

*Evolving a Dream Cherishing Culture*

Since 1982

Vol. 25 No. 4

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# Dream Network



**Lucid Dreaming ~ Vaishali**

**Call of the Wild ~ Frances Ring**

**Animals in Dreams ~ Paco Mitchell**

**Meeting the 'Other' Within ~ Paul Levy**

# Vaishali

the spiritual wild child, radio host and author of the highly acclaimed book  
"You Are What You Love"



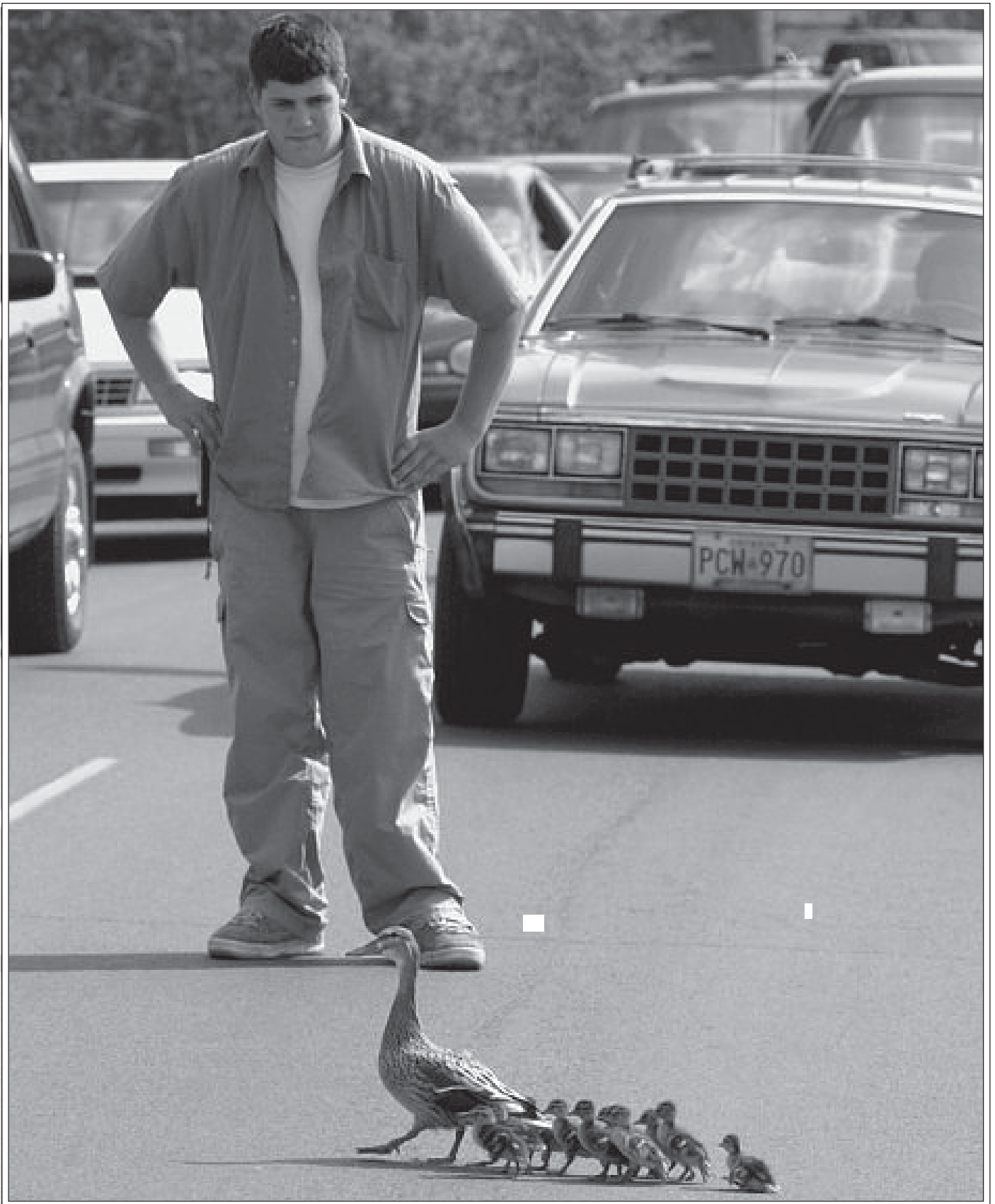
In "You Are What You Love", Vaishali delves into consciousness, dreams and Spiritual growth in her humorous, thought-provoking style. "You Are What You Love - Play Book" offers step-by-step guidance and tips on dream work, along with play ideas to enhance your Spiritual practices. She also includes a copy of her lucid dreaming diary.



Join Vaishali's "You Are What You Love Radio" live Web cast on Friday's at 1PM PST/4PM EST. To tune in or to download a free chapter visit [www.YouAreWhatYouLove.com](http://www.YouAreWhatYouLove.com)

**"Brilliant!"** - Dannion Brinkley





*Make Way for the Animals in Our Dreams*

# Statement of Purpose

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## Dream Network

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## ***Evolving a Dream Cherishing Culture ~ Since 1982***

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 SPRING~Volume 26 No. 1

A Tribute to  
Stanley Krippner, Ph. D.

&

Your Most Important  
Precognitive Dream

Lifeline: 4 Weeks

after you receive  
this issue.

## About Our Cover

### Steven's Dance

acrylic on canvas 32" x 52"

This painting speaks about violence toward and among blacks, the AIDS epidemic and my brother Steve, who died from AIDS-related illnesses. The reversed Tarot card speaks of redemption.

The paintings in this issue of Dream Network speak to the phenomena of animals bridging the dichotomous realms: the seen and the unseen, the known and the unknown, the past and the present, the dream and the reality. The shaman, the sorcerer and the mystic all have access these places. In my paintings the sentient beings not only serve the shaman and mystic but become shamanic themselves! As we tune in to deeper and wider levels of cosmic consciousness we realize that DNA is all life infused with all life. All life is all life... we are one! I have chosen endangered and threatened species to draw attention to these mysterious dream realities.

## About Our Cover Artist

Harimandir Khalsa (pronounced Har-e-mon-der Call-sa) is a grandmother and the guardian of a 30 year old Amazon parrot. She lives in a one traffic-light town where the postmaster opened the post office for 2 hours on Christmas morning so people could pick up late packages. Harimandir can be reached through her web site at [www.harimandir.com](http://www.harimandir.com) or by writing her at P.O.Box 1152, Melrose FL 32666-1152.

## Editorial

With this issue, *Dream Network* is launching its 25th year in print. Wow! Given the political atmosphere that has surrounded us during most of those years and given nearly two thousand years of repression of the human soul, twenty-five years is a considerable achievement if I do say so myself.

Throughout my years of stewarding the publication—16 of them now (another Wow!)—I've had the privilege of becoming familiar with many of the pioneers who have been/are 'called,' determined and steadfastly swimming upstream (and simultaneously going with the flow) in our collective attempt to bring dreams and visions forth into daily lives and cultural consciousness.

In my beginnings with this giftwork, I was directed to Stanley Krippner, whom I readily contacted and asked if he would serve as an Advisor. He promptly and succinctly (a skill he has perfected) responded—Yeah!—and sent a picture which will remain forever in my archives. He has been there for me, with me and for many, many others over his many dedicated years... through explorations, achievements and downright tough times.

Our upcoming issue will, in part, pay tribute to Stanley and the incredible, voluminous contribution he has made in the limitless field of dreams. How one man can achieve in one lifetime what it would take most ten lifetimes to

accomplish remains a mystery... but the evidence is there. He's done it already and is still going strong!

I invite anyone who has been influenced, mentored by or collaborated with Stan to make a contribution to the upcoming, special issue applauding the success of his life and career.

We will co-focus the next issue on 'Your Most Important Precognitive Dream or Deja Vu experience.' Hope you'll consider sharing. I'm going to share mine!

---

Here. over the past year, Dream Network's home has been dis- and then re-assembled completely. In our previous location, our mobile-home parks' community effort to purchase the land under our homes—a battle that was waged for nearly 10 years—came to a tragic end last Spring. Money talks...

I had loved living in my space for nearly 18 years, planted and nurtured to maturity over 16 Trees along with significant landscaping. A very painful 'uprooting.' Tremendous amounts of energy invested; remarkable insight into our species' stage of evolution regarding functioning in community, gained. Though pathetically juvenile, I will give our ~20 households credit for having hung together through a very sophisticated, long-term political and legal effort.

Great blessings have been bestowed by the Creator as a result. As I write this editorial, the dust has begun to settle after what was, in retrospect, practice in going through the 'dark tunnel'—through pure hell—in relentless

summer/desert heat, and learning once again that—if one pays attention to the dreams, synchronicities and pointers along the journey—there is, indeed, LIGHT at the end of the tunnel! Take it from one who has been there, done that several times, there is incredible growth to be gained in facing fear, uncertainty and adversity.

We landed in Heaven! We includes a good, kind hearted Navajo man-friend, neighbor of a decade in the previous location, without whose help I don't think either of us could have made it through that tunnel. On the page opposite is a glimpse of the extraordinary beauty surrounding our new environs on the Colorado River in what is Anasazi country. We are surrounded by '70 red-rock towers, pictographs and petroglyphs and a Wildlife Rest Area. A perfect place/way in which to invite you into the following pages which explore the appearance and meaning of Animals in our Dreams.

Thank you so much to all who prayed, coached and tolerated the chaos and delays with me. As well, gratitude to all who have and continue to contribute to this very special and important twenty-five year old!

---

*Errata:* In DN Volume 25 No. 2, in which we paid tribute to Monte Ullman, please make note that in the article *Twelve Contributions of Montague Ullman to the Field of Dreams* (page 17), we neglected to print the ©/copyright symbol and credit Deborah Hillman with her hard-won credentials; she is Deborah Hillman, M.A. Thank you Deborah for your consistent contribution and please forgive the oversights.

DREAM NETWORK'S NEW 'DIGS'



The Ride Home



Across the Street/Out the Front Window



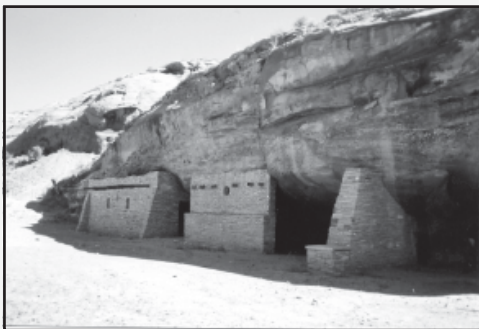
The Back Yard (in process)  
Pictographs & Petroglyphs Are Here!



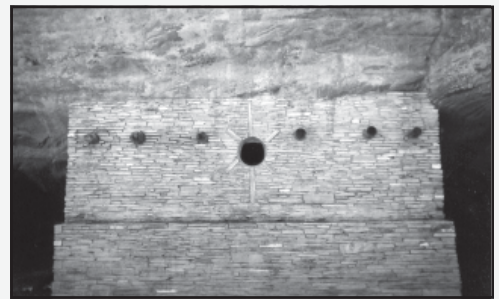
Roberta & Friend Michael  
at nearby "Wild Life Rest Area"



Waterfall in Back Yard  
(when it rains)



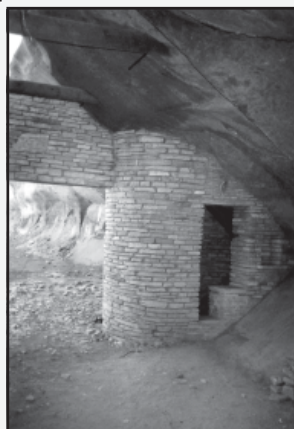
Down the Road a Bit



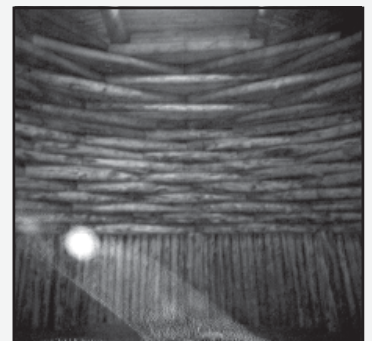
Detail 1 ~ Down the Road



Hogan Down the Road  
(Outside)



Detail II ~ Down the Road  
(from inside the structure)



Hogan (Inside)

## Letters, Questions & Dreams

### Does the Earth Dream?

Someone just told me a fascinating dream:

*She was carefully listening to the speech of a puffball, in the dry stage, comprehending it and living its message along with it. Its voice was husky, airy and barely discernible.*

Is this not an example of the earth speaking to us, via the puffball, through the dream? The dreaming planet?

I wonder how many people have dreams where plants, animals, rocks, etc., are speaking? Any thoughts?

*Paco Mitchell, Santa Fe, NM*

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

### Not Necessarily Dream, but YES, Earth Related

I stumbled upon the most amazing project and book: The Clock of the long Now by Stewart Brand. He had been involved in building the fastest computers in the world and is now constructing the world's SLOWEST computer: a mechanical clock that will keep time for 10,000 years and include a library with all the earth's languages and anything else that others might contribute to the idea and project. A prototype is at Fort Mason here in San Francisco. In the middle of a very dark episode of agitated depression, I came upon the little office which I had never seen before, even though I have been in the area numerous times before. Am I safe to say IT discovered

ME? His theory about the importance of different levels of civilization moving at different speeds not only fascinated me, it rescued me, explained me to me in a way that makes me feel that I finally somehow fit into this speeded up world. AND eloquently and articulately expresses concerns I have about technology that so anger and confuse me I can only spew out half-formed, negative retorts that I only regret dumping on people later. The point of this clock, according to Daniel Hillis, who originally conceived of the idea, is to hopefully influence people to re-adjust their ideas of thinking about TIME, as seeing the Earth from Space has helped us rethink the environment.

Anyway, I hope you will find this book when you have TIME! Take care. Slow down. Dream on.  
*Lorraine Grassano, San Francisco, CA*

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

### To The Editor/Publisher

What an astounding time you have had in 2006, what with trips back and forth from Heaven to Hell, yet here you are putting out what I consider your best *Dream Network* issues ever. Maybe it's just me, but I'm in awe of your Tribute to Monte Ullman and riveted to just about every article in the last issue including Brenda Ferrimani's exceptional cover painting, topped off—like the juicy cherry on a chocolate sundae—with such a deeply moving personal story, "Chart the Growth." WOW!

I've underlined so much in this issue, like a mantra! I've made notes of most everyone's emails and intend to express my appreciation to them personally. As you can tell, I'm psyched by your continued offerings to the dream

world. Twenty-five (25) years in print. Amazing!

I intend to write some more articles for *Dream Network* this year for your perusal. Also, I want to send some gift subscriptions to *Dream Network*.

*Blessings, Noreen Wessling, Columbus, OH*

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

### Imagine the Good Done

Imagine what *Dream Network* has done - the lives it's touched and the integrity you've brought to this amazing field of study.

No small change!

Not to mention the good you have brought to your personal life scenarios. Appreciate your interest and caring immensely.

