio tower on the horizon. He is doubtful that anything will happen, but after a while a small cloud gathers in the world beyond the ring, moves toward it, and passes through it and materializes as the uncle. He praises his nephew for having had faith in him, and accepts the apologies of the Latino boy. They ask him how he's going to deal with the sailor and he says, "Don't worry, I've brought help." They see just a glimpse of a figure in a hooded cloak of red, orange, yellow, and black. The sailor returns with his people and sees the uncle. He says, "So, Van Helsing, you have returned. I challenge you to another fight—this time, to the finish!" Van Helsing (the uncle) replies, "I'm glad you put it in those terms, because I've brought a Hoarder with me." The cloaked figure steps out from behind him and removes the hood—the boys can see that it is a woman with dark hair and penetrating eyes. Van Helsing uses his magic to hold the sailor fixed to the spot, while the Hoarder drains off all his energy and sends him and his allies, powerless, back through the ring to their world. She then disappears. The family members are released from the spell. They all return to Van Helsing's house. The uncle congratulates both boys on having passed an important test, and makes a gift of the aleitheometer to them. He predicts that this is only the first of many magical adventures they will have together.

Comments: This was such a wonderful product of the unconscious, complete and unedited, that I hardly think I even want to analyze it! Though I can see some classic archetypal imagery at work: the mysterious uncle (like Lyon Merriman in Susan Cooper's *The Dark Is Rising* book, which I was reading at the time), the Shadowy Latino boy whose night-time curiosity leads to the manifestation of his own blond Shadow, the

magical device (the aleitheometer – “the measure of truth” – is taken right out of Phillip Pullman's *His Dark Materials* series, except that this instrument is less complicated), and the feminine Hoarder, dressed in Fall foliage colors. Van Helsing, of course, is Dracula's nemesis in Bram Stoker's novel—and there is a new movie/now showing, named for him. I was blown away by this dream, and I am looking forward to the sequel! ☞

I Understand

I am in deep space and a planet to my right begins to
implode and scatter throughout the darkness.

I realize that I understand everything that is needed to
know and I awaken in the morning with the words

"I understand, I understand."

When I am fully awake I regret having left the knowledge behind.

Second Dream

Looking up at the night time sky, I am aware that the
clouds have moved to reveal an incredibly beautiful
observation of stars, planets and space stations above me
of enormous proportions. If I reach out I can touch them.
I feel a little apprehension about it but don't know why.

Red Planet

I am standing on top of planet earth watching the rising
of an enormous red planet dwarfing the Earth. Then I am
aware of being back in deep space observing the deep
crevices and markings that cover the red planet.

Frequently Asked Questions About Dreams

An Interview with Jungian Analyst, Barry Williams

by Jeanne Shul-Elkins

at the *Journey Into Wholeness* Conference, October 10, 2004

Transcribed and edited by Kim Birdsong



Barry Williams, M.Div., Psy.D., a Jungian analyst in private practice in Taos NM and Evanston IL, has had extensive experience in wilderness pursuits and experiential education, including eight years teaching with *Outward Bound*. He has a major interest in ritual forms that express the psyche's participation in the archetypal wholeness which nature represents. He has been one of the leaders of the *Temagami Vision Quest* in Canada for 14 years.

Jeanne Elkins: Barry, one of the things you do is dream gathering. Could you talk about that?

Barry Williams: Well, Jean, the idea of dream gathering came to me from something I'd seen done at an international conference. People would gather early in the morning to share dreams and sit in a spiral. What we've brought here is the idea that if we pay attention to the dreaming process of the community, that we're creating a container that contains the unconscious. It ritually contains the unconscious process of the community even though we're just doing a fragment, perhaps one-tenth of the people participating, each day. This is holographic. It suggests the whole. There is a perception ritually that this material has a place to go, and thus is not running amuck through projections in the community. It is as if the unconscious in the community feels that it is being heard. When the gathering of the dreams is without any commentary, or with only a sentence of commentary to locate the meaning of the dream, the community has the experience of being listened to deeply. I act as the ritual elder figure, the one figure who is receiving, holding and understanding this material, even if I don't in fact understand the dream. Ritually it's the experience of being understood. It's part of what we're trying to accomplish in the whole conference: a complete ceremonial cycle. To assure psyche is being listened to deeply.

JE: Could you talk a little bit about that position you hold as ritual elder?

BW: I'm more of a ceremonial leader in a way, though I am not leading anything, exactly. There is a sense that someone has a foot in both worlds: in the waking, conference, relating, interpersonal world, and also a foot firmly in the dreaming unconscious, wild, natural world. A ritual elder is a bridging figure, someone who bridges between the gods and the mortal world, and someone who can travel back and forth between them. So listening to the dream, the message from the other world, and speaking to the dreamer in the same moment, connects the worlds together.

JE: You also hold that space and talk about a safe container, and it's felt by those of us in the room. Can you help us understand about how you create that safe container?

BW: That's a mystery, really. The idea is that I cannot do anything. My biggest contribution to a community like this is to try to create a container that is strong and safe enough so that the archetypal energies can constellate within the group. If the container is held correctly, there can be the possibility of some transformation, of healing, or of people getting across thresholds in their lives. The dreams can emerge in an ever greater way, perhaps. The container is built on trust and understanding and the community feels it. The more we establish trust, the more the com-

munity feels it and the stronger the container. The stronger the container, the more trust, until we can be a community that's sharing its deepest truth. That's an extraordinary event.

JE: Can you help us identify archetypal energy in our dream work? Sometimes you give feedback to the dreamer that you need to either pay attention to your dream or die. What are the red flags? Should we as the dreamers see the red flag ourselves?

BW: What I often say about dreams is that they exist on multiple levels at once. There's the very personal, the historical, familial, the social, cultural, and what we're calling archetypal: the realm of the gods. In the dream groups, what I'm striving for is not to have a therapeutic result, but that the healing potential in these groups will come from paying attention—not exclusively—to the archetypal ground of the dream. My feeling in this kind of work and dream-focused community is that we can have lived a moment of the experience of the 'Great Mind.' This is what I often call the mind of Nature itself (referred to in many ways in dreaming: the mind of the dream, the dreammaker, the Self, God). I prefer to call it the Mind of Nature, because it is that which is completely natural in its totality which is communicating through or to us—that is rising to consciousness. I like to pay attention to trying to get us to have the lived moment of the experience of that mind which is pure meaning, because it's really the totality of things as it tries to come into the human realm. If we do not pay attention to it, we cannot live. When I use dramatic language like, "get this, or it will kill you," it's not that dreams can kill, but if we do not hear this voice, we cannot live. By living, of course, I mean we're not living our complete lives.

JE: Often in dreams, animals manifest. Yesterday in the dream group work, the images of snakes and eggs showed up. Can you help us understand where we should go when we have animals appearing in our dreams?

BW: I think that the biggest mistake people can make, and often do make these days, is running to their animal symbol dictionary. I often counsel people to throw these dictionaries out. The best thing you can do to amplify the meaning of something is to understand what it is that this thing does. If we want to know about snakes, we need to think about snakes. What are snakes? How do they live? Where do they come from? What do they eat? What do they do in the seasons? etc. An indigenous person looks at an animal and knows everything about it: knows how it is, what it looks like, what it does every day of the year.

The second thing to do is to understand any personal encounters. Maybe this person was bitten by a snake in childhood or had a traumatic encounter, or their mother was afraid of snakes. That would be crucial to know. Only then go to the cultural stories, and only then try to understand about meaning conceptually. If you read in the symbol dictionary that snake has qualities of this and that, then you're starting to think about it. The snake or the animal in the dream, like the dream itself, has to have a kind of living presence in the discussion.

JE: So you're approaching it from a much more intuitive level than an analytical level?

BW: Yes. That's one of my favorite topics, thank you. My thoughts about dreams are not so much that we bring our considerable intellectual tools to a dream to use them to amplify what we're seeing or what we know. The idea is not to bring it out of its realm like an animal out of the wild into the zoo, but also to allow ourselves to be drawn into its reality. That's why I'm talking about the living presence of the meaning field of the dream. This field is not intellectually experienced. *It's almost like we're the problem the dream is trying to solve.* Of course that's just the opposite from the way most people think about it: that the dream is presenting us this cryptic puzzle that we need to dissect and understand. You can do that, certainly, but usually that understand-

ing only goes so deep. We waste the opportunity of a dream remembered if we only use it to try and understand our own lives, really, because there's that other quality to it: *that the dream is a living being, virtually.*

JE: So when you're working on a dream, are you seeing it as images? Is it a being? Is it an image?

BW: What I'm looking for when I work on a dream is a subjective experience within me. I cannot teach a methodology about dream interpretation, I can only teach an attitude towards it, out of which would come a certain kind of methodology. If you teach a methodology, then you're just getting a kind of cookie cutter assembly line. If you have the proper attitude, then the approach to the dream is quite different. What I look for in myself is an experience of an unfolding, that the meaning of it begins to rise up like the mist. It goes from static to alive. It's possible this is my own 'way,' but it's something that I can just feel. I feel it in every cell, the rightness and the meaningfulness of it. This is dangerously close to imposing my interpretation on the dream, but I try not to do that. I try to bring it out and let it be alive between us. When it's alive between us, then we can watch and comment and not impose an interpretation. When you can feel that it's alive and functioning—that you're in the story, the dream has gripped hold of you—then the story comes alive in its meaningfulness. Meaning is always related to the energies of the Self.

JE: A lot of people dream about sex. One of the agendas that came up in the group dreamwork was a statement you made: Often in dreams, sex isn't about sex, it's about the life-force. Can you help us understand that?

(mutual laughter)

BW: What else do you say? Sex of course is a frequent motif in dreams, but in my experience, it's rarely anything to do with sex, sexuality, or with genital sexuality. What is the purpose of genital sexuality? In human beings, of course, it is for the purpose of life. From the psyche's point of view, that's

essentially the intention. New life, of course, is not a child. It's the energies of two opposites brought together to make the whole that generates new life. This happens between individuals, and it also happens within the individual. When we're dreaming of that the classic *conjunctio*, it is for the purpose of all possible kinds of new life and soul emergence.

