



A Tribute to Stanley Krippner, Ph. D. Honoring Stan the Man ~ Rita Dwyer & Bob Van De Castle A Man Beyond the Seasons ~ Sandy Sela Smith, Ph. D. ALSO... Precognitive For Sure! ~ Janice Baylis Wilda Tanner, Madame Blavatsky, Charles de Beer & Me ~ Noreen Wessling

Aishali the spiritual wild child, radio host and

author of the highly acclaimed book "You Are What You Love"

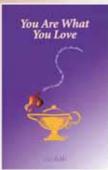
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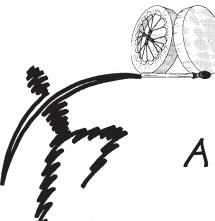
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"Brilliant!" - Dannion Brinkley







Drum Dance & Dream: A Different Road to Peace

by Jean Campbell

A few days ago, someone sent me a recent AlterNet interview with author/activist Barbara Ehrenreich, whose book <u>Dancing in the Streets:</u> <u>A History of Collective Joy</u> is fast becoming a best seller. In the interview, Ehrenreich talks about the widespread depression that has plagued citizens of the United States and many other countries in the past forty or fifty years, and gives her prescription for a cure.

"I concluded," Ehrenreich tells her interviewer, "that ecstatic rituals were a cure for depression—you can see that in many cultures. An example of a culture that uses it as a cure is some North Africans; if a woman were to take to her bed and become depressed, family would call in a zar healer who would bring in musicians and healers to engage in days and nights of ecstatic dancing, and soon the woman would get up and join. Some cultures would see this as a cure for melancholy. We do drugs instead, both antidepressants and illegal drugs."

"We have never lost the capacity for collective joy," she continues. "It's part of our nature. But if you look at how little we get to exercise it—if we compare ourselves to the French in the 14th century, with Saint's Days and this huge calendar of festivities we just don't do it much, if at all." On June 25 this year, the World Dreams Peace Bridge and the Rainbow Medicine Blanket Council will be giving us all an opportunity for dancing in the streets: an opportunity to drum and dream together.

"Drum Dance and Dream for Peace" will be the opening ceremony for Peace and Leadership Day at the World Children's Festival on the National Mall at 4th Street in Washington, D.C. The drumming circle will begin at noon with a Native American ceremony, led by the Clan Mothers from the Four Directions. This event is free and open to all who can come—especially the children.

Beyond that, with your assistance, there will be a rolling wave of drumbeats and dancing from the moment that Monday, June 25, begins (which is 24 hours earlier than Washington in some parts of the world). So if you have a drum, or something to make into a drum, and a willingness toward creating joy, you are asked to join in wherever you are: at home, at the office, in the streets, or at the National Mall, asking that for the children of the world—peace will no longer be just a dream.

"Drum Dance and Dream for Peace" began with a dream. On May 14, 2006, a month before she led the Solstice Drumming Ceremony for the International Association for the Study of Dreams' annual conference at Bridgewater State College in Massachusetts, Mary Whitefeather Joyce of Boston had the following dream:

We are all (many people for miles) are standing outside, not sure where, a place where I've never been. We are all holding hands in a prayer for PEACE. We are all dressed very colorfully, wearing colors of the rainbow. There are children everywhere as far as I can see. There are many with drums. There are four large pow-wow size 24"-28" drums in a circle and within four corners, as though they represent the four directions. As soon as I hear the drum beats I wake up! EOD

For Mary, who regularly records her dreams, this was just another dream until on February 14, 2007-nine months to the day after her dreamshe spoke with Dr. Ashfaq Ishaq, director of the International Child Art Foundation (ICAF), and creator of the World Children's Festival which brings together children from all over the world. In their first conversation, Dr. Ishaq asked Mary to create "the world's largest-ever drumming circle." Mary, remembering her dream, readily agreed, asking that The World Dreams Peace Bridge cosponsor the event. (Continued on page 43)

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Dream Network ISSN #1054-6707 Spring/Summer 2007 Vol. 26 #s 1&2

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Statement of Purpose

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 wellbeing, 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 and opinions 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 AUTUMN Vol. 26#3

Visionary Activism How have your dreams compelled you to take action,

personally or politically?

Lifeline: 4 Weeks after you receive this issue.

*NOTE Regarding Submissions:

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

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

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

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



This is truly Stanley Krippner's issue! So many outstanding individuals in the 'Dream Movement' came forward to pay tribute to Stanley, it was impossible to exclude any of the articles submitted. It is my hope that you, Stanley, bask in the deeply moving, sometimes downright hilarious and all ways well deserved praise within and that those of our readers not aware of him are enriched through this introduction to his life-work via his colleagues, former students and friends.

You will learn that he definitely became aware of his 'Purpose' in this lifetime at a very early age; that he has and continues to fulfill the profound tasks to which he was set and destined.

Though I bowed to him in the last editorial, I do want to share one of my first, meaningful experiences with Stan in my early days as steward of DNJ. I was having difficulty with one of the Advisors, had a dream about that person and consulted with Stan. He wrote back: "Some of my best friends don't like one another." I continue to learn from that beautifully succinct, wise response. I must also say that I have learned much more about him than I knew before inviting this tribute and probably would have been too shy to attempt to do justice to his accomplishments in this way.

Among the author-artists extraordinairre sharing their friendship with Stanley is Fariba Bogzaran. Her article reveals that it was a very important precognitive dream which initiated their relationship. Her article heads up a section of moving precognitive dream-stories in response to the invitation in our last issue for readers to share their 'Most Important Precognitive Dreams.' Thank you, Fariba, for your creative blending and to each of you who share your special dreams revealing yet-to-beexperienced in day-reality information and events.

It is a precognitive dream that set my own feet firmly on this path, nearly 30 years ago. It was the first, Big dream that I recalled as an adult and it was like attending a full-blown, full-length movie. Upon awakening, I was overwhelmed with the event I had just 'seen' and hadn't a clue as to what was happening to me, what the dream meant. It wasn't until five years later that the dream became manifest in a community event to honor an anniversary (in Autumn 1981) of the founding of the United Nations, a very successful event which I was stimulated to coordinate. Doing so was not a conscious decision; I virtually had no choice!

In summer, 1993, I was fortunate to attend a predominantly Native American event in Bella-Bella, Canada and was invited to share this dream-event with the Nations who gathered there.

This, my 'First Dream' is a continuing prayer for Peace on Earth and unity among all nations and nationalities who reside on this beautiful planet.

The dream required that I take action in the community, which brings up the 'Focus' Question for our Autumn issue: Visionary Activism: How have your dreams compelled you to take action, personally or politically? Now is the time!

Please note: Because of the 'move' we've made over the past several months, there will be only three issues published this year (2007). We will advance your subscription by one issue to compensate you rightly.

Editorial Policy

We invite you to submit letters, articles, poetry, reviews and artwork focused on dreams and mythology designed to inspire and educate our readers. We accept articles from everynight dreamers and professionals, ranging from the experiential to the scholarly.

Typical article length is approx.1600-2000 words. A photo and art work to enhance your submission is requested. Artists wishing to have their work considered for our covers, please contact the editor: Publisher @DreamNetwork.net. Electronic/email, .pdf, .tif or .jpg files are preferred for text, ads, artwork & photos. Include SASE with PO queries & submissions.

Dream Network reserves the right to edit all material submitted for publication; we retain first North American serial rights only. All copyright reverts to the author/artist/poet after first publication, with the proviso that Dream Network is referenced and contact information provided in secondary publication. We retain the right to republish materials submitted in future issues or subjectspecific booklets and/or monographs.

We encourage you to list your dream-related research requests and ask that you notify us of dream-related events, services or books which would be of interest to our readers.

We are perpetually 'Exploring the Mystery,' and invite your Questions as well.

Letters, Questions & Dreams

To Begin: 'A Tribute to Stanley Krippner'

I met Stanley at Saybrook in 1999. Having read his bio before applying there had a great influence on my decision to attend Saybrook. Because the courses he taught were usually full, I was thrilled to be given the opportunity to take his Personal Mythology and Dreamwork course. Strangely, he guided me without really guiding me. I could feel that he believed in whatever I wanted to write, that what I wrote would be the exact paper I needed to write at that time. That's one of the many things I love about Stanley, his ability to inspire by trusting in the competence of his students.

I think of Stanley as a man who says "yes" to life, and this attitude trickles downward to the great fortune of his students. His exquisite sensitivity to the feelings of others makes it so easy, even delightful, to receive his critical comments because one knows, intuitively, that there is no judgment of the person, but only that he is committed to helping his students do their very best work. He does not expect them to write using his style, or the style of anyone else. He, in fact, demands (in a good way!) that his students convey their individual, authentic thoughts and feelings. He freely shares personal life events-his life is an open book-which naturally induces others to be vulnerable.

Of course, the depth and breadth of Stanley's intellectual knowledge and wisdom is extremely rare in an individual and he can speak eloquently on just about any subject one can think of. When I am having a difficult time staying focused, which is often, I am inspired by merely thinking about Stanley, about the fact that he continues to write book after book, article after article. I imagine that many of the tributes written for Stan will be, rightfully so, in praise of his contributions to dreamwork and mythology, shamanism, transpersonal psychology, and parapsychology, among others. These contributions are immeasurable, indeed. But when I think of Stanley, I am first reminded of his boundless generosity of spirit and heart. As is true for many others, I'm certain, Stanley has made a profound and positive impact on my life and I am forever grateful and in his debt. Thank you, Stanley for all you have given to me and to the world.

With much love,

Varida Kautner, The Netherlands

Our Dream Group: Setting a Longevity Record?

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Thanks for your continued and wonderful work with the *Dream Network*. Our dream group of many years, I'm happy to say, is still in vigorous existence. Perhaps we are setting a longevity record! It began long ago at a weekend workshop on lucidity that Stephen LeBerge facilitated.

I believe the reason for our longevity is the fact that we meet only once a month. This does, of course, mean some loss of continuity. On the other hand, it means that people do not have to commit to a substantial weekly chunk of time. There is contact among some members in the interim, of course. Also, at each session, we go around the circle for a brief 'catch-up' report. Each person takes about five minutes to inform us about any emotionally important experiences of the past month.

Edith Gilmore, Concord, MA

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New Dream Groups Spawning: Berkshire Dreams

An inaugural Berkshire dream group met at the Lichtenstein Center for the Arts, Pittsfield, MA, Saturday, March 10. Sixteen dreamers listened and responded to two dreams, and discussed how dreams affect their lives.

Allen Flagg and Joe Goodwin organized the event, with the help of Megan Whilden, Executive Director of the Lichtenstein Center. She is also Director of Cultural Development for the City of Pittsfield.

The group was given a brochure, "Actualizing Your Dreams," with information on remembering dreams, joining a dream group, and sharing dreams. A packet of eight pages of dreamwork was handed out, including art and poetry that had been obtained in dreams.

Several members expressed interest

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!

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Please send yours to:

LETTERS % Dream Network PO Box 1026 Moab, UT 84532 Publisher@DreamNetwork.net in forming on-going dream groups, to continue their exploration of dream experiences

Allen Flagg, New York, NY

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Animals in Dreams Especially Cats

I do thank you for sharing so much of your life in the article you wrote some while back. It was very interesting and nice of you.

The magazine itself is getting better every time and has helped me a lot to organize "in English" a lot of the dream methodologies involved. I am as always, working with my group in Caracas, Puerto Rico. It's been 18 years now I've lived here. Sometimes I do wish I could find a school to belong to here in Puerto Rico but I guess those connections somehow are hardwired with what we have to do. I am looking forward to the next magazines with articles on animals, speaking of which, I have a wonderful story to share.

I love cats. I own four of them or perhaps I should say they own me, since I am convinced dogs are mascots and think we are gods, but cats are our owners and believe they are the gods. Anyway, about seven years ago I started dreaming with a gray and white tiger/tabby that would accompany me and my two cats everywhere. She would always walk close to me in dreams and play with me. She had a very distinct "miau" and she was very loving. How I knew the kitty was a "she" is one of the wonderful mysteries of dreamwork. During two years the gray kitty appeared many time in my dreams and I was very always happy to see her.

One day, towards the third year, I passed a parked car in the street and heard a very distinctive "miau" come out from under the car. I froze in my steps and saw a very sweet gray and

white tiger kitty, perhaps two or three months old, peek out from under the car. My heart just raced itself against my throat and I remember I just could not move from the spot. I guess I must have looked like an idiot just standing there. Kitty came over and purred while she rubbed her head against my shoe. She did however look hungry and thin. It was instantaneous how I recognized her. Her "miau" and the way she wiggled when she walked were unmistakable. It was a kitty here in the physical world with me. I understood in a second why I had not dreamt with Kitty in the last few months; how could I since she was now here in the physical world. That evening I came back and brought

her some food, which she was delighted to eat. I kept bringing her food every day and petting her, but I did not dare bring her home because of my other two cats. A few weeks went by and overcoming her shyness kitty allowed me to pet and carry her.

About two months later we had a hurricane warning, I prepared the house and readied myself to go sit it out in my sister's home. I was worried sick abut kitty and went out looking for her. She was waiting for me at the foot of the stairs. I picked her up and brought her inside the house where I prepared a bed in the laundry room, placed kitty litter, fresh water and plenty of food in a cat food dispenser. I had to leave and take the other two with me in their carrying boxes, but I wanted her to be safe.

Fortunately the hurricane kept going past the island and I was home a day later. I looked in on kitty and she was sound asleep and happy. She slept for at least three days and ate and drank to her heart's content and of course, she was here to stay.

I named her Debbie (for the hurricane that never came to be) and I was thrilled to see how well my other two cats got along with her. She became an excellent huntress and companion. One day I came home early and saw her climbing up a neighbor's tree. When she saw me, she raced down the tree, crossed the streetwithout looking my way-and went around the house and sat in the front yard. When I reached her she was all smiles and huggies. She did not want me to think for one moment that she was derelict in her duties of caring for the house. She made this a habit and every time she was busy looking in on other patios and I came home, she would come around the opposite end of the yard and sit in front and only then would she look at me.

Debbie was a great companion. She would sit with me and watch T.V. She shared her food with every hungry and grungy cat that called in for relief. She gave her bed to a great buddy that lived down the street and must have weighed at least 16 pounds. She was a merciless huntress of mice and would line them up next to the door for me to see.

She fattened up and became very savvy in the ways of the house and how to manipulate me. But we were happy and for some reason I did not think it strange that the kitty from my dream world had found me in this physical world. I explained this to my family and some friends and needless to say, they all thought I was just walking around in a confused daze, which I wasn't. I have my dream journals and drawings of kitty of years before she came to me to prove that I was not imagining anything.