Wishing you best dreams,

*Marlene King, OR*

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

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Please send yours to:

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# Animals

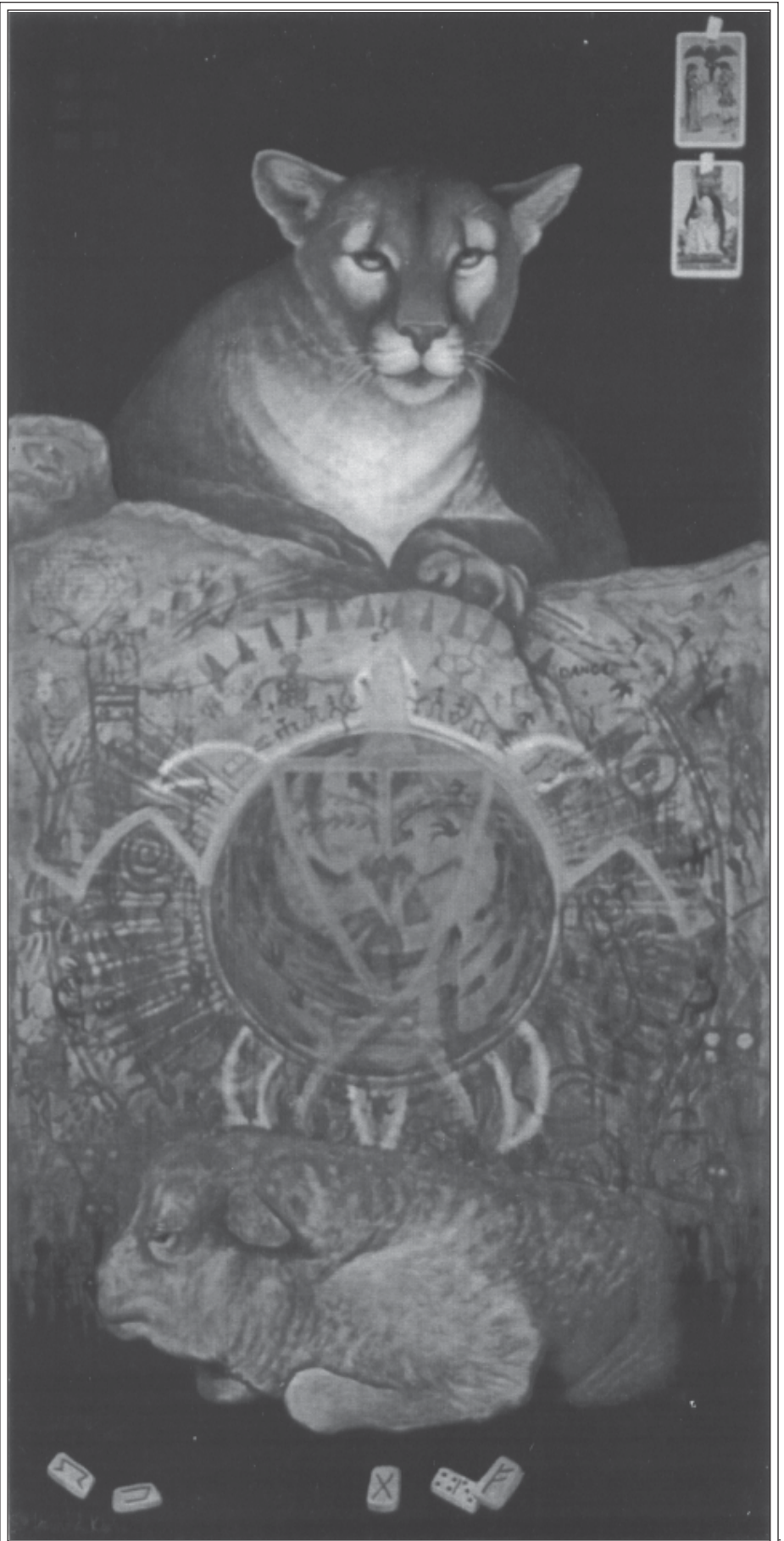
## In Our Dreams

### "It's An Illusion"

Artist: Harimandir Khalsa  
acrylic on canvas 32" x 60"

#### Artist's Statement:

The circular, central image starts out as a medicine wheel. It evolves into first a tortoise then a phoenix. The images surrounding it start at the bottom as traditional Native American motifs then evolve into political/religious symbols then cattle brands at the top. The background does a similar evolution. The buffalo calf is a sign of hope. The cougar represents all potential threats. A domino among the runes suggests Indian nations 'falling like dominos,' and the number 7, important in gambling, hints at how tribes are bringing financial strength to their people. Every image in this painting alludes either to the domination and overthrow of the Native American Spirit or to a prayer of hope for the return of that Native strength and wisdom.



# The Call of the Wild

by Frances Ring

(Chapter One of Her Thesis, to be published in subsequent issues.)



## The Quest

**I**N RECENT YEARS,

I have experienced a growing sense of connection among my concerns with ecological issues, women's cultural challenges, psycho-spiritual health and dream life. And it seems to me that outside of the therapeutic setting, insufficient attention has been paid to women's inner wildlife and to the potential that our dream animal symbols may contain for healing and psychological growth, accessing creativity and awakening to the spiritual dimensions of our feminine nature.

My intention is to explore and discuss: (1) the relevance of four, common animal motifs in women's dreams to integrative, psychological healing and spiritual growth; (2) what these dream animal images might be revealing to us about our endangered and/or healthy instinctual nature; (3) some of the psycho-spiritual challenges and obstacles, tasks and treasures which the motif of particular dream animal images suggest; (4) the symbolic ways in which dream animal images might serve as mirrors and pathways, reconnecting us with previously neglected, hidden or lost aspects of our natural, inner life; and (5) how these particular images and

symbols might assist us individually and collectively with the processes of discovery, recovery and renewal. Finally, I will include a suggested, integrative dream approach that supports the goal of balancing our dream life with daily life, as well as the ultimate goal of our natural, unfolding processes which seem to move us toward more meaningful experiences and psycho-spiritual wholeness.

This discussion, then, is addressed to those who are already catching their dreams, as well as to non-dreamers who might be interested in accessing the resources of their dreams. Specifically, I will take a look at four, common dream animal themes, representative of but a few of the symbolic inhabitants of the inner wildlife nature. These particular aspects of dream imagery may be of interest to those who wish to develop a healing and conscious relationship with their dream animal images, outside of a formal, therapeutic context. In addition, this discussion also might have something useful to say to those who have a professional interest in the questions which are raised.

*"We are all filled with a longing for the wild. There are few culturally sanctioned antidotes for this yearning. We were taught to feel shame for such a desire. We grew our hair long and used it to hide our feelings. But the shadow of Wild Woman still lurks behind us during our days and in our nights. No matter where we are, the shadow that trots behind us is definitely four-footed."*

Dr. Clarissa Pinkola Estes,  
1992, p. xiii

## Sources and Approaches

**I** will be focusing upon my own dream animal material, collected over the past eleven years. I also will include selected, animal dreams contributed by my daughters, friends and members of the North Shore Dream Circle,\* as well as theoretical material from published sources in Jungian, Gestalt and transpersonal psychology, shamanism and dream theory. The various dreams will be explored within the context of the above psycho-spiritual theories and principles as applied to dreams. Also noted will be the dreamers' personal meanings about the dream images as they relate to their inner and outer lives. Then I will add my theoretical speculations, opinions and personal reflections.

The dream examples are presented in the dreamers' own words. In some cases, excerpts are used for the purposes of brevity or to protect the dreamers' identities. The dreams come from a variety of life situations and they are all women, ranging in age from twenty-three to their late fifties.

## The Four Motifs as Metaphorical Aspects of Inner Nature

In order to understand some of the symbolic implications of common, dream animal images for women's psychological healing and spiritual growth, I will explore the dream animal motifs of: (1) wounded animals; (2) companion, domestic and winged animals; (3) wild animals; and (4) imaginary and mythological animals. These motifs will be considered as metaphorical aspects of our inner wildlife or instinctual nature. They will be explored in terms of how they mirror the condition of the psyche, which includes both consciousness and the unconscious. I will be using the terms inner wildlife, instinctual nature, natural essence and soul-life interchangeably. And they are used in the sense that—being sourced in the unconscious—they have been a vital part of our human, bio-spiritual and subtle energetic nature since before the dawning of humankind's consciousness (Jung in Frager and Fadiman, 1984, p. 61).

I distilled these four groupings from a compilation of approximately a dozen animal themes which I found appearing and often recurring in my own recorded dreams. I then noticed that the animal images which surfaced in others' dream contributions also seemed to have an affinity with one or more of these motifs. Some dream examples contain animal images which seem to belong to more than one motif and, as such, I have treated them accordingly. Thus, it must be noted that although the specific motifs are grouped together based upon their apparent affinity, their ultimate meanings can only be determined by the individual dreamer herself.

## Exploring Specific Tasks and Treasures

The four motifs will be addressed, respectively, within the contexts of the Jungian, Gestalt, shamanic and transpersonal psycho-spiritual perspectives. They will be considered also in terms of the various challenges or obstacles to be met, tasks to be undertaken, and treasures to be retrieved as may be suggested through the personal meanings and theoretical implications of the dream.

The specific challenges and obstacles are viewed as speaking to particular conditions of the dreamer's inner wildlife, while the tasks and treasures represent the transformative elements and goals which seem to be characteristic of the animal images. It is assumed, for example, that wounded animal images in our dreams appear to be saying something qualitatively different about the state of the psyche than images of uninjured animals, while domestic and wild animals also differ characteristically and qualitatively as well. Each motif seems to come with a purpose and to carry its own unique message, but shares in a common, animal essence. Thus, each motif will be considered in terms of the specific issues, concerns and hidden potential that each suggests and that may be confronting the dreamer at the unconscious level.

### Some Similar Studies

As a subject of in-depth study in and of themselves, the nature and activities of animal images and motifs seem to be relatively uncommon in the traditional and contemporary dream literature reviewed. With nominal exceptions in the categories of nightmares, night-terrors and dreams of the severely disturbed, dream animal symbols seem to be most commonly treated as symbols of secondary importance in dreams

where images of personified symbols and archetypes tend to predominate. However, a number of notable Jungians do include animal symbols in their spheres of interest and attend to some of the various, collective roles that animal images play in fairy tales, mythologies, dreams and psychological development.

Moreover, Carl Jung himself gave central significance to animal imagery by stating that "The Self is often symbolized as an animal, representing our instinctive nature and its connectedness with one's surroundings", adding "that is why there are so many helpful animals in myths and fairy tales" (Jung, 1964, p. 207). And Barbara Hannah, a close associate of Jung, devoted a series of lectures in 1954 to the images of the cat, dog and horse in the psychological and cultural life of the western world. For example, she opened the first lecture with the assertion that "Animals almost invariably represent instincts when we meet them in dreams and active imagination. Each animal represents a different instinct, or ... an aspect of instinct" (Hannah, 1954, p. 55).

A more contemporary Jungian, James Hillman, has collected animal dreams since the early sixties. He has said that animals appear in dreams because they have something to tell us and that establishing a rapport with them is our first step if we hope to receive their message (Hillman in Hobbes, 1991, p. 14).

Dr. Karen Signell, a practicing Jungian analyst and on the faculty of the C. G. Jung Institute in San Francisco, presents in her book, *Wisdom of the Heart: Working with Women's Dreams* (1990), a lucid and lyrical guide into the mysterious world of the female unconscious. Drawing on images from fairy tales, folklore and early feminine mythology, her work provides a basic map for guiding the dreamer into

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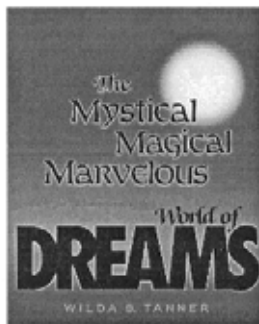
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healing, self-affirming relationships with personal and archetypal dream images as a creative source of ancient, feminine wisdom.

Although her two and a half page section on "Animal Archetypes" is highly spirited and animal symbols play title roles in eighteen of the eighty or more dreams which she includes, Signell chooses to focus upon the more familiar personifications of the feminine archetype within the scope of her book. However, in it, Signell emphasizes that "Animals are prominent in women's dreams because they are models of natural potential within ourselves and our original wholeness"

(Signell, 1990, p. 36).

In an equally evocative, but more comprehensive discussion of a particular feminine archetype, Jungian analyst and author, Clarissa Pinkola Estes, Ph. D., gives voice to "the wild and natural creature within every woman" in her book, *Women Who Run with the Wolves: Myths and Stories of the Wild Woman Archetype* (1992). Estes' psychologically potent words and poetic images present a wellspring of women's intuitive wisdom, which Estes describes as being sourced in the wildlands of women's instinctual nature. At the outset, Estes makes the poignant observation that today, "Wildlife and the Wild Woman are both endangered species" (Estes, 1992, p. 3). Next, she passionately describes the multiple, interrelated aspects of what she calls the Wild Woman archetype, which she then proceeds to illuminate through various teaching stories, fables and myths.

Estes' initial observations cast a bright, natural light on some of my earlier experiences and subsequent awareness of a connection between the threatened condition of natural environment and the neglected state of the inner life. Moreover, her

descriptions of the Wild Woman sound strikingly similar to the primordial energies which I had sensed to be prowling through the hidden corridors of my own psyche and showing up in my dreams in the form of animal images. As noted earlier, Estes' Wild Woman archetype, along with my own animal dreams, provided the inspirational force behind this study.

In summary, I intend to discuss and explore the above dream animal motifs on the bases of (1) my personal dream animal encounters and a small sampling of animal dreams contributed by other women; (2) some previously established assumptions and theoretical connections between dream symbology and psycho-spiritual health, within four different, but not mutually exclusive perspectives; and (3) the findings in similar studies of animals as potent dream symbols by such pathfinders as Karen Signell, Clarissa Pinkola Estes, James Hillman, and others.

### The Condition of Women's Inner Wildlife Nature

Dr. Estes and a diverse field of contemporary psychologists, sociologists, writers, poets and artists are arriving at the understanding that, in Estes' words, "Over time, we have seen the feminine instinctive nature ... mismanaged like the wildlife and the wildlands (where) it is relegated to the poorest land in the psyche" (ibid.). And to the degree that this is a valid observation, it seems obvious that it is to this forgotten, inner wilderness that women must sooner or later journey to heal and bring to consciousness the wounded aspects and hidden potential of our deep, instinctual nature—women's power, creativity and wisdom—as our natural heritage. We must imaginatively find ways to reconnect with our hidden soul-life and rediscover that for which we long.

The 24th Annual Conference of the  
International Association for the Study of Dreams  
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**Inward Bound:  
The Dream Encounter**

As noted above, I will be using four different, but essentially related approaches to dream animal motifs. These approaches are linked by one or more underlying assumptions. One of these assumptions is that dream images are living, psychic realities in their own right. Implicit in this understanding is the ancient wisdom of attending to what they have to say in their own native, metaphorical language. This language includes images, symbols and feelings on both subjective and objective levels, as well as on the universal or collective level. Sometimes the images are clear and distinct, but most often they are ambiguous, reflecting the shifting, Protean nature of dreams as the language of the soul.

However, as we commit to the exciting task of learning different ways to

listen, to see in more expanded ways, and to follow where our dream animal images lead us, we become more aware of our dreaming realities and consequently, of our inner wildlife nature. Most importantly, and according to transpersonal psychologist, Frances Vaughan, as we become more aware of our dreaming, "We tend to become more conscious in any state of mind" (Vaughan, 1985, p. 169).

Since I will be looking at the dream animal motifs within various perspectives, it is to be understood that dream symbols and imagery have different meanings for different individuals, in different contexts and even during different cycles of our lives. And according to dream psychologist Jeremy Taylor, because of "the ambiguous and multilayered qualities of dreams and dream images ... all major schools of thought regarding the meaning of dreams are essentially correct" on some level (Taylor, 1992,

p. 20). Thus, "there is no such thing as a dream with only one meaning" (op. cit., p. 18).

Nonetheless, the accumulating body of dream literature and studies in cross-cultural symbology also convincingly suggests that there are universal themes in which all humans share in commonality. Accordingly too, observes Taylor, "We all share a deep, unconscious, intuitive understanding of the common language of dreams that we can access with a minimum of effort" (Taylor, 1992, p. 18). Both "myths and dreams, then, speak the same language and have multiple meanings and multiple layers of significance" (ibid.). And in this sense, our dreams can be viewed as our own personal myths, which are rooted in the more universal mythologies of humankind. Thus, each dreamer is a pioneer, a seeker and a heroine when she descends into the depths of the

(Continued on page 46 ↗)

# Animals in Dreams

by Paco Mitchell, M.A.



AS FAR AS ANYONE CAN TELL, we humans have been dreaming for as long as we have been walking on two legs — a million years at least, maybe two, maybe three. Even when our knuckles were still dragging on the ground, we were probably dreaming.

The entire course of human development has been thoroughly interspersed with dreams. For all of us, waking life emerges — every day — out of the prior background of dreams, just as the sun rises from nocturnal depths to create the world anew. This is the primordial experience, the basic fact of life on our spinning planet: out of our darkest animal origins comes a divine stirring, a creative movement toward the light.

As if to underscore the point, the Indo-European, Greek and Latin words for “day” are etymologically related to the word for “God” — theos, deus, dios, día. The root idea is sun, sky, brilliance, shining. When baboons on the plains of Africa stop their chattering and gamboling to gather at daybreak and watch the sunrise, we know that something of primal importance is happening.

The human psyche differentiated itself slowly, and only partially, from its animal antecedents. We never really left the animals behind. At every level

we bear physical and behavioral traces of our animal ancestors. Even our brains are built around a reptilian core.

For countless millennia we have lived in the presence of animals, to the extent that life on earth is inconceivable without them: We eat them, live with them, sleep with them, work with them, seek them as companions. We study them, breed them, train them, run from them, hunt them, wage war against them. We sacrifice them in religious and cultural rituals. We mourn and weep for them when they die. We mount their heads and hides on our walls as trophies, wear their skins and furs for warmth and elegance, fashion their teeth into jewelry, imitate their mating dances and calls, borrow their power. We name football teams after them (the Cougars, Lions, and Tigers) and invoke them to sell cars (the Impala, Jaguar and Mustang).

No wonder we all dream of animals.