The classic example, of course, is a man dreams of a very seductive woman who is not his wife. In the dream he thinks, "I can't do this, because this isn't my wife." This is all very well and good in outer life, but what is he neglecting to connect with in his inner life? There's this thought that it's not okay to do this because we have this thing called monogamy. From the psyche's point of view, there's an energy that needs to be addressed or that is addressing him, and it's nothing to do with sex. It's to do with the life-force itself. That is what really wants to be activated, to be expressed, to find a channel, to find a union, and wants to result in creation.

JE: Along those lines, money is another issue that shows up. Your statement was, "Money is not about dollars."

BW: Money is never about dollars in dreams. The dream doesn't care how well off we are in life, it only cares about how much energy, how much "where-with-all" we have. Money dreams are more often images of the life force, libido, flow, fire, of spirit. Can we be a player in life? It's not about consuming and purchasing and paying the bills. It's about what we have available to us. The psychic world is about reciprocity and not about capitalism. Can we pay our way? Do we have enough? Are we impoverished? In other words, do we have enough to make the world happen around us and pay our way reciprocally with the other world?

JE: You often use the expression that the dreams are dreaming us. That's thick.

BW: That's a hard one. Well, Many,

many people have the experience—at least occasionally, or once in their lives—of being the one who is moved. Sometimes in meditation, people will have the experience of being breathed. I have a friend who is a runner who says that something is running him. It really is the presence of the Self. One of the great notions in working with the unconscious is the experience of what Jung calls the relativization of the ego. The ego, the individual, suddenly experiences that s/he is not the master in her/his own house. You're living in someone else's house and that you are the moved to the mover. You would never say, "I created this dream," or "This is my dream." I/you/ego could not have created any dream in a million years. It's impossible. It's this great mind—or all of nature, the gods themselves—who are thinking and creating in this way. This is the way the Self thinks. We are the creation of this thought process. Most people think that you do something and then you dream about it. Sometimes it appears that way chronologically, but it's probably the other way around. What we're doing is what we've already dreamed or what is dreaming us. What we call our waking reality is the infinite variables of life coming together like the weather—virtually—in a single moment of what we're calling reality, which is totally over-determined by the unconscious process. So in that way we *are* dreamed into being.

JE: You often warn us that when we are about to tell a dream, we are going to be telling everyone what we know least about ourselves.

BW: Well, dreams emerge from the unconscious. I always love the anecdote about Jung when he says apparently in some frustration, "You have to remember that what's unconscious is unconscious." In other words, it's unknown. There's only a small bit of the personal unconscious that we can actually make conscious. The rest is unconscious. It's unknowable. When a person has a dream, it's the unknown that is emerging toward consciousness. A nice point about dreaming is that by the time you're dreaming of

something, it's well on its way to consciousness. It's when you're not dreaming of it that it's running you unconsciously. If you're dreaming about it, it's on its way towards consciousness and that's when you can bring it out and learn a little bit. So if a person tells a dream in a group, by definition he or she is saying what they don't know about themselves. Thus it's a very fragile offering and needs to be respected as such. That's why I caution people that it's not hunting season—it's not open season on the dreamer. They're not fair game for your projections, because it's a very delicate, fragile, vulnerable place in which they've put themselves. They're offering something that's unique and beautiful which deserves and needs to be deeply respected.

JE: Barry, can you talk a bit about your process of working with dreams in your professional practice?

BW: Rather than me being the guide of the process, I'm letting the unconscious, the dreams, largely be the guide in terms of what we discuss. All the great motifs will be there. Over a long period of time, if the person can be related to this magnificent fabric of meaning that contains their personal lives—and at the same time displays all of the wonders of heaven, as it were—then this lends tremendous dignity and depth. That's where the healing can come from. Jung was very clear on that. So in other words, when the archetypal worlds manifest through the dreams—and I believe that's the way a person can connect with it—then the emotional result around that is healing. It's the emotion that one experiences in the body that infuses the person, the whole selfhood of the person, with the transpersonal energies of the archetypal world. When that happens, each in its unique way, then lives can be changed.

JE: Can you talk to us about those dreams that are so visceral that we wake up feeling physically the person we were carrying or where our hand just was... a kind of belief that it really did happen?

(Continued on page 32)

Dreamtime Star Gazing

by Mildred Rosario



There are times when Dreams take us on unexplored roads to learn new things. Such is my case. Several years back I had dreams where I specifically requested to look up information about the Constellation of Bootes and I did so. But, that's all I did; I learned a few details about what Astronomers knew then about Bootes and let it go recorded and forgotten into my dream journal. I didn't bother, at the time, to integrate any information about Bootes to anything pertinent in my life.

Time passed and then I was again presented with the opportunity to learn something new, only this time it did not come as easily. I dreamt that...

I am talking with a wonderful middle-aged man who is obviously a very good friend of mine, even though in real life I do not know this person. We talk about our families and hobbies and then decide to take a walk. We walk for a while, then enter a restaurant and sit down to eat something. I look out the window closest to me and see some reflected shadowy movement. I stand up, move in closer to take a good look and see two beautiful peacocks, red and shimmering in glowing red light. I am so enthralled with the view that I call out to my friend and tell him I am seeing two very eccentric, red peacocks shimmering in red light! My friend comes over from the table, looks at them, smiles and tells me, "They are not eccentric, this is the way they are supposed to be... and still are!"

I awoke that morning feeling very well but knowing that I had to go learn about the "two red peacocks." I knew the message inherent in the dream was important and decided to hit the search engines and see what I could come up with. I looked up "Peacock" in mythology and learned a lot in that area. I kept looking up the birds' habits and felt it was nice information but nothing that really made me feel that I had come upon the right interpretation. Being bilingual, I placed the word "Peacock" in Spanish, "Pavo," and the Constellation of Pavo was displayed on the screen. As I read the description of the Constellation and learned it was made up of two very uneven but bright red primary and companion stars, I sensed that this was the information I was seeking.

I translated most of the article into Spanish and emailed it to my study group in South America. The response came quickly. About two days later they advised me that the investigation for "Pavo" was underway! They were to investigate and correlate some important spiritual facts about this constellation and they thanked me for the information. Needless to say that if I was confused at first on how to get information on the peacocks, I was even more confused when it was confirmed that the information received in my dream was correct and needed! It was a very powerful realization to learn how little knowledge I had of the heavens regarding Astronomical and Astrological points of view.

This was the beginning of new work habits in my dream journals. Every time I had a dream, I went straight to an astrological calendar and took a look at what was happening up there in the sky. I did not even know what I was looking for, but I took a tremendous leap of faith and knew that someone who did know about Astrology would show up and could interpret the symbols for me. From another magazine I looked up the "fixed star" of the day and investigated the mythology behind that. This proved to be particularly helpful in understanding the "hidden opinion" behind the dream. I would then look up the Astronomer's favorite picture for the day on the internet and also wrote it down. Another great leap of faith; since I had begun to understand the interrelatedness of everything, I knew the Cosmos up there somehow had to resonate with what was happening down here... and that the Astronomer's sense of beauty would pick the right picture for the day.

Writing it all down took time, great effort, research and some experimentation so as to learn what information was pertinent, but it was well worth the time. I also learned that I could not choose one science above the other, but had to learn "scientifically" from Astronomy about the wonderful Universe that surrounds us as well as the ancient mythological interpretations that were given by Astrologers. All of these two areas were important and interrelated in my dreams. As I became more familiar with these areas, wonderful new revelations were opened to me. When researching the information, the dates coincided with happenings up in the skies and cosmos.

The more familiar I became with Astronomical terms and visual identification of celestial bodies and Astronomy's new discoveries, the more information I started receiving... with more "realistic and closely related visuals." It was not long before all the detail work started to connect very well within my dreams. I would receive specific, wonderful gifts during Leonid or Quadrantid Meteor Showers, Equinoxes or Solstices. It was wonderful to discover that for several years, my healing dreams came

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to me during the same dates.

I will never be a professional Astronomer nor Astrologer, but realize that for dreamers everywhere, these tools can be of great help and service. Using the Internet to navigate related, great sites can provide easy-to-reach research tools and there is free software that will allow you to keep track of the moon phases and astronomical visuals that can help, too.

DREAM AUGUST 2001

I am visiting a building that specializes in Advertising and Public Relations. I am looking for someone in particular to discuss some details about something (I do not remember). I walk into a room and see that it is in the process of being renovated, I walk into another and see that this room is filled and busy with very delicate machinery. I walk towards the wall and notice a table with three transparent, flat, acrylic screens that are showing magnificent pictures, mainly in shades of red, orange, some grey and pockets of black. As I walk closer, I notice that the three screens are showing

three sections of some remarkable picture from Space. I do not know what it is, but I know it is from outer Space. I ask the Office Manager what these are but she smiles and does not tell me.

Regarding this dream, the moon was in Perigee to the Earth and it would be further clarified by the....

ASTRONOMY CALENDAR FOR 2002

Christmas Day 2001: *I am unwrapping a gift from my sister that is an Astronomy Calendar for 2002.*

Inside the cover page is something remarkable.

I awaken screaming and go get my dream journal. My painting of the beautiful three acrylic screens and the inside cover page present the same image! It's the center of the Galaxy as processed by the twin telescopes "Two Micron All-Sky Survey (2MASS)" in Arizona and Chile, in which they have captured the Milky Way galaxy and galaxies that lie beyond.

This dream genuinely surprised me. I felt the light and understood, once again, that it might have some-

thing to do with what was happening out in Space. I did more research and learned that the Earth would be in Perihelion to the Sun on January the 4th, and the Moon would be in Perigee to the Earth on January 10th. I understood then the uneven sized knobs could be representing the Earth and Moon. It was a wonderful dream!