About three years ago I had to go on a three day trip and prepared everything for all the cats to be fed and safe. My sister would look in on them and there was no problem... however, the evening before I left Debbie came behind me and left at my feet a dead turtle dove. I was very upset and told her it was no laughing matter to be left with a symbol of death the day before my trip since we associate the turtle dove with the passing of loved ones. I was upset and Debbie just looked at me with those big very wise green eyes of hers.

I did however make further arrangements with my sister to care for them permanently should I not come back home. I took my trip , but when I came back my sister took me aside before driving me home and told me that Debbie had passed away. She had passed away in a fenced-in utility room where they could see her but could not reach her because they did not have the key.

When I got home I opened the room up and there she was, looking so sound asleep and quiet. I can't even begin to tell the grief that overcame me and the horrid anger I felt against the premonition she herself had felt and tried to communicate to me. It took a while for me to understand that Debbie was a very special kitty and had said goodbye to me before my trip. I buried her and some part of me went right with her.

Days went by and I did not recover well. My grief was something that I carried around like a bucket full of rocks inside me. No one that tried could convince me to accept her departure and I was literally heartbroken. I supposed when one is so sad it's hard to put all the details together and understand what a gift I had been given by a very special kitty.

A few days went by and I had to contact some friends of mine who were quietly waiting for the right moment to let me know some wonderful news. The night before I called them, during a channeling session and unbeknownst to me, their guides had requested I be told that Debbie had not passed on alone, that one of them had been there looking after her during her passing and that she was very well taken care of. I was not to despair but to understand that life continues on and she was still there for me. It's been a few years now since Debbie's passing and I still miss her terribly but when I calm down and understand the magic and magnificent teachings and love that I was given with her physical presence it makes it all more bearable. I still dream about her and imagine she is still in spirit, only now she wears a magnificent medallion that allows me to feel she has been rewarded for her great job in teaching a human that not all teachers are bipeds, some are quadrupeds and have beautiful green eyes, like to watch T.V and invite all the grungies home to dinner. Blessings.

Mildred Rosario, Puerto Rico

Errata Upon Errata

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I'm glad that the journal is also paying tribute to Stanley Krippner. In his tireless effort to gain cross-cultural knowledge of inner experience, he's shed tremendous light on the intricate dream world. Stan has a talent for mixing verve and meticulousness in his research, and I'm grateful for all the years I've been fortunate to know him.

Thank you for printing a copyright notice regarding my recent article (Vol. 25, No. 4, p. 6, "Errata," referring to "*Twelve Contributions of Montague Ullman to the Field of Dreams*," which appeared in Vol. 25, No. 2). It is merely the seed of something I might continue to develop, and so I appreciate holding on to the copyright.

My only "hard-won" (sweat and tears!) credential is Ph.D., which served me well in my years as an anthropologist. Now that I seek to create a simple, contemplative life of art, I'd like to think that the M.A. you cite in your note means "Mindful Aspirant." In any event, a highlight of graduate school was meeting Monte. His kindness, wisdom, and friendship have been a true blessing.

Deborah Hillman, Montpelier, VT Thanks for setting the record straight, Deborah and please accept my spology. (Editor)

Sad Things, Good Things Happening

It's sad, isn't it, how many people there are out there doing horrible things. My mail box is often filled with attempts to get at my bank account information, etc. So sad that all those people haven't found a higher calling. We're living in a sad world.

At least you're doing something good, bringing dreams and myth to people, allowing a platform for so many individuals to connect, providing a venue for art, and ideas produced by ordinary people. It's a wonderful thing.

William (Bill) Stimson, Taiwan

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Praise for Harimandir Kalsa's Art Animals in Dreams Issue

Thank you so much for publishing my article, "The Crow Who Turned Into a Wolf." The setup and photos are just wonderful!

Interesting to me - Harimandir Kalsa, the cover artist, lives in Melrose FL, which is about 15 miles from Gainesville FL where I live. I have known Harimandir for probably 30 years. We don't know one another very well, but that's a long time. The Lion on the cover entitled "Steven's Dance" is the most beautiful piece of her work that I've ever seen and I'm writing to tell her so.

I'm honored to be included in such a special issue of *Dream Network Jour-nal*, also especially because you included the photos of your new home.

Elizabeth Howard, Gainseville, FL



We're Beating Our Drums For You, As You Do For Us!

A Psychologist in the Tradition of William James and Gardner Murphy

by Montague Ullman, M.D..

BOTH WILLIAM JAMES AND GARDNER MURPHY reached the height of their profession as psychologists. Both had the prestige and courage to confront the scientific community with what, in James' time, was known as psychic phenomena and in Murphy's time as parapsychology. Murphy was also a remarkable teacher and spawned a whole new generation of researchers.

STANLEY KRIPPNER has followed in the tracks of both James and Murphy.

In 1961, I made a critical decision that led to my connection with Stan. I gave up my psychoanalytic practice to accept a full-time position at the Maimonides Medical Center to develop a department of psychiatry there. What was so tempting about the offer was that it held out the possibility of setting up a sleep laboratory to study dream telepathy.

The discovery in 1953 of the connection of dreaming to Rapid Eye Movement (REM) sleep offered the opportunity to capture dreams at the time they occur. This was precisely what was needed for a dream telepathy experiment. Murphy came through with the money to fund the laboratory. More importantly, he found exactly the right person to direct it. He plucked Stan out from his position as director of the Child Study Center at Kent State University in Ohio. So, in 1964, Stan found himself in Brooklyn with the task of organizing a laboratory and developing a research staff. Thus began the nocturnal approach to dream telepathy. It was an experiment that had to be done under airtight conditions that excluded all possible sensory cues to the specific target. Stan was meticulous about this. No one has ever been able to challenge the methodology he worked out to eliminate sensory clues to the target.

Stan was a veritable Pied Piper. His stewardship of the dream laboratory attracted many young, eager assistants. At one point, Charles (Chuck) Honorton—who had worked at J. B. Rhine's laboratory in Durham, North Carolina—became a full-time member of Stan's staff. Chuck originated one of the most successful series of experiments in parapsychology, namely, the "Ganzfeld" effect, in which partial sensory deprivation in the form of eliminating visual perception resulted in striking statistical results.

The end result of our nocturnal pursuit of ESP appeared in the book <u>Dream</u> <u>Telepathy</u>, written by Alan Vaughan in collaboration with Stan and myself, summarizing the work of the laboratory experiment.

The laboratory folded in 1973 when our funding ran out. Stan left to join the Saybrook Graduate School, where he found a most favorable environment for his many talents. At Saybrook, he was and is able to fulfill his passion for helping and teaching young psychologists and at the same time has the opportunity to pursue his own special interests. These encompass his studies in the field of anomalous experiences that are outside the ken of orthodox science.

Saybrook is the natural home for the full range of Stan's talents. In pursuit of his various projects, he roams the world as a lecturer and as the extended laboratory he needs for the vast range of his interests... a range that covers the field of anomalous behavior from shamanism to hypnosis, as well as his continued interest in dreams and the paranormal.

In short, Stan pursues areas closest to his heart, areas swept under the rug by orthodox science.



He has written about his observations in a steady flow of papers and books, often co-authored or co-edited with others. These include essays on spiritual consciousness and the many books he has written on dreams and parapsychology.

The most recent book he has coedited is a masterful encyclopedic volume entitled <u>Varieties of Anomalous Experience</u>. It will serve as a source book for a new generation of explorers concerned with the vast and limitless range of human potential.

Stan and I have kept in touch over the years. A number of his doctoral students have based their Ph. D. theses on dreams and the application of group dreamwork, in some instances targeting areas such as a geriatric population and patients with AIDS. Their admiration for Stan as a teacher, as reported to me, knows no bounds.

Teacher, exemplar, pathfinder and explorer of the still unknown, Stan continues his quest. Not very many have accomplished so much on their own or given so much of themselves to others as teacher, role-model and explorer of phenomena that may ultimately expand the range of scientific inquiry.

I am happy to have been there with you, Stan, when you began this remarkable journey and we all hope to be kept informed of your continuing adventures. \wp



Observing the Remarkable Stanley Krippner

by Ruth Richards, M.D., Ph.D. Saybrook Graduate School

 ${f I}$ have the great good for-TUNE to be on the faculty with Stanley Krippner at Saybrook Graduate School, in San Francisco, and have worked with Stan at Saybrook now for more than a decade. This has included taking part in periodic dream seminars for our Saybrook Residential Conferences, other faculty activities, and a remarkable monthly dream group, led by Stanley, at the home of Ruth-Inge Heinze, another of our faculty, in Berkeley. I would like to share a few anecdotes and verbal snapshots of Stanley-a few quick moments with an extraordinary person.

This is not, by the way, to overlook Stanley Krippner's voluminous scholarship which has changed the nature of consciousness studies and as part of this, our understandings of dreams. Two of many of his books I use regularly are Stanley's (with David Feinstein) <u>The Mythic Path</u>, for a course in *Personal Mythology and Dreamwork*, a Saybrook course which itself was originally designed by Stanley, and which truly changes students lives. Many students have testified to this.

Another book is <u>Extraordinary</u> <u>Dreams and How to Work with</u> <u>Them</u>, authored by Stanley, Fariba Bogzaran, and Andre Percia de Carvalho, which is a primary reference for some of the Saybrook dream seminars we offer. With Allan Combs, Stanley also recently wrote a chapter for a forthcoming book I edited, <u>Everyday Creativity and New</u> <u>Views of Human Nature</u>, on the structures of consciousness that frame our entire individual and collective experience (and dreams). The chapter, "Consciousness and Creativity: Opening the Doors of Perception" shows once again just "how far out there" Stanley is—in fact, out there where we all should be.

When I was just getting to know Stan, Mike Arons, founder of another of the first programs in humanistic psychology (Saybrook being one), at West Georgia University, student of Maslow, and mutual friend, told me that Stan was "Mr. Saybrook." Why so? I asked Mike. "Because," said Mike, wherever you are in humanistic psychology, you turn your head and Stan was there."

Now one finds Stan in a faculty meeting, quiet, present, very attentive, but saying little. Until suddenly! Then—when he makes a rare pronouncement—everybody stops and listens carefully. Organized, logical, facilitating, and deeply caring—his comments are right on the nose. These interventions are typically on "hot" topics, so I hope I'll be excused not to give a fuller example.

Now here's a contrast-dream theater! Here is Stan in the moment, as villain, hero, or another part that is needed. As part of our dream seminars at Saybrook Residential Conferences, we (students and faculty) will act out and further explore key dreams, often under the direction of Steve Pritzker, also on the Saybrook faculty, who, in an earlier life, was a prizewinning Hollywood sitcom writer (Mary Tyler Moore and others). Now here is the remarkable Stan Krippner cast as villain, in black leather jacket, stooped and lurking around a street, heh-hehheh, snickering to himself, ready to pounce on a hapless victim. Then there is Stan as an discombobulated waiter, dealing with way too many commands, dropping things, mixing them up, and so on. Stan Krippner got the Saybrook Academy Award, and more than once. More importantly, he can be present, in the moment, in touch with the human condition, and able to seek and play with the joy of a child.

Now here's Stan at one of Ruth-Inge's monthly dream groups, leading dreamwork by the Ullman Method. Actually, we first chat and share, and eat treats provided by Ruth-Inge in this relaxed home setting. I must say, Stanley has a serious sweet tooth. Finally, the dreamer presents, the group then clarifies, and next interprets as "if it were my dream," followed by the dreamer's response, and reflections and further background from the dreamer and discussion. Stan is patient, sensitive, somber, enthused... helping bring forth the richest material and interpretations of dream imagery from those who share and participate in the interpretative process, be they possible meanings personal, social, mythical, transpersonal, ancient, current, or multicultural across the widest

span of cultures and traditions (Stan's knowledge and experience are remarkable), while assisting the dreamer in a true spirit of helping. Stan is showing us once again that we should all honor and learn from the wisdom of our dreams. (Again, for confidentiality, I won't give specific examples, but they're super. Sorry.)

Now here is Stan meeting one-onone with individual students at our Residential Conference. Does Stan ever love the students and vice versa! This pair is eagerly engaged, sitting in the lobby of the San Francisco Westin where our conference is held. On this day, one sees a student hugging Stan, with tears in her eyes, as he looks embarrassed and happy. This particular student (I'm picturing someone from last January) is telling him how the course in Personal Mythology and Dreamwork has changed her life. (The reader too might want to take a look at the book and course!)

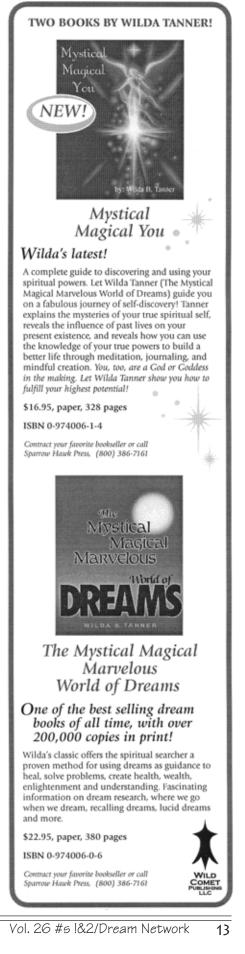
Ah—now Stanley is dancing at the disco. Party night at the Residential Conference. Can't stop this irrepressible guy.

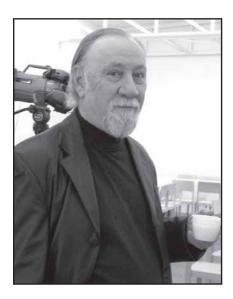
Stan knows everyone, or so it seems. I'd admired dream researcher Ernest Hartmann from afar for years, and suddenly here he is, in town, attending and lecturing at our January residential conference, in his eagerness to see Stan. Or Herbert Guenther, noted Buddhist translator and scholar, who in his late 80s, rode alone on the San Francisco rapid transit system, at lunch hour, to meet Stan at a city café. It was my privilege to be along for that meeting.

At faculty meetings, we sometimes pass around new books we have published. How special, a few years ago, to see Stan's co-edited (with Etzel Cardena, and Steven Jay Lynn) <u>Varieties of Anomalous Ex-</u> perience: Examining the Scientific Evidence, making the rounds (published in year 2000). Stan typically does this "show and tell" in a low key way. However, the appearance of this book from the most mainstream respected academic publisher in psychology, The American Psychological Association (APA Books) represented an incredible coup and movement toward the changing of paradigms in our culture. All the better that this happened at the millennium. Among the chapters: Lucid Dreaming, Out of Body Experiences, and Psi Related Experiences.