## *The Garden of Eden*

One way to think about their function and value in our dreams is to look at the Garden of Eden myth. Adam and Eve were cast out of the Garden for having developed conscious knowledge of the difference between good and evil, which shattered their state

of oneness with God. In other words, consciousness — the original human sin — gave us God-like potentials, but it also broke our primordial state of fusion with the divine impulse. In that sense we resemble “fallen angels.”

The animals, however, never were cast out of Eden. Even today, they live on in their original state, in the unbroken circle of oneness with God. Human consciousness made us aware of our separateness from the animals and from God, but the presence and ubiquity of the animals reminds us not to stray too far from the divine roots of our being, not to get too strung out on our hubris. The animals are living reminders — if only we pay attention — that the cosmos does not belong to us, we belong to the cosmos.

Animals come to us in our dreams, then, carrying something of our lost, divine origins. At the evolutionary, biological level, we designate those animal origins as instinctual and physical. But on another level, those same animals, out of whom we originate, are spiritual beings who connect us to the creative mystery of all life, what we call “the Divine.”

## *Animals as Angels*

In order to enlarge the language with which we discuss our dreams and

extend the range of our imagining in the process, I propose an unconventional way of regarding animals in dreams.

Try thinking of them as angels.

This is not so far-fetched as it might first seem. After all, the traditional way of representing an angel is to take a human figure and attach animal wings to it. Wings give an extra dimension to the human, suggesting an ability to transcend normal human limits — to fly to heaven, as it were. In short, wings symbolize the power of the spirit.

The fusion of human and animal attributes in angel imagery suggests that, in some mysterious way, the two realms of being are actually one. For thousands of years this kind of symbolism has gone unquestioned: If you want to represent something spiritual, put wings on it. Or, to put it differently, if you want to show the transcendent potentials of the human spirit, then re-connect the human with its animal foundation, since they spring from one and the same mysterious source.

The animal belongs to that part of us that never was separated from the Divine. As such, it can be taken — at least occasionally — as a symbol of the state of Wholeness, or the potential for it. In that respect the dream-animal can serve as an index of your relationship to God or, in Jungian terms, your relationship to the Self.

From this perspective, it would be a matter of no small importance how the animal is disposed toward you, and especially you toward it. In any event, if an animal approaches you in your dream, you can assume it is trying get your attention. And if you stumble upon the animal in its own dream precincts, there is a good chance you are out of your normal depth, and a habitual ego response

to the animal will probably prove inadequate.

We should not forget that, even if a dream-animal seems to oppose or threaten us in some way, it may still be bringing a “message” from the greater Self. This is what angels do — they communicate between the greater and the lesser, between the divine and the human, as necessary links between the parts of a whole. In a way, the animal itself is the message. By its very presence it says, “Beware. You are close to something greater than yourself. If you follow me, you will be close to the Source.” Perhaps this is what Jesus meant when he said “He who is near unto me is near unto the fire.”

When Freud spoke of the “navel of the dream,” he was referring to a point in dreams where the trail of interpretable associations disappears, giving way to the unknown depths. Animals could often be said to produce a similar “navel” effect. If you dream that a bear stands on the path you are traveling, and you stop in your tracks because your fear of it blocks your progress, the bear is still your connection, the navel, that leads to whatever lies deeper in the dream, beyond the bear, on the other side of your fear: the end of the path, the goal.

It is not surprising that so many dreamers report animals that are chasing after them, since the dream-ego habitually flees, trying to stay ahead of the animal, leaving it no recourse but to follow behind, to pursue. The tendency to put oneself first, always ahead of the Other, is one of the ways the ego obstructs itself on the path to its own integration, its own taste of Wholeness. Jung said it well: “There is a greater person in yourself to whom you bar the way.”

### **The Angel’s Demands**

A woman in her forties, a practicing artist, had a long-standing fascination

with bears. She was talented but self-effacing, with a natural humility approaching saintliness. Bear motifs haunted her work, as if the bear was insisting on something, through its own representation in her work.

One night she dreamed that she was sitting at a small table. Across from her sat a large bear, on a chair. The bear wore eye-glasses, and had a stack of papers on the table in front of him. He was reading to her from the papers, reciting a list of demands. Among them were “money, fame, and beautiful women.” (End of dream.)

I am well aware that various interpretations could be applied to this dream and to the image of the bear. But let’s follow my suggestion and provisionally regard the bear as an “angel.” What do we notice? What can we learn?

First point. Notice that the bear wants something from her. She doesn’t present a list of demands to the bear, the bear presents a list of demands to her. This establishes a gradient wherein the demand conveyed by the animal/spiritual presence within — the “angel” — impinges upon the human ego. The implication is that we live our lives, not for the satisfaction of the ego and its desires, but to fulfill the larger, prior need of the angel. This, of course, violates our modern conceit that everything exists for the ego’s pleasure.

French Islamic scholar Henri Corbin<sup>1</sup> provides a valuable clue when he says: “The angel’s individuation comes first, then ours.” If our angel cannot individuate because of the way we are living our lives, then how can we ourselves possibly expect to individuate? Jung gives voice to nearly the same insight when he says: “Become the person you have always been.” In both cases, something eternal longs for fulfillment in time.

In other words, the angel pertains to

the eternal features of our soul, which hunger for embodiment and expression. If we dither our life away without taking the angel's demands into account, can we really hope to reach anything approaching wholeness? If we remain trapped in our fragmentary egos, how can we approximate the Self? The angel seeks us out, presents us with its demands, and challenges us to become who we are, in the deepest sense. It practically begs us to breach the defensive walls of the ego and extend ourselves further into our own depths, where we are out of our league. But that is precisely where the animal will be in a position to serve us as tutor and guide.

This usually terrifies the ego, of course, because our culture has lost sight of these truths. And so we run from the bear. What can it do but pursue us?

Second point. Notice that the bear is wearing spectacles, sits in a chair, can read, and speaks English. The spectacles draw attention to the bear's ability to see us and to read the situation. The whole ensemble — spectacles, chair, papers, speech — tells us that the "angel" is capable of reaching consciousness, and therefore that it can serve as a bridge between the ego and the deeper regions of the soul.

Because we can — potentially — perceive the angel as an object of our waking consciousness, we can also imagine establishing a communicative rapport with it, if only we are willing. Corbin<sup>2</sup> refers to this indispensable willingness in a description of the moment when the angel stands ready and available to lead the seeker to "heaven." At that crucial, culminating point, the angel says: "If thou wilt, follow me."

Corbin also points out that to connect with the angel requires a certain solitude, a stripping away of collective attitudes, which are personified in the

form of two "companions" that accompany the seeker, dogging him wherever he goes. These constant companions are identified as the "irascible and concupiscent appetites." In other words, to prepare oneself for a fruitful encounter with an angel, one must first give the companions the slip, by letting go of the cultural baggage that creates so much inertia in the soul. Turn away from your quarrelsomeness and anger, your insatiable desires. Empty yourself, open your soul and make yourself available to the angel. Then it may appear.

If, on the other hand, you dream that you are hurriedly trying to catch a taxi, get to an airport, or get to a final exam in time, you will probably not have the presence of mind to follow the animal within, the spirit-guide who nevertheless stands ready to lead you deeper, like Corbin's angel, if only you will follow it.

Third point. Notice that the bear's demands call for a development of precisely those qualities which the dreamer, in her innocence, does not identify with consciously. She herself is modest, shy, frugal and unassuming. The bear is calling for a range of qualities opposed to her ego stance. In effect, the bear is calling upon her to reach into her shadow and find some way to pull up the instinctual vitality trapped there. Only then can the bear individuate, and she, as a result, be whole.

### The Door of the Shadow

Psychologically speaking, the angel approaches the ego by way of the shadow. This, of course, is the neglected area to which the animal portion of our personality is usually banished. And it means that if we wish to encounter the angel we must be willing to turn around, face our own shadow and somehow come to terms with the animal energies within us. No one who wishes to experience the

objective reality of the Self, the ultimate exponent of Wholeness, can escape this narrow passage.

The study of dreams, if it is to be more than an ego-trip, will demand great moral courage on the part of the explorer. Sooner or later the dreams will bring to the surface a conflict between the conscious values of the outwardly adapted ego and the unrealized aims of the deeper personality. Any confrontation with the rejected portions of our personalities, including the angel, requires a great personal sacrifice if it is to be carried out without resorting to violence against oneself.

This task is one of the main obstacles we must surmount if we are to revitalize ourselves in depth, both individually and collectively, in our spiritually devastated age. Why else would the hungering angel need to make its demands? But the potential value is worth the cost.

Imagine that you went off in search of a glimpse of the Divine Fire — the supreme value that the whole world seemingly had lost. Even the merest trace would justify all your efforts. You looked inside yourself, found your dreams and befriended an animal who led you to the central ground of your deepest being. It was there you found a divine spark, your portion of the Original Flame.

Wouldn't that be worth it? ☺

1. Corbin, Henri (1969). *Avicenna and the Visionary Recital*. Spring Publications.
2. Ibid.



Paco Mitchell is a writer, depth psychologist, flamenco guitarist and sculptor living in Santa Fe, NM ~ **NOTE:** If anyone would like to submit one or more animal dreams for possible inclusion in a book on angels, please email them to: [mitchell@cybermesa.com](mailto:mitchell@cybermesa.com)



# The Bison's Gift

By Harimandir Khalsa  
acrylic on canvas 32: x 40"



**Artist's Statement:** The many gifts of the bison are well documented. She gave skins for clothing, blankets and shelter. Her bones and viscera became tools. Her flesh, food. Many indigenous cultures were nearly totally dependent on this beast for survival. The bison has mystical and spiritual connotations as well.

The painting addresses her less well-known gift: topsoil. At one time, the nutrient rich topsoil on the great plains of the americas was 30 feet deep. In 1874 there were 30 million buffalo. Twelve years later, there were less than 1000. The domestic cattle which have replaced the bison bring environmental erosion and disease. The Tower Tarot card speaks a warning to us.

# The Crow Who Turned Into A Wolf

by Elizabeth Howard



**E**VERYTHING IN MY DREAM IS A PART OF MYSELF. That is the gestalt philosophy and that is now I believe. I love animals and I spend a lot of waking time ministering to them and trying to improve their lot in life. When I read my Tarot cards, I will frequently pull a card from the native American deck and see what the animal pictured there can add to the reading. When animals appear directly in my dreams it is easy for me to create dialogues with them, and also to listen to what they have to say to each other.

When I dreamed this dream about a crow and a wolf, I was going through a particularly troublesome time when I was tired and very low on energy. I wanted to "trust the process," but it seemed I just couldn't give in, rest and give my energy a chance to come back. I truly felt like an injured animal, so I simply followed the path of the dream to healing.

## **The Crow Who Turned Into A Wolf**

*I'm outside in a grassy area. A few other people are around. I notice a crow who flies to sit on the split rail fence. The crow has an injured foot. The crow flies away. Then a wolf comes, his whole front foot has been chewed away. The wolf is so badly injured, he lies down. A man comes.*

*He's going to kill the wolf but I stop him.*

*I've shut Sunshine, my kitty, up safely in to the bedroom. I let the wolf in the front door and he goes under the round table to rest. I'm going to get a bowl*

*of water and I have a stick to push it close to him. Later I will get dog food for him. Now he can heal.*

In the morning I remembered my dream and wrote it in my journal. I had a cold and a fever and I felt miserable. As I sat in my chair to write, I was very tempted to go under the table, and so I did. While I was under there, I cried a lot and I thought about how difficult it is to change and how hard it is to trust. When I came out from out from under the table, my fever had broken and I began to heal.

This is the kind of dreamwork that was described by Fritz Perls, one of the originators of gestalt therapy, when he said, "lose your mind and come to your senses." My senses told me to drink water, eat – later – and rest. If not, "the man" would kill me, the brave wild Elizabeth who sometimes gets injured, who won't admit that she needs a safe place to hide for a while and nurture herself.

This dream is a good example of a very simple dream with several characters, a number of symbols, a plot and a plan. There would be many ways to find the meaning of the dream, and I arrived at my own very personal meaning by crawling under table and crying, or, as the crow said to the wolf, "just give in to it man, you're sick!" ☽

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Elizabeth Howard has her M.A. Degree in Gestalt Therapy. She lives in Gainesville Florida, where she practices as a Holistic Counselor with a specialty in Dreamwork and Animal Communication. She can be contacted by email at [holisticliz@hotmail.com](mailto:holisticliz@hotmail.com).



# Totem Spirits

by Jeanne Evans

## ~ January Moon ~ Totem Spirit of the Wolf

**L**ONG BEFORE RECORDED HISTORY, man understood the power of the moon's influence over the earth and its inhabitants. Many primitive people recognized very early on that the moon was somehow in control of the tides of the ocean. They knew the seasons could be counted on the phases of the moon and that the number of full moons could calculate even the timing of human gestation as well as the whelping time of other animals. They understood, too, that human emotion was often effected by the pull of the moon.

The Esbats of the Moon are the twelve to thirteen full and new moons of the year, according to the ancient Druids. The first full moon after the Winter Solstice, which is usually December twenty first, was called the Wolf Moon by this early culture.

The term Esbats comes from the Celtic people who lived in Europe thousands of years ago. The earliest evidence archaeologists have found pertaining to the Celts dates back to 1,200 BC. These finds were made in France and West Germany, but the most famous group of Celts were those who lived on the British Isles around 500 BC. Hundreds of generations before the birth of Christ, a large number of these people settled

in what we now call the United Kingdom. The Greeks of that time referred to this large, organized band of people as Celtic, a word derived from Keltoi, meaning strong. The Romans called these people the Gauls or Britanni from those living on the British Isles. The ancient Celtic people of England are the descendants of those who, long before them, built Stonehenge and for that reason they are still in the minds of modern man today.

The Celts were a people who were bound together by a common language, customs and most of all, their religion. There were three classes that divided these people: the Druids or priests, who were the ruling class; warriors and nobles; and the least of them, the commoners.

The Druid priests spent their whole lives in the pursuit of knowledge, studying the science and secrets of the Universe. These learned holy men wrote down little of what they knew, traditionally passing on their knowledge orally to the next generation. It is believed that this practice was used to keep Druid secrets from falling into the wrong hands. But the Greeks and Romans wrote much about the Druid mastery of nature and their ability to control and manipulate the elements. It is from these sources that we have a history

of ancient Celtic customs, religion and society.

The Druids believed that each full cycle of the moon brought with it certain powers and meaning for man. The high Druid priests of eons ago gave each moon a name fitting its power and meaning. They planned their religious ceremonies according to the phases of each of the different moons.

There are normally twelve full moons in a year. The traditional Celtic names of these moons starting with the first full moon of our New Year are, Wolf, Storm, Chaste, Seed, Hare, Dyad, Mead, Barley, Harvest, Blood, Snow and Oak. But every two and a half years there are thirteen full moons to a year. The extra full moon is known as a Blue Moon. The expression 'Once in a Blue Moon,' comes from this natural phenomenon. The Druids called this moon the 'Wine' or 'Wild Moon.' The next time we have an extra full moon, it will be in 2007, appearing in June. The first moon of winter was called the Wolf Moon, also known as the Old Moon to the ancient Celtic people.

We now know that the first settlers of America came from Asia, crossing over ice bridges tens of thousands of years ago. These small bands of humans quickly multiplied in number and then broke up into groups, which

later developed into the many Great Indian Nations. These darker skinned people were well established and numbered in the millions when the first white settlers arrived. These Great Nations, also known as tribes, were once made up of brothers, but they grew apart as time went on and there was much disagreement concerning territory, language, customs, dress and livelihood. They soon became very different from each other. These differences were celebrated and lent a certain pride to each group, making each tribe unique. It was easy to tell a Sioux from an Iroquois, even with an untrained eye, as their tribal costumes and customs were so distinct.

There was much diversity among the many tribes of early Native Americans, but they all had one thing in common. They were all fashioned out of the most spiritual of cultures. The first Great Nations of America brought with them the deeply cosmic and spiritual beliefs of the Orient when they crossed the ice so many thousands of years ago. These people came from the same roots as Buddhist, Hindus and those who practiced Zen spiritualism. Early Native Americans saw a holy light in all things. Though most Native American tribes believed in only one Universal God, the Great Spirit, they also believed that the animals that lived in their domain were blessed with Spirits much like their own. In this belief, the Great Creator brought forth all life and all life was of equal value to that God. It was their belief that the spark of the Universal God was a living entity, present in all things and that living spark could be addressed. The early people of America were able to communicate with the Spirit world through smoke, dance, chanting and the will of thought. This will of thought is the same will of thought that we call prayer.

The first natives of our land long held onto the beliefs that there were supernatural powers possessed by the natural elements of their world. They saw lightning, fire, floods and other celestial and earthly expressions of energy as signs of these supernatural powers. American Indians had no reason to doubt that many animals as well as some humans enjoyed these special powers too. Because they felt that animals had the same right to life as themselves, many tribes begged the pardon of the Spirits of their fallen prey. They understood that certain animals looked at them as food too and found no fault in an animal's need to eat. The natives often referred to both mild and ferocious animal neighbors as brothers and held fast to the idea that all Spirits would eventually go to the same heaven, which many tribes referred to as the 'Happy Hunting Grounds.'