I decided to use this dream as one of the three that are presented in this article, since it was taking place in a "building dedicated to Advertising and Public Relations." My study group and I all had a good laugh at my reaction and it's nice to have confirmation, once again, that dreams relate to what's happening all around us... on many levels. ☺

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Dream of a Rock

It was a dream about a smooth black
rock and the silent way it fell
into a pool of clear, still water.

It did not hard back to childhood
or recall the old family dramas.

It was just about a rock and its gradual
descent when dropped from a height
of about six inches above the waterline.

It did not intermingle fragments
of the day and jumbled bits of memory.

It merely took notice of the silence
with which this action was accomplished,
the water's density, its depth

without concern for what my mind had
turned over and over the night before.

Falling into Water

by Jackleen Holton

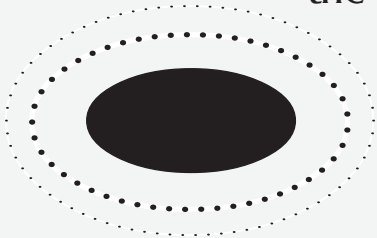
Its journey was steady and one
of singular purpose, played out
in real time, or so it seemed.

Nothing in there about losses nor lessons.
It did not analyze human weakness.

It was more about calm, if it was about
anything at all. And those tiny globules
of air that cling to an object falling.

It didn't have a sense, the way dreams
often do, of someone or something in my life.

So, perhaps it could be said it was
just a dream about, if anything,
the quiet way the last bubble rises



from the stone that finally resides
at the bottom of a crystal pool.

And that was all.





Automatic Writing and the Understanding of Dreams



by Dean McClanahan

Dreaming Humanity's Path

Energy Gestalt

"I am dreaming, observing a number of beautiful, ever-changing, multicolored globes of light.

At the same time, I am observing a UFO and beings that have similar form to ours.

The globes of light are communicating with me, they say: "We impress thought forms of UFOs, and beings, upon you so that you have a frame of reference; you could not stand being among us as we are. We do not have form as you have form, yet your essence is our essence. You may call this spirit, an energy gestalt.

Bear in mind that your knowledge and concepts of reality are very limited.

Do not fear us, we mean you no harm."

¹
This is the only dream I've experienced regarding beings that consist of multicolored lights. That they mean us no harm may not apply to all that we meet in dreaming or waking awareness.

There is more than one way to approach our dream life in order to gain the meaning and understanding of this reality. Automatic writing and information gained from a "voice trance channel" can shed light upon our experiences in what is labeled the dream state.

During 1986 a woman who had at one time attended my dream group, six years prior, contacted me and desired to once again become involved in dream work. At that time I did not have a group but agreed to work with her over the telephone. During late 1987 I attempted to teach her Jung's concept of "active imagination." Simply stated, it is to write a question regarding a symbol or the meaning of a dream on a pad of paper. Watch the screen of the mind in a meditative state and observe what surfaces; write what you are given on the pad. She experienced remarkable explanations of her dream experiences; I urged her to continue in this development. One evening, she telephoned me and complained of how slow the pen wrote. I advised her to speed up the writing. She responded with, "I'm not writing, the pen moves by itself." This was the forerunner to establishing a voice trance channel. I shall call this woman "Terraaja." The name given her by the speaker's who communicated through her. The following dreams are those of Terraaja.

(Italics indicates understanding given by automatic writing.)

November 21, 1987. I recall going to a new women's spa that cost \$32.50 to swim. Here you were taught how to fly with wooden wings to avoid falling into rattlesnake pits. This was on top of a mountain or high hill with thousands of rattlesnakes in a valley. Some men were urinating on the snakes and were able to go over the snakes without being bitten. I couldn't fly with wooden wings. I had a difficult time climbing up because of the rocks but I was determined to get on top. There were squirrels on top of the hill that taught me to avoid snakes. I was thrilled. I became daring to these snakes because I knew these safe techniques. Later, I am driving a car, someone is with me. I want to turn right but I can't. There is a lot of traffic congestion, the light turns green and I must go forward. I make a "U" turn because I'm on a dead end street. I go back to the intersection, the light is red and I must wait.

Snakes are unknown areas of your realities; the pits are where they reside. Getting bitten is the result of experience of unknown areas. Wooden wings cannot fly over the earth. The men urinating on the snakes are your reasoning, cleansing it in order to fly beyond these areas. Squirrels are very smart and can overcome obstacles. These are symbols of subconscious motivations. Thirty two-fifty is the completion of learning process of the physical you. Being daring is that you experience the unknown and you are not afraid anymore. You must go forward for you must avoid an accident like a dead end. You turn around and go back to the intersection; you missed your turn and missed something great. Now, you must wait until the green light comes again. You were only tested.

November 23, 1987. Dean and I are walking on the street. A white Chow comes up to me and asks me if I am Jane. I tell it I am Terraja. It jumps towards me as if striking at me. It puts my knee in its mouth; this hurts. Then it begins going back behind my head. I wonder why Dean does not help; then, he pulls the dog away.

You and Dean are on the same road, literally speaking. White Chow is an experience of good, by you and he; dog attacking your head is sudden burst of thought. Dean does not need to help but you think he does, so he does it.

November 24, 1987. A man is curling my hair. I am talking to him, saying that there is something familiar about this area. Someone said, "Maybe you have lived in this area before." I said, "There is no spirit haunting the house, but a familiar spirit of the house."

Man is curling thoughts of reasoning. You have familiar thoughts from previous lifetimes that had same opportunities. They should haunt you so this will not be missed.

November 30, 1987. I was at the hospital; I saw a giant laser gun blasting paper and trash on the parking lot. Then, it was aimed at me. I was frightened of this; it was some sort of treatment for my sex organs. I then recall receiving radioactivity. Later, I go into a door and I am in a white astronaut suit. I am going to run the laser gun now. I was awarded something.

Being in hospital is healing symbol. This laser gun is destroying useless information and trash parked inside you. It being aimed at you is some sort of treatment for sex organs; this is where all of the energy is stored. Laser gun is higher instrument, it disintegrates instantly. You are being prepared to become transformed. Receiving radioactivity is another form of energy being received. Being in a white astronaut suit is a suit prepared for space travel, out of body experiences. Running laser gun shows you are in control of energy being put out. You are being awarded a great award of bravery for doing what you are now doing (automatic writing; later, trance channeling).

December 6, 1987. I am lying down, talking to a man lying besides me. I like him very much. I found out that he had been seeing a dark haired woman. She was beautiful, but she wanted to take this man away from

me. I was furious at this man.

Dream of beautiful dark haired woman is symbol of inner development taking control of certain aspects of you, taking away your own ego possessiveness and pride. You being furious at the man, this is your protection and security being threatened; this is of morals and values.

December 14, 1987. Recall painting pictures, putting reflections of green trees on water. I recall how I was going to finish Dean's necklace since the beads would not fit on the string. Recall being stuck or trapped somewhere; others were there also.

Dream of Dean's necklace does not mean that you are being someone that he wants; you are being you, as the source of yourself. Beads are a source of wholeness, of that not fitting is not necessarily negative. It is not something that you can put on a string, no strings attached. Be yourself and be sharing of self, apart as individuals and together as individuals. Painting pictures of reflections of trees on water symbolizes the mirror of life on your self; green is growth.

December 27, 1987. I recall that I dreamed of trance dream. I hear a man talking to me about this experience and the writings. I was all excited and called Dean about this experience. There was some significance in this conversation with the man and experience. Dean was surprised and excited also.

Man in trance dream was that of a spirit guide on this side, explaining to you that which you need to know about. Dean will be spirit guide on your side. We will show you as coming soon.

January 2, 1988. Dean moved out of town. I recall that something was attacking doctors and nurses. *Dean moving out of town is only a symbol. He will be having experiences beyond this reality. This is nothing to fret about; it will only be an experience. This something attacking doctors and nurses is a new system of healing that is totally attacking their practice (HMO's).*

January 3, 1988. I met Dean in a dream. I was smoking a special cigarette. He said I looked the same except for one thing. I told him it was the cigarette; seems as though I threw it aside. Earlier, I had gone to a gas station with mom and grandma. Grandma bought me a pack of cigarettes called "True Seekers." She said that she knew what brand of cigarettes I use to smoke, but wanted me to try these. I thought this was strange.

You meeting Dean in dream is exactly so though he did not recall this. He did meditate in the morning and you made the connection. Smoking a special cigarette was not actually smoking one. Where there is smoke, there is fire; right? You had a fire burning. Smoking a special cigarette is a fire burning inside of you; in your heart, like Christ had in his. You are a "true seeker" within your heart, burning with hunger and thirst.

January 6, 1988. I got three ounces of Yogi Tea. I am meditating in the dream; seems Dean is there also.

Yogi Tea dream means that you need more of that which you thirst for from the universal mind. You have some tea, but decide to get more. You are pleased with the taste and refinement. Meditating, which you are doing with Dean in the dream state, is the two of you balancing other things that you do in your physical activity.

January 10, 1988. I'm inspired to paint again. I'm putting a sapphire heart in a necklace that costs \$ 75.00. My mother and sister tell me it is alright, I'm worth it.

This dream is symbolic of spiritual knowledge and enlightenment, bringing into your heart center; this, where all things begin. Blue, signifies truth; sapphires signifies wisdom and spiritual enlightenment. Being in the shape of a heart is that center which all begins in our being. You will begin to paint again and create your expressions of your experiences which will be different than any ever done. You will be amazed by your aware-

ness, and those things you have learned that were not focused consciously.

January 12, 1988. I get up in the morning; my sister tells me that all there is to eat is chicken from Kentucky Fried Chicken restaurant. She is playing cards with slices of chicken; this is peculiar to me. Something about Steve; seems as if he was still in the bathroom. There is a rain storm coming and we are taking shelter in the basement. I recall going out into the backyard to get Brandy (dog) inside. I see dark clouds in the distant sky; they are approaching. It looks like it is coming from the North. It was already starting to sprinkle rain. Brandy's fur is damp. I come back to the stairway to the basement; baby is nursing at my breast.