Let me end on an act of heroism. People who have visibly and publicly protested the multiple and terrible abductions and murders of woman in Juarez, MX, have put themselves in potential danger. Stan returned from a trip to Mexico, telling faculty about this situation and the need to do something. He had a Mexican newspaper with him, with a headline story on this issue. Who should we see there but Stanley Krippner, noted psychologist from the USA, making a public statement about these atrocities.

Here, in observing Stanley Krippner, is much we can admire and aspire to as well. A leader, a mover, yet quiet and humble, while bowing to no force, taking risks, saying the unspoken, opening minds. Being himself present in the moment, and bringing the rest of us closer. Having deep personal knowledge, and helping us all to know other realms, other worlds, dream time, shamanic journeying, structures of consciousness which for us, as an endangered species and world, could help save us. It is my great privilege to know Dr. Stanley Krippner. These are only a few examples of Stanley in action, but may they, along with examples from others, help give a picture of this extraordinary man. \wp





Lt seems that just about everyone who knows Stanley personally has a story about how and where they first met. Mine occurred in 1990 when I was helping to organize the first meeting of the Society for Chaos Theory in Psychology. A colleague told me to call Stanley Krippner at the Saybrook Institute in San Francisco and he would help us find a site for the meeting. I had never heard of Stanley Krippner or of Saybrook, but with the help of a telephone operator I managed to get through. Stan was friendly, but told me that he had just returned form South America where he had been working with shamans and had not quite recovered from the final ceremony, at which mind-altering substances had been used; he requested that I call him the next day. Calling again the next day I found Stan to be completely compos sui. To my amazement he informed me that he had talked to the president of Savbrook and we were welcome to use their facilities for our conference. In fact, he was even to give an excellent opening address at the conference, and has continued to be an advocate and scholar of chaos theory ever since.

During the ensuing years I have had the pleasure of Stan's friendship, of working with him on professional pa-

Very poetic, but where's the beef ?!

by Allan Combs, Saybrook Colleague

pers and presentations—many of which involved dreaming and the brain—and sharing with him the responsibilities of supervising many graduate student dissertations. In fact, one such dissertation concerning an investigation of dreaming arrived on my desk the day I sat down to write this article. I felt that some of the notes he had scratched for the student's benefit along the margins were reflective his own unique character. Here they are.

"None of these ideas are operational!"

Stan doesn't waste a lot of time on pure speculation. He likes ideas to be tied down to the world of reality. In this sense he is always the scientist. At the same time, and unlike so many scientists and intellectuals who would rather deny the plain facts of an unexplainable event such as a precognitive dream or a miraculous cure, Stan believes in his senses and trusts the senses of other honest people. But he does not stop there. He wants to pursue an understanding that is scientific in the larger sense of being rational, systematic, and consistent with a wider range of facts. He sees no contradiction in studying the seemingly magical activities of shamans and the miraculous manifestations of dreams in the context of real science.

"What is the definition?"

When Stan gives a public talk the first thing he does is define his terms. He likes to be clear on what he is talking about, and he expects the same from others. In a word, he brooks no non-sense.

"A good start and then it gets muddled."

And he likes to keep it clear.

"This needs work. It mixes philosophy, metaphysics, and science not very harmoniously." Muddled thinking is no friend to Stan.

"How do these interact with the research questions, or don't they?"

Let's get back to the questions we can answer and leave off with speculating about angles dancing on the heads of pins.

"Not APA style."

Stan is a veritable editing powerhouse. He can eat through a 150 page manuscript on a short plane trip, marking every out-of-place comma and period with alacrity. I have never seen anything like it. When students send him papers I tell them to brace themselves. And sure enough, in no time at all back comes a barrage of grape-shot edits that hurl even the most inflated student (or faculty) scholar back to humble reality. But just when you think he is going to report you to the dean of bad grammar you may find out that he has been bragging on you to other students and colleagues! Never confuse Stan's sharp edges for an absence of warmth, support, and caring. He just wants it right!



"This is well stated and clear."

Stan is never reluctant to complement a student, or colleague, on good work, and he doesn't much care which they are.

"This is not a standard term."

Stanley Krippner is not a standard term. He is a cranky, no-nonsense, guy who almost everybody loves and would fight to spend time with. Professor Eugene Taylor calls him "Mr. Saybrook." People young and old see him at conferences, meet him in airports, or hear him give lectures, and they want more. It is said that he has personally recruited half the students at Saybrook simply by being there.

"This is rich!"

Stan's work on dreams and dreaming is just one aspect of his amazingly multifaceted life. He is one of the most widely celebrated scholars of paranormal phenomena, has written important works on dissociation and traumatic stress disorders, is a leading investigator of shamanism, has written extensively on health and healing, personal mythology, neuroscience, consciousness studies, and recently on creativity. Stan, you are amazing.

Very poetic, but where's the beef?!

Well, Stanley, I guess you know by now that you are the beef! The real thing. We all love you and thank you for being yourself. \wp

(*Author's afterthought:* Since awkwardly morphed into *The Society for Chaos Theory in Psychology and the Life Sciences*, I now believe this recollection to be mostly a memory fabrication.)

Honoring Stan the Man

by Rita Dwyer

Others have done a superb job of describing Stanley Krippner and his reputation as an inveterate traveler and good-will ambassador, making impactful connections throughout our world. Stan is truly "The Man" when it comes to pioneering and researching new frontiers of mind and space—a fearless cosmonaut.

At IASD's first conference in San Franciso in 1984, Stan spoke on *Dreams and the Shamanic Tradition*, another interest of mine, the spiritual and healing aspects of dreams. Subsequently I have spent nearly 24 years touching in with Stan at our IASD conferences, but also by phone and online.

No matter how busy, Stan never turned away a query that I sent him from our Central Office in Virginia. He was always open and friendly, though keeping to the business at hand with a professionalism that was striking. As IASD's President in 1993-1994, he was an exemplary leader and guided us to proper decisions and actions. He continues to share his wisdom at board meetings and online. Coming back from his many trips, he faces hundreds of e-mails which he answers, supporting everyone from beginning students to established colleagues and researchers. Serious when need be, Stan can also be great fun-watch him at IASD Dream Balls!

Despite his fame and well-deserved awards, Stan is a humble hard worker. An example: Years ago Bob Van de Castle came to Washington DC for a meeting. On the day we'd planned to lunch together, he called to say he'd bumped into Stan and could we three eat together? Fine!

I met them in the lobby of the hotel. Having no place special lined up, we just decided to walk up the street and



look around for a likely place. It was a very hot and humid, typical DC summer weather. I asked Stan if he didn't find it overwhelming. No problem. He said he had learned to be agreeable to the environment wherever he was. Hmmm.

He was carrying a seemingly heavy bag and when I wondered why he didn't leave it behind at the hotel, he explained it was full of papers written by his students at Saybrook which he was reviewing and using any spare minutes to work on them. Hmmm.

As we walked up the street, we saw a restaurant, Duke Zeibert's, an establishment where the power people of Washington used to meet. It surely was a convenient location, but I doubted we could get in without reservations. As we walked up the elegant entry stairs, there at the top was the host himself, Duke Zeibert, a man of great influence in DC.

"Stan!" Duke called out with great surprise and delight, running forward to embrace him in a warm hug! Stan had never mentioned that he knew Duke, who led us to one of the best tables in the house. We had a simple lunch and enjoyed our time together, no fuss, no fanfare. I was reminded of the advice given by an Old Testament prophet: **Act justly, love tenderly and walk humbly on one's path.** Thanks, Stan, for leading us so well. \wp More...

Honoring 'Stan the Man'

by Robert Van De Castle

I first met Stan about 40 years ago when was serving as the Research Director for the dream telepathy studies that were being carried out at Maimonides Hospital in Brooklyn. Montague Ullman, a psychiatrist, and he carried out their large scale systematic study there for about 10 years. They wrote a book entitled <u>Dream Telepathy</u> and also published a large number of research articles in scientific journals describing their procedures and results that supported a telepathy hypothesis.

Because of my successful results previously as a telepathic dreamer at the Institute of Dream Research in Miami with Calvin Hall, arrangements had been made for me to periodically participate as a subject in their project. It took me 44 weeks to complete eight nights of study there. Stan had what seemed to be a rather constantly changing cast of research assistants who would attach electrodes to my head to prepare me for my nightly dreaming sessions. After every REM period, Stan would awaken me to ask me what type of dreaming experiences I had just been having. He did this this five to seven times per night. He would then interview me the following morning to inquire about how many of the preceding dreams I could still recall and would present me with a group of eight colored pictures. My task was to select which one I thought had been the target picture that the

"sender" had been concentrating upon in a distant part of the hospital. I always felt that Stan was carrying out his responsibilities in a very careful and comprehensive fashion, but did so in a very warm and supportive style during all of our laboratory interactions.

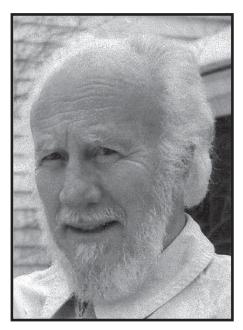
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"It almost seems that Stan must occupy some peculiar bubble of time warp, because during any 24 hour period, he is accomplishing about 48 hours of traveling, interviewing, supervising students, writing, editing, researching and presenting at conferences."

The friendship that I developed with Stan continues to grow over the many subsequent years. I have always been amazed at his encyclopedic recall for the content of research studies, the names of the researchers and to provide riveting anecdotes about the interesting variety of people whom he has interacted with during his wide ranging travels. If I wish to obtain the latest information about any current studies or about the history of past studies, the person to whom I would turn is Stan. He is like a human Google database for all sorts of mainstream science as well as arcane knowledge.

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If I were ever to be introduced for speaking at a panel or symposium, I was always delighted when I learned that Stan would be the person



introducing me. He has always been so gracious in the ways that he described who I am that he made me feel far more important than I feel I am. Many young aspiring researchers are mentored by Stan and he makes a wonderful role model for them.

It almost seems that Stan must occupy some peculiar bubble of time warp, because during any 24 hour period, he is accomplishing about 48 hours of traveling, interviewing, supervising students, writing, editing, researching, presenting at conferences etc. etc. Stan is internationally recognized as an authority on dreams, parapsychology and altered states of consciousness. His extraordinary range of knowledge has been obtained by engaging in continual self exploration, carrying out creative research and conducting extensive field work with indigenous people in far-flung locations. He has probably accumulated more bonus flying miles than that of all the DNJ readership combined! His numerous accomplishments have made him a living myth in the "Wise Old Man" tradition.

Many follow behind him as he confidently carries the lantern high and leads us ahead on our journeys. \wp

Stanley... As I Know Him

Reflections from a friend and colleague

by Justina Lasley



DR. STANLEY KRIPPNER IS A GUIDING LIGHT AND INSPIRATION for me and for hundreds of students and professionals in the field of Psychology—in our waking life and in our dreams.

Not surprisingly, Stan is usually surrounded by people he has taught, mentored, and supported. He is seldom found alone.

One time in 1997, however, he was alone at the Atlanta airport. As a graduate student, I was honored to be asked to meet Dr. Krippner at the airport and take him to the University of West Georgia, more than an hour away. He was to be the key note speaker for a symposium.

What a great opportunity for me alone with Dr. Krippner for almost two hours.

I was a bit nervous—how could I sustain an intelligent conversation with him during our drive? I cleared my calendar for his arrival day, Sunday (or so I was told.)

I will never forget a phone message on <u>Saturday</u> afternoon that was something like: "This is Stanley Krippner. I am at the Atlanta airport and wonder where I should meet you." Ohmigosh! It felt like I had just failed the President of the United States. How could this be? I nervously checked my calendar and information regarding his arrival. Clearly it said SUNDAY! And I had Saturday dinner guests.

After controlling my panic and after many unanswered calls to professors at the University, I finally found someone to drive to Atlanta to get Dr. Krippner. He waited several hours, but true to his character and his **unfailing patience**, he didn't seem to mind.

When I saw him the next day, he was not upset with this mistake regarding his arrival date. He was just thankful that he eventually had a ride and was pleased to be back at West Georgia with old and new friends. And, of course, **we were happy to be with him**. Who has not been?!

Many times I have found Stanley to wait, wonder, and even enjoy the situation—no matter how unfortunate the circumstances that unfold. Never complaining... that is Stan. **Always looking at the bright side of life**!

My initial encounter with Dr. Krippner was during my first semester of graduate school. The Chair of the psychology department, Dr. Rice, was a former Saybrook student and currently a close colleague of Stanley. I had a trip planned to San Francisco and Dr. Rice suggested that I look up Dr. Stanley Krippner. Of course, I knew his name and reputation. What? Look him up? As if Dr. Krippner would have time or desire to meet me!

Dr. Rice insisted and I promised I would call and did so... nervously. Amazingly, Dr. Krippner welcomed my call. He mentioned that he was leaving the next day for South America, yet he encouraged me to come by Saybrook. To him it was important to make the connection. Connections... hmmm... that is one thing that Stan does well for all of us. **He connects** us to each other.

As an advisor to so many, one must wonder how he keeps up with all his e-mails? I can imagine (with terror) the number he receives daily. And he responds promptly and personally! I saw him at one chaotic APA Convention taking advantage of a few minutes break to search out a computer to tend to his e-mails. Attentive... hmmmm.... That is what Stan is to us. **Attentive to our individual needs**.

When I began writing my book on dreams, he took a deep interest – encouraging me and offering bits of wisdom about how I might proceed. He does that for us--**Offers wisdom.** To hear his comments, I did have to keep up with him (no easy task) as he headed off to his next meeting at the Association for the Study of Dreams annual conference, moving quickly across the campus, talking to



"Man is a genius when he is dreaming."

> Akira Kurosawa. Japanese filmmaker.

"The future belongs to those who believe in the beauty of their dreams."

Eleanor Roosevelt

"Existence would be intolerable if we were never to dream."

> Anatole France, French novelist.

"Why does the eye see a thing more clearly in dreams than the imagination when awake?"

Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519), Italian artist, scientist, architect, genius!

wise, strong, gentle, energetic, yet calm....

Stanley Krippner is a blessing.

A blessing to his students, his friends, his colleagues, his country, and to the world at large.

I am lucky to have him as a part of my life! I am sure that many of you feel the same way. Anyone who has had the privilege of meeting him knows that **Stan is the Man**! \wp

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several people at the same time. A comment here, a smile there, a handshake, an autograph in one of his many books, and a quick photo by one of his dream friends. He doesn't miss a beat. **He is a generous man, always sharing**.

All of this is done with good nature and a gratitude for being asked. Stanley **teaches us the gift of** gratitude and acceptance.