In their belief that all life was equal; each individual—man, woman or child—felt one with the universe. Each soul was thought to be the center of that universe and home was wherever one was. The advice not to judge a man until after you've traveled a mile in his moccasins comes to us from these ancient American sages. Bill W's serenity prayer is very like a much older Native American prayer as well. We have gained an abundant amount of spiritual insight from these people whose line reaches back into unknown antiquity. These people had understanding of nature and an ability to live in peace and harmony with the animals and elements that shared their world. According to the natives, each animal that lived in the realm of America's first settlers was blessed with virtuous gifts peculiar to that beast alone. The Snake and the Eagle were wise, the Wolf brave and the Bear was blessed with balance and perseverance. It was part of the

native's traditional faith to respect and ask the Spirits of the different creatures for help. The animal Spirits who shared their homeland granted the natives help in the form of protection. The Spirit of a specific animal invoked or granted them some of their power, some of their virtue. The early natives of America called the Spirit's of the animals they lived with: Totems.

When babies were born in those early days of America, each child was often named in a way that told of the season of his or her time of birth. This name was chosen for what the child's mother hoped for them as well. A child born in the spring or summer might be named *Babbling Brook*, to indicate that the child was born during a season when the waters ran free of ice. It was believed by these ancient people that there were Spirits connected to earth, wind, water and fire as well as the creatures that inhabited the plains and forests of their land.

When an animal Totem blessed a child's name, this also had a good deal to do with the time of year that child was born. A child born in summer or fall was more likely to have Bear in their name than a child born in the dead of winter, when the Bear was out of sight and hibernating.

In the daily lives of the early tribesmen of America, individuals often asked for the Spiritual help of one of the many animal Totems. These bequests were no more or any less than the prayers we speak today. The Spirit they called upon had much to do with the task at hand. Each member of the tribe had a special Totem, one that was of personal value.

A baby born to a Catholic couple is named after a saint, in the hopes that the saint so honored will look after that child and protect him. The Totem names given to Native American infants were given with the same belief that the Spirit of the animal so

honored would watch over that child and bless the child with its special strengths and virtues.

Each season had an animal Totem or Spirit as did each moon or month. Many of the early native tribes of America called the moon of this winter month the Wolf Moon, as did the Druids. There is good reason for the Wolf to represent the Spirit of January for both cultures. The winter months are cold and hungry, like the Wolf and like the Wolf, winter can be merciless and ferocious. It was in the winter months that early man was more often troubled by and in conflict with Wolves. In the plentiful times of spring and summer, game was easy to find for both man and his canine brothers, but in the winter months the competition for game food would be greater.

Long ago the Wolf was most respected by primitive people, because it was one of the animals that saw man as prey. This animal was known to every Indian Nation, as the Wolf was not confined to any one area of the New World. The Wolf, a cunning animal, was strong and tenacious and a lone Wolf could be just as fearsome as a pack.

The Wolf was a great Totem for the warrior and his skin was often worn when asking the Great Spirit for courage before battle. The Wolf was also known for its loyalty to the pack and for its gentle treatment to the young of the group. When Wolves hunted in packs, the natives of America watched them take down their prey with great teamwork. This made early man believe that the Wolf was an animal that was highly skilled at hunting, cooperating, taking command and following the orders of more dominant males with precision.

The people who have the Wolf as their personal Totem are blessed in many ways. Wolf people are believed to be brave and valiant fighters,

defending their homes fiercely. They are also known to protect what is theirs with great ferociousness. The Wolf is always hungry and on the prowl. This makes Wolf people good as business and financial adversaries, who are not afraid to go for the throat. When it comes to getting what they want; they are thoughtful, cunning and determined. Even with all their tenacity, the Wolf person also knows when to cut his losses and walk away. The Wolf will almost always live to fight another day.

On the gentler side, Wolves make excellent parents and loving mates. Wolves are true and loyal friends, whose family ties are strong.



### ~ February Moon ~ Totem Spirit of the Eagle

There isn't a day that goes by that we do not reflect on the properties of our own Spirit. We can feel and hear the Spirit within us in all of our thoughts and in all that we do. The belief in a Spirit world and that we are all blessed with an individual Spirit is so universal that our very language is full of expressions concerning Spirits. We encourage with, "That's the Spirit," when we find someone up to a challenge and say "When the Spirit moves you," when we ask for a favor that doesn't need to be done right away. We often call upon The Holy Spirit, giver of life in our Anglo prayers. The remark of, "The Spirit of America," is often heard today. Regardless of our political or religious

beliefs, we Americans believe we are of a united Spirit. The original Americans were a very spiritual people too.

It is very hard to believe, looking around our country today, that this land was once home to millions and millions of Native Americans. The noble race that once spread across this continent, from coast to coast in great numbers, is now only a few million out of the three hundred million people who live in America. The few original natives that are left with us are only found in larger groups in certain areas. These areas are, of course, around the original locations of early reservations, such as the ones in El Paso and Oklahoma. Today, the original people of this land are little more than one percent of the American work force.

Once hundreds of separate tribes lived in America, but today the names of many of these tribes have been forgotten. Today many of these heroic nations of men and women are all but forgotten. Many tribal names are not as well known as that of the Crow, Blackfoot, Seminole, Sioux or Apache and these lesser tribes are mostly only known to people who live on their land now.

Each group had their own territory and lived on what their territory had to offer. This is not to say that there were not great wars between the Indian Nations, but for the most part, each tribe made the best of what their portion of land afforded them. As in prehistoric times, some tribes were hunter gathers but most had learned the art of farming, weaving and herding by the time the new-comers arrived.

When the white man took over the land, they did so by learning the ways of the natives. The first white settlers would have starved to death if it were not for the generosity of the natives of this continent. The natives of

America saw no man as an enemy until that man proved himself to be an enemy. In this thinking, the natives sought to teach the new comers everything they would need to stay alive. There was much for the white man to learn from these original settlers about hunting game, planting seasons, fishing and trapping and the Indians were good teachers. We owe much of what we know to the first natives of our land.

The early people of America have much to teach us when it came to spirituality too. I found a Native American prayer that exhibits their love and respect for all. This simple prayer says everything that needs to be said.

"I am alive. You see I am alive.  
You see I stand in good relation to  
the earth.  
You see I stand in good relation to  
the gods.  
You see I stand in good relation to  
all that is beautiful.  
You see I stand in good relation  
to you."

To me this prayer speaks of their belief that all life is equal. It also tells of their respect for both the natural and spiritual world they lived in.

All Indian tribes believed that there were supernatural powers belonging to the sky, water, land and animals and thought these powers were much greater than the powers that most men possessed. The Spirits of these entities were asked to share their powers with man. Native Americans prayed that these spiritual entities would share their powers. Early Americans felt as if they could possess the powers of animal Spirits for a time.

When a brave was young, no more than mid-teens, that boy would leave the safety of his tribe and go out to

gather a Spirit for himself. The boy would find a spot on the top of a hill or in a forest glade where he could be alone and get in touch with his own Spirit. The youth would then fast and go without water during this time of Spirit gathering. This was not unlike the religious fasting of many other cultures around the world today. When the boy was weak with hunger and exhausted from prayer, he would sleep. In that sleep he would dream. In this dream the Totem Spirit that was right for him would visit. This Spirit would grant the young brave some of its powers. The Spirit of the boy and the Totem Spirit would become one.

The Totem Spirit would show the young man sacred objects and teach him powerful words to be chanted in times of need. The Spirit would direct him in the art of face painting; allowing him from that time on to use the image of his animal Totem on his shield and the outside of his tipi.

For many Indian Nations, the Totem Spirit thought to embody the month of February was that of the Eagle. Other tribes honored the hawk or birds in general.

All birds were thought to enjoy the gift of visions. These animals had a bird's eye view of the world, from their high perches and when they soared high over the heads of man. Hawks were thought to be great hunters and their Spirit was strong, but the Eagle was thought to be much more than a great and powerful hunter. The Eagle was also thought to be wise like the Owl. The Eagle Spirit was one that could give intelligence to those who captured his Spirit.

Eagle feathers were and are used in headdresses as a sign of bravery and valor. The feathers from this magnificent bird were also used in language and in the telling of stories.

A single black dot on a single Eagle feather meant that the brave had killed one enemy to the Dakotas. A feather that was cut towards the top, right under the dark tip and into the white part of the feather in the shape of a 'V' meant that that man had cut the throat and scalped an enemy. A feather that was split down the shaft, told the tale of a man who had suffered many wounds in battle. A feather that was cut so that each side looked like the serrated edge of a knife, said that that man was forced to strike a fallen foe. The language of the feather was often quite intricate, but one that could be understood by the youngest children of the tribe.

The people who are blessed with the Spirit of the Eagle are brave and true hunters, but they are much more than that. Those who enjoy kinship with the Eagle are also thought to be wise. Their Spirits are one with the sky and they are blessed with the gift of vision. The Eagle Spirit tells them of things that are yet to come and gives them the wisdom to handle the troubles that might lie in the future. It was thought that the Spirit of the Eagle was close to that of the Great Spirit and those connected to the Eagle Spirit were made close to the Universal God as well.

February is the month of Aquarius and Pisces. Aquarius is the sign of intellect and Pisces is known to be the most Spiritual of all the signs. The Eagle Spirit embodies intelligence, vision and great spirituality. I have not been able to find any connection between conventional astrology and American Indians, but feel it might be more than mere coincidence that many tribes picked the Eagle Spirit to express this month. There may be some ancient connection, that is now lost to us, to draw the signs of Aquarius and Pisces to the Eagle Spirit or other noble birds.

*(Continued on page 44 ➡)*



### **Bird Horn**

by Marie Otte

my bedroom adorns me in down  
while finding myself near a town  
walking over a bridge  
sensing a voyage

I can see a hill  
with people standing still  
on top is a goose  
her honk is letting loose

a mixture of French Horn  
and bag pipes vibrating forlorn  
the sound is loud  
and pulling the crowd

the goose takes flight  
as the people follow ever so light  
the mystery of migration  
above the birch in V-formation

### **Camouflage Fox**

by Marie Otte

nodding off with a problem  
reaching the bottom  
he is trying to appear  
while trotting near

large ears, sharp snout  
stopping and standing about  
I sense his piercing eyes  
as he replies,

"Notice what is hidden.  
Listen to your intuition.  
Opportunities will manifest  
in what is blessed."

# Healing Animals In Dreams

by Marie Otte

**A** VARIETY OF ANIMALS HAVE APPEARED IN MY DREAMS. The deer has been my most frequent visitor. Even as a child, I felt a sense of peace when I encounter one of these creatures. The buck and doe have delivered me messages on receptivity, survival, adaptability, civilization, wilderness, wisdom and my adventurous path in life.

I was born into a family of five boys. At the time of my birth, the ages of my brothers were 19, 17, 10, 9 and 5. When I was 11, a brother died suddenly. Thirty years later, another brother died unexpectedly. After both of their deaths, I was flooded with dreams about Wayne and Danny.

A year ago, I completed writing my memoir. It is about mourning the death of a sibling from the perspective of a child and an adult. The end of the book has a series of thirty- six dreams that provided comfort during my bereavement. Dreams were vital in my healing process. They took me through difficult phases, offered help and prepared me for a hopeful future. It was hard to lose my two brothers but I have accepted them being gone.

From Wayne, I learned how to communicate and initiate. Danny taught me when to be quiet and observant. They both left me with the knowledge and ability to accept death. As time passed, my dreams with Danny and Wayne became further apart. This was part of the healing procedure. Recently, a new animal joined my dreams. It was a bear and here is the dream:

Inside, I could sense that my car was full of fuel when I drove down the

road. I stopped driving the vehicle because there were road barriers. A huge female bear was curled up in a ball and slept on the road. She looked contented and smiled. Behind her were two small bear cubs. One was quiet and the other made playful bear sounds. They both lightheartedly swatted their paws at butterflies that flew in the air. Next to the cubs were five slender adult bears standing on their hind paws. They pushed machinery around with their front paws and performed road construction.

This dream caught my attention because I couldn't move forward. The five bears represented my five brothers. They prepared the masculine energy in my home life before I was born. The cubs were a symbol of Wayne and Danny. Their souls have moved on to new life. The sleepy female bear represented the feminine energy that I had to use in order to balance out the tilted male energy within my family. Inside, I had the power to endure hardships through my dreams.

This bear dream reminded me to hibernate and use introspection about my sibling bonds. My family has taught me the importance of death, rebirth and transformation. Next to my deer, I have gladly accepted the bear as part of my dream totem pole. ☽

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Marie Otte is a published writer and has been doing dream work for ten years. She is in the process of submitting her memoir for publication. Email: [marieotte@sbcglobal.net](mailto:marieotte@sbcglobal.net)

# Surrender to the White Buffalo

## The Dream

...I'm sitting on the prairie, cross-legged and at peace. Suddenly I hear an unfathomable roar, a sound I have never heard before, accompanied by great, deep vibrations in the earth around me. Looking over my shoulder I see a gigantic herd of buffalo stampeding toward me! At first I panic but then realize that, since I can do nothing to avoid or alter this, I must surrender in peace to what is surely to be my death. To my amazement I see the herd part as it reaches me. Hearing another amazing sound, I look over my head to see a glorious pure white buffalo flying through the air directly above me! This stunning experience seems to suck the breath from my body...

... and I awaken, gasping for air.

I IMMEDIATELY WROTE THE DREAM IN MY JOURNAL and—after a time of profound gratitude for the experience—returned to sleep. In the morning I discovered that the dream was written on the only page in this (or any other journal) with a picture of a white buffalo!

Later in the day, a friend and I happened to visit an art gallery owned by a Hopi Indian woman. Seeing a painting of a buffalo herd spurred me to share my amazing dream. The Indian woman overheard me and told her belief that a “visitation” from the White Buffalo is the best way for the Great Spirit to call a person to serve the tribe in a more profound way.

This dream helped me to expand my dream work practice in three important ways. Four months later I was offered a time slot at a public radio station to begin my own dream talk show. Seven months later, I offered my first training session for future professional dream practitioners. Nine months after the dream I began writing my first book. Now, twelve years later, when my courage or strength wavers, I sit with the dream and allow it to inform my willingness to continue to offer myself to the collective. Brenda’s fabulous painting further inspires my work with the dream.”

*~Entry from Kathleen’s dream journal,  
"Surrender to the White Buffalo," 3:15 AM, April 26, 1989.*

Visit Kathleen Sullivan’s website at [www.recurringdreams.com](http://www.recurringdreams.com)





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## "Surrender to the White Buffalo"

(original in acrylic medium 45" x 39", framed)

Dream Painting & Comments on the Dream/Art by *Brenda Ferrimani*

### ARTISTRY

"Surrender to the White Buffalo" is the first painting of a project Brenda Ferrimani is calling "Amazing Women's Dreams." It is her intention to build a body of work depicting dreams of women who are changing this world through their amazing contributions. When this project is completed it will be the basis for an art exhibit and will be a glimpse into these women's psyches, which will not only be fascinating but will give the *Feminine Hero* a voice and encourage others to take their dreams more seriously.

See the Studio News page at Brenda's website for more details:  
[www.brendaferrimanidreamart.com](http://www.brendaferrimanidreamart.com)

**M**Y FRIEND, KATHLEEN SULLIVAN has given me her dream of the White Buffalo to retell through painting. I have endeavored to express in this work the great power, wisdom and beauty of her dream, which is compelling an initiate to begin her journey. I have added the planet Jupiter as a symbol of the expansive nature of her spiritual path.\*

After having a life altering dream experience years ago, Kathleen Sullivan began a psychological journey to reclaim her personal power. Overwhelmed by chronic illness and emotional distress, Sullivan surrendered to the dream and has followed it to an entirely new life and career as a dream worker, counselor, talk show host and author. I am grateful to have come to know Kathleen, and I am one of many who have been amazed and inspired by her story she describes in the book, *Recurring Dreams. A Journey to Wholeness.* ∅

## Winter Solstice 2006

In the early hours of the morning  
of the Winter Solstice

I dream... *I have a new baby.  
I am suckling it at my breast.*

*Will I have enough milk  
to sustain it?  
Not a problem.  
The milk is coming,  
dribbling out the sides of the baby's mouth, so fragrant  
I can taste it.*

*Karen Ethelsdattar ~ Ethelsdatr@aol.com*

## Remembrance of Snows Past

(Docudream)

The ground is blindingly  
white  
but I can't avert my eyes,  
they're frozen to the melting snow  
around my bare feet.  
Every footprint a clean new pool.  
The snow feels warm  
between my toes and on my heels.  
No one's chasing me except my feet.  
But how did the snow drift into  
my bed?  
Who hung the sun on the ceiling?  
My eyes are in pain  
but my feet love the ground  
and hold my eyes prisoners.