Rain! Yes, it is going to rain and you should not get caught in it. The temperature will drop suddenly and it will freeze the rain. It would be nice to have another session (trance voice session) so we could get to some basics, and get reacquainted again. I am sorry about your unawareness last night. You can receive without any effort. Do not worry so, you are not deceiving yourself, and you will be surprised soon. You are doing fine, we will help you as well, and we are in the dream state. The next session (trance voice session) we have together will be more successful. We have all been practicing and have grown accustomed to your body, with your permission of course. I will inform you of the day when we can come through. We know you are limited in time with your children. I am an Indian; I knew you and Dean in another existence. We learned much, we were in an ashram, a monastery together.

Now, the dream of a rain storm coming. This is turmoil coming in the emotions; not pertaining to this writing or to Dean but of some one outside. It has been coming about for sometime. Maybe it is your sister and husband; also, something to do with them. Taking shelter in basement is you going within to get away from storm. You nursing baby is exactly

what Dean said. Yes, this is new experiences, a new phase of learning and growing.

You are ready for this, do not be afraid. Some of your beliefs have been broken down and replaced with positive ones. The heat you feel behind you is some energy to let you know we exist; okay? You are doing fine and this is meant to be this way. Accept and go on living and experiencing life. We have been around all your youth and will tell you about it another day.

January 17, 1988. I recall that Dean takes me to the hospital to have his baby. It has only been five months since I had last given birth to a baby. It is now April and I have to give birth to a new baby; it is Dean's baby.

There is no need to have proof of this writing or channeling, you will see and learn more. You can become somewhat doubtful, just be open. Your dream should give you some insight. It is telling you what is to come in April. As I have said before, everything has to start inward before it becomes outward. You did very good last night; you saw all that happened (trance channel session). You don't have to be afraid; you are protected by the Christ Light. If you would let go completely this pen would follow easily and you would get better information, and more accurate. You have a strong ego and you try to control. One lesson for you to learn is to let go of this. Dean knows of this and is trying to help you. I would like to see you again. The light you saw was Vetandananda; you did see Yogananda, but only briefly.

After automatic writing was set aside, Vetandananda became one of the main 'speakers' of the "voice channel." Terraaja, impressed with Yogananda's book, Autobiography of a Yogi, was hoping to communicate with him. The "voice channel" ended 10 years later because of circumstances necessary for the further growth of Terraaja and my self. ☪



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BW: It really did just happen. (laughter)

BW: Those are the dreams that we're drawn into deeply. The attempt of the dreamer upon waking is often to get away from that. "Let me separate from that reality." But the point is that the dream had you.... it was having you, as if it put you to sleep to have you. In some of those moments, you're completely enmeshed in the reality of that world and it's hard to return or to move out into ordinary consciousness again, because the energy of the meaning of the dream, for whatever reason, is extremely strong at that point. It's really got you. It's hooked you. These are special dreams. They are the ones that leave trails behind them in your life and are to be respected and given full attention.

JE: Where does one go with those dreams other than to an analyst?

BW: It's a great question. To an analyst, of course. The analyst is not only the one who can try to help you understand these things, but then also becomes a kind of initiating elder. When great dreams announce the journey you're undertaking, you need to have a guide, because it's an initiatory journey. Initiation is an archetypal pattern that always requires a death through an ordeal and a rebirth of some sort. Of course lots of people analytically think, "Give me the rebirth. Give me the new life. I can't wait," and they forget that there's a death required, which is often, if not always, excruciating. Death is death. It's hard to let go of an old pattern, an old identity, an old history, the old drama, the old story, the old way of being, or the old vocabulary. It is very humbling because you can see how the psyche is trying, in the absence of a cultural initiation pattern, to initiate the dreaming person.

JE: Do you see a pattern with time of life, with people who come to see you when these kinds of dreams erupt?

BW: One of my favorite things in the last couple of years is to work with some young men and women who have gone to northern Hudson Bay on expeditions to encounter the Grandfather of the North. This is the place in many traditions where dreams come from and a great place of wisdom. I sit with them on their last campsite and listen to their dreams. This is a lost age group. They're leaving adolescence and trying to emerge into young adulthood. The educational system and the government, the family and the culture—everybody is saying something—but what is the real pathway to the authentic life? A lot of people lose their way at this point. They decide to do something that seems okay, but it might not be well supported from the unconscious, and they will burn out at some point. I liken it to this: in the Pueblo world of the southwest, when the masked gods or the dancers enter the plaza (because these are archetypal figures... they're not human beings any more) the ritual leader of the ceremony lays down a pathway on the ground for them, often of corn pollen or cornmeal, to walk on. I think youngsters' dreams are like that. These are like the pollen pathways for them. If they can hear them, the dreams will open the pathway into their lives.

JE: There seems to be a lack of any form of initiation at any change of life in our culture. I'm wondering if dreams....

BW: The answer is yes! Absolutely. Absent a cultural container for these rights of passage, it's up to the psyche, really, to do it. Good ritual is about aligning the individual psyche with Nature and the Nature's way. When these are aligned, then you're doing something, often culturally... as it was in the beginning. The way it was in the beginning is the pure way of the psyche. If we no longer have this, and what's worse, if we've lost our access to it, the psyche will still be going ahead with its attempts

at alignment. It can feel crazy-making. If a person were part of a group that had done an initiatory process at an age-appropriate time, it would be a tremendous experience. When they're doing it by themselves in the midst of a social environment that doesn't support it, it can be quite difficult. You can see vestiges of rituals gone terribly awry in the acting out behavior of adolescents, gangs and so forth. The point is, in the classic initiatory pattern the ordeal is for the purpose of moving out of the old place and getting into a place where you can be connected to what we'll call the archetypal realm. If we don't do that in our lives, if we have lost the connection to the source-place of that realm, then we don't know how to live. We get lost. In the Plains culture, a person without a vision is not a human being. They're just people living their lives, but they're not a real human being.

JE: Do we have permission to not necessarily understand our dreams as long as we sit with it or go back to it?

BW: At the very least, pay attention. Acknowledge that the dream world does exist, that it is communicating with you. Write your dreams down. You can draw them, paint them, sculpt them, dance them, do active imagination with them, sit with them, meditate on them. Just let them infuse you—even if you don't understand them—because it's usually not something you can get with your mind, in so many words anyway. At the very least, live with the knowledge that this process is going on. One of the techniques I use is to imagine we're camped by a great river and it's flowing by all the time, day and night, day after day, year after year, millennia upon millennia. From time to time we go down and dip our cup into it and drink from it, or use it to cook our meals, or bathe in it, or take and use the water for our crops. It's only from time to time we go to the river; meanwhile it is powerfully flowing by... all the time. ♪

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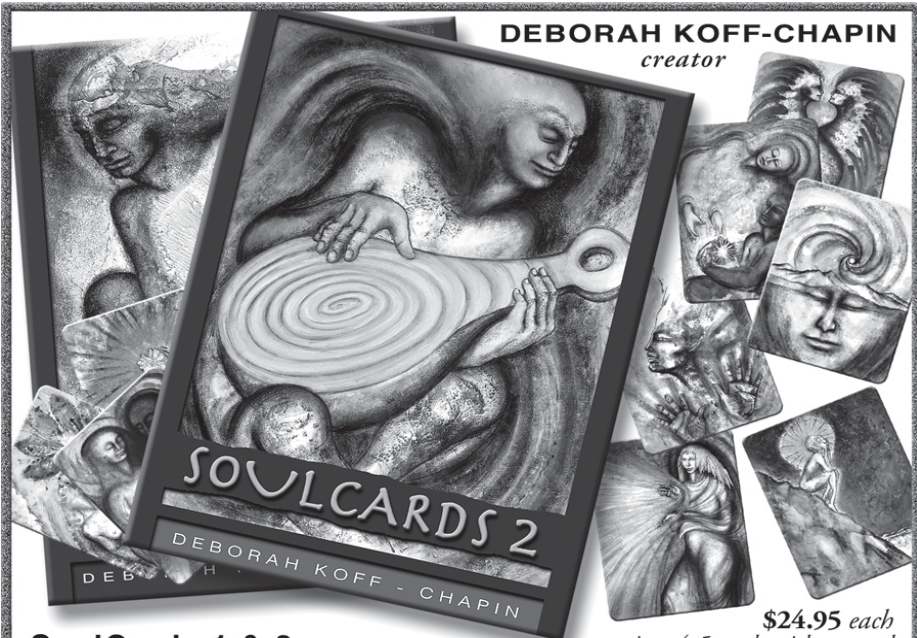
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"I Had TwinBoys!"

**A Dream Reading
by Charles M. de Beer**



ADEL'S DREAM, 11/12-1-2005

Adel faxed me details of a dream:

"I had twin boys, they were very small, but perfect. I saw the mucus on the one especially, and that it was a boy. The other baby, I recall telling every one, was 5 months older than the second baby but yet they were born in the same dream. It was too late to get to a hospital, the babies were already coming. I just lay down, with my father there. My friend Sandy was also around but not as prominent as my father. The babies just popped out—no blood. I got up, and then said, "My placenta is still in." Nobody seems to worry. I just sat down and Sandy cut it with a scissors, like big pieces of liver coming out of me. I was nervous, I thought she was going to cut me, down there, but she was happily getting rid of my placenta. I did not see the second baby, if it was a boy or a girl, but she told me, "Sorry, it is another boy." I remember saying, "Shit, I now have four children, three boys and a girl."

In the dream, the birth of the first baby was very explicit. I watched between my legs as his little head appeared and out he came, more a side-view of his face. He was small but a lovely little thing. He was covered in the mucus from me, but I did not notice any cord or blood or anything like that.

Then the second one was born, but I did not go through the birth like the first one. It was there but not in front of me. I did not see them together like

twins, but I do remember saying, "That is strange, I just had twins but 5 months apart."