I was flattered and amazed that a man of this depth not only read my book and commented, but wrote the foreword. How many books do you think he has to read and how many papers from his students and research from his colleagues, as well as lectures to prepare, aspects of dreams to research, conferences to attend, key note speeches to deliver? Obviously, he understands and practices time management. Commitments?

Yes, Stan is committed.

When I began to create a dream certification program, I needed great advisors, well versed in the world of dreams. Stan offered to be there for me, with me, and guide me. He was not an advisor in name only, but had a **sincere interest** in meeting the students and sharing in ways he could. Just what he "needs", more students! He is a **dedicated teacher** in the truest sense of the phrase.

He really cares about each person he meets-not only those who have similar interests in dreams, but anyone who is following their soul path—and even those who are not.

Recently, I began dream work at the Open Center in NYC-and who was there for my first weekend?! You quessed it! Stan led our group Sunday after having led a dream workshop for actors all day Saturday -and I understand he partied Saturday night with NY area Saybrook students. To get to the Open Center, I suggested he take a cab rather than the subway from his hotel-to save time and energy! When he arrived early Sunday morning he thanked me, since by taking the cab he had time for his morning jog on the streets of NY. Really, where does he get this energy? Energetic he is!!

Dancing with Stanley is not to be missed! At the annual Dream Ball of the IASD conference, Stan stays on the dance floor. I love to dance, but I admit that I have to rest every now and then. Not Stan—**he's out there moving to the beat**—one of the last to leave the party. He always wears a costume while many others use the excuse that they didn't have time to get one together. "**Excuses**" are not part of Stan's life style.

People gather around him—students, colleagues, strangers (but not strangers for long). **Everyone loves Stanley**. I believe everyday he impacts many lives in major ways.

A remarkable man-

A Man Beyond the Seasons

By Sandy Sela-Smith, Ph.D.



JUST AS SIR THOMAS MORE STRUGGLED AGAINST THE DE-MANDS OF KING HENRY VIII, as depicted in the film, A Man for all Seasons (Bolt, 1960), many humans are trapped by the unbending structures built around the ordered and predictable seasons of their lives. The worlds, within which many of us live-especially in the Western tradition-are filled with what we accept as unalterable rules and most of us not only live by those rules, but die by them as well. Stanley Krippner (2002) points out that, "our culture consistently erects boundaries, constructs borders, and divides the world into neat (and sometimes overly meticulous) categories that allow us to go about our business in a more or less orderly way" (p. 34). And rarely in the tight constructions of those bounded worlds do we find people who understand that there is something very real, perhaps even more real, that exists beyond the rigid constructs of what we mistakenly identify as the real world.

The accepted world filled with verifiable and testable structures—the empirical world that is seen, touched, heard, tasted, and smelled—moves, we assume, in predictable patterns that build the ordered seasons of our lives, until some unusual experience challenges the structures. And, perhaps, for the first time in our lives, we have an opportunity to decide what world we are willing to embrace. We can embrace the unusual experience and allow for the possibility of a much broader, more limitless world or reject the experience and continue to live...and die...within our comforting, yet often uncomfortable limitations.

Stanley Krippner is one of those rare persons who—from a very early age—knew that there were worlds beyond this one and has spent his life studying and teaching about these worlds so that others could learn to glimpse into the more limitless realities that he first observed when he was so very young. In an email correspondence, Stanley explained to me about his early interest in these other worlds:

"As a child I spent a great deal of time reading. I lived on a farm in Wisconsin. There were very few people my age in the neighborhood, and my sister was much younger than I was. Once my parents taught me how to read (before attending school), I devoured anything and everything around the house. Of special interest was a set of books my grandparents had owned. They were kept in the attic. They contained mythological tales from all over the world, and this stimulated my interest in mythology. Many of these myths, legends, and folk tales involved dreams. So I began to start my own dream diary. I continued this on and off through junior high school, senior high school, and college. Once I began graduate school, I kept writing down my dreams continuously and now have a collection of several thousand.... My grandparents' set of books contained many examples of extraordinary dreams -- those about the future, about past lives, about visitations by angels or spirits, etc. So my interest in PSI and in dreams goes back to those old books. What would I have done without them? But PSI and dreams later became a part of my personal experience, and so there was never a "disconnect" between what I read and what I experienced."

When Stanley was about eight years old, he dreamed one of those pivotal and life-altering dreams that opened the door to what was to become his life's path, as well as his gift to the world. He shared with me that dream.

"I dreamed that I was outside our farm, looking up at the sky. Suddenly the sky opened up and I could see an entire cosmos beyond what was ordinarily visible. The second world was made up of pastel colors, complex casuallike forms, intricate, but harmonious. The message to me was that there was more to life and the universe than is available to our ordinary ways of perceiving reality. In other words, there is an everyday, ordinary reality, but, also, a non-ordinary reality lurking just beyond. It requires focus and discipline—or perhaps grace or luck—to glimpse it. Nonetheless, it is there, and we ignore it at our peril."

In a 2002 article, Dancing with the Trickster: Notes for a Transpersonal *Autobiography*, Dr. Krippner explains that "unusual experiences are usually omitted from autobiographies, and yet they are often among the most important of one's life" (p.1), an idea he reflected from the writings of White (1999). Not only are they omitted from autobiographies, but the fact that we still call these experiences "unusual" suggest that we omit them from our personal histories as well. Stanley tells of an experience he had when he was 14 years old. He had been an avid reader from very early on in his life, and in his words, he "desperately wanted a set of encyclopedias," but his family was unable to afford such a purchase. When his request was denied, he went to his room and began to cry but then realized that a rich uncle would possibly be able to help him. The thought of getting this help shifted the tears to his planning of possible appeals to his uncle. But the 14-year-old's attention made another major shift.

"Suddenly, I bolted upright in my bed. My psyche swelled and my mind expanded in every direction. I suddenly knew what I was not supposed to know: Uncle Max could not be depended upon because he was dead. At that moment, the telephone rang. My mother answered the phone and, between sobs, told us that my cousin had just called. Uncle Max had taken ill, was rushed to the hospital, and died shortly after his arrival." (Krippner, 1975, p.1, Krippner, 2002, p.2)

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It is possible that many of us, sometime during our childhoods, have had experiences in waking life and in dreams that could have opened our hearts and minds to swelling psyches and expanded minds. But we had no external support or internal framework that could have contained such experiences, so we dismissed them and relegated them to unconscious or subconscious places inside us and went about our world-building that did not allow the experiences—ones that our traditional constructs deemed unacceptable—to have a place.

Stanley made a place for the unusual or exceptional experiences that became a significant part of his life. He dreamed of the death of his father a few days before his passing and the death of a dear friend the day that she actually died (Krippner, 2006). In other dreamtime and experiences in "altered states," he encountered the unfolding of time where he watched his world constructed by words and numbers disintegrate in a cyclone, and then visited Kublai Kan, experienced being in Versailles with Benjamin Franklin, and finally visited Thomas Jefferson at Monticello. He then found himself:

"...at the White House gazing at a bust of Abraham Lincoln; someone whispered, "The President has been shot," and Lincoln's visage was replaced by that of John Kennedy. I did not realize that this tragic vision would be actualized less than two years later." (Krippner, 2002, pp. 8-9)

For those of us who have had the privilege to work or just "be" with Stanley -- students, colleagues, and peers-it is no surprise that he was given a Native American name, Wichasah Washte, which is Lakota Sioux for "Good Man." It is, also, no surprise that his family name, Krippner, of German heritage, means "crib-maker," and that his Irish forebears were named Porter, which translates as "doorkeeper." Stanley Krippner has been the "good man" who has opened the door for so many who first glimpsed through and then entered the new, expanded worlds. He has spent his life providing a safe place-the crib- for those newly born into the grander worlds that he first envisioned when he, himself, was only eight years old. And he has nurtured so many by giving them the support to walk in strength on their own paths beyond the acceptable and limiting worlds of their past.

For those who did not have an attic filled with mind expanding books that might have taught about mythology and dreams, Stanley wrote the books, so that others shelves could be filled with information that would allow the curious and the skeptic alike to choose to look at unusual experiences from a more expansive place. For those who did not have a "good man" in their growing up years, he became the good man—born into a family of good people—whose personal mythology, he acknowledges, includes a "determination to bring...learning, love, and light" into this world. He explained that he has been a man who has done his best:

"...to imitate the Brazilian capoeiristas, connecting with my 'animal alertness,' happily dancing, though sometimes clumsily groping my way through life. All the while, I wait for a window of opportunity to make a move on behalf of intelligence, compassion, creativity, integrity, and the other values I hold dear." (Krippner, 2002, pp. 41-42)

Jeanne Achterberg, Ph.D. and fellow professor of psychology at Saybrook Graduate School, summed up in her own words, what many colleagues have reflected over the years:

"Perhaps unbeknownst to him, Stanley Krippner has been my mentor and role model for decades in matters of scholarship, teaching, and in embodying the essence of human kindness. His open mind and heart are most laudable virtues for a scientist, and his creativity has no bounds. It is a great privilege to be his colleague and friend."

The most common response from his former students, when asked about his impact on their lives, was that Dr. Stanley Krippner has been their mentor. Many expressed unending gratitude that he gave them the tools to work with their dreams by introducing them to Dr. Montague Ullman's method of dream appreciation (Sela-Smith, 2000, Ullman, 1996). Many have used this method, as well as many other processes they learned from taking Stanley's Personal Mythology course at Saybrook, in working with their clients, as well as in presenting workshops that many of his students,

now therapists, teachers, and workshop leaders, present all over the country, and world.

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"He dreamed of the death of his father a few days before his passing and the death of a dear friend the day that she actually died. In other dreamtime and experiences in "altered states," he encountered the unfolding of time where he watched his world constructed by words and numbers disintegrate in a cyclone ... " ~ ~ ∞ ~ ∞ ~ ∞ ~ ~

There is no question that Stanley Krippner is a man who has led his life as unencumbered as possible by the rigid rules and standard structures that regulate the seasons of many lives. This writer, along with so many others acknowledge that we consider it our good fortune that this Man Beyond the Seasons, who recorded thousands of his dreams from the time he was a child and has written over one thousand articles, books, and book chapters on extraordinary experiences, had the focus and discipline, as well as the grace and luck to bring understanding to the world beyond the ordinary reality. He has gifted us with his discoveries to allow us to build the internal framework to live our lives more expansively, as does he. p

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Bio

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A Precognitive Dream & Meeting An Extra-Ordinary Human Being

by Fariba Bogzaran



I was summer of 1985 when I met Stanley Krippner in the hallway lounge of the University of Charlottesville, Virginia at the second conference of the Association for the study of Dreams (ASD). A few months prior to the conference I had a very disturbing precognitive dream that needed serious attention. I was in my mid-twenties, a graduate student conducting research on insomnia and apnea at the University of Stevens Point, Wisconsin.

I called Stanley in California and asked if I could meet with him at the conference in Charlottesville to work on my dream. He agreed immediately and we set a time and a place. The dream was about my father and it was a matter of life and death. I was familiar with Stanley's research from my training in parapsychology. I thought he would be the best person to help me work with this kind of dream. But I had no idea that this simple request of having him work with my dream was to be the beginning of a life-long collegial and personal friendship.

With his openness and gentle manner, he asked me to tell him the dream. I was emotional while I recited the short dream. He asked "How do you know this is a precognitive dream?" I gave him examples of my past precognitive dreams and their particular felt sense. Without hesitation, he confirmed my intuition and replied "O.K. Let's see how we can work with this dream and do something about it!" I was so relieved with his reply. Others with whom I shared the dream only looked at the symbolic and psychological implications and did not even know how to approach the precognitive aspect. It took us over two hours, looking into the details of the situation, to create a plan to prevent the dream from happening. This solution was complicated, but we drafted a plan and I followed it step-by-step. Likewise, I asked that my family also follow it step-by-step. As a result, my father's life was saved.

What most touched me about Stanley in that very first meeting was his quality of presence. He listened, had empathy and absolute compassion. Although he is always busy, in that moment he gave me/my dream all of his attention. His openness, brilliance, his humanity and wisdom shined through his humility. At the end of our meeting, I knew I was in the presence of **an extraordinary human being**.

With his encouragement, a few months later I moved to San Francisco. I attended his monthly dream training group for number of years at the Family Mediation Center and watched his approach with dreams; in particular, Personal Mythology and Ullman's Dream Appreciation group process. In the latter approach, every member takes the dream as if that is his/her own. When Stanley owned the dream, his creative mind would connect the metaphors and narrative of the dream into hyper-reality, filled them with psychological reflections and insights to the amazement of everyone in the group. Not repeating anyone else but acknowledging everyone's contribution, he always had a fresh perspective to lend the dream. His mastery is also evident in the last part of the technique in Ullman's approach, "Synthesis." In this 'closure' part of Ullman's suggested process, we watched Stanley's brilliant mind at work. A master synthesizer and a true composer, he would weave together everyone's input and interpretation of the dream, together with the life of the dreamer. Then he would give an entirely new and holistic narrative with reflection and great insight that would not only help the dreamer but everyone in the group. A complex networking of metaphors, ideas, psychological observations, personal narrative woven into

(Continued on page 24)

I had a sort of dream-trance the other day, in which I saw my favourite trees step out and promenade up, down and around, very curiously —

with a whisper from one, leaning down as he pass'd me, "We do all this on the present occasion, exceptionally, just for you."

Thoughts Under an Oak ~ Walt Whitman, 1875

Stanley Krippner (Cont'd from pg. 22)

an elegant synthesis creating a spatial and imaginal realm for whomever was present. Everyone was transfixed at his exceptional skill in dreamwork. When Stanley is working with dreams he is a shamanic practitioner. His model of working with dreams as a form of service was a great influence on my process of working with dreams.

Stanley is known for accomplishing so much in one lifetime. One day in 1986, I asked him "But how do you manage to do so many things?" He could not explain but he encouraged me to come to his office and watch how he worked. So I did. I went to his office a few times, I sat behind a desk making illustrations for his new book Dreamworking and graphics for some of his articles for parapsychology handbooks while watching him work. In a middle size office there were several desks each with different projects, quite orderly; he attended notes to each piece of paper at hand, each mail he opened, he replied to immediately. There was no such thing as taking care of it later. That is the reason he still responds to inquiries immediately. He works as if he had six hands and several brains! He deals with different topics, different types of inquiries and his mind had to keep switching from one to another. But he always concentrated at the task at hand. He was extremely focused and attentive. A 'multitasker' par excellance!

That was my learning ground. I really don't know anyone who has accomplished as much as he has in so many areas.

As someone from another culture and who at times has suffered from discrimination—even in my own field— I've found Stanley to be a genuine lover of cultural diversity. He embraces people from many other nationalities. His work and on-going research with South Americans, Russian, East Europeans, Native Americans, Africans now Middle Easterners has given him a much larger perspective, openness and compassion towards the common places in humanity as well as an appreciation for cultural diversity. He indeed has become an *extraordinary multidimensional being*.