*Paul Sohar ~ soharp@hotmail.com*

## Night Recipe

For dreams that have their origin beyond  
the Polished Gate of Horn.  
See Homer, Book Nineteen, for Penelope's  
remarks to Ulysses of this subject.  
No guarantees whatever. Proceed at your  
own risk.

Here are the means which (possibly) may lure  
those weighty dreams to come, the kind that cure  
the body, soul, or spirit of its pain.  
Your fate foretold and mysteries made plain.

First, bedtime invocations. You intone  
a few obscurely mystic Celtic charms.  
(And, by the way, your nightwear should be sewn  
in Greece, by lonely girls on rocky farms.)

Next, underneath your pillow you must tuck  
a gemstone scarab from a desert hoard.  
This talisman (you hope) will bring you luck  
From some Egyptian god or mummied lord.

You now entice your cat to share your bed,  
and, as a final rite,  
caress its bony little head.  
Put out your bedside light,  
and wait. Good luck!  
You may expect an interesting night.

*Edith Gilmore*



## BEYOND THE GOLD

©2007 by Marlene King, M.A.

CARL JUNG BELIEVED we spend a lifetime seeking individuation and the "gold" (or authentic self) that resides within each of us. The following dream points to riches beyond gold both in the psyche and the material world.

*My friend, Charlene Wood, and I are going to meet with a stockbroker who is in the last construction phase of her new office complex. Charlene is driving and looks tan and relaxed. When we arrive, we are surprised. The building is in a dangerous fire and earthquake area; we are uncomfortable, too, as we will be living there part-time which is our reason for establishing ourselves with someone who can handle our business when away from home base. My friend wants to buy platinum and will trade her silver stock for it. I do, too, and we are both transacting about \$2,500 worth of stock. As we enter the complex, we're met by the new broker; she is well dressed—as are we—complete in business suits and heels. She shows us the grounds and we ask to use the restroom, but it's up a steep flight of stairs—a narrow passage only one person can traverse at a time. We decide to wait and instead attend a meeting in a makeshift office with a long table. About a dozen people are already seated and we join them and wait in order to do our transactions.*

~ J.B.

The literal 'elements' in the dream, platinum and silver, are rife with layers of associations. The British scientist, Charles Wood, in 1741 was first to independently isolate the element of platinum. Note the name association between the dreamer's friend's name (Charlene Wood) and the actual discoverer; this link emphasizes the importance of platinum in the dream relative to the authentic self. Since Charlene is driving in the dream, she is the one in control of navigating the dreamer. She is probably the 'business' or left-brain part of the dreamer who is in charge of the physical/practical world. Platinum becomes the focal point, as she wants to trade stocks of silver (a lesser valued element) for it, translating into a better value investment in the self.

Platinum, a known element to pre-Columbia peoples, was introduced by the Spanish to Europe and was referred to in the 16th century as a "mysterious metal" from Central and South American mines. But today platinum and its alloys is used as a catalyst in catalytic converters, auto exhaust systems, spark plug tips and in other applications such as drugs and fuel cell research. It is also popular in jewelry due to its hardness and tarnish-resistance qualities. As a rare metal, attachments of wealth are usually associated with it, and it costs more than gold or silver.

Platinum looks like silver, but is valued more. The dreamer might ask herself how these qualities describe her.

The dreamer is led into a situation where an exchange can be made, even though the framework (building is still under construction) may not yet be completed. Also, the specific dollar amount of \$2,500 may have significance. I suggest checking out all possible combinations to birth dates, anniversaries, house numbers, et. al. Or, it may be a literal prompt from the dreamer's psyche to invest in the metal. If the dreamer is athletic, the dream might indicate going beyond the silver or gold 'medals' to platinum signifying top achievement in her field/sport. After all, the dream suggests that everything is "pure business" as the entire meeting is presented in that manner, including the reference to business attire.

It is worth noting that the alchemical symbol for platinum is created by combining the symbols of silver and gold together (crescent shape to circle with a dot in the center). This points to a transformational process occurring beyond the gold and is tied up with the dreamer taking care of business - inside and out. ☽

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Share your dream for Marlene's column; all submissions anonymous. Contact her at [marlene@chatlink.com](mailto:marlene@chatlink.com)

# Audio CD Review

by Bambi Corso

## Invisible Acts of Power: Personal Choices That Create Miracles

By Caroline Myss  
Audio CD, Sounds True  
4 CDs, Running time: 5 hours  
Reviewer: Bambi Corso

I have been a long time fan and advocate of Caroline Myss. Since her publication of *Anatomy of The Spirit* in 1996, I have followed her work closely as she is, without a doubt, a true leader in her field. Caroline is a medical intuitive, and has an incredible ability to see life and all of its components symbolically. Being a dreamer, and working with symbolism in the field of dreams, I thought Caroline to be a perfect fit for a book review. Although her publications are not specifically about dreams, they speak to the "stuff" of dreams. So, I chose the audio CD "*Invisible Acts of Power*".

In this audio CD, Caroline shares the story of what prompted her to look deeply into the various types and levels of generosity, and reveals the healing affects that occur when we respond to someone in need. She poses the question: "Is generosity a biological need?" then takes us on a journey through the seven energy centers in the body (chakras) and describes in great detail what an act of service looks like within each one of these centers. Interwoven throughout each segment she shares some of the beautiful and heartfelt stories that people sent in to her while she was researching this subject.

These stories demonstrate, by example, the multitude of opportunities life gives us to respond with generosity, and whether we chose to take action, or chose no action at all. In these tapes, Caroline focuses deeply on our intuitive nature and shows us how to bring mindful attention to the intuitive hits we receive. What kind of life could we create for ourselves and others if we responded to the guidance that is occurring within us all the time? The universe is always giving us opportunities to be of service, always presenting us with the option to chose to say 'yes' to people or situations in our lives. How often do we say 'yes' to what is presented? And if not, why not?

Aligning this with dreaming, what I have learned is that no matter how much we may tell ourselves why we make certain decisions and choices, our dreams always reflect back to us the truth of that choice, whether we want to see it or not. And why is this important? Because if we are on a path of self awareness, as so many dreamers are, then to take the time to look deep within ourselves to see what motivates our actions is paramount.

Caroline gives us the tools for that self reflection in *Invisible*

*Acts of Power* by showing us how to pay conscious attention to our intuition and to notice the smallest subtleties within our energy systems as we are prompted to make a decision about something or someone.

Like our waking-life intuition, dreams are so often a call to action and, in my opinion, it is our responsibility as dreamers to listen deeply into those calls. Whether it be helping a friend or stranger, making a phone call, doing something on behalf of the earth or the creatures, feeding the homeless, giving someone a hug, listening, or just sending a prayer, an invisible act of power is about response. It is about trusting our intuition and it is about service. I encourage you to listen to this tape series and watch the way it can open your eyes and your being to what is around us all of the time: the opportunity to be there for another and to make a difference. As Caroline Myss says, "No act of service is insignificant." ☺

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Contact Ms. Corso  
@ ohtodream@aol.com



# Lucid Dreaming

## Awake in the Dream

by Vaishali

**I** HAVE BEEN DOING DREAM WORK FOR AS LONG AS I CAN REMEMBER. As a child, dream reality seemed to supersede what we laughingly call "waking reality." Like most people who commit to dream work, I had achieved a very casual, superficial level of lucid dreaming. Lucid dreaming is a state of consciousness where the dreamers are fully aware that they are asleep and that what they are experiencing is a state of reality completely manufactured by the dreaming mind. Just about everyone has experienced a flash of lucid recognition during a dream - knowing that they are in fact "just dreaming". However, lucid dreaming as I am defining it here is a more intensified and sustained state of dream realization. At its best, lucid dreaming is a completely conscious state of mind where the doors to the conscious and unconscious minds are fully open to each other - available for exploration, examination and to be fearlessly embraced.

Imagine the value in being able to ask a dream character or image: Who are you? Who am I? What can I do for you? What would you like to tell me? What do you feel I should know?

Imagine the dream interpretation problems that could be solved by going immediately to the dream character and getting the skinny directly from the source. Imagine the possibility of rapidly accelerating the amount of growth done in a single evening's nocturnal journeys. Imagine the benefits to be had when the dream state you experience is fully "awake" to the reality that this is what you are trying to tell yourself; this is what is going on behind the closed doors of your own mind. Once lucid, what was previously the circuitous road of non-lucid dreaming could now be traveled instantly, directly and—most importantly—clear to question and answer discourse. It is like the Know Thyself quest gone completely, psychedelically accessible, in a Kurt Vonnegut sort of way!

As a hardcore dream worker, I'd read about experiments at the Lucidity Institute by Dr. Stephen LaBerge on the DreamLight before this device hit the streets - or the sheets as it were. The DreamLight is a creation designed to augment the dreamer's state of awareness from the typical R.E.M. into the hyper-space state of dream lucidity. The dreamer wears a mask

that flashes when R.E.M. is achieved to signal to the dreamer that he is experiencing a dream-produced reality. Imagine my surprise when my pal, Howard Rheingold, the then editor of *The Whole Earth Review* and co-author of Exploring The World Of Lucid Dreaming with Stephen LaBerge, Ph.D., asked me if I was interested in helping the Lucidity Institute refine the DreamLight. "Am I interested?" I asked Howard, flabbergasted, "Of course I'm interested! I would walk naked down Market Street in downtown San Francisco for the chance to try the DreamLight!!" Howard was hardly impressed. From his perspective I would have walked naked down Market Street just for the hell of it. So Howard, completely unfettered by my vocal dramatics, told me that Dr. LaBerge was soliciting the assistance of established lucid dreamers to support the Lucidity Institute in the final phases of completion of the DreamLight. This marked the beginning of my relationship with the Lucidity Institute.

All the people I met who were associated with the Lucidity Institute were like a dream come true themselves. They were all very generous

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GOD'S FORGOTTEN LANGUAGE

JUNE 10-15, 2007

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*This conference has become the portal for christian dreamwork, guidance in starting Church dream groups, and integrating dreamwork with spiritual direction. Beginners and advanced tract offered.*

## ABOUT KEYNOTERS

**DR. JEREMY TAYLOR:** Author of *Where People Fly & Water Runs Uphill* and leading authority on dreams. • **THE REV.**

**BOB HADEN:** Director of The Haden Institute • **JOYCE R. HUDSON:** Editor of *The Rose* and author of the best selling *Natural Spirituality: Recovering The Wisdom Tradition In Christianity*.

See [www.hadeninstitute.com](http://www.hadeninstitute.com) for more information and Canadian Spiritual Program

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with their time, open hearted, caring, lovely people. Doing dream work in groups can provide amazing support and insight. Everyone at the Lucidity Institute was motivated by the need to direct their attention to self-growth and self-mastery. I learned so much from those group sessions and sharings: everything from technical tricks of the trade, to how to recognize and overcome personal limitations. The first thing that I learned from my work in the lucid dream realm was how uncooperative my own mind was with itself. I was shocked and astonished to discover how uninterested my lucid dream characters were in responding to my questions or in helping on any level. Could I really be a house that deeply divided against itself? Could the major activity of the unconscious/unintegrated aspects of mind really be giving each other the bird? When working with other lucid dreamworkers, I found that they

*"Whenever other lucid dreamers come to me and share their disappointment in their lucid encounters, I always try to underscore that what they are looking at is their own lack of unconditional love and acceptance within themselves. It is merely showing up in their lucid dreams, because this is an arena we cannot fake it in. We are either unified, or we are not; we either love, accept and cooperate with ourselves, or we do not."*  
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too had not made their minds their friends. In fact, one of the first things that people who start this conscious interaction with their dream characters report is that the dream characters either ignored the presence of

the dreaming personality, or were not forthcoming in providing information when asked.

There are two pieces of advice that I got from Dr. LaBerge that I will never forget. The first is that dream characters will never tell you what you expect. This completely makes sense; after all, the other dream characters are fragments of our own mind that we are experiencing as separate. That is why they are appearing as "separate" from ourselves. The second bit of advice was the old Christian adage to "love thy neighbors." I still remember the forcefulness of Dr. LeBerge's face and voice when he leaned over to reinforce the power of this approach. "It works in your dreams! Love everyone you see in your dreams. Just like the old Christian adage 'Love thy neighbors'. It really works in your dreams."

That was the piece I needed! I needed to unconditionally love myself in order to make my mind my friend. The lack

of cooperation absolutely coincided with the absence of unconditional love these various parts of mind suffered from. I have spent years following that advice and speaking and acting in an unconditionally loving manner in my lucid dreams. I have focused on remembering that what I am looking at is my own mind. The message I most want communicated to it is that it is one with unconditional love and acceptance. The results have been phenomenal! I have gone from disengaged, disinterested dream characters to dream characters that come and teach me new things. Dream characters even come to me when I am in a non-lucid state, make me look them directly in the eye, and remind me, "We met here last night... remember? We met here last night." Until I finally do remember that I met them in a dream, and they are showing up now to assist me in waking up!

Whenever other lucid dreamers come to me and share their disappointment in their lucid encounters, I always try to underscore that what they are looking at is their own lack of unconditional love and acceptance within themselves. It is merely showing up in their lucid dreams, because this is an arena we cannot fake it in. We are either unified, or we are not; we either love, accept and cooperate with ourselves, or we do not. The first step is to honestly see where we are in relationship to embracing ourselves with love and tolerance, versus how much of our interior have we fragmented and divided with criticism, doubt, impatience and fear. Prior to my lucid dreaming, if someone had come to me and told me that I was not making my mind my friend, I would not have believed it. I would have assumed that they had mistaken me for someone else or were on some kind of perceptually distorting pharmaceutical. I had to experience it for myself. I had to run straight up against my

"Lucid dreams  
are an incredible experience.  
They are very, very vibrant,  
amazingly alive with brilliant  
color. There is a sense of seeing  
with enhanced dimensional  
clarity. What I have most  
enjoyed about lucid dreaming,  
aside from the advantages of  
these immediate self-love  
healing sessions, is the  
opportunity to have a realm in  
which  
I can practice showing  
up utterly fearless.  
I know I am dreaming."  
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own inner resistance to personal wholeness before I was willing to admit there was a problem. "We have seen the enemy and it is us." And to think, all this time I'd been "Sleeping With the Enemy."

Lucid dreams are an incredible experience. They are very, very vibrant, amazingly alive with brilliant color. There is a sense of seeing with enhanced dimensional clarity. What I have most enjoyed about lucid dreaming, aside from the advantages of these immediate self-love healing sessions, is the opportunity to have a realm in which I can practice showing up utterly fearless. I know I am dreaming. I know I have an immortal dream body that cannot be harmed, injured, or killed. Therefore, I can literally face my greatest inner demons and transform them into loving Angels. In many lucid dreams I have made a request, such as "to encounter a part of my mind that has a gift for me" and then taken off flying and allow that moment of meeting to come to me. I have learned not to force life from my lucid dreams, but rather to surrender into unconditional trust. I know and trust that I will be

there for myself, guiding myself when and where I most need it. The insight I have gained on how my mind works and what the different parts of it look like, is simply astounding and life altering. I remember once in a lucid dream coming across a dream character that was a two-faced, disembodied head that lived in a box. When I asked my personal "Jack in the Box" who he was, the answer that came back was perfect. The two-faced head introduced itself as "the ego"! Of course! A part of the mind that is thoroughly disconnected from the wisdom of the heart, that is deceitful, that resides in an altogether limiting place. I remember how hard I laughed; how flawless this imagery was; how sobering its effects are whenever I take myself too seriously. And, no, I didn't get the large fries!

There are no limits to where one can go in a lucid dream. Well, none that I have found yet. It costs nothing but awareness on the part of the dreamer.

The feeling of invincible wholeness I have upon awaking from a lucid dream is the greatest drug of choice I have ever found. For me, lucid dreaming has solidified the Eastern concept that we are all dreaming this waking reality level of existence. Lucid dreaming is the last thing I devote my attention to when falling asleep at night and the first thing I celebrate upon "awakening" in the morning. I could not encourage people enough to attempt this state of focused attention. I have neither found a downside to lucid dreaming, nor have I come close to exhausting its potential. I always try to include lucid dreaming in all the Spiritual teachings and writings that I do, because if there was a faster, better way to grow, love and liberate oneself, I'd be doing it. ☺

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In *You Are What You Love* Vaishali delves into dreams and Spiritual growth in her humorous, thought-provoking style. Visit her website at [www.purplev.com](http://www.purplev.com) and [www.youarewhatyoulove.com](http://www.youarewhatyoulove.com) Contact Vaishali at [purplevaishalihaze@yahoo.com](mailto:purplevaishalihaze@yahoo.com)



# My Mystical Experience About a Book on Dreams

by Walt Stover, M.A.