It was a very calm dream, not stressful at all, even though having twins at home should have been a panic. My two year old baby was a very difficult pregnancy and was eight weeks premature, but still weighed 3.2 Kilos. I did not carry him full term. I remember thinking, "Obviously it happened again."

Well, that is the dream. I am not a big one for dreams, but this one really got me.

READING:-

Reading in the Curtiss book on numerology, The Key to the Universe, page 170:

"Let us note one more thing in relation to the mysterious number Five. It symbolizes at one and the same time: the Spirit of Life Eternal and the spirit of life and love terrestrial." (Quoted from Mrs. H.P. Blavatsky book The Secret Doctrine.)

The writers then state:

"5 is the number of Humanity and symbolizes man in a two-fold aspect, for man stands at the apex of physical evolution, the crowning point of all the lower kingdoms, and the forerunner and image of God.

Being composed of the 2 and the 3, number 5 shows that in humanity the terrestrial and the Divine meet and blend."□□

The text explains that the number 2 stands for duality (man a dual being: male and female—also physical and spiritual) whereas the number 3 points to the Trinity of God (the 3 in One).

In my own studies, I noted from the Qabala (Hebrew mysticism):

"Five : Everything that vitalizes, i.e., air, life, being."

It is the symbol of universal life, and represents the breath of man as well as the Spirit and the Soul. Everything that vivifies: life and the abstract idea of being. It emphasizes and gives prominence to objects and persons.

In the dream, the 5 months baby comes first, and the dreamer watches the birth in great detail. This, as per the above texts, represents physical birth, physical existence. The second baby arrives sort of unseen, and represents the Spirit that abides in man, Spirit that links man to God.

Similarly, in the dream, the "Father" and the less in evidence "Friend Sandy" represent Heaven and earth, the Creator and that which has been created:

"Our Father that art in Heaven," and "To see the world in a grain of SAND."

In this sense Adel's dream is a parable applicable to the whole of mankind, showing that the Creator is of more importance than His creation (His creature), and that the latter, (the creature) is in the world to glorify the former (the Creator). In other words:

Man should infuse his physical life (illusion, Maya) with the leaven of the Spiritual presence (reality), enrich the temporal with the eternal.

Paul, in his first letter to the Corinthians (Ch.6, v.19/20) exclaims:

"What, know ye not that your body is the Temple of the Holy Ghost, which is in you, which you have of God, and that you are not your own.

For you were bought at a price, Therefore, glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God's."

Our Father that art in Heaven, hal- lowed be Thy name,Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth (in us), as it is in Heaven...

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And in more recent times Wordsworth wrote:

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting, the soul in us, our life's Star, has had elsewhere its setting and cometh from afar.

Not in entire forgetfulness, and not in utter nakedness

But trailing clouds of Glory do we come from God, who is our home.

Hence, the body must be cleansed (the placenta removed) for the miracle of redemption (at one-ment) to take place. Spiritual nourishment must replace the physical. This dream, therefore, is an archetypal picture, imprinted on the dreamer's mind, while asleep, that the birth of physical man is linked to his spiritual origin and that the two are inseparable, twins for ever and a day.

This is a quiet and peaceful inner spiritual process, and requires no hospital, blood, cord or trauma. I presume therefore that the dream is a message

to the dreamer to deepen her spiritual awareness, to enrich her physical life by the knowledge that there is a spiritual reality underlying and pervading all physical existence. A message that ALL men can and should heed.

She wrote, "I am not a big one for dreams," which implies a lack of interest in the magic of life. Yet, she continues "but this one really got me."

I, the interpreter, can only hope that some of the magical wonder of life will filter into her consciousness from this dream. My interpretation is based on long years of studying dreams, their origin, their import. However, I do not claim that this is THE only meaning of the dream. Wheels within wheels, I may have missed out on some aspect, and I urge the dreamer, Adel, to treasure and ponder her dream and, possibly, find other slants in it to highlight. ☺

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Writing Fiction with My Dreaming Self

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Whenever I practice the art of incubation, I rarely request a single dream on a subject. Rather, I'll request more than one. If the first dream requires clarification, I might immediately incubate another; sometimes several in a row. Or I might wait until I'm out of my current life phase, try again from the new point of view and compare the results using 20-20 hindsight. I've used the traditional version - ask a question in the waking state, expect a dream response. And when lucid - ask a question in the dream, expect a dream response.

Maybe it's because I've done so much dreaming with other people and understand the gifts and challenges of relationship. Or maybe it's because I have a social streak to begin with. In any case, I value reciprocity with my peers. But the traditional incubation route is a one-way street. Practice partnership with other folks, then turn around and act like lord and master to my maiden psyche? Feels pretty one-sided to me. A dream may well come in the *service* of health and wholeness, but I don't think it's fair to treat my dream psyche as if she were my private *servant*. I finally realized that I'd been acting like a dream-workaholic.

So, one day I incubated, "Hey, dreaming self, what would you like to do?"

Her response was intense and immediate. I had a vivid, creative, fun dream. And then another. And another. Given that I'd been treating her like a workhorse hauling out my day residue, I suppose I shouldn't have been surprised to discover that she wanted to prance in the sunny meadow. (And play is healthy, too!)

Now, I enjoy non-fiction writing, especially about dreams. My dreaming self has starred in a couple of my articles. But I'd never written fiction based on a dream. I knew that many people write such stories about past dreams, without once consulting their dream psyches as they do. That sounded rather nuts to me - to ignore a potential partner who is intimately involved in producing the dream in the first place.

So, I incubated, "A dream that is a complete story, suitable for publication" just to see how my dreaming self would react. The response was very apropos, of a sort that I rarely experience. Even though I wasn't lucid, I knew that my mind was "making up the story."

My dream psyche had created

a very intriguing dream, but it felt incomplete. I waited for her to provide more, but it didn't come. It took me 6 months to realize that, since I was interested in developing a cooperative relationship with her, my waking ego needed to contribute to the project, too. Duh.

Life took off in another direction and it was a couple of years before I finished my part in the process. Our cooperative story was debuted at a meeting of the local Dream Creativity Group. I passed copies of the sheets around so, as I read it aloud, folks could see the parts that came directly from the dream and the parts I added from waking imagination. The story weaves back and forth from one to the other, like the very conversation it is.

And I didn't supply the name, my dreaming self did. Just before the visual dream began, while I was still in the dark, I heard a voice say "Flapdoodle" and I knew it referred to the title of the dream story! The word might be translated as "A foolish flight of fancy." Or simply, "nonsense." My dream psyche is such a kidder.

The portions from the dream are typed in **bold**. Imaginative additions are in regular type.

Flapdoodle

By Linda Lane Magallón and her dreaming self, Casey the Flyer

The alien was waiting by the passenger side of the car. I walked over, unlocked the door, opened it and she slipped into the seat. Her belt was on before I reached the driver's side. I lashed myself in and took a deep breath. Then I looked at her.

She appeared like a bad copy of my old friend Nina. Aged like cheap champagne. She must have just materialized - the shimmer was still evident. "Hello Nina," I said sarcastically. "Nice to see you." There was no response. I didn't expect one. Aliens don't talk much.

I turned the key in the ignition and pressed the accelerator a couple of times. The car sputtered, but the motor caught. I was already late and I didn't feel like stopping to call ahead. Besides, what would I say, "Guess who's coming to breakfast?"

Boys were playing baseball in the street and I was driving much too fast. I steered hard to the far right curb to avoid them and finally braked to a stop at the corner. I gripped the steering wheel with both hands and stared straight ahead to regain focus. "Get out of my mind or we go nowhere!" I growled. The last of the paralysis left me as the alien withdrew control.

At my parent's home Pa was laddling out his famous **flat pancakes** to eat with the soft-boiled eggs. Aunt Arlene and Uncle Millard had gone to Europe and returned with some **blue and white egg mounts** from Denmark. They came out on Easter and odd occasions and this was surely one of them. **A long table had been set up in the kitchen with a tablecloth, the good dishes and the silverware.** Ma put out a new plate for the alien with the same at-

titude she used to set an extra place for my imaginary playmate when I was a kid.

My younger brother Sam opened up his egg. It had green goo inside. The folks around the table argued about the exact color. "Blue-green...like aqua," said Aunt Arlene. **"No, teal,"** said Pa, disagreeing with his sister as usual. **To me it looked a yukky greenish-grey.** The color of vomit.

"Don't taste it!" someone said. But I did anyway. It was sweet as honey and smelled like a floral bouquet. The goo had dropped onto the white tablecloth. I wondered briefly if the stain would ever come out.

I gave the alien a hard stare. Some more psychic tricks? She looked back at me blankly. I realized that none of the people 'round the table saw the egg or the alien in quite the same way.

I threw the egg in the trash and **left the house to walk down the street.** Of course, **the alien came with me.** I stopped, looked back. My parents' **house was a forgotten clapboard island in a sea of dirt plots surrounded by concrete sidewalks.** The whole area was being razed for a new expressway. The alien bent down and started to run her fingers through the dirt.

Once I spent all day with an alien who looked like a homeless person. When we stopped by the side of the road, he took a shit and then played with his own feces. I got mad - told him - no way would he get back into my car. Even if it is an '82 Datsun with rusty bumpers. I'll bet you've never been caught on the interstate screaming at an alien at 3:00 in the morning.

But this one just patted the dirt back into place and stood up again. I sighed with relief and went back for more pancakes. And a whiskey chaser.

When I heard the message on my answering machine the next day, I knew it was another alien call. I

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checked the rest of the messages. There were no other assignments. Then I checked my purse. Yes, I had enough money for gas. Aliens never pay.

We met at **Union Square.** I gave this one a good looking over. Sometimes I amuse myself by imagining that there's more than one arm down a sleeve. Ridiculous, of course. Aliens look and act just like humans. Except, they seem to shimmer at times. That's how I know they're aliens.