One of our meaningful collaborative efforts was bringing this diversity as program co-chairs for the IASD conference in 1991, which was hosted by another dear colleague Robert van de Castle. Ironically the conference was held on the same campus where we first met-in Charlottesville! We dedicate the conference to diversity and interdisciplinary studies and I was impressed with the number of researchers who have become close friends of his from such diverse groups. We invited keynote speakers from Native American, Afro-American, Spanish and a North American cultures. This was the first time such diverse keynote speakers were introduced into the program and ever since then diversity has become an integral and important part of IASD. Our message in that conference was that dreams belong to every culture, every religion. In other words, dreams belong to the people of the world.

Our collaboration with the book Extraordinary Dreams (SUNY, 2002) brought us ever so closer. This was another diverse collaboration with his colleague André Percia de Carvalho, a Brazillian psychologist. Challenging as it was to bring three voices from different cultures, the results were rich and rewarding. In that process, I learned how important it is for Stanley to see that others be properly acknowledged, sometimes at the expense of not acknowledging himself. He does not seek competition but true collaboration and contribution. What makes Stanley stand out as an extraordinary human being is his nonegoic, non-judgmental, ever encouraging and generous attitude and

spirit. He has opened doors for many young scholars internationally. His total commitment, dedication and service for transformation of consciousness is absolutely admirable. It was the inspiration of having a mentor like Stanley who works so consistently and diligently that gave me the courage and strength—against all odds—to create the dream studies program at John F.Kennedy U.

Stanley has a keen sense of perception and I always trust his insights. Although he is internationally known as a serious scholar, author and teacher, he also has a very eccentric and creative side. He is a lover of theater, music and the arts. He loves to dance and always without fail shows up at the IASD Dream Ball costumed up as a dream character. His insights to my artworks and performances have been invaluable, original and profound. I am always curious about his comments. Having known and worked with Stanley for almost twenty-five years now, I know he evolves with modern life and at the same time has the wisdom of the ancient world. He is one of those special beings on earth who is mortal yet immortal. His stories, influences, contributions to humanity will be passed on for many generations, making him eternal.

Stanley, I am ever so grateful to you for being my mentor, colleague and friend. You have been a pillar of strength in every community you have been involved. I feel privileged to know you and I am looking forward to many years of stimulating collaboration and creation with you.

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Note: I want to thank Roberta Ossana for inviting me to write this personal essay about Stan Krippner.

~ ~ ∞ ~ ∞ ~ ∞ ~ ~

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Precognitive Dreams



Wilda Tanner ~ Madame Blavatsky ~ Charles deBeer & Me Connections Over Time Via An Important Precognitive Dream

by Noreen Wessling

Two significant happenings prompted me, with fervor, to write this article.

First, reading *Dream Network* (Vol. 25 No. 4) with its invitation to send in an article on "Your Most Important Precognitive Dream." I knew this had to be my dream of Madame Blavatsky.

Next, I am instantly reminded of an article by Charles de Beer in the previous *Dream Network* (Volume 25 No. 4). I had already underlined with yellow markers many points of interest for me. Specifically his mention of Madame Blavatsky.

That's all I needed! I HAD to write this article.

Birthday Incubation:

November 1, 2000

"I would like a very special wonderful dream for my birthday tomorrow ... and remember it! Thank you."

Dream: (original title)

"Gift from Madame Blavatsky"

There appears before me a very early moving photograph of Madame Blavatsky as a young woman. This photograph is in shades of gray and black and the movement comes

from series of slightly different pictures shown rapidly one after the other. The words 'tintype' or 'linotype' come to mind. As I watch with fascinated rapt attention, Madame Blavatsky becomes Isis of Egypt who now does a series of MUDRA movements, mostly with her arms and fingers which 'hold' in specific positions for a few seconds each. "The finger symbols are especially relevant," she tells me, "and the connection here goes back to ancient India and Egypt." Madame B. gives me this 'rare footage,' as she puts it, for my birthday gift ... since I asked.

End of dream

Seven Years Later

Now, SEVEN years later, I am much impressed by a recent article written by Charles de Beer in Vol. 25 No. 4 of Dream Network, titled "Reading" Dreams. My intrigue piques as I notice H.P. Blavatsky is mentioned in his article.

The connection with Charles feels

important, so I email him. He graciously emails me back from South Africa, encouraging me to include the following letter to him in my article for *Dream Network*. Hopefully, dear reader, you will see how this all ties together in my 'Precognitive Puzzler.'

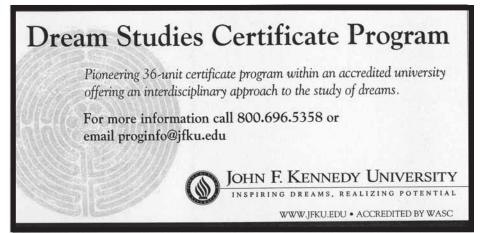
Letter to Charles de Beer

Dear Charles,

Thank you very much for your fascinating article in a recent Dream Network, entitled "Reading" Dreams. As I carefully read it, I became more and more riveted by your explorations. You are a true 'dream sleuth' after my own heart.

Telling My Story

You might enjoy this story. A few years ago I had a profound dream about Madame Blavatsky. I wanted very much to discuss it with Wilda Tanner. She is my dear friend who wrote Your Mystical, Magical, Marvelous World of Dreams which continues to sell well. Wilda and I had our dream group together for many years. *The Juicy Dreamers*, we called ourselves.



Wilda Died!

However, right at the time I wanted to explore my Blavatsky dream with Wilda, Wilda died!

A few days later I was in her home and her son asked me to take any of Wilda's vast collection of books if I wanted. As I wandered around her bookshelves, feeling her loving presence, I had this internal conversation with her which went like this ...

How Wilda Guided Me to Madame Blavatsky

"Wilda, daggone it! Why did you have to die right now when I need to go over this great Blavatsky dream with you?"

You'll love this part Charles! At that moment, I looked up at the high book shelf of Wilda's that I hadn't noticed before, where the BIG books were placed. I noticed that one book was pulled out further than the rest, almost ready to fall out. So, of course, I pulled it down to discover <u>The</u> <u>Phoenix</u> by Manly P. Hall.

As I opened the hefty book, the very first page to greet me shows a huge portrait of Madame B. staring right into my eyes. This shook me profoundly even as I knew that Wilda, in her inimitable way, had set this up so I could no longer gripe that she didn't help me with this dream. I laughed! "Just like you Wilda," I smiled. The caption under the photo read, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, 1831 - 1891.

This photo is accompanied by an article about her, titled "The Russian Sphinx." You can imagine how I devoured this article. As I did, my original dream of her took on many more layers of meaning.

Most of all Charles, thank you for your numerous contributions to *Dream Network* over the years. I always enjoy reading your words of wisdom. (end of email to Charles)

Exploring the Original Birthday Dream-Gift

Seven years ago when the original birthday dream came, I avidly read Madame B.'s story in Wilda's big red book; researched everything I could find in the library; tried to plow through, not too successfully, Madame B's <u>Secret Doctrine</u>. I bought books on Mudra's and experimented with different hand positions, yet nothing seemed to really click for me at that time.

However, in retrospect, I believe the Mudra aspect may have been precognitive, because last year, 2006, I worked with a holistic healer for almost a year, only to find out as sessions progressed that the major technique used in her healing work consisted of placing my fingers in various Mudra-like positions, each of which reflected emotional and physical areas with which I needed to work. I feel she helped me greatly.

Powerful and enigmatic, this dream nonetheless remains mostly a mystery to me on the conscious level, yet my sense is that my superconscious is still reeling from it's gifts.

Just when I least expect it, I muse over Charles's article a few more times. I am struck, as if by a thunderbolt, by this section.

"The <u>Secret Doctrine</u> was the book containing the message the dreamer had to get and ponder; possibly meaning that an intellectual approach to life's mysteries has to be replaced by surrendering as an act of faith to whatever guides our destiny."

Full Circle

I feel I have come full circle in the seven years since receiving this splendid dream. Now I surrender to however this precious dream gift wants to continue to guide me.

Writing this article for *Dream Network* has brought light into the shadowy places of this dream, prodded by delightful assistance from Wilda and Charles... and undoubtedly from Madame Blavatsky herself, in all her glory!



Noreen is owner of 7 Arts Studio in Milford OH, where she offers ongoing classes in Tai Chi, Dream Groups, Drum Circles and a variety of Workshops, including Touch Drawing.

Noreen is also a contributing author for *Dream Network* and a member of the Council of Advisors.

Sheinvites you to visit her website: www.creativespirit.net/noreens7artsstudio Email: NoreenFW@cinci.rr.com

"The Oak is Felled in the Acorn"

TO THOSE WHO TAKE DREAMS SERIOUSLY, the idea that dreams can reveal aspects of the future should not seem too outrageous or bizarre.

Just as the body of an infant carries the seed-potential of the mature adult, and the body of the mature adult carries the seed- potential of advanced age, so dreams portray the developing tendencies of the psyche. As Dylan Thomas put it so poetically (in The Ballad of the Long-Legged Bait): "The oak is felled in the acorn, and the hawk in the egg kills the wren."

Jung himself took great pains to point out the "teleological" aspect of dreams - how they often point to future potentials and goals. As a result, a great many dreams, perhaps even a majority, anticipate future trends. Many dreams suggest heightened variations on this theme: premonitory, pre-cognitive, prophetic. Unfortunately, there is often a careless use attached to these terms, since we usually don't bother to draw fine distinctions between, say, dreams which carry a sense of foreboding and are followed by some unfortunate occurrence, and a dream featuring specific details which "come true."

In the end, of course, these intellectual distinctions fall short of the phenomena they presume to categorize, which ultimately lie beyond the ken of the intellect. We should never forget that when we enter the watery



world of dreams, we are always over our heads.

One chastening aspect of dreams is the way they disturb our whole modern notion of "time" as an irreversible, linear string of events. Though we still commonly think in these terms, linear time has been out of date for quite a while. Especially when we consider the phenomena of the unconscious, and dreams in particular, we are frequently driven to reconsider linear time. How often do we encounter dreams that seem to bundle past, present and future in stunning, layered and complex images? And yet amazingly, at the same time, they tell a single, simple story.

One such dream came to a middleaged woman who, when she examined the dream, found that the images within it pointed to existing attitudes that extended far into her past. Past and present, then, were coiled together in the dream, but where was the future? The only indication the



by Paco Mitchell

dream seemed to give was the psychological work the dream implicitly called for, the "task" of the dream. It would take several years for the pre-cognitive image that was embedded in the dream all along, to reveal itself at last.

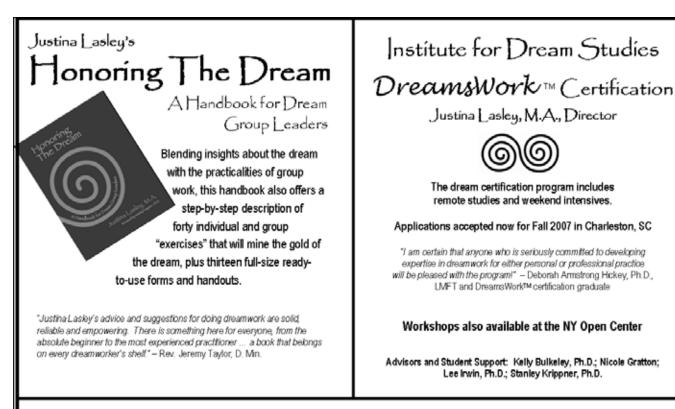
Here is the dream as told to me:

I find myself in a dark, underground tunnel-like space. The only source of light comes from a sort of kiosk or ticket booth. A female attendant is inside the booth. I approach her and ask for my "medical records." She says to me: "I can't give you a diagnosis. All I can tell you is that it says you have unforgiving tissues and must see Dr. Greenfield."

(End of dream)

Since at the time the woman was, and had always been, in perfect health, she assumed that "Dr. Greenfield" was a metaphor for green fields—open, sunlit, grassy meadows—in other words, some kind of attitudinal counter-balance to the darker realm of "unforgiving tissues."

The latter image brought up the complex moral terrain of forgiveness and, particularly, its lack, with all the corollary passions that attend its absence: rancor, anger, grudges, resentment, and so forth. Naturally this was fertile ground for long ruminations and associations: a failed marriage, disappointing friendships and the like.



For more information and ordering, visit www.DreamsWork.us or call 843/278-8853.

The medical context of a request for "records," the hint of a " diagnosis," the involvement of "tissues" and the referral to an unknown "doctor," all seemed at the time to suggest that, whatever the "unforgiving" issue was, it went deep, possibly even to somatic levels, and healing was called for.

There was plenty of work to do with what was apparent in the dream. In that sense the dream pointed toward the future, teleologically, as if to say: "This is what you have to work on from here on out."

Four years later she was diagnosed with breast cancer. When she consulted her primary physician to discuss her treatment options, he showed her a list of oncologists. One name stood out from all the others on the list: Dr. Greenfield. Without mentioning why she focussed on that particular name, she asked the doctor if there really was a Dr. Greenfield. The answer, of course, was "yes." That was five years ago. Her work with Dr. Greenfield proceeded over those five years, during which time he became a supportive ally. Now he is about to retire, hopefully to his own green fields. So far the dreamer has surmounted the challenges she faced, including the "unforgiving tissues," and continues in good health. The dream presented her with a bitter truth, a task and a challenge, but it also offered her a way through the coming difficulties, and a path to the other side.

In retrospect, the pre-cognitive aspect of the dream was only revealed after she had received the cancer diagnosis and needed a good oncologist. There was no question that, with the dream in the background, she would be consulting "Dr. Greenfield."

My experience with dreams inclines me to say that the dream "knew" all this, that it incorporated—in some mysterious way—knowledge of her past, present, and future. Furthermore, I would say that great wisdom was revealed through the dream, as it bodied forth all that knowledge in exquisite, intelligible images which told her everything she needed to know.

It's easy to dismiss all this, of course, as "just a coincidence." This is our cynical reflex, the way we dismiss inconvenient truths and baffling connections that overwhelm the frail scaffolding of our logic. Where the rational-materialistic bias still holds sway, we shrink before the healthy recognition that dreams and "reality" are meaningfully inter-connected in one mysterious whole.

But the person who pays attention and experiences the felt impact of those connections—and who makes changes in her life because of them may well be leading the way toward a wiser future than the one to which the world of the machine is currently leading us. \wp

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Precognition For Sure!

by Janice Baylis

SOMETIMES if the given human in need isn't sensitive enough to receive the information it may come through to another human who is receptive. In October 1959 such an event took place in my life. Here is that story.