**Background** – In mid 1991, I had my first dream about a book in which *Mark Thurston*—a noted author of books on dreams—*came to me as a dream symbol and told me to write a book on dreams.* The dream also told me that *the book would be written in three parts.* I knew nothing about book projects and struggled with developing a chapter outline, but this did not get far and my follow-up actions were quite limited. Then in 1992, I discovered and took an evening course at Emory University in Atlanta about How-To write a book proposal. I became highly excited and did a huge amount of research at Emory Library to help me write a book on dreams. But the pressures of work took over and I never did send in a proposal to an actual publisher. After leaving corporate America in August, 1994, I immediately had a very powerful dream about *writing a book on dreams.* So I dusted off my old notes from the Emory class, dashed off a book proposal and mailed it to a publisher of metaphysical books. It mentioned also of the one first books that I planned to write (*Precognition – When Your Dreams Come True*) and referred to two other possible books beyond that first one. Then I waited... waited... and waited.

## Mystical Experience ~ Sept. 1994

After 30 days of waiting to hear from the publisher, I had a highly unusual experience at my home in Marietta, GA. I arose one morning, had breakfast as usual and then went to shower and shave. Just as I was finished shaving the following events transpired:

I am standing in front of the bathroom mirror when a small door or window (about a one inch in diameter) seemed to open in my head behind and slightly above my left ear. Some small, intelligent probe entered into my mind. A message was transferred from the probe into my memory. The message was as follows:

*"It is OK for you to go ahead and write that first book on dreams. But you need to forget the other two books and write a book that deals with the totality of your experiences with dreams."*

The probe withdrew, the window in my head closed and it was all over in about 60 – 90 seconds. I was left with an unforgettable and highly challenging task for the future.

**Follow up Actions** ~ The publisher rejected my original book twice. I struggled with the mystical message that I had received but could never wrap my head around that vast subject. I moved to Virginia Beach, attended Atlantic University and received a Masters Degree in Transpersonal Studies. My thesis was on dreams. Following that, I again attempted to do the book indicated in the message... but I still could not get it organized. In particular, I could never define how the book would be written in three sections as given in my original dream form in 1991. One man in Virginia Beach was extremely gung-ho about doing a book with me, exclusively on my stock market dreams. It was a fictional account of my life, highly exaggerated and totally focused on my stocks market dreams.

This book did not meet with any of my spiritual ideals. In addition, it did not even come close to what my mystical experience had shown/told me – and I ultimately rejected that book collaboration offer.

**Spring of 2006** ~ Suddenly in April, 2006, someone forwarded me an e-mail invitation to attend a workshop about self publishing. I was highly intrigued, but was overburdened with the task of maintaining a web page for a local metaphysical group and attending many of their planning meetings. So I really did not have time to do a book. When I arrived home from the publication workshop, I found one message on my telephone recorder. The caller was responding to an ad I had placed on the metaphysical web page and volunteered to take over the web page responsibility for me. WOW! That opened the door! Now I could write my book.

**Summer of 2006** ~ Suddenly everything fell into place, and I soon had a chapter outline. I used a lot of material that I had originally written back in 1994. Also included significant portions from my thesis on dreams and several magazine articles I had published on dreams. I then finished the book with a long chapter on the eight-year history of my Precognitive Stock Market Dream Group. In the end, this book was not written in three parts, but was written in three different time periods. The first parts were done in Marietta, GA. in 1994. The second parts were done in Virginia Beach, VA. In 1998 – 2001. The third and concluding parts were then completed in Mesa, AZ in 2006. So now I have a book that I believe fulfills the message about doing a book that truly deals with the totality of my 28 years of working with dreams. I also trust it will add something of a positive nature to the literature on dreaming and the fascinating subject of precognition. ☺

E Mr. Stover @ walths@infionline.net

# Meeting the 'Other' Within

@2006. by Paul Levy



**A**s I point out in my recent book, [The Madness of George W. Bush: A Reflection of our Collective Psychosis](#), withdrawing our shadow projections, the darker part of ourselves that we see reflected in 'others,' initiates the process of being able to more effectively deal with the darkness in our world. The question arises: what does owning our shadow and withdrawing our shadow projections look like? When we recognize, own and withdraw our shadow projections from the outside world that we have cast onto 'others,' we get in touch with the 'other' inside of ourselves. When we stop seeing the 'other' who is outside ourselves as separate, but as a reflection of something within ourselves, we become acquainted with the 'other' who exists within.

This newly found 'other within' is subjectively experienced as not being under the control of our will, as if it is a separate and autonomous being. To meet the other within is to discover that we are not the master of our own house. To conceptualize this other within ourselves, think of our primary identity or who we imagine we are—a good, kind, spiritual person, for example—and then take the polar opposite of this perspective... *this* is how the other within us sees the world. To quote Jung, "We discover that the 'other' in us is indeed 'another, a real person, who actually thinks, does, feels, and desires all the things that are despicable and odious. A whole man, however, knows that his bitterest foe, or indeed a host of enemies, does not equal that one worst adversary, the 'other self' who dwells in his bosom."

To quote the cartoon character Pogo, "We have met the enemy and he is us."

The autonomous other within us is symbolically related to the figure of the devil, who is the 'other' and adversary, to God (one of the inner meanings of the word 'devil' is the 'adversary'). The battle between Christ and his adversary (the Antichrist)—seen symbolically—is a reflection of the dynamic that exists between ourselves

and the 'adversarial other' unconsciously residing within us. Commenting on this correlation, Jung said "... the 'adversary is none other than 'the other in me.' And yet, in some mysterious way, this adversarial other plays a crucial role in the actualization of our true nature." Jung also said, "The shadow and the opposing will are the necessary conditions for all actualization."

This other within can really get in our way and mess with our best intentions, however. This other within can manifest in a way that is truly 'devilish,' thwarting us at every turn. Interestingly, one of the meanings of the word 'Satan' is 'that which 'obstructs.' This other within can manifest so demonically and arouse such terror in us because it is a reflection and projection of our inner state of fear and denial, as ultimately it is related to—an expression of and inseparable from—ourselves. Because we experience this 'other' within ourselves as alien and separate from ourselves and not under our control, however, we feel fear upon meeting it. Fear and the experience of an 'other' (whether in the outside world, or within ourselves) co-arise simultaneously, as they mutually evoke and reinforce each other. Fear is the very expression of the separate self, as one is never found without the other.

## Autonomous Complexes

Jung relates demons to what he calls 'autonomous complexes,' which are parts of the psyche that have been so split-off due to trauma they develop a seemingly independent and quasi- life of their own. These split-off and disowned autonomous complexes, which seem to oppose us, are ultimately parts of ourselves that we have disassociated from. This is similar to forgetting about part

of our physical body. This part of ourselves will compensate our dis-membering of our wholeness by trying to get our attention and help us to re-member it; so it is in our psychic landscape. When we split-off from a part of our psyche, we project out this part of ourselves and it will invariably get dreamed up, either as an 'other' within our psyche, or as an 'other' in the outside world.

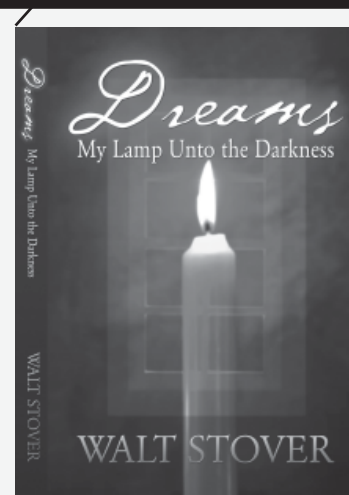
These autonomous complexes are ultimately our own energy appearing to us in projected, seemingly out-there form, so as to compensate a one-sidedness on our part. These autonomous complexes are genuine symbols that reflect our inner situation while at the same time being potentially transformative of it. They are an expression of the part of us that is one-sided, while simultaneously being the very doorway into integrating our imbalance, embracing the split-off inner 'other' and actualizing our intrinsic wholeness. How the autonomous other within us manifests—constructively or destructively—depends upon whether we recognize what it is revealing to us.

Jung said, "Individuation is an exceedingly difficult task; it always involves a conflict of duties, whose solution requires us to understand that our 'counter-will' is also an aspect of God's will." This autonomous other, with its 'counter-will,' plays a mysterious and key role in the revelation of our true nature. Paradoxically, this 'autonomous other' within ourselves, though seemingly separate from ourselves, is simultaneously none other than ourselves. It is as if we are so split off from our true self that we have to dream it up as being alien to ourselves in order to begin relationship with it.

Interestingly, such disparate thinkers as Jung and the philosopher Terrance McKenna, hypothesized that the ET/UFO phenomena might actually be an expression of the psychic fact that we are so split-off from our true self that we can only begin to experience it in the projected form of an alien other. Are the seeming appearances of ET/UFOs in the outer world simply an embodied reflection of this inner, psychic process, as if an archetypal process existing deep within the human psyche is being 'dreamed up' into materialization through our universe in order to show us something about ourselves?

When we are completely disassociated from a part of ourselves, just like in a dream, we project it outside of ourselves (whether inwardly or outwardly), where this unconscious content belonging to ourselves gets 'dreamed up' in the form of an 'other.' If we can recognize the reflection of ourselves that is being revealed to us, we can then begin the process of integrating this split-off, unconscious part of ourselves into our conscious self-image. This is similar to how Christ, who symbolizes God incarnate, had to fully incarnate in humanity, which is to say become completely alien and separate from God, for God to reconcile with and become one with Itself. To quote

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How I used dreams for thirty years for...

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Jung, "God in his humanity is presumably so far from himself that he has to seek himself through absolute self-surrender. And where would God's wholeness be if he could not be the wholly other?"

### The Other Within as a Sacred Experience

When we discover the 'other' within ourselves, we begin to get in *relationship* with it, instead of trying to dominate and destroy it. We begin to treat our darker part religiously, as we honor and respect this darker partner with whom we are sharing our life. Etymologically, the word '*religio*' derives from the word '*religare*,' which means to link back and reconnect, e.g., to the source, God, our true selves. Talking about treating things religiously, Jung said, "Religion appears to me to be a peculiar attitude of mind which could be formulated in accordance with the original use of the word *religio*, which means a careful consideration and observation of certain dynamic factors that are conceived as 'powers.'" The use of the word '*religio*' in this context must not be confused with the contemporary pejorative use of the word, which typically refers to the dogmatic, rigid fundamentalism of 'organized religion,' which entails following a set of predetermined beliefs or laws imposed by an outside authority. Our existential situation as human beings is to find

ourselves having to come to terms with archetypal powers that are seemingly more powerful than ourselves. From Jung, "The truth is we do not enjoy master-less freedom; we are continually threatened by psychic factors which—in the guise of 'natural phenomena—may take possession of us at any moment."

The withdrawal of metaphysical projections leaves us almost defenseless in the face of this happening, for we immediately identify with every impulse instead of giving it the name of the 'other,' which would at least hold it at arm's length and prevent it from storming the citadel of the ego. 'Principalities and powers' are always with us; we have no need to create them even if we could. It is merely incumbent on us to *choose* the master we wish to serve, so that his service shall be our safeguard against being mastered by the 'other' whom we have not chosen. We are in a position where we *choose*, whether we know it or not, whether we become taken over by the 'other' within ourselves in a way where we unwittingly become its instrument, or relate to this power seemingly greater than ourselves with consciousness. This is related to the choices each of us must make in coming to terms with our own compulsive, addictive tendencies.

To relate to the 'other' within ourselves in a 'religious' way is to be carefully contemplating it as a power greater than ourselves (the *numinosum*) that is worthy of our devoted attention. Jung said,

"Religion, as the Latin word denotes, is a careful and scrupulous observation of what Rudolph Otto—author of The Idea of the Holy—aptly terms the *numinosum*; that is, a dynamic agency or effect not caused by an arbitrary act of will. On the contrary, it seizes and controls the human subject, who is always rather its victim than its creator. The *numinosum*—whatever its cause may be—is an

experience of the subject independent of his will."

To treat things religiously is to develop a more holistic attitude towards our experience, in which we realize that we are inseparably united with our universe. Instead of relating to our experience in a literal, linear and materialistic way, we recognize that this universe of ours is a living oracle, a continually unfolding revelation that is speaking symbolically, just like a dream. This is to recognize that the 'material' of our universe is infused with spirit, a realization which itself is a reflexion and effect of cultivating a religious attitude. Jung explains that "... the term 'religion' designates the attitude peculiar to a consciousness which has been changed by experience of the *numinosum*." When we have the numinous experience of getting in relationship with the other within ourselves, we, as well as the very universe in which we live, become transformed in the process.

We encounter the numinous every moment, as our very life experience is nothing other than an ongoing experience of the numinous. The question is: do we add consciousness to our experience of the numinous or do we continue to experience it unconsciously, indirectly, and hence, as problematic? The answer to this fateful question literally determines our destiny. This is why Jung said, "The main interest of my work is not concerned with the treatment of neuroses but rather with the approach to the numinous. But the fact is that the approach to the numinous is the real therapy and inasmuch as you attain to the numinous experiences, you are released from the curse of pathology. Even the very disease takes on a numinous character."

When we encounter the numinosum, the seemingly negative aspect of our experience reveals itself to be an aspect of the divine." To have an experience of this autonomous other within ourselves can potentially lead

to a life-transforming experience in which we get more deeply in touch with the truth of who we are. To quote Jung,

"All modern people feel alone in the world of the psyche because they assume that there is nothing there that they have not made up. This is the very best demonstration of our God-almighty-ness, an unconscious identification with God, otherwise known as 'inflation,' which simply comes from the fact that we think we have invented everything psychical... that nothing would be done if we did not do it, for that is our basic idea and it is an extraordinary assumption.

Then one *is* all alone in one's psyche, exactly like the Creator before the creation. But through a certain training—contemplating the other within, for example—'something suddenly happens which one has not created—something objective—and then one is no longer alone. That is the object of [certain] initiations: to train people to experience something which is not their intention: something strange, something objective with which they cannot identify. This experience of the objective fact is all-important, because it denotes the presence of something which is not I, yet is still psychical.

Such an experience can reach a climax where it becomes an experience of God."

When we recognize and get in relationship with the dark other within us, we can potentially experience the *numinosum* directly. As Jung continually pointed out throughout his work, it is by making the darkness conscious that we become enlightened. Coming to terms with the dark other within us forces us to develop a strong sense of self, of who we are, of our innate wholeness and connection with the divine. Developing a strong sense of self enables us to sustain being in conscious relationship with and not

become overwhelmed by, identified with, or possessed by, this more powerful transpersonal power. Paradoxically, though the other within us is ultimately an aspect of ourselves that we need to embrace, confronting the other within forces us to develop a viewpoint other than it. The other within teaches us how to say "No," and set a boundary. Like a psychic nautilus machine that helps us to work out the very muscle we need to develop, engaging with the other within helps us to strengthen the part of ourselves that is weakest.

Relating to the other within us religiously is to participate in the transformation of this archetypal power into becoming our ally. As we become more engaged with this part of ourselves, we experience the sacred marriage of alchemy, which is to join and unify with ourselves. At this point the 'other' is no longer 'other.' We have become integrated, one with ourselves. By raising our darkness to the level of consciousness, we have taken away its autonomy and assimilated it into the wholeness of our being, which is what 'Incarnation' is all about.

### **Encoded in the Darkness is the Germ of a New Light**

Paradoxically, recognizing our own darkness is an 'illumination.' Depending upon how we relate to it, this dark other we have found within ourselves can truly be Lucifer, the dark angel who is the bringer of the light. As Jung continually contemplated in his work, evil plays an incredibly important and mysterious role in the divine drama of incarnation, salvation and redemption. He said, "A glance at the Scriptures, however, is enough to show us the importance of the devil in the divine drama of redemption." When the Christ event is viewed symbolically—as we would contemplate a dream—the Incarnation of God in, through, and as, humanity would not have been accomplished without

the role of the devil. As if part of a deeper divine mystery, the figure of the devil, the embodiment of evil itself, is related to the coming of the light. Shadows are expressions that light is nearby. As Jung pointed out, "... a strong light is the best shadow-projector, provided that there is something to cast a shadow."

When the darkness seems to be at its most powerful is paradoxically when the light becomes available. Jung said, "... when one principle reaches the height of its power, the counter-principle is stirring within it like a germ, the apparently meaningless and hopeless collapse into a disorder without aim or purpose, which fills the onlooker with disgust and despair, nevertheless contains within its darkness the germ of a new light."