I saw two more of them come out of Macy's department store and cross the street, heading our way. They were wearing finely polished bull horns. You see a lot of strange sights in the city, but this was over the top, even for San Francisco. Maybe people would think they were Freemason conventioners. **"The**



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tourists love them," I heard someone comment. Yeah, I thought, the merchants in Union Square must really love the fact that these sorts of tourists will buy anything.

Then a couple of well-dressed twins in mini-skirts passed by. "Oh, what pretty private parts!" said the alien with me. I stared hard at the two women. Everything that I'd consider "private" seems to be well covered with clothes. But, then, you never know how aliens perceive things.

The aliens dressed in the bull horns were standing on the corner; my companion wondered off to meet them. Next to me, he'd felt like a man. But from a distance he looked like a woman. As I watched, he suddenly unleashed a flood of tears. Then he turned and blew me a long-distance telekinetic kiss. When it hit my cheek, it felt slightly erotic. Aliens give gifts.

I took him (or was it her?) back to my apartment. Hidden by the foliage surrounding my doorstep, the alien pursed her lips and sent me another telekinetic kiss. And I could feel the kiss on my lips! Now that was really erotic.

We went inside and I wondered briefly, how do you have safe sex with a woman? Use a full body condom?

"I am immune to AIDS and your other diseases," said the alien. So she could read my mind, too! The words shocked me. At first I thought she was speaking aloud because her lips were moving. Then I realized that she was trying out the telekinetic kiss again. Her tongue flickered briefly behind a perfect set of white teeth.

"I don't know how to do this with a woman," I said. That's all right," she replied. "Just imagine how it would be."

She took my hands in her, bent down and kissed them. Now she seemed to be a man again. The chill went through my whole body.

We caressed and fell towards

my bed, but we never quite touched the covers. What have they done to my apartment? I wondered. Created an anti-gravity cocoon? We were floating in the air. Given our positions, the alien must have been used to free fall.

I'm a tourist guide for aliens. Not to places; to things to do, touch, feel. All I can say is that they must be taking human form to sample earth's sensory pleasures. In return, they give me gifts.

I get to tour the alien spaceship in the dream state. Holodeck or real thing? I don't know. I ask questions but mostly they stare blankly if I mention Roswell or tacheyons or neutron stars. I think I only got a reaction out of "Mars" and "Middle Earth."

But it could have been a fluke. ☺



Linda Lane Magallón, M.B.A., is a former editor of *Dream Network* and author of *Mutual Dreaming* (New York: Pocket Books, 1997). She is co-founder of the Bay Area Dreamworkers Group and an original member of the Association for the Study of Dreams. Linda created the Fly-By-Night Club research group and the only web site devoted to flying dreams. Her e-mail handle is the name of her dreaming self, who flies, of course. (<http://members.aol.com/caseyflyer/flying/dreams.html>; e-mail: caseyflyer@aol.com).

Robert Johnson (Cont'd from page 18)

HERESY originally meant to be off balance - to overrate one side or the other of this basic equilibrium. To degrade the human, earthy side of man is to break the central teaching of Christianity. Yet, the attitude of most Christians is that the body is to be denied, mortified, given the smallest possible place in human functioning. It is pure heresy to hold the opinion that mortification of the body is a virtue in the eyes of God. Our sexual nature bears the heaviest exclusion in this heresy.

This needs some examination: Ancient man - and continuing on to Medieval man - was so immersed in the physical world that he desperately needed to be moved from this one-sided position to the desired paradox of man - god, earth - heaven which is the deepest teaching of Christianity. A great structure of ceremonies and disciplines was built up around medieval man to draw him away from his heretical position of too much earth and not enough spirit. This served him well and spoke directly to his needs. But modern man has overshot the process and has relegated earth, body, sex, femininity to an inferior position. We are in need of balancing as badly as medieval man was, but our need is quite the opposite.

Most of our religious disciplines - both West and East - are designed for an imbalance quite the opposite of our present needs. In fact, it is quite impossible to say what each man needs now in any collective sense - one man may still need to be drawn out of medieval clumsiness while another may need to have his earthy sense rescued from the over-rational, theoretical mentality which threatens to tear him completely out of his human rootedness. Never was the old proverb, "One man's poison is another man's meat," more applicable. If someone is drowning, don't try to resuscitate him by throwing a pail of water in his face; or another man may be dying for lack of the same water and does not need more discipline and abstractions but a dousing of water.

What to do? Obviously the first need is to be aware of one's 'heresy'. Is one's life too flooded or too dry? Is one refined to the point of enervation and in need of some of the shadow material he threw away as useless? Or is his earthy connection so strong as to exclude the heavenly visionary nature? Just this insight is half way to the restoration of wholeness (holiness).

Most likely anyone reading this article will be on the too refined side of perfection (the middle point) and must set up some exercises to regain his balance. Ceremony and symbol are the greatest help at this point. No one would agree to throw away some of the abstract theoretical power which he has gained at such cost. And, thank God, it is not necessary to do so. Ceremony is the royal way to add what one needs to his character without having to descend into barbarism to accomplish it. Traditional religions are rich in old customs and ceremonies to meet anything that might befall a man. If only we could recall these ancient wisdoms, since they are already there. But a strange law has risen up in modern man; he can not take anything now by authority and must design afresh the exact ceremony that will heal the imbalance he suffers. To devise the medicine (ceremony) that is exact for your ailment is the highest form of creativity.

Unfortunately, most people have a huge resistance to devising such a ceremony, for, by definition, it must contain exactly what he has refined out of his nature by a lifetime of discipline. A teacher is of great help, though no teacher can tell you what to do. He/she can only encourage you and lend some energy while you find the specific medicine you need.

Ceremony is all but unknown to modern rational man. After great labor, I have devised a definition of this royal function: *Ceremony consists of doing something* (probably some forbidden act), *but not doing it*. That is accomplished by enacting some play or symbolic act that carries the energy of the frightening

event, but not doing it in any literal way that would endanger oneself or anyone near you.

St. Augustine said, "To act is to sin." A modern addition would be that it is a high sin to ignore the shadow side of whatever he has done.*

I promised a notable exception to the parallel of Shadow and Shit which brings a bright note to this discussion. Much of what we discard, psychologically speaking, is excluded because it is too GOOD to bear. When I first heard this teaching from Dr. Jung I did not think it could be possible. But it is true - much of what we evade in our own personalities is the pure gold which we can not find the courage to bear. One can draw the skeletons out of the closet fairly easily in a person of integrity; but he will likely fight to the end of his neurotic strength to hide the divinity of his own being. It is a bright note to learn that work on one's shadow is not unrelieved darkness, but also brings the highest value.

Dr. Jung went on to teach that our excluded shadow sides form our neurotic symptoms—those powerful attempts of our psyche to regain a homeostatic balance in our personalities. It follows that the only possible cure for a neurotic symptom is to find an honored place in our personalities where it can contribute to the wholeness (holiness) of our being.

I end with a medieval Catholic quote which touches me deeply: "Don't forget; God chose to incarnate midway between the feces and the urine." We can find our own midpoint between the many pairs of opposites that besiege us daily and find that whole (holy) experience we hunger for. A number of words in our language derive from the root WHOLE: holy, health, hello, hale, hearty. It is a holy concept. ☸

This article has been reprinted courtesy of Journey into Wholeness' newsletter *Journeys*, Vol. 12, No. 2 - Summer, 2004 For information or a library of tapes and articles by Robert Johnson, visit www.journeyintowholeness.org

* See my book *Owning Your Own Shadow*, Harper Collins, San Francisco

THE POWER OF ACTUALIZATION

©2005 by Marlene King, M.A.



My first experience with a formal dream group is forever engraved in my memory. At a downtown high-rise office building nearly 30 years ago, a group of 15-20 people gathered in response to an ad in the newspaper for a start up dream group led by an experienced dream worker/therapist.

The first question of the evening was, "Who had a dream last night they'd like to share?" As we were a room full of strangers, group trust had not yet been established, but surprisingly, we eventually learned almost everyone had an anxiety dream in anticipation of the meeting.

To kindle the process, the therapist started by telling her dream which was about *trying to knit several different colored strands of yarn together, but kept dropping stitches*. In my dream I was walking down the aisles of a grocery store looking for pineapple. There were several dream strangers milling about, and I felt self-conscious, unable to locate what I was looking for. After everyone had a turn relating his or her dream, our first assignment for the following week was to find a way to make the dream concrete and bring it to the next meeting. That was my first introduction to the power of actualizing a dream.

The following week, the group had reduced itself to about 10 and

we made the commitment to meet for three months weekly, then negotiate or renew the contract. The power of the actualization process created an energy in the group that was different from the previous week. For my own part, I brought a can of pineapple along with my findings and associations. I researched and learned that pineapple was a symbol of hospitality, especially popular in the 1800s, and could be found as bedpost finials, in wallpaper motifs and carvings placed near an entrance of a house to welcome visitors. The grocery store strangers were of course the new people who I met in the group and had apprehension about meeting, fearing I would not find a 'hospitable' environment. All this from a can of pineapple!

The therapist took her turn last, pulling out a knitting project from an upholstered bag. She explained she had knitted a potholder from many strands of yarn and purposely dropped stitches—like the dream scenario—noting it would fall apart and create holes in those places.

Then, she held up a completed potholder, woven with bright yarns and bound neatly around the edges, symbolizing the group she hoped would form vs. the one that was loosely held together and unraveled. It was clear that the people who returned to commit to the

group helped to actualize her best hoped for results in that completed potholder!

We later incorporated gestalt-ing with dream objects and often discovered deeper meanings. For example, we would BECOME the potholder or can of pineapple and describe how we felt, what we did, who we were in that form, sometimes interacting with the other objects, further revealing layers of relationships that might have gone undetected.

Since then, I have spent many years pursuing dream groups, seminars and formal education, eventually starting my own art therapy practice and dream groups. I always enjoy watching the process of concretizing dream images in order to promote actualization of the dream in the dreamer. I have found that making tangible art, in two or three-dimensional forms empowers and reveals to the dreamer forgotten or suppressed associations that are elusive and usually dormant.