"Each day I was driving thirty miles to the elementary school where I taught third grade. I took my three young sons with me. Mable, the first grade teacher, had surgery and I was picking her up in Pacoima so she wouldn't have to drive her whole thirty-six mile commute.

"On Thursday, October 22nd my phone rang at 5 am. It was Mabel.

"I don't feel right taking up space in the strip mall parking lot all day. Will you pick me up around the corner? I'll leave my car on the residential street."

"Okay," I agreed, "I'll meet you at seven o'clock as usual."

"As Mabel was getting into my car around the corner from our usual meeting spot, we heard a loud CRASH! As we rounded the corner we saw a small, private airplane upside down in the place where we had been meeting. I stopped the car and stared at Mabel."



"How did you know?" I gasped. Mabel explained, "I dreamed it last night. But, I didn't tell you it was a dream because I was afraid you'd think it was silly to pay attention to a dream."

"Thank God you did." I stammered. "WOW!" said eight-year-old Brad from the back seat.

In October 2004 Los Angeles television news reported a similar airplane crash at the same little airfield. I thought probably the crash in 1959 had also made the news. An internet search revealed that the then local newspaper "The Van Nuys Green Sheet" was on microfiche at California State University Northridge. I went there and found the report including this photograph

This experience that kept Mable, my three sons and I out from under the crashed airplane launched me on a life-long, self- directed and academic study of dreams. Also, I became more sensitive to higher consciousness. Dreams, like water, take the size and shape of the container, the dreamer. I've always maintained my focus on the practical side of dreaming. Using *Dreams and Dreaming Volumes I and II – The Edgar Cayce Readings,* I tabulated 918 dreams that Cayce interpreted in his trance state. These dreams were submitted by forty-five dreamers. Twenty-three of these had only one dream submitted. On the other hand, four-hundred seventy-five – fifty-one percent — were from one dreamer. "Mr. 900". Eighty-five were Cayce's own dreams. This tabulation work is my own assessment but I feel it has validity and is worth presenting.

Cayce's comments in the readings with the dreams were used to classify the dreams into categories. In many cases, Cayce indicated that the dreams were precognitive. In order for me to classify the dream as precognitive the reading had to include such remarks as:

"for dreams are that of which the subconscious is made, *for any conditions ever becoming reality is first dreamed."* (Reading 136-7) or

"as the entity experiences [in the dream] it is coming!" (Reading 136-54) or

"This as we find, is of the superconscious forces, presenting... in an emblematical form, that may be the warning for the entity." (Reading 137-22).

Of the 918 dreams, 22% were cited as being precognitive. The reason I was drawn to figure the percentage of precognitive dreams in the Cayce dream readings is because so many of my own dreams have proven to be precognitive. Coming up now is my favorite personal precognitive dream. The precognitive detail is amazing.

At the time of this dream I was working as a Reading Specialist at Fremont Elementary in Santa Ana California. In March our school was designated as "disadvantaged". A committee was formed to plan how to use the extra Aid to Education Funds. One part of the plan called for a half-day teacher to conduct a Mentally Gifted Minors, MGM, program. When I heard about the plan, I approached the principal asking for this position next fall. He said that since I was the first to ask, I was well qualified and if the program became a reality I could have the job in September.

That night in March I had this dream,

I was teaching a small class of students, 15 or so. My oldest son was one of the students. Another student was a black girl currently in one of my reading groups from Ms.

E's homeroom. We were working on "Weekly Readers", the student newspaper. I'd had the children put them in folders of clear plastic which we teachers call magic slates. This way one group can mark answers with crayons and then rub the slate clean for the next group. The little black girl had taken hers

out and marked on the paper. I went to her and had her erase that mark and put the newspaper back in the magic slate.

Then I was preparing to take the class on a field trip. There was one of the school's large green trash barrels in the classroom. The boys and girls were putting their lunch bags into a fishnet suspended inside the trash barrel to take on the trip. I knew there was a man standing behind me. He was going on the trip with us to help handle the kids. I didn't see who it was.

When I recorded the dream, I understood this much of the meaning right away. The son in the dream had been given an IQ test and parts of his score were very high, in the gifted range. He also had birth neurological damage and was low in spatial relations which made learning hard. He would be classified as a disadvantaged gifted student. The black girl from Ms. E's class I took to represent a minor(ity). So. I had a class of Mentally Gifted Minors *slated* for me. Field trips are a vital part of any MGM program. That's as far as I got but it was far enough for me. In June the matter hadn't been settled but the principal assured me that if it was approved I had the position. I figured there would be time to plan the actual program come August.

In August I received a call from the principal. Yes, the program had been approved. However, the black woman who had been a student teacher in Ms. E's homeroom last spring also wanted the position. Her husband had been in an accident and teaching halfday would be much easier for them. He left it up to me. I said she could have the assignment, teaching just reading isn't too bad. Still I wondered about that dream.

When school opened in September the Reading Department – that was me—and the English as a Second Language (ESL) Department were having a serious difference of opinion about which reading series to use to teach beginning reading to our many ESL students. I was instrumental in settling the issue in favor of the series preferred by the district Reading Department. This was an important issue and I took that as the reason I didn't get the MGM class.

Meanwhile the woman who had taken the MGM class turned up pregnant. She left the position by November. I had the MGM class! Her mark on it was erased. It was indeed *slated* for me.

Now I was faced with planning a really special program to challenge these gifted students from disadvantaged homes. Some of the extra money had been used to purchase a video camera—a novelty in 1974. I decided the MGM kids could make an interview news program to be housed in the school library for teacher classroom use. We had had a BIG EVENT in our school the previous year which would make for interesting interview questions. "How do you feel now about the flooding of Fremont School last December?" Three quarters of the students had been sent back to the old dilapidated campus for several weeks. Those of us who stayed in this new building were frequently nauseated from the stench of wet carpet padding. Here they were working on a news reporting project similar to "Weekly Reader" news.

One problem was that I didn't know how to operate a video camera and neither did the school librarian. She suggested that I check with Charlie, the night custodian. She said he'd been investigating the video camera on his midnight lunch breaks. Good ole' Charlie to back me up! He agreed to stay after his shift in the morning and actively work with the older children on the interview program. They interviewed the nurse, teachers, office staff and even the superintendent of schools. Charlie was terrific. He was in the dream under the guise of the large green trash barrel. This is one of those object equals associated person substitutions.

The younger first and second graders worked on a different program. We studied whales. In February, for our field trip, we took a whale watching boat out of Newport Harbor to observe the whales migrating from Alaska to Mexico. Seems there was something fishy about how dream-mind had noted so much precognitive detail. All this is a matter of record. I told the dream to the librarian and other reading teacher in March. That was long before I had any idea what kind of programs I would teach – IF I got the MGM assignment. This dream certainly speaks to the higher levels of consciousness lurking in the human mind. \wp

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Note: One reason I wanted that half-day assignment was so I could have time to write <u>SLEEP ON IT!</u> The Practical Side of <u>Dreaming</u>.

Contact Ms. Baylis @janicebaylis@verizon.net



Precognitive Dreaming and Creativity

by Marie Otte

Precognitive dreams work in a variety of ways for dreamers. They have informed people about things that occurred the next day. Sometimes they have been a mystery with a silver lining that later unfolded and benefited the dreamer. This link between the dream and the event has taken days, months and even years to comprehend.

For two weeks, I had dreams about art galleries and museums. The walls were covered with framed paintings and photographed pictures of individual portraits. Small groups of people walked around and admired the art. These dreams didn't seem to have a deep message or meaning for me. When I woke up in the morning, I felt a calmness from experiencing the nightly artistic tours. I belonged to a writers group that met on a monthly basis. We brought in a variety of individual manuscripts, read the material, and critiqued each other. A week after I had these dreams, the person in charge of the group gave us a writing idea to get the creative juices flowing. She suggested taking a favorite painting and writing a story prompted by the subject matter. This thought appealed to me so I went to the library and check out a huge anthology on famous paintings for inspiration. When I opened the book, I felt a dé jà vu about the dreams I had two weeks earlier.

After looking at hundreds of paintings, I felt drawn toward five of them. I had ideas for all of them but I couldn't figure out which one to start writing a story about. One was Andy Warhol's *Marilyn Diptych.* The diptych format comes from the Byzantine icons of Christian saints.

On a weekly basis I met with a another group of people. We would read a chapter in a book on spiritual development, discuss the contents, and then talk about our nightly dreams. While meeting with this group, I noticed that a small stack of books had been removed from an end table in the leader's house. They had been there for several weeks and covered up a diptych of Mary and Jesus on the table that was now in plain sight. This caught my attention. The next week, I returned to the leader's house for our meeting. Her teen-age daughter walked into the house, set her keys and purse on the table in front of the diptych. The handbag had a picture of Marilyn Monroe printed on the front. I was stunned but aware of what was going on.

I hadn't understood why I had dreams about paintings until this event occurred. They were precognitive about the inspirational writing idea that I received when I met with the writing group. Finding the *Marilyn Diptych* picture in the book got me close to coming up with an idea to start my writing. The keys on the table opened up the door to a synchronicity. This manifested in the icons of Mary and Jesus on the table. Seeing the likeness of Marilyn Monroe on the purse was even more verification to pay attention to these events.

My intuition told me to develop a story about the Monroe portrait. The writing just flowed. Within a few days I completed the work. I named it *Picture Perfect* and the short story was published a few months later.

It took some time to piece together the chain of events but it was well worth it. Some skeptics have said that this was an uncanny coincidence or selective perception on my part. Fortunately, I paid attention to my dreams and had them guide me to accomplish my creative goal. \wp

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Early Inspiration

by Marie Otte

back in the dream repeating as a theme ascending stairs with pillars in pairs

high ceilings, spacious walls perfect light falls this expansive art gallery seems intriguingly bleary

many paintings discharge faintly while one portrait is glowing saintly preparing me for the future what I need to secure

emotions are added on by this feminine icon she makes flowing words mandatory as we complete my short story

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Marie Otte is a writer and has been doing dream work for ten years. Email: marieotte@sbcglobal.net



The Kiss and the Crystal Heart a Dream That Really Happened

Elizabeth L. Howard, M.A., © 2007

THE DREAM OF "THE KISS" came to me on November 13, 1979. I was living in a big house on Cowpen Lake near Hawthorne, Florida, the area that I consider to be my spiritual home. I had some money after my mother died and I had left the Bell Ridge community to move from a tiny cottage into a roomy lake house where I had two fireplaces, a big screen porch and a tiny, bright room facing the lake. It was there I kept my most sacred and beautiful objects. I completed my M.A. thesis in that house, received my M.A. from Goddard College and my certification in Gestalt Therapy from Vincent O'Connell. This is when I began to live my dreams.

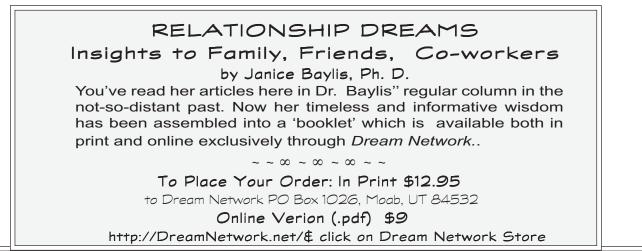
The dream of "the kiss" is important in a number of ways. It was my first precognitive dream that manifested so quickly. There was no mistaking that this dream really happened. I had an idea to take an action, I dreamed it, I was able to think and to decide the action... and in order for the dream to happen, another person had to take an action that I couldn't control.

I have a little heart-shaped crystal prism. I decide I will give it to Dan D., whose little girl has died. This will help to heal his heart. I take the little heart to the health food store where Dan works. I give it to him and he kisses me. The person to whom I gave the crystal heart was someone I liked a lot and my own heart "went out to him" in the loss of his little girl. It was a tragedy; we lived in a close, small community where we felt each other's sorrows and joys. Even so, we were not lovers or even close friends, so a hug may have been exchanged but not a kiss.

When I got up in the morning after having this dream, I considered that I might not go to town and give Dan the crystal. It was an emotional time for me personally, as well, and I was taking a risk to go "heart to heart" with another person whom I didn't know too well. Of course, I did go to town. I went to the health food store and I gave Dan the little heart and I said, "To help heal your heart.. " He kissed me.

The dream is still important to me today. It always makes me smile, because it reminds me to risk an open heart, to give a gift when I can and especially because I went to bed last night thinking I couldn't write this article, and when I woke up this morning, I knew I could! So here it is, with love to you from Elizabeth. \wp

Elizabeth Howard has her M.A. 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.





DREAMTMES: DREAM EXCHANCE

TO DO OR NOT TO DO

©2007 by Marlene King, M.A.

MAKING DECISIONS is a part of all our lives—almost minute by minute—but the big life decisions concern us more and often show up in our dreams. If they do, it can be a golden opportunity to use dreams to make the decision-making process easier.

Recently, a woman wrote saying she was remembering the essence of her dreams when she awakened and most had to do with finding her car.

"I just remember going to places I thought it [the car] would be and it was never there." ~ M.L.

When I asked her what was going on in her life where she felt she couldn't find a way to be transported, she said she was conflicted about selling her house and moving or not. Clearly, her dreams about being unable to find a way to "move" had to do with her indecision about a major life change.

Later she had another dream:

"I was with [my minister]. She had some [spiritual] books and she was going to give me one. I couldn't decide which one." ~M. L.

She also shared that she was having a difficult time about deciding whether or not to have her beloved pet companion dog put down or not since the it was struggling with a life threatening illness. Once again, her indecision about the moral and right spiritual decision played into her process as reflected in the symbolism of the dream. I pointed out that the dream books could contain spiritual wisdom as to what to do, as well as provide comforting words and concepts needed to heal after a decision was made.

My suggestions for this dreamer included dream re-entry. I instructed her to find a quiet place and get in touch with the *feelings* and images she had when she awakened. After she was experiencing the feelings, she was to put herself into the dream scenario seeing herself finding her car, delighting in the relief and joy of the experience and getting in and driving away to a specific destination, arriving without problems or detours.

Similarly, I suggested she re-enter the second dream, quieting her mind and going back into the dream scene. I suggested she attempt to see the titles of the books she was being offered and select one to which she was drawn to on first instinct, open it at random and find a message. Then I suggested she thank her benefactor for the gift and that whatever she found written or communicated by feeling or impression, to embrace it and recall it upon bringing her consciousness back to the present. I further suggested if the book title was one that actually existed, to locate a copy and repeat the process with the actual book in hand.

If there are still blocks when doing the re-entry exercise, one might incubate a dream where you ask for clear images that will give you an "ahha" experience that cements the course of action you need to take.