Could, as Jung suggests, the darkness in our world contain within it 'the germ of a new light,' heralding a new era dawning for our species? Marie Louise von Franz, one of Jung's closest colleagues, wrote, "Jung saw this present-day culmination of evil as typical of the historical catastrophes that tend to accompany the great transitions from one age to another." In bringing the darkness within us to the light of conscious awareness, we are participating in an evolutionary and epochal expansion of consciousness that has been predicted by numerous wisdom-based, prophetic traditions for centuries.

What is happening within us, the microcosm, is a reflection of the same process that is happening collectively, in the macrocosm. Just like the dark other within ourselves is the very figure that can awaken us to a greater and more comprehensive state of being, the darkness that is playing out on the world stage can potentially activate the light of consciousness in our species, thus serving as a catalyst for collective evolution. Jung said, "And so we can draw a parallel: just

as in me, a single individual, the darkness calls forth a helpful light, so it does in the psychic life of a people."

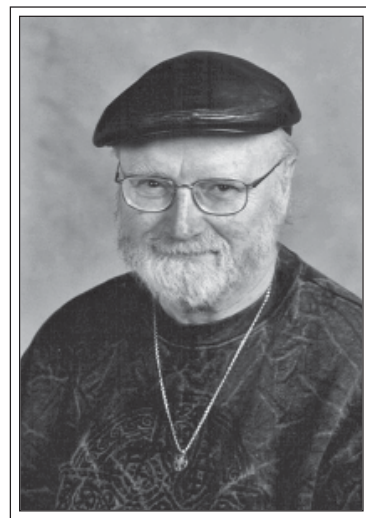
Becoming intimately acquainted with the dark other within us empowers us to relate with and effectively deal with the darkness in the outer world. The inner experience of getting into conscious relationship with and integrating the other within ourselves is reflected in the outside world, as the more we embrace the other within us, the more we are able to re-connect with others in the outside world, and vice-versa.

Any one person integrating the darkness within themselves could be, as Jung said, "... the makeweight that tips the scales," precipitating a realization in the collective psyche of all humanity. Because we are all interconnected, we can co-relate, inter-act and hook up with each other to become the instruments through which our lucidity becomes collectively made real (materialized) in space and time. We are then able to intervene *en masse* and change the dynamics and direction of the waking dream we are sharing. We are being invited by the universe to be the engines of our own, as well as the universes', evolution. It is an invitation we should not decline. Let us assent and say "Yes!" to what is being freely offered to us. ∅



**Paul Levy** is an artist and a spiritually-informed political co-activist. A pioneer in the field of spiritual awakening, he is a healer in private practice, assisting others who are awakening to the dreamlike nature of reality. He is a long-time Tibetan Buddhist practitioner and the author of [The Madness of George Bush: A Reflection of Our Collective Psychosis](#), which is available at [www.awakeninthedream.com](http://www.awakeninthedream.com). Please feel free to pass this article along to a friend if you feel so inspired. Contact at [paul@awakeninthedream.com](mailto:paul@awakeninthedream.com) e looks forward to your reflections.

# DREAMS IN THE NEWS



## Dreams Into The World

by Russell A. Lockhart, Ph.D.

ONE LATE EVENING IN 1859, the chemist Friedrich August Kekulé was hard at work on his master work, *Lehrbuch der Organischen Chemie*—which would remain forever unfinished. But that night—away from his worktable, dropping into a chair and turning it to the fireplace—he dried into a half-sleep, when what he would later call a “waking dream” took hold of him. “*Atoms gambled before my eyes,*” he wrote, “*winding and turning like snakes.*” And then he saw it! “*One snake grabbed its own tail, and mockingly the shape whirled before my eyes. As if struck by lightning, I awoke.*” Kekulé labored

for hours afterward, “working out the consequences,” which in this case, became the “discovery” of the ring structure of benzene—a pivotal moment in the history of organic chemistry.

Most of you have probably heard this story before... so it is not news.

A contemporary of Kekulé, one George Phineas Gordon, a master printer in New York City, sealed the fate of the flat-bed printing press with his invention of the Gordon platen press for which he received a number of U.S. Patents beginning in 1850. Gordon, a spiritualist, later amended

his patent so that the press would thereafter be called the Franklin-Gordon Press. Benjamin Franklin—himself a master printer and a prolific inventor—had appeared in one of Gordon's dreams. There, *Ben Franklin had drawn Gordon a picture illustrating the principle of the new style press.* Gordon, an honest man, wanted to acknowledge his indebtedness to the still-inventing Franklin, and did so formally. The sales of the Franklin-Gordon Press made Gordon a multi-millionaire.

You may not have heard this story before, so it may be news to you.

News is thus relative, not only to the time point in which it occurs, but to the time point in which it is heard. I mention this because when I am looking for “dreams in the news” to highlight in this column, I realize I need not limit myself to current sound-bites on TV or screaming headlines in some current magazine or even contemporary events at all. If I have not heard about it before, it’s “news to me.” And may be to you too.

In this regard, I want to tell you about patent number 6,088,836, issued July 18, 2000, to James de Cordova, and—in his words—“the amazing true story of how a dream inspired the invention of the dreamhelmet.”

Dreamhelmet?

When I found this word while googling “dreams,” I initially thought it would be a reference to the mythological “helmet of invisibility” associated with such figures as Hades or Hermes and others. When I clicked on the link I was met with these headlines:

### **Sleep Mask with Sound-Block**

**All one piece. Has secret money-carrying pockets too!  
The world's first and only.  
“An ingenious new invention...”**

Arthur Frommer's  
*Budget Travel Magazine*

### **“The Dreamhelmet... is worth its weight in psychotropic drugs.”**

K. C. Summers in the  
*Travel Section: Washington Post*

### **Sleep in Style, Anywhere, Anytime!**

To see hidden “money-carrying pockets,” “psychotropic drugs” and “dreamhelmet” all so closely linked in such few words gave credence to my

initial impression that I was indeed entering into the precincts of Hades and Hermes, Pluto and Mercury.

Intrigued, I read on and learned that Jim de Cordova was a bit of a mercurial figure himself—school teacher, real estate salesman, world traveler, author of *Jim's Backpackers Guide* for the international backpacking set, and host to international travelers at his popular and outrageously in-expensive Venice Beach international hostel, *Jim's at the Beach*.

Jim lives on a sailboat.

One morning in 1998, as the sun was announcing the new day, he woke from a dream. He reached for his pen and pad and quickly sketched out an image from his dream, trying to capture it before it faded away. What Jim saw in his dream was something like a “wearable pillow with an opaque eye mask attached.” Jim was inspired to turn this drawn dream image into a reality. Thus was born what he came to call the “Dreamhelmet.” As he developed it, it combined the function of eye shades, sound blockers, neck supports and pillows. The secret money-pockets and the doubling of the whole contraption as a hand warming muff and a place for an alarm watch were additions that would come later.

Because Jim's daytime activities catered to adventurous souls roaming the world on a shoestring, he immediately saw the potential for the dreamhelmet to help weary travelers get the sleep (and dreams!) they need in all kinds of unusual places. He felt his device would also protect the sleeper—like a teddy bear—during adventures in the dream world. In addition to dreamhelmet, Jim coined the expression ‘Adventure Sleep’ to highlight these values.

Jim's dreamhelmet overcame many of the inadequacies of other previous attempts and he was awarded a patent on the dreamhelmet in 2000 as a “sensory deprivation” device. They now come in different styles—one designed especially for the U.S. military. Jim hopes one day to see that every soldier is able to get good sleep and dreams in obviously difficult conditions. The public can now buy this “dream realized” from Jim's website <http://dreamhelmet.com>. In keeping with Jim's “shoestring” entrepreneurship, the dreamhelmet seems to me a steal at \$29.95.

Jim shared with me a testimonial from one of his satisfied customers. Overworked, overstressed, stealing time from sleep, and not dreaming—an extremely common picture these days of contemporary life—was the background for seeing a story about the dreamhelmet in the local newspaper. Anecdotal as it is, it is worth listening to this person's experience. After using the dreamhelmet, the quality of his sleep improved and his dreams returned more vividly and memorably than ever before.

Kekulé never reported another dream discovery. Nor did Gordon. Nor has Jim. Perhaps one such experience brought to realization in the manifest world is news enough. ☺



~If you become aware of any “dreams in the news,” Dr. Lockhart would be pleased to hear from you at [ral@ralockhart.com](mailto:ral@ralockhart.com). If any of you intrepid dreamers or non-dreamers have experience with the dreamhelmet, Dr. Lockhart would like to hear from you as well.



# Crazy Horse

## A DreamStory

by Boz Bowles

**T**HE FIRST TIME I SAW NATIVE AMERICANS was on a black and white TV when I was four years old. They rode their horses towards the camera and I thought they'd come charging right into our den, whooping and screaming and shaking feathered spears over their heads... which were identical to crowns of white feathers bouncing on their backs. Foolish, savage, charging into the cowboys' guns and dying by the dozen, they kept coming no matter how many died. Seeing such 'stupidity' on such a frightening scale, I ran all the way into the kitchen and hid under the table. God knows why.

The first time I saw real Native Americans was the night they attacked our condo by the lake in Olde Towne Village. I heard them through the window. At first, I thought I heard a sunfish jump. Then another. By the third sunfish's splash, I was suspicious. I crawled out from under the covers, feeling the cool floor through the gritty plastic soles of my footed pajamas. The fish kept jumping. When I reached my window, I somehow knew to sneak, so I peered with just one eye out of the bottom corner of the glass. I saw them!

Not sunfish. Native Americans. Eight, maybe ten of them. They walked short pinto ponies up the shoreline, quiet, past the Sunny Mart

and into our backyard. I could tell from the beaded patterns on their moccasins that they were Sioux. Crazy Horse's Oglala Lakota, actually. I know about these things: I saw some photos in a book. I also read the captions.

Compared to my Dad, the Native Americans were all kind of short and they were bowlegged from always riding. Like the Native Americans on TV, they all wore buckskins and moccasins, but the ones on television were always plain brown. Gray on the black and white set, but somehow I still knew I was looking at brown. These Native Americans wore vivid outfits, bursting orange and yellow. They carried polished clubs and beaded bags like ferocious animals. One cradled a three-foot pipe in the crook of his arm, the same way Grandfather used to carry his shotgun on hunting trips. The pipe stem was carved in the shape of the buffalo and draped with bright red calfskin. Four Eagle feathers hung from the polished stone bowl, waving in the wind without destination.

The Indian carrying the pipe fingered a jagged scar across his cheek. One lock of his hair was slicked to his face between his eyes, stretching over his forehead to the tip of his nose; the lock was cut square and didn't budge in the breeze. His head-

dress of bright yellow porcupine quills sticking out in every direction bounced in unison when he turned from the water's edge; he looked straight up at my bedroom window and pointed the pipe stem at me.

My guts gurgled. I almost messed my pants, literally. I dropped to the floor and grabbed up my stomach in my arms. Crawling on my belly to the bedroom door, I checked over my shoulder to make sure my bottom wasn't sticking up high enough to be seen from the water's edge.

Before rushing downstairs, I looked back through the window one last time towards the tree right outside: the oak I always thought about jumping into from my bedroom window. It always seemed close enough to touch, but whenever I tried to grab a branch, I came up about ten feet short, hanging over the sill until the blood thudded through my head.

Of course the Native Americans would climb that tree to get a look inside, I thought. They always climbed trees. That's just the kind of thing real Native Americans did. White people never look up. They don't expect anything worth seeing to be up a tree.

I knew I had to get downstairs to warn my parents! No one else had seen them but me. I left the door open, jumped down the three steps



from my attic bedroom, then a U-turn around the banister and down the stairs into the living room. Nobody but company ever sat in the living room; it was just for show. I spent a lot of time there, sometimes, face down on the couch with my head hanging off the edge. My blood would course through my neck until the thrust of my pulse seemed to make my head bounce.

I would think about how still I had to be to look dead. Keeping my eyes open was a good way to look dead because nobody ever thinks of dead people with their eyes open. Having my mouth open was good too. That way I could breathe with less noise, slowly, so nobody would ever notice my abdomen moving up and down. I would practice for hours at playing dead. I'd pick a point in space and focus on it, mouth open and draw shallow breaths. Stare. Don't blink my eyes. Fakers always blink.


But when I got to the living room this time, it was crawling with dozens of stubby black snakes that showed no fear of me. They carried deadly venom for which there was surely no antidote; I just knew it. I stopped on the first step above them, my momentum almost forcing me into their bites. One of the snakes rolled over on his back and hissed at my toes. It moved like a fish. But it was a snake, a slithering reptile, twisting like a cut bloodworm.

The snakes only swarmed on our carpet, and they were thick down there, but the chair, the sofa and the table with Mom's collection of crystals and glass bells were all clear, safe, and close together. I could make it. The first jump would be the longest. I stretched my toes as far over the edge of the step as I dared toward the easy chair. I leapt. Snakes flopped into the air like jumping fish, trying to bite me as I flew. I landed on my stomach over the back of the chair.

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It started to tip over backwards with my weight, so I dropped one foot to the floor and bounced the chair forward and flat. Somehow I didn't get bit during the split second my foot was on the ground, even though the snakes were swarming throughout the carpet.

Once safe on the chair, I remembered the Native Americans; I was taking too long. I hopped from the easy chair to the sofa, took a step up onto the end table and leapt again, this time into the kitchen. A small, glass bell shaped like a little girl with blue stripes in her dress fell to the floor. Several snakes crushed it under their stubby bodies. They cut themselves fighting it, eating its pieces, struggling and creating more shards, writhing together like nervous fingers, oozing blackish blood and dying with awful lurching convulsions.

When I made the final jump from the table into the kitchen—safe from the snakes on yellow linoleum—all I had to do to alert my parents to the presence of Native Americans in our house was to open the door to the den. We used to keep it open year round... but our dog, Sticky, had gotten in a habit of going upstairs and wetting in my bed. She was so old, blind from cataracts and deaf in one ear; she didn't like being snuck up on. When she stood, her haunches shook.

The front door clicked open from

its own weight. The Indian with the pipe entered, standing as tall as a grizzly bear. Living room snakes scattered at the sight of this Indian but he didn't even seem to notice them. He just strode in and dropped his stare right on me.

This was a warrior of the Oglala Lakota Nation, by God. He had yellow circles beaded into his moccasins and a golden fish embroidered with porcupine quills on his buckskin shirt, a yellow streak was painted over the scar across his cheek and a blue bead dangled behind his ear.

I stared at him, wanting to cry out for Dad. I wanted Dad to chase these bad people away, to save us all. If I could just get to Dad in time to warn him. After a few tries, without looking, I found the doorknob behind me. The latch was loud; they always are when I try to be quiet. I slipped through and bounded down three more steps.

Dad was watching baseball on TV. The Braves, of course. He sat in his recliner slicing hunks of cheese with a steak knife, letting the slices fall on his belly, using it sort of as a trough. Mom was ironing curtains meant to match the pillowcases in my room. She sprayed them with starch, then ran the iron without looking. She watched the ballgame too, annoying Dad with questions about the game. "What's the score? Why do their uniforms make their butts look so big? How many outs?" she asked.

"I don't know," he said, eating cheese right off the knife blade now.

"Dad! Mom! It's Crazy Horse and the whole Sioux Nation. They're already in the house!" I ran to the fireplace, blocking Dad's view of the game and jumped up on the brick hearth, grabbing for Dad's old .22 squirrel rifle, more a decorative antique than a weapon. The gun was much heavier than it looked.

"Freeze right there, Buster," Dad said, slamming the recliner shut and sending slices of cheddar flying as he stood. "Don't touch the thunder stick." "But Dad, it's Crazy Horse," I whispered suddenly. "They're already in the living room. They'll be here any second!"

"What're you doing out of bed, Mister?" He grabbed the gun barrel, watched a pitch, growled a little.

"They're coming! They're coming!" I jumped up and down as I said it. I meant to use the jumps to punctuate my point, but I think it made me look silly. He started looking for cheese, but still yanked the gun angrily out of my hands.

Sticky looked for cheese too; she hadn't lost her sense of smell.

"Two and one," Dad said to no one in particular, echoing the TV.

I could feel tears gathering in the corners of my eyes. My throat felt too big for my neck. "You guys never listen and you'll be sorry and you never listen."

"Whoa there, Mister," Dad said. "This is the third time this week you've come down here with some crazy story." Someone hit a three-run homer in the ninth to win the game and Dad forgot for a moment that I was alive. He jumped around the room, shaking the gun over his head. "Heck yeah." he yelled, "Heck yeah." Sticky looked up from some cheddar, saw nothing through gray cataracts and growled. The growl rose in pitch, like a condescending question.

"Crazy Horse is coming! Crazy Horse is coming!" I screamed again.