Of course there are as many ways to embrace actualization of dream content as imagination allows, but I invite you to start out with a single object, make it into some kind of concrete form, live with it for a while, then expand and record your associations to it. I guarantee you will not be disappointed at the treasures it yields. ☐

BOOK REVIEWS

by Kim Birdsong

The Dreaming Way: Dreamwork and Art for Remembering and Recovery

by Patricia Reis and Susan Snow
Chiron Publications c.2000
ISBN 1-888602-11-2 \$29.95

At once tender and powerful, *The Dreaming Way* chronicles a two-year relationship between artist and dreamer Susan Snow and her therapist Patricia Reis. Dreams and their accompanying artwork are presented together with commentary by each woman, allowing the sometimes gentle and sometimes fierce dreamscape to unfold. As readers, we become co-journeymen in this process, meeting all the places where memory and dreaming intersect. All of the initial awe, power and mystery of the dream are preserved for the reader, and we are allowed to be the proverbial fly on the wall during these amazing sessions. Following the presentation of the session material, there is commentary on both the artistic, the creative process Susan followed and also a reflection by Reis on the teachings drawn from the dreamwork. A retrospective conversation with Annie G. Rogers follows, further unveiling the magnificence of this empathic, healing collaboration. *The Dreaming Way* is a testament to the power of a safe therapeutic container and to the possibility of recovery offered to victims of trauma when voice is risked and the thread of creativity and dream is followed within it. Whether you are an artist, dreamer or therapist, you will find something of value in this unique and precious offering.



Kim Birdsong holds a master's degree in Transpersonal Psychology; a graduate certificate in Women's Spiritual Development; and a bachelor's degree in Economics from the University of California. She has completed advanced training in DreamTending with Dr. Stephen Aizenstat and extensive shamanic training in ritual and divination with Malidoma Some. For three years she developed and hosted her own radio talk show, "Spirit Matters." Kim is a founding member of the Sacred Arts Council, a group that produces the annual Altar Show and Sacred Arts Festival. She is an artist, freelance writer and single mother. Kim maintains a private practice and currently offers both private and group sessions in DreamTending and women's spiritual counsel. She conducts personalized rituals honoring life's transitions that combine her innate ability to create beauty and safe, sacred space with elements from the natural world and a respect for our ancestors. Feel free to contact her at any of the following: 9940 Holt Road, Carmel, CA 93923 TEL: 831.624.2150 email: tendingdreams@aol.com

The Art of Dreaming: Tools for Creative Dream Work

by Jill Mellick
Foreword by Marion Woodman.
Conari Press. c. 1996, 2001
ISBN 1-57324-574-7 \$16.95

Whether you are a seasoned dream worker or relatively new to exploring the dreamscape, Jill Mellick has something of value to offer in her book *The Art of Dreaming*. An intelligent writer who has worked closely with renowned Jungian analyst Marion Woodman, Jill Mellick respects her readers' intelligence and innate capacity to draw their own conclusions regarding dreams. Rather than presenting trite, narrowing definitions of dream material, Dr. Mellick suggests quick and surprisingly simple ways to delve deeper into dream images and open them to larger meaning, helping ground them in the context of waking life. Using creative tools such as word play, mask making, mapping, clay, drama and dance, *The Art of Dreaming* is as practical as it is poetic. Mellick shows dreamers how to work in their own way and that dreamwork does not need to be tedious or overly analytical. Sections include Expressive Dream Work in 5 minutes, Expressive Dream Work in 10-15 minutes, Expressive Dream Work with Nightmares, Expressive Dream Work with Recurring Dreams and Series, as well as The Care and Feeding of Dream Figures and Animals. There is also an extremely helpful set of guidelines for establishing a working dream group as well as a glistening and thoughtful bibliography. For anyone looking to delve more deeply into the mysteries of the unconscious, this book provides inspiring techniques to further tend the images of the soul as they appear in our dreams. ♪

Book Review

by Victoria Vlach



Honoring the Dream: A Handbook for Dream Group Leaders

Author: Justina Lasley, M.A.
(Transpersonal Psychology)

"In order to lead, you must be out in front, clearing a path for yourself and the group."
(Lasley, J., *Honoring the Dream*, p. 183)

Remember the late 1970's and early 1980's, when the concept of working with dreams was moving from the purview of professionals into the everyday world of you and me? There was even some controversy at the time regarding whether or not 'untrained lay people' could effectively work with their own dreams, and whether or not they should be 'allowed' to work with other people's dreams.

The more forward-seeing and radical members of the dream community were letting proverbial cats out of proverbial bags, sharing their experiences, creating/exploring new techniques, teaching non-professionals (i.e., us), what they knew and learned about how to work with one's own (and other's) dreams. Their names fill our bookshelves and workshop notes: Ullman, Krippner, Taylor, Delaney, Garfield, Reed, Van De Castle, LaBerge, etc. We looked to them for advice and guidance, not only with our own dreams, but also with the dreams of friends and family. There was much to learn, and learn we did.

We joined dream groups. If there were no dream groups nearby, we started our own—posting flyers, placing ads, telling others about dreams—and so groups sprouted in many shapes and sizes. We met in private homes, libraries, and metaphysical bookstores. Some groups used a favorite book as their guide. Others focused on the techniques/ideas of a particular author. Some had designated leaders while others rotated or shared the leadership role. There were even groups without formal leadership. And with groups came all the logistical issues—how many people should a group have? Can anyone drop in at any time, or is it a closed group? When can new people join? How long should each meeting last? What format is good to use? Should there be a fee? What if someone can't pay? How do you bring up the topic of confidentiality? How much personal information should a leader share about her own dreams? Most of us were new at this group leader thing, and so it was that, whatever guidelines were established (formally or informally), sooner or later, something would happen and the group would fall apart. Maybe interpersonal issues negatively affected group dy-

namics. Perhaps disagreements continually arose over how the group should be conducted, or one person hogged all the time or told personal revelations to others not in the group. Sometimes jealousies or power struggles (overt and not so overt) splintered a group. These reasons, and others, could lead to the sudden disbanding or gradual dissolution of a group.

But we wanted to work with dreams and because we were optimistic, we tried again. And again. We formed new groups, created workshops and classes, subscribed to *Dream Network* and other publications, got involved to the extent that we were able with organizations such as the Association for the Study of Dreams. Sometimes we got better at this dream group leader thing; sometimes we didn't. Still, collectively, we had a lot of wisdom about how to conduct a dream group—what worked, what didn't, what information we provided as handouts to participants, what guidelines proved helpful (and/or necessary), how to address different situations that arose during the course of a group. Collectively, we knew a lot. But it was scattered among many dream group leaders/facilitators—individual nodes in the dreaming brain. And then the '80's became the '90's, times changed, and now it is a new century. How many groups from those early days are still going today? And how many more might still be going if a book like Justina Lasley's *Honoring the Dream* had been available back then?

Honoring the Dream: A Handbook for Dream Group Leaders reads like a window into the collective wisdom of dream group leaders from the last 35+ years, sorted, summarized, and artfully condensed. It does not labor at being exhaustively comprehensive in scope nor excessively focused on detail, yet many dream group leaders will smile in recognition at more than a little of what's in this book. For example: What is an ideal size for an effective dream group? When/how are guidelines presented and are they negotiable? If you've encountered a recurring issue in a group and were stymied about how to handle it—the person who never speaks up, for instance, or the one who interrupts constantly—you'll find examples, suggestions, and gentle support for addressing these (and other) common situations. Each chapter concentrates on a particular aspect of facilitating a dream group (starting with Chapter One: 'On Being a Dream Group Leader'), and the many practical matters associated with a dream group. The book's format allows plenty of room for additional personal notes, comments, thoughts, and ideas.

From the first step out in front as leader (shared or solo), *Honoring the Dream* progresses with easy logic (and descriptive chapter titles for quick reference), to each subsequent step in the process of creating and conducting a dream group. And if creating dream workshops appeals to you, Lasley covers that topic in very useful and practical terms as well, approaching it with the same attention to logistical matters as she does with on-going groups while touching on special considerations related to the workshop format.

Lasley speaks to practical logistics (location, duration,

fees, etc.) and more specific issues (group guidelines, confidentiality, meeting format...), as well as touching on how and why people change and the role of dreams in that process. She also directly addresses the topic of group dynamics. It can be easy to forget that the group itself has a dynamic—a life—of its own. She devotes an entire chapter to group problem solving, acknowledging that “dreamwork cannot be done effectively if other issues are pressing [on the group]”, and offers a sensible and understandable overview (with examples and suggestions) of this very important and often neglected aspect of working with a dream group. She even addresses the question of how much a leader shares regarding her own story/personal dreamwork. Sharing one’s own experience opens the way for others and helps establish/build trust in the dreamwork process. But a dream group leader must also remain aware of the larger context/process in a way that other members of the group do not need to focus on. Among other responsibilities, a leader sets the general tone for the whole group, keeps track of time more consciously, brings the group back to the dream if sidetracks and digressions lead too far from the focus, chooses (at least initially) which techniques/exercises to use, demonstrates/teaches variations, etc. Other group members may do this as well, but these are part and parcel of the leadership role in ongoing groups and dream workshops.