In <u>Working With Dreams</u>, Ullman/ Zimmerman state: "Dream consciousness offers a different and larger perspective on our lives than is available to us while we are awake. Since the images derive from a point outside the waking system, the view they encompass of that system is a more inclusive one."

Dreams are the shepherds of our sleep and care for us in ways and dimensions we have yet to discover. Take time to allow them to help you make decisions about any questions that are clouded by doubt.

It is comforting to find solutions to perplexing problems through your own dream processes. It is also amazing how much wisdom we store in our psyches to help us out when we are willing to be open to accessing and trusting it. \wp

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If you have a dream you would like to have explored in this column, please contact Ms. King at marlene@chatlink.com

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Audio CD Review

by Bambi Corso

Self Esteem: Your Fundamental Power

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

SELF ESTEEM is an interesting subject. We all know what it is, at least we think we do, and we all know whether we feel a good sense of it within ourselves or not. It is common to hear people comment about the work they have done on themselves regarding their self esteem and what it takes for each of us to maintain it. However, of all the things I have read and understand about self esteem, I have never heard it discussed in such a thorough, in-depth and easy to understand manner as in Caroline Myss's audio CD series, *Self Esteem*,

Your Fundamental Power.

The timing was perfect, I have been curious about self esteem in a whole different way because I knew my simple understanding of it was not near complete, yet I found it difficult to learn more than what I have read or listened to over the years. Now, two months later, I have listened to these CD's at least four times, because within them, is the most comprehensive discussion about self esteem that I have ever heard.

In her series, *Self Esteem*, Caroline Myss walks us through a true and indepth description of what self esteem really is, and redefines it as an actual "core power", going so far as to say that "self esteem is the fundamental power of life." Caroline says, "I believe the absence of self esteem, a low self esteem, is a spiritual crisis, it's not just a psychological one", and goes on to discuss how our decisions, and the reasons for our decisions, affect not only our self esteem but also our lives. As co-creators of our own reality, our entire life revolves around the choices we make, and those choices are based on our sense of self esteem. It's like a big circle, each determining the outcome of the other.

Self esteem is about valuing who we truly are, and in doing so, it requires paying attention to the subtlest of feelings, the softest of sounds, the slightest visions and of course, the imagery in dreams. No thing can go unnoticed by us if we want change to occur in our daily life.

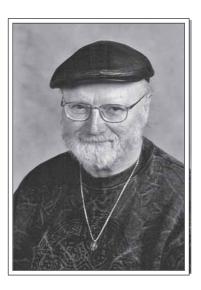
"How would your life change if your self esteem improved?" Myss asks. I can guarantee you, listening to this tape series will allow you a new set of eyes (and ears) when you ponder that question. This series is far more than just self esteem, it is about life choices on a moment-by-moment basis, why we make those choices, and how to work with them when they show up in our lives. \wp



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DREAMS IN THE NEWS





Cheese by Russell A. Lockhart, Ph.D.

W hen sleep pervades your BRAIN THE NEUROTRANSMITTERS ASSOCIATED WITH CLEAR THINK-ING AND ATTENTION DIMINISH while the neuro-transmitter associated with random or fanciful images increases. Your prefrontal cortex, which underlies rational decisions and the memory processes that support them, shuts down while the lower brain areas associated with affect are charged with energy. In this way, we might say the brain loses its logical mind but seems to delight in making new associations that are routinely original, bizarre, or totally mun-

dane. The picture show the brain creates under these conditions of sleep we know and remember as *dreams.* Everything in our daylight world is subject to "re-vision" in this nighttime world.

The chemical soup compounded in the brain during sleep I imagine could be affected by the chemistry of what we eat or drink before bed time. Too much pizza, for example, might produce conditions that are referred to in the old myth that *cheese* produces nightmares. However, dreaming *of* cheese is thought to be related to gain or profit—at least in folk tradition. This double aspect of cheese enters into many expressions. Cheesecake refers not only to the delectable desert, but to a delectable female, while "big cheese" is slang for an important person said with an edge of sarcasm. Saying "cheese" produces a nice smile as every photographer knows. However, "cheesy" refers to poor quality or most anything that is tasteless. To be "cheesed" is to be put into a bad temper, and "cheese it" means to cut it out, knock it off, or stop it.

As you can see, *cheese*, one of the oldest of English words (originally *cese)*, suffers a bit of a bad rap.

I was ruminating on this because a friend brought to my attention a news article with the title, "Sweet Dreams Are Made of Cheese." It seems that no less than the British Cheese Board decided to *do* something about this alarming state of affairs.

According to the article, the indepth "Cheese and Dream" study is a first. Two-hundred volunteers (100 male, 100 female) took part in a week-long study, each consuming a 20 gram piece of cheese 30 minutes before going to sleep. In the morning, each participant recorded the quality of sleep and wrote out any dreams they remembered. The participants were divided into six groups, with each group receiving a different type of British cheese: Stilton, Cheddar, Red Leicester, Brie, Lancashire, and Cheshire.

The overall results showed that 72% of the participants rated their sleep quality as good or better and 67% remembered at least some dreams. Interestingly, no one reported any nightmares.

Dr. Judith Bryans, a Nutrition Scientist at the British Dairy Council, and Dr. Neil Stanley, Director of Sleep Research at the University of Surrey, both concluded that eating cheese before bedtime may promote a good night's sleep. A good reason perhaps is that cheese contains a quantity of tryptophan, an enzyme that has sedating and stressreducing effects. Tryptophan uptake is actually enhanced by ingestion with carbohydrates, thus cheese pizza or cheesecake, might very well be a promoter of good quality sleep and dreams.

Imagine that!

In any event, the British Cheese

Board, charged with increasing consumption of British cheese in the UK, was ecstatic with the results of this study. Perhaps of more general interest, however, were some of the startling findings of the study relating to the different types of cheese and their effect on sleep and dreams. Pay attention now because this opens up a whole new way to approach bed time.

Male or female, if you want good or very good sleep *without* dreams, take up *Cheshire*. It should be noted that long before Lewis Carroll popularized the grin of the disappearing Cheshire cat in *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, Cheshire *cheese* was molded in form of a cat—a grinning cat at that.

If you cotton to associating with celebrities in your sleep, then *Cheddar* is for you. One *Cheddar*inspired dream of a young woman showed Johnny Depp supervising the construction of a human pyramid.

If you want help at work, or perhaps even changing careers, then take up bedtime with *Lancashire*. A full two-thirds of *Lancashire* eaters dreamed of work. However, only 30% of these dreams were about *real* work situations, so they may point to new lines of work. One lady dreamt of herself as Prime Minister. Now there's ambition for you!

If you are a guy, you might want to avoid *Brie. Brie* seems to cause the male psyche to produce odd, bizarre or very obscure dreams. Like having a drunken conversation with a dog. Women *Brie*-eaters however, had pleasant dreams, such as lying about on a warm beach.

Now if you are nostalgic for your childhood, or your old school chums, or your home town, then



by all means get some *Red Leicester* in your larder at once. Not only does this cheese produce 83% high quality sleep, it's great for visiting times past for both males and females.

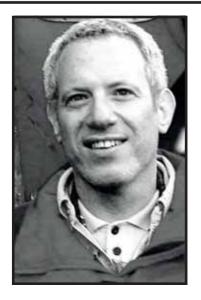
OK, ladies. If you are looking for something bizarre, odd, and really out of the ordinary and yet sleep really well, then keep some *Stilton* handy at your bedside. How much better can it get than dinner party guests being traded for camels, or soldiers fighting each other with kittens instead of guns? Guys, you'll have vivid and odd dreams too, but you won't match the women-folk.

Now I think that old Eugene Field (of "Wynken, Blynken and Nod" fame) was a man ahead of his time. If you are ever in Chicago, go to the Lincoln Park Zoo, and look for the statue of the "Dream Lady." This is Field's memorial. But what I am thinking of is one of his little light rhymes that he was famous for:

But I, when I undress me, Each night, upon my knees, Will ask the Lord to bless me, With apple pie and cheese.

Of course this first study has only scratched the surface. Keep in mind there are over 700 varieties of British cheese, not to mention the myriad varieties of cheeses from other countries—a whole life time of cheese. So, experiment away. If you've a mind to, send me the results at ral@ralockhart.com and I'll keep a tally.

The Art of Dream Sharing & Education



Bush: Planetary Pirate

©2007 by Paul Levy

 ${\sf W}$ e live in a world where the deeper, underlying mythic patterns that have endlessly reiterated themselves throughout human history are incarnating and revealing themselves through world events for all who have eyes to see. As if in a timeless fairy tale, our species has gotten drafted into playing out roles in a vast, multidimensional process which is revealing itself as it acts itself out through us. Seeing the mythical, archetypal roles that are being unconsciously enacted in the world theater initiates a process of deep transformation, both within ourselves and the world at large.

In this mythical drama we find ourselves in, our planet has been pirated and co-opted by the figure of George Bush and his gang of robber barons, who have taken control of the most powerful war machine the world has ever known and are using it to accomplish their own self-serving agenda. They are in the process of taking us hostage in our own country and are using our homeland to plunder and terrorize the rest of the planet. In this cosmic drama we are all sharing, George Bush and Co. have gotten dreamed up to play out, in fullbodied form, the archetypal, mythical role of pirate, which is a figure that exists deep within the collective unconscious of humanity.

Instead of pirates of the Caribbean, however, Bush and Co. are pirates of what Buckminster Fuller called "spaceship earth." In his book <u>Operating Manual for Spaceship</u> <u>Earth</u>, Fuller pointed out how piracy has been one of the chief underlying factors shaping western history, and thus determining the way our world power structure has developed and still operates.

For example, in a truly groundbreaking expose that is easy to overlook because there are so many other administration scandals competing for our attention, investigative reporter Seymour Hersh in his latest article titled "The Redirection," has uncovered that the Bush regime is covertly funneling funds earmarked for Iraq's reconstruction into fomenting sectarian violence and igniting civil wars in the region. Their underlying intention is to create enough chaos so that they can reconfigure the Middle East and thereby achieve their geo-political aim of seizing the oil and natural gas reserves in the region. This is truly a diabolical act of modern-day global piracy writ large on the world stage that is utterly perverse.

Pirates (and I am referring not to the romanticized Hollywood version, but to those who commit criminal acts of theft and violence against others, a.k.a., piracy) are symbolic of a macho, testosterone-driven pathological figure in the human psyche that, just like a bully, abuses power over others because they can. They pillage and murder simply because others can't stop them— which is morally indefensible. Pirates are not merely criminally insane, they are morally insane. Pirates are truly sociopathic, as they have no conscience. They have become possessed by the power-drive of the shadow, which compels them to transgress and violate individuals' (or nations') boundaries. Pirates are driven to dominate and enslave others, as they act out the shadow of which they themselves are possessed. Pirates are symbolic of a virulent element in the human psyche which has become addicted to power and taken over by greed and lust for blood and booty.

Pirates are malignant narcissists, as they only care about their own masturbatory fantasies - they see the world as something they are entitled to loot and symbolically rape. They believe they can get away with murder-literally. Like a genuine sociopath, pirates lack the facility to empathically see through their victim's eyes. Like a true predator, these privateers relate to others as objects from whom they can try to satisfy their never-ending hedonistic desire for pleasure. When pirates seize power, they do what is best for themselves, with no regard for anyone else - those who don't support their dark vision get metaphorically "thrown overboard."

Pirates symbolize the pathological figure of the predator who gets fed and even energized by doing violence to others. Pirates are an incarnation of the role of perpetrator or abuser, as they are the initiators of aggression based on their own insatiable blood-lust. Pirates are symbolic of the murderous insanity of the separate self, as in their marauding violence they are completely and utterly asleep to our interconnectedness.

Pirates are embodiments of the pathological aspect of our species that is susceptible to joining into lawless gangs so as to prey on and steal from those who are weaker. Because of the fact that these gangsters always configure themselves into groups, they are like organized crime syndicates. Pirates operate outside the restricting laws of conventional bureaucracy, as they live by a different set of rules than everyone else. They are true outlaws, as they live outside the law.

If it sounds like I am describing George Bush and Co., it is because Bush and his henchmen are unconsciously possessed by, and therefore embodying and pathologically acting out on the world stage the mythical, archetypal role of pirate. Pirates are symbolic of the archetypal quality of "evil", one of whose inner meanings, etymologically speaking, is to "transgress boundaries". Bush and Co. have become instruments for darker powers to incarnate themselves into our world. The figure of pirate is an archetypal, mythic image that represents and symbolizes a darker, sick, sadistic and self-destructive part of ourselves.

It is like we are on a ship that Bush and Cheney have hijacked (the word "plane hijacker" in French is "pirate de l'air"; we can thus call Bush and Co. "pirate de la planete"-planet hijacker). They literally hijackedstole-both the 2000 and the 2004 elections. When these planetary pirates-and those that support them-took over our country. It was as if they perpetrated a political coup, hijacking our ship of state, and in so doing many people fell under their spell such that they barely noticed. In a form of mass mind-control, part of their coup was to take over the mainstream media in such a way so as to put out propaganda aimed at convincing people that no hostile takeover had even taken place. Bush and Co. are modern-day corporate pirates in possession of the most cutting edge mind-control technology the world has ever known.

Bush and Co. have "captured" our

nation - and "captivated" the minds of millions of our populace-brainwashing people by playing on their fear. We must recognize our complicity in allowing these depraved warlords to rule over us, otherwise we are unwittingly serving and supporting them as if they are our masters. Their power over us depends upon our being disconnected from each other as well as from ourselves. We play right into their hands if we believe ourselves to be so disempowered. Their worst nightmare would be for us to connect with our intrinsic creative power as well as each other.

Having seized control of our country, they have emptied the coffers of our national treasury, and enlisted our nation into serving their barbaric ends. We need to recognize the extent of the Bush regime's utter criminality. In a universal court of law, those committing piracy are considered to be "*hostis humani generic,*" a Latin term which translates as "enemies of humanity." In essence, pirates like Bush have declared war against humanity, who they hold in contempt.

From the dreaming point of view, whose logic is not linear but synchronistic, it is not a coincidence that Bush is a member of "Skull and Bones," which is the very symbol of piracy. Nor is it an accident that pirates are "carousers," which Bush was for the majority of his life and still is, just in disguised form. It is like Bush is on a weekend bender that has lasted over six years, and the world is his crime scene.