Mom set the hissing iron on the board and fixed her lips to laugh, but didn't. Instead she smiled at Dad, not taking me seriously either. She said, "Now Honey-Boy, don't you know Native Americans never attack anyone who's asleep? It's against their religion."

Baloney. Mom didn't know anything about Native Americans. She couldn't tell Sioux from Pawnee. She probably thought they all ran around saying "How!" all the time.

"Why don't you go on upstairs and get back to bed? There's no need for all this nonsense."

"But Mom, they'll get us all. You've got to believe me."

"I'll get you if you don't get your butt back in bed."

"But Mom, they're here."

The arrow that killed Mom came from behind me, whizzing past my head and striking her square in the neck. She looked stunned to hear her own throat gurgle; blood spurted like long red lizard tongues, flicking again and again. The arrow went straight through her, shuddering into the wood paneling I had helped Dad hang last spring.

Dad stopped dancing and looked around trying to make sense of Mom's shocked expression. They both froze until Mom finally fell to the floor. The iron's cord somehow wrapped around her wrist. She looked like she was pulling on it as she died, mouth open, staring at the ceiling.

Sticky slithered and barked at the air but couldn't locate an enemy, or Mom, and padded dangerously close to the iron. She felt its heat and yelped and danced.

I heard the arrows: two dense thuds, barely a second apart. Then Dad turned, staggering, two arrows sticking out of his gut, circles of blood surrounding each entry point. He looked down at the protruding arrows like they might explain themselves, like they might justify killing him, but nothing but dark, gushing blood

"It is greed alone  
that is the enemy  
of this world.  
The lust for money,  
power, riches, fame  
—when thwarted—  
become envy, jealousy,  
anger, hatred.  
Thus deluded,  
the entangled soul  
falls into the hell of  
his/her own creation."

Lord Krishna instructing Arjuna in  
the ancient science of Yoga.  
*Bhagavad Gita*

came.

So Dad just sat on the hearth and sort of groaned. I saw him strain to lift his head a second before he spoke. "You best run, Mister," he said. "Go!"

When he fell forward his weight pushed one arrow farther through his body. The other snapped.

I grabbed the gun and lurched for the back door. Sticky followed. I was about to step into the yard when I heard a hiss. A stumpy black snake rolled over onto its back, flopping around, hissing and snapping at me. Dozens of them twisted through the grass. There was no escape.

I looked back just in time to see Crazy Horse coming around the corner, great stone pipe in hand, his war bonnet risen in a golden sunburst like the very crown of Almighty God. ☪

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## Dreams and Visions

In *The Audubon Society  
Field Guide to North American  
Birds: Western Region*

I identify the Bullock's Oriole  
or at least a distant cousin  
that boomeranged

on the sagebrush-salted wind  
across our slow career  
to perch bobbing like a tongue  
of wildfire on a slick  
creekside willow swing  
in a drought year.

Footloose suburban wayfarers we  
foray off on footpaths  
thick with the laissez-faire  
architecture of wild mint  
and quack grass, declare  
ourselves besieged by red ants

as hell-bent as traffic  
on an L. A. freeway.  
You: twenty-seven. Mother: late fifties.  
Second daughter: two in August.  
First daughter: three.  
Following halfway

through the adult male  
breeding cycle  
like stinkbug or Western Grebe, me.  
In Centennial Park, near golf course  
and canyon picnic sprees  
the weather continues fickle.

Overarched by the Perrine Bridge,  
my mother stoops to snap  
off asparagus shoots  
like a woman drafting  
a precision map of her family roots,  
checks if they're ripe,

tells me offhand  
that last week while reading  
out loud, my grandmother,  
eighty-nine, said she saw standing  
next to the couch  
the form of her mother

in early twentieth-century  
Canadian dress.  
A sunbleached Bud Light cup  
and Ritz Crackers  
wrapper rolled up  
in horsetail grass,

shiny as shed snakehide,  
mark a propinquant par four.  
I fall smack-dab center  
in a bloodline  
of family visionaries.  
Before he died, my war

veteran grandfather lay  
in a leather recliner  
in his darkened study, behind  
shaded windows, eyes  
pulled four years blind,  
and like a sage cosmographer

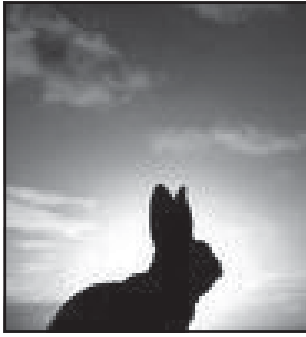
identifying baby supernovas  
with his finger counted what he said  
were at first twelve children  
wearing white, floating  
around our then  
beaming newlywed heads,

as prolific as this year's  
hatch of checkerspot butterflies.  
*Audubon's* says that  
due to the breakdown  
of eastern woodland habitat  
and suburbs west, the varieties

of Baltimore and Bullock's  
have interbred freely,  
creating a new strain, the Northern Oriole.  
Gilded in sun haze near a bench  
donated by the local Rotary  
our oldest daughter stands knee-

deep in dandelions  
as numerous as Pharaoh's dreams.  
She blows the puffball spores  
of our hybrid generations  
into space and time galore,  
more beautiful than she seems.

Matthew James Babcock~ Email: [BabcockM@buyi.edu](mailto:BabcockM@buyi.edu)



### ~ March Moon ~ Totem Spirit of the Rabbit

As soon as I saw that the Rabbit was considered the Totem Spirit for March by so many Native American tribes, I thought of the March Hare in Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland*. It seems that the phrase, 'Mad as a March Hare' was quite common in the year that book was written. Going further back even further, I found that the phrase was also used by John Heywood in his collection of proverbs printed in 1546. The saying was coined in reference to the bizarre behavior of the male of the species at the beginning of its mating season, which is March in most areas of the northern hemisphere.

I also remembered from high school history classes, taken what now seems like hundreds of years ago, that Emperor Constantine incorporated many of the old pagan customs into the new Christian holidays. He did this to keep peace with the common man when he made Christianity the official religion of the empire. The very first Roman celebration of the Christian Easter included Rabbits and eggs, because the original pagan holiday that Easter replaced for the ancient Romans was symbolized by Rabbits and eggs.

Easter, which falls at the end of March or the beginning of April, took the place of the much older Roman festival of fertility. The Romans celebrated the original pagan festival of 'New Life,' at the end of March. From reading about this holiday, it

sounds as if the Romans had a pretty good time for themselves that week. Along with all that fun and whooping it up, they used Rabbits and eggs as signs of fertility. They, of course, ate Rabbit meat and eggs to promote virility, sexual power and fertility, but they also used the image of the egg or hare on plates, cups and wine vessels. This old history of the hare is why we still celebrate with Rabbits and eggs at Easter time today. The Rabbit and egg stayed a part of our Easter, symbolizing the 'New Life' of Christ after the resurrection. The past is always with us. We should always remember how our beliefs and customs came to be.

It is very hard to tell now, if there was any type of cultural exchange between our Native Americans and early Romans. We do know from history that there was at least one English speaking Native American here when the Pilgrims arrived. That man's name was Squanto. In the year 1605 Squanto was taken from his Native American village in what we now call America, by a British sea captain. He lived in England for a number of years and then was sold as a slave in Spain. After freeing himself, he hitched rides on ships until he finally made it home again. By the time the Pilgrims got to the shores of America, Squanto had crossed the Atlantic six times.

Of course, there must have been others. I'm sure there were sailors or traders that were here long before Columbus, who could have brought their customs with them. But I began to wonder if there was something about the month of March that would universally, across so many cultures, countries and centuries, bring the Rabbit or Hare to the human mind at that particular time of year. I asked a few native people if they knew anything about the March Hare and I was put in touch with a young man who works at the local hospital. He is quite a busy man, working in the Physical Therapy department, but he found the time to talk to me. I am most grateful. This kind soul, a man

by the name of Wade Anderson, went above and beyond the call of duty by finding and printing up pages about his family tribe, the Monacans, and also some information on the true Spirit of different animal Totems.

Mr. Anderson's family tribe of Monacans lived in the Virginia area for more than ten thousand years. This is according to what is known today. Of course, it could be twice or even three times that number of years that the Monacans have lived in Virginia. We now know that the Clovis people of Oklahoma settled in that region thirty-five thousand years ago. When we find information that tells us the Monacans inhabited Virginia for at least ten thousand years; we know that other information gathered tomorrow might push this date back many more centuries.

The Monacan tribe is part of a much larger confederation that included the Siouan and Mannahoac. These Native Americans were an agricultural people, living in villages with palisade walls and burying their dead ceremoniously in mounds. Mound building was not common to all the tribes in America, so this custom sets the Monacan tribe apart. Many of the ancient mounds of the Monacan are being excavated today. History and archeological digs are so important because we learn so much from the past of all cultures. This is especially true of the spiritual natives of our homeland.

The Spirit of the Rabbit is much more complicated than one might think. In the eyes of our Native Americans this small vulnerable animal was also seen as a symbol of fertility, but that's not where the power of the Rabbit Spirit stops. The Rabbit Spirit was also helpful in conquering fear, ensuring safety and promoting self acceptance.

The Rabbit Spirit calls fear to itself, deliberately. This may seem like an odd thing to do, as fear is one of the more unpleasant human emotions.

But the calling of fear to oneself was to teach bravery. If one is not afraid, they cannot be brave. If one is too ignorant to know that they can be hurt or killed in battle or in an attempt to kill a dangerous animal, they are not brave, they are merely dim-witted. The calling of fear to oneself is for the lesson of bravery. Rabbit medicine people learn from this fear and are then prepared for what they fear. The fear makes them wise. The Rabbit is known for outwitting those animals who wish to harm him. The ability to outwit their foes grows out of what they learn from fear and their deep love of life.

People who are one with the Rabbit Spirit learn safety from overcoming fear and give themselves time to ponder the troubles that may lie ahead. This forethought prepares the Rabbit souls for any eventuality, be it war, illness, being taken into slavery by another tribe, or any other tragedy that might befall a human being. The fear that they accept makes them ready for whatever life throws at them.

The self acceptance of the Rabbit Spirit allows the Rabbit person to be forgiving of himself in the face of the many faults with which we are all born. The kicking of oneself is a favorite pastime for many. Those who enjoy unity with the Spirit of the Rabbit learn to take themselves with a grain of salt. This trait is one that we should all learn.

It is interesting that the much older Asian culture—the culture from which Native Americans came—has an Oriental Zodiac. The twelve signs of that astrology are each in power for one full year and each sign is represented by an animal. The year of the Rabbit is wedged in between tiger and the dragon. The last year of the Rabbit ended Feb. 4, 2000. The next year of the Rabbit will begin Feb. 3, 2012.

In ancient Chinese astrology, the Rabbit symbolizes rebirth and immortality. Again we see a unifying of cultural beliefs across time and space. Please be reminded that rebirth,

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reincarnation and immortality are much different than simply being prolific. The Oriental Horoscope is much older than the first Christian celebration of Easter, which also incorporated the Rabbit into that holiday as a symbol of rebirth and immortality.

According to Asian tradition, people born in the year of the Rabbit are thought to be survivors, able to pick themselves up and try again. Beauty is very important to Rabbit people; they will forgo comfort for look or style. Those born under this sign are noted for their endurance; they will try and try again, continuing their efforts long after most others would give up. Rabbit people usually enjoy culture, learning and the finer things in life. Those born in Rabbit years are very tidy and sticklers for cleanliness. Rabbit people can be hard on themselves and they don't mind telling you where you've gone wrong either.

For the most part, Rabbits are very sweet; this is true for the animal as well as the souls who are born in the year of the Rabbit and also for those who seek out the spiritual Totem of the Rabbit. ☽

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### Dream Inspired Poetry

#### Inside, Outside in the Jungle

(Docudream #9)

A full glass wall makes  
makes the schoolroom a safe  
harbor of sunshine.

Green waves of foliage lap the glass  
testing the invisible border  
between inside and outside.

Suddenly the jungle  
opens machinegun fire.  
Parakeets join in.

A tiger with a bandolier  
across the shoulders  
turns his snarl at the class

and commands us  
to tell him  
which side we're on.

On the winning side,  
roars out the class as one,  
except my mouth is full.

Whose balls are you chewing?  
demands the tiger,  
ready to charge at me,

and I can already  
see him bite into my groin,  
leaving me naked.

Very naked is indeed  
the one who hasn't got  
a side to be on.

by Paul Sohar

**Call of the Wild** (cont'd from pg. 13)

unconscious, encounters the inhabitants of her inner, wildlife nature and explores its domain to find the treasure (i.e. healing, courage, strength, creativity or wisdom) that may be needed for revitalization in her waking, civilized life. And, ultimately, "Only... the dreamer (herself) can say with any certainty what meanings (her) dreams may hold" (op. cit., p. 7).

In sum, this exploration will also attempt to demonstrate that dreams can be viewed as healing gifts to be opened; riddles to be unraveled; living realities to be experienced on subtle levels of consciousness; mythic descents to be followed into the wildlands of the unconscious; and/or oracles to be received from the universal wisdom pool. Dreams are a uniquely personal, yet universal language of image, symbol and metaphor. And even though our dream images may shape-shift and function variously as concealers and revealers, paradox and process, they also serve to awaken us to previously unknown aspects of our instinctual, human nature, as well as to present choices and future possibilities. Our dreams, in effect, present us with a wondrous call to adventure, in both our inner and outer lives.

**Outward Bound:  
Anticipated Implications**

When we answer the call of the wild within by attending to our dreams,

we are responding to a summons which can initiate us into the life-long adventure of discovering and developing a compassionate relationship with the wildish, often neglected areas of the psyche. In answering the call to this quest, our dream animal images become powerful guides which can inspire us to take the necessary, individually appropriate actions toward remembrance, healing and renewal on both personal and collective levels.

In the concluding chapter, I will suggest an integrated, dreamwork approach, called "The Four Elementals of the Dream". It was originally presented by Aad van Ouwerkerk, M. A. at the 1990 *Association for the Study of Dreams (IASD)* Conference as a practical method, based upon the ancient metaphor of the four elements of earth, air, fire and water to designate four different ways to facilitate a relationship between the conscious ego and dream material (van Ouwerkerk, 1993, p. 16-17). This approach draws from the Jungian process of active imagination but also includes art work and other ways of integrating dream symbols into everyday life. And most importantly, it is particularly designed to be used independently by the dreamer.

It is my hope that the different approaches presented may inspire the reader to explore her or his own dreams and animal symbols from

different perspectives and, most importantly, to trust one's own instinctive psyche, intuitive sense and ah-ha experiences—the voices of the inner, wildlife nature.

In sum, by confronting and befriending our sometimes wounded, sometimes fearsome and mysterious dream animal images, along with our more familiar, gentle ones, women who choose to work with these images can be guided from within to retrieve previously lost or endangered aspects of our instinctual nature. And by following the trails of our dream animal healers, teachers and guides who frequently roam freely through our inner wildlife habitats, we can learn to welcome our dreamtime encounters as sacred opportunities for reconnecting with our natural, instinctual forces and soul-life.

As we learn to consciously follow our dream animals' movements, shadows and footprints, we discover that they can lead us in our daily life toward more balanced, animated expressions of our womanhood, humanness and spiritual wholeness. Emerging from our nightly, dreamtime encounters, we can then return to the daytime world of community, love and work, feeling intrinsically connected, or even transformed, in some meaningful way. ♪

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

*(Ms. Ring's chapter on Wounded Animals (in dreams) will appear in our next issue)*

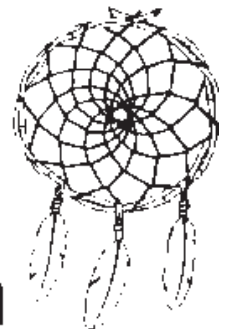
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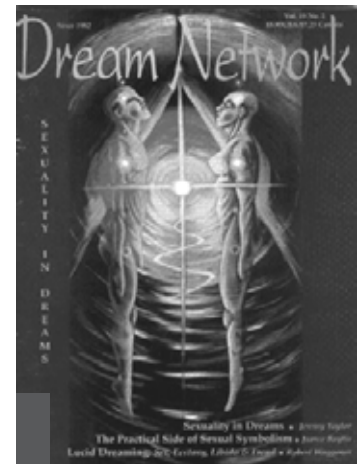
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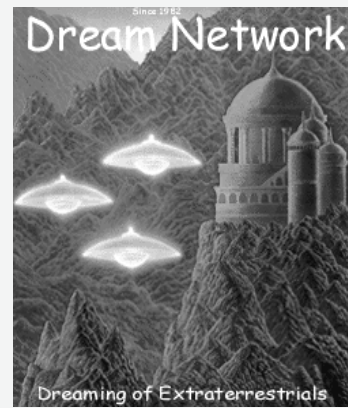
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