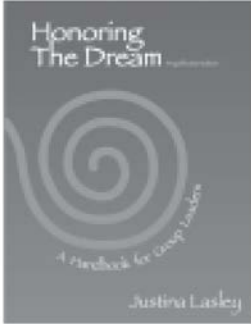
As in any basic book on working with dreams, there’s the requisite chapter on how to increase dream recall and a selection of techniques to use alone or in a group. But Lasley’s chapters on ‘Exploring Dreams’ and ‘Going for the Gold’ (dream exercises and techniques) are particularly wonderful, especially as a ‘starter kit’ for anyone new to (or out of practice in) leading a dream group. It’s here that you’ll find a dim sum delight of dreamwork tools from a variety of formal and informal modalities, a number of which will be familiar to long-time dreamworkers. From analyzing the structure and language of dreams, to techniques using drawing, movement, theatre/dream drama, collage, and clay, to focusing on emotions and body sensations, to concepts and techniques from Jung, Gestalt and Transactional Analysis – they’re collected and indexed for quick and easy access. The focus of these exercises is ‘everything in the dream is some aspect of the dreamer’, and you won’t find every single technique ever created in these chapters, but it’s a solid place to start — especially for someone putting together a dream group for the first time. Exercises range from the simple yet incredibly effective (‘the image speaks’) to those requiring advance preparation (collages, sand tray, clay). Lasley also refers to the original source when presenting certain exercises, a nice touch for anyone wanting to explore a technique in more detail.

Because we’re talking about dream *groups* here, and because dream groups frequently work with at least one member’s dream during a meeting, Lasley returns often to the subject of including all group members in the process/activity at hand. And yes, the leader also helps the group remember that the dreamer owns their own dream and is the final arbiter

New!

Honoring the Dream

A Handbook for Dream Group Leaders
by Justina Lasley



Blending insights about the dream with the practicalities of group work, this handbook offers a step-by-step description of 40 individual and group “exercises” that will mine the gold of the dream, plus 13 full-size, ready-to-use forms and handouts. 8½ x 11”, 206 pp.

Justina Lasley has put together an absolutely outstanding resource for practical work with dreams. Whether you’re new to the joys of dream sharing or an experienced veteran, *Honoring the Dream* will provide you with key methods, helpful techniques, and useful information. Highly recommended!

—Kelly Bulkeley, Ph.D., author and Director of Dream Studies at John F. Kennedy University

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regarding how much work is done and what the dream means to them. The phrase ‘if it were my dream’ is essential for all group members.

Honoring the Dream includes a very user-friendly glossary with easy to understand summaries and explanations of dream work concepts, therapeutic modalities, and psychological terms. The Appendices contain sample handouts, guidelines, an ethics statement and information on the International Association for the Study of Dreams. There’s even a ‘Vocabulary of Emotions’ to help participants more accurately identify the emotional aspects/content of their dreams and what comes up in the dreamwork process itself. The Bibliography lists classic authors and titles as well as newer (and a few eclectic) offerings.

Honoring the Dream: A Handbook for Dream Group Leaders could easily become a classic in its own right. Lasley has succinctly gathered the collective wisdom of dream group leaders into one place, covering the essentials without getting bogged down in any one issue or topic. It is the book I wish I had back in those exciting, dynamic early days of grassroots dream work, when we were all learning for ourselves how to do this dream group thing. All-in-all, *Honoring the Dream* is a definite ‘must have’ for anyone wanting to start their own dream group and an incredibly useful supplement for those with (current or past) experience as leader/facilitator of a dream group. ☺

DREAMING FOR OTHERS

MY GRANDSON IS ON THE WRONG PATH



by Carol Oschmann

Several years ago, Christmas approached and I worried about my grandson, Kris, aged 18. The boy had lived with me for several years but it was plain to see, I hadn't whatever was needed to get him on a better path. I often dreamed for him, asking what could I do? I'd write whatever I got in a letter and give it to him. He'd not only read it once but would show it to all his friends with a comment similar to, "You won't believe what she told me this time!" My thoughts were that at least a seed was planted.

Going to bed one night I asked God for a way of presenting the story of the birth of Jesus to Kris that might make a difference. Closing my eyes, I saw only lists of gifts to buy and things to do. □ I remember thinking, "God, no wonder the holy season means nothing to Kris. It's trouble of all sorts to me." As I closed my eyes once more, the manger scene came into focus. Over it was a brilliant star. The manger scene vanished and the star remained. Feeling rebellious, I asked the star, "Aren't you supposed to point the way to the great birth? What are you doing still here with me?"

The star spoke. "I am pointing at the great birth. It's about time you noticed me!"

"Okay" I replied, "I've stepped into the picture and we're out rounding up the shepherds, wise men and kings to take them to the birth of Jesus?"

"What is a baby?" The star asked. A baby floated next to the star and watched me.

"Oh, I can tell you that! It's 3 AM feedings, changing diapers, no respect when they get older."

"It's nurturing, loving, feeding and helping to grow up properly," Star replied.

"Have I done it all wrong with Kris?" I asked.

The baby spoke. "Not all babies grow up to be boys. I'm a baby, a new life like a great idea that's been growing inside you!"

"I'm too old!"

"Ideas know no age. I'm a reminder from God of the promise He made you long ago. At Christmas, I'm shown in a manger. God made you special. I'm that potential in you. That's what the Christmas story is about. You need to help me grow!"

A wise man walks across the sky. I say, "Who are you?"

"I'm the wise man who follows the star. I bring you wisdom when making choices."

The king comes. "I bring opportunities when you use your special gift. Your opportunities have been waiting a long time."

"What gift?" I ask, beginning to get a better feeling that I was on to something.

"Your gifts were the talents you brought to earth when you were born. It's time to dust them off and make them a part of your life. When you use them I, the King, bring

more opportunities for a better life."

A shepherd arrives and I say, "Let me guess, you're the shepherd!" He tells me, "I represent the work ethic. Study the skies, study the earth, but mostly study what lies inside yourself."

"What is the manger about?" I ask.

The shepherd says, "The manger is telling you to keep things simple. It's warmth and love. It's going back to the basics in life."

The star spoke once more, "If you need a new beginning, Christmas is a reminder, a symbol of new beginnings. More than that, it's a promise. With Baby Jesus as potential in your heart, anytime will do, Christmas can be any day. You'll never be younger than you are right now."

I soon left Kris in the hands of his mother and moved away to take care of my own inner promise. I've done well and so has Kris. □

Afterward, I designed this dream-like experience into a play and we've performed it in church. □



Contact Ms. Oschmann by email at cjoschmann1@aol.com

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Tidal Wave (Cont'd from page 16)

been swept away and I am under the water and will drown. I repeat a prayer but I feel the water filling my lungs and I am surprised there is no pain.

Terri's dream was to be an artist. Art was her passion in life. She told me, "I always dreamt I wanted to be a great painter." And her dream begins with her 'painting' at the ocean. She described her friend as, "someone I had known for a couple of years. She's an eccentric genius, a writer, but also somewhat self-destructive." Terri felt she accurately represented a part of herself: eccentric and talented as an artist but with a self-destructive side. I asked Terri to imagine being the tidal wave. "I'm going to overwhelm everything, wipe it out." she said, adding, "I was amazed I was dying and there was no burning, no pain."

"All the time I was in the group, my guru said art was not my right work. I accepted this without a fight, I just let go, exactly like dying in that tidal wave, without a struggle," she explained. Now Terri realized the tidal wave was the group's ideology that had killed her authentic life, her passion, her art; it was the artist, her creativity that drowned under that wave so long ago. Now the dream resonated powerfully; it made

perfect sense. She told me, "Now after many years outside the group, I am struggling to find and uncover that artist, that painter that I let die." Finally understanding her dream gave her the resolve and renewed determination to resurrect her art and her creative life.

Our dreams carry the awesome potential to help us to see clearly who we really are: our natural, inborn potential and unique character without anything 'put on' us. When understood, they become our passport into a life that has meaning, passion, and purpose. Our dreams want our lives to make a difference. We need only remove all the 'isms' and complex psychological systems that would like to tell us what our dreams mean and instead learn how to give our dreams the respect and the freedom to speak for themselves. ☺

"And he turned his mind to an unknown art."

(James Joyce)

John Goldhammer, Ph.D. is a psychologist, dream researcher and educator. This article is adapted from his newest book, *Radi-cal Dreaming* (Kensington Publishing/Citadel Press). Contact Dr. Goldhammer at P.O. Box 25161, Seattle, WA 98165-2061 Email: jgoldhammer@mindspring.com

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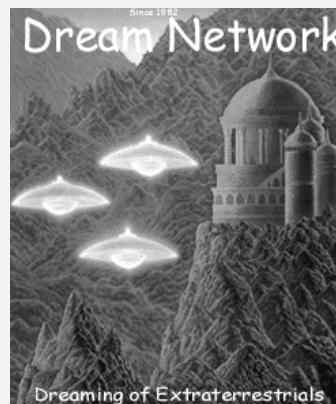
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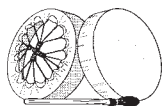
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We would like to locate as many people as possible who believe they may have had such premonitions, and to record their stories. Anyone with material that might be useful is asked to contact us by e-mail at mgenson@hrpub.com or JFelser@Kingsborough.edu

Thank you!

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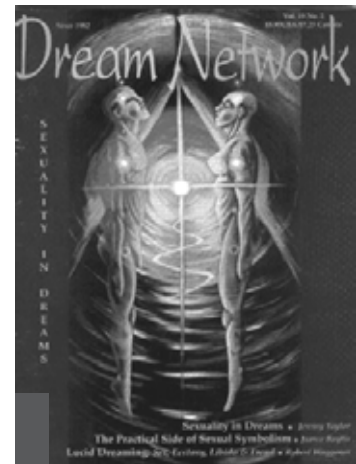
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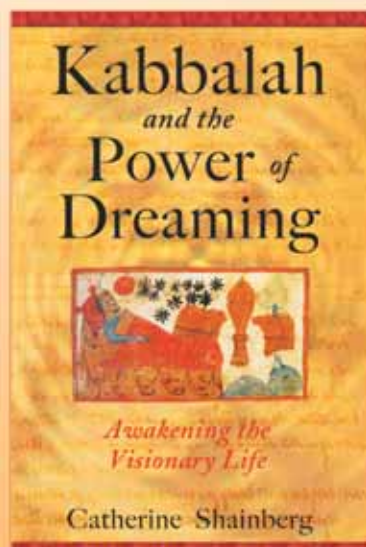
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