If it sounds like I am "blaming" Bush and his administration, I say "yes", I am blaming them. I am blaming them for immoral, criminal acts which they are guilty of perpetrating on humanity and for which they deserve to be blamed. It is a huge mistake to be one-sidedly identified with the expansive, overly spiritual new-age point of view that there's no one to blame, that we are all responsible. Yes, on one level, we are all cocreating and dreaming up this universe together, which is to say we are all complicit in different ways in what is playing out and there is no one to blame. But to be fully identified with this absolute point of view is to marginalize that from another very real point of view, relatively speaking, there are people who are perpetrating violence and abuse onto others. It is the most compassionate thing to do at these moments of abuse to not pretend the violence is something other than what it is.

One of the unconscious, shadow sides of the well-intentioned spiritual, progressive and liberal movements is to be hesitant to cast blame when it is the very skillful and enlightened response which is called for. Those who are perpetrating violence have a name and an address. This doesn't mean we don't love them, have compassion for them and forgive them. It does mean, however, that we stop them from perpetrating further abuse if we are able and hold them accountable for their actions. People who are compulsively enacting violence in the world will not stop voluntarily, they are literally crying out for and dreaming up other people who are courageous enough to set a boundary and stop their out of control and ultimately self-destructive behavior.

It is important for us to realize that Bush and Cheney are only the frontmen for the organized crime syndicate of pirates which they serve and represent. Bush and Cheney are merely actors in a grand play. It is important to get in focus the roles they are playing. We can pick our own metaphors (criminals, mad, ignorant, fascists, possessed by demons, etc), whichever one works for you is fine. The point is for us to get into focus and "see" the evil that

(Continued on page 46)

Wounded Animals as Healers

A Jungian Approach

Chapter Five from her Thesis by @Frances Ring

"In injured animal dreams, there is always the possibility of being released from some sort of captivity if the animal can be healed. To talk about the dream ... is not enough; ininjured animal dreams, the animal truly must be healed." (Dr. Clarissa Pinkola Estes,1991, cassette tape)

O APPROACH DREAMS WITHIN A JUNGIAN PERSPECTIVE is a way of integration, synthesis and transformation. It helps us to recognize universal symbols and the figures that reside in the shadow, to connect with the imaginal language of the soul, and to enhance spiritual development. The motif of wounded animals in dreams will be treated with these theoretical concepts in mind.

The Injured Animal Psyche

Dr. Estes, a Jungian analyst, observes that the animal psyche, the *criatura* as represented in dreams—is indeed beautiful and majestic. However, she also notes that she has seen more injured animal dreams in the past ten years than she had seen in the previous ten years. (Estes, 1991, cassette tape) Furthermore, she says, "It is hard not to notice that the increase in injured animal dreams coincides with the devastations to the wilderness, both within as well as outside, of people." (Estes, 1992, p. 276)

In Estes' view, "Injured animal dreams mean that something is seriously imbalanced, wounded and lacking." (Estes, 1991, cassette tape) They are dreams that speak of injury to the deep spirit and knowing in women. Estes points to the fairy tale of "*Beauty and the Beast*" as a typical story of an injured animal. The beast is symbolic of that part of the psyche that is sick, wounded, or disenchanted. (ibid) The story is about the emergence of the soul-life through a healing relationship with the animal psyche, which then brings healing to the heart, mind and spirit. So, in injured animal dreams, the essential task for the dreamer is to extend love to the wounded or forgotten instinctual side of her nature.

Some of the questions that are raised by wounded animals in women's dreams are: "What is the condition of viability of our inner wildlife nature?" "What aspect of our animal instinctual nature—such as piercing insight, intuition, endurance, fearlessness and strength—are in need of conscious recognition, development or healing?" But these are also dreams that speak at the most fundamental, energetic level to the deep, soul-life and potential for healing.

Awakening to the Underworld

Within the Jungian perspective, animals as archetypal images lead us into and out of the underworld, the abyss of the unconscious, a feat that is symbolized in Greek mythology by the three-headed dog, *Cerberus*, who stands at the gates of Hades. Moreover, animals are viewed crossculturally as having the abilities to transcend both worlds. By analogy, in wounded animal dreams, it seems that, "What is injured is something within the psyche that is able to be in the mundane world and also in (connection with) the underworld, sometimes simultaneously" (Ibid).

"The underworld," according to James Hillman, "is not an absence, but a hidden presence... even an invisible fullness." (Hillman in Larsen, 1990, p. 123) It is the darker, unknown regions of the psyche-that deep, primordial and instinctual realm with its creative depths-into which the dreamer above is invited on nightly journeys of self-discovery. It is a realm where we encounter our cast-off shadow and other archetypal images. It is in this realm, too, that we discover not only rejected and wounded parts of ourselves, but transformative powers and potentialities as well. The wounded figures in our dreams have "an exceptionally moving power." They are images that move the soul in several ways: "we feel vulnerable, in danger; our very physical substance and sanity appear to be threatened; we want to prevent, rectify and heal." (op. cit., p. 124) When the images are ugly or shocking, the psyche is provoked to profound selfconfrontation.

But in the confrontation we are awakened. "Our self-concept is challenged because we are reminded that 'this too' is among one's inner contents". Our perspective is enlarged with the recognition that "the big picture includes 'this too'." (Larsen, 1990, pp. 122-124) What seems to be called for is an attitude of healing, a spiritual awareness that takes the dream and its implications symbolically and yet seriously. Thus, the injured animal images in our dreams can be viewed symbolically as the animal guides and leads us into the shadowy underworld and initiates the spiritual journey toward retrieving, healing and integrating the wounded part of the soul. As potential healers, these images hold the transformative secrets of our inner, wildlife nature.

Healing Primitive Instincts

The first dream introduces the theme of this article: understanding some wounded animal imagery which-in arousing passion and sorrow-also contains transformational energies for soul growth. In considering the wounded animal images, it is appropriate to remember this poignant observation offered by Jungian James Hillman: "Our complexes are not only the wounds that hurt and mouths that tell our myths, but also eyes that see what the normal and healthy parts cannot envision." (Hillman in Larsen, 1990, p. 121) Both the injured and healthy animals in our dreams characteristically possess such farseeing eyes.

The following dream of a thirty-seven year old woman, shared in a dream group meeting, reveals the roles that both an aggressive, wild animal and a wounded animal played in awakening her to the necessity of reclaiming basic, instinctual aspects of the shadow.

Jaws

I am walking along the beach in front of my house, when suddenly in front of me lunges a giant 'Jaws'-type shark out of the shallow water at the shoreline. He lunges up and across my path, falling down on the beach. I turn and see my beloved dog lying on the sand. I don't feel that she is dead. But she is unconscious, lying on her side. There is a pool of whitish-brown, frothy liquid oozing from a puncture wound in her side. I assume that the shark must have gotten her. I'm afraid that she

might be torn in two and I wonder if I can get her to the vet in time to have her sewn up.

The dreamer was initially appalled by this starkly vivid dream; but she also sensed that it had critical messages about the instinctual and emotional aspects of her nature that were in dire need of her understanding and some remedial action. In seeing metaphorically through the eyes of the shark image, she realized that the dream might have to do with some hidden and repressed feelingsspecifically those of "very old anger or primitive aggression"-which the shark symbolized to her. She also sensed that there was definitely some transformative potential hidden within the animal symbols and that the dream was "a gift in disguise, bringing something important to my attention, even though it felt awful at the time."

In working with this dream in the dream group—by association with and amplification of the animals' qualities, and in relating them to herself and her present life context-the dream animals themselves assisted her with accessing previously unknown information surrounding her current ambivalence toward aggression, power and vulnerability. Moreover, she felt that the dream was telling her that she was ready to integrate these shadowy aspects into her waking life, since the action took place on "the beach" (the symbolic shores between the unconscious and the conscious), "in front of my house" (visible to the self).

In addition, the dreamer realized that she was expending a lot of energy in repressing hidden feelings of hostility in general. Then she came to the realization that it was her deeply ingrained fear of expressing them that was attacking her in a "Jaws"-like fashion, wounding her deeply from within. It was this inner condition that was causing her to feel "split in two," remaining loyal ("as my dog") to an unconscious sense of victimhood that was rooted in her childhood experiences. It then occurred to the dreamer that maintaining such a psychological stance had resulted in her recent feelings of depression and the gut-level feeling of losing something precious: her "vital essence and sense of myself as a powerful person."

She surmised that these powerful, conflicting inner forces and hidden feelings-submerged beneath her conscious awareness, along with her unhealed "oozing, emotional wounds" that reflect back to her original family life-were also distracting her from having a more conscious relationship with her true feelings in regard to her present circumstances. This insight led her to the understanding that she must sacrifice her loyalty to her previously defined sense of who she thought she was to a more empowering view of her very real emotional realities. Finally, she came to experience the shark as "a powerful messenger in disguise," for she felt that "he had given up his life" to her need for compassionate self-awareness and acceptance of her own shark-like qualities.

This injured animal dream illustrates but one of the transformative challenges of meeting images of both the dark, hidden instinctual side and the "wounded side" of our inner nature. These particular animal images—the primitive and aggressive, wild animal and the more evolved, domestic animal-are archetypal aspects in their oppositional qualities; yet, they both bring healing potential. They remind us that we must have mercy and compassion for both the wild and vulnerable parts of our inner wildlife nature in order for healing to commence. In this instance, the necessity for healing action to begin was experienced through the dream-ego's urgency to get the injured dog "to the vet in time to have her sewn back together".

In sum, we must come to terms with and learn to love the forgotten, ugly "beast" within, whatever its form or condition. We must confront and embrace our disowned, primitive aggressive instincts, which contain (Continued on page 44)



Emanuel Swedenborg and Dreamwork

by Vaishal

In addition to being fascinating and fun, dreamwork can be a great way to engage in the classic "know thyself" quest. However the value in dreamwork does not stop there. Dreams can be a profound way to grow and evolve Spiritually as well. Throughout history, and even before recorded history, dreams have been regarded as a portal into the Spiritual Realm. What most dreamworkers do not know is the amazing documented dreamwork of the great Swedish scientist/mystic Emanuel Swedenborg (1688-1772).

Swedenborg started out his career as a scientist, mastering every known science in his lifetime. He figured out the function of the cerebellum, pituitary gland and endocrine system. He discovered the relationship between respiration and the nervous system. He dedicated four volumes of work to the human brain that included the most accurate drawings for his era. He was a metallurgist, and developed advanced mining safety techniques used for well over a hundred years. He constructed the first working hang glider, using the same aerodynamic techniques that are used in airplanes today. The hang glider model presently resides in the Smithsonian. He ground his own glass and made his own microscope and telescope. Swedenborg wrote over one hundred and fifty scientific papers on a variety of subjects. The Swedish government even sought his assistance to devise a way to move their navy over a mountain range to give them a strategic advantage. Not a problem! He did it using pulley systems. Swedenborg accomplished all this without the benefit of computers, Google, or eBay! He was even a member of Sweden's Parliament and it is said he traveled extensively, yet rarely missed a meeting. A Stanford University study to determine whom the top ten most brilliant people who ever drew breath were, bestowed the "We're Number One" ranking on Emanuel Swedenborg and two others—a threeway tie for first. And the most amazing part of this is that most people do not even know who he is!

Swedenborg's accomplishments did not stop there. He had a second career the last twenty-six years of his life as a gifted mystic. Since he was a small child, he was able to control his breath and enter into a trance-like state of concentrated focus. When he was in his late fifties, he said he was given permission to break through into the Spiritual Realm and discourse with higher and lower order Spiritual Beings. He related that he was given this ability, because he was to write about how the Spiritual World operates, so that we could understand:

why we, as Spiritual creatures, need to have a human experience;
what happens to us when we die;
how what we do in a physical body affects our life in the Spiritual dimension.

Write he did, completing thirty-five volumes of work on the nature of Spirituality and the Spiritual World.

Long before Freud coined the words "conscious" and "unconscious," Swedenborg was recording his

dreams in what would become one of the largest collections of dream journals ever amassed. In addition to recording his Journal of Dreams for twenty-six years, he also wrote a fivevolume Spiritual Diary. Swedenborg examined the nature of dream reality and its relationship to mind and Spirituality, one hundred years before Carl Jung. Jung, by the way, was greatly influenced by Swedenborg.

Swedenborg had some very interesting things to say about dreams and dreaming. He says that when we dream, we are doing more than merely rehashing the days' events. Swedenborg states that if you wanted to pick up the phone and hear what the Divine has to say about your life, you will pay attention to your dreams. Dreaming is when higher order beings (Angels, spirit guides, etc.) come and speak to us in a symbol language, that is constantly commenting on the quality of our love. Dreaming is a time when we reconnect with the Divine; we all need this alignment, which is why our minds start to unravel if we deprived of REM time are reconnection.

Swedenborg says the Pharaoh's dreams that Joseph interpreted, the dreams of King Nebuchadnezzer, and those of Biblical prophets are not brought by Angels to an individual, but rather "flow" directly from a higher level of Heaven to the sleeping person. In fact all dreams that are prophetic in nature are communicated this way - directly from Prime Source to the receiver. (It's a Divine Hotline, not to be confused with The Psychic Hotline.) Swedenborg compared dreaming to "Divine Visions" saying that dreams of this type are "Divine Visions" experienced during a sleeping state of mind, rather than a waking state of mind. I can only imagine that most people would be more open to receiving the content of a "Divine Vision" in a dreaming state, because our perception of waking reality is so

rigid, most people would think they were losing their mind or grip on reality if the "Divine Vision" visited them during normal business hours.

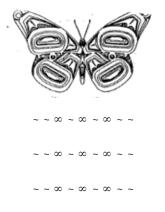
Swedenborg says that while he was exploring the Spiritual Realm, he learned about dreams and dreaming from the other side. He says that he was able to learn from direct experience what dreams are and how they are communicated. Swedenborg writes that he was learning directly from the Angels who introduced the dreams to the dreamer. He closely observed this process of dream introduction from Angel to dreaming human. He also says he was given the opportunity to learn by assuming the role of the Angel, and being the agent who actually introduced a pleasant dream to another. Through this hands-on participation in these experiences, he gained comprehensive and very exclusive knowledge. His groundbreaking dreamwork and research is absolutely remarkable and transcends any understanding or theory about the origin, nature, function or purpose of dreams ever gathered either before or after Swedenborg's lifetime.

As a matter of fact, Swedenborg says that his initiation into his life as a mystic started with his dreams in dream time. Swedenborg's journal shows that he started having a series of dreams that were sometimes very disturbing in nature. These dreams offered him a commentary on his intellectual and scientific affections. Swedenborg said he realized eventually that all the scientific work he had been doing was a huge burden, similar to carting a load of heavy rocks around with him everywhere he went. When Swedenborg began his life as a mystic, working on mapping out the Spiritual World and explaining its method and nature of operation, he completely gave up his life as a scientist. He devoted the remainder of his life to his Spiritual

investigations, for which all of us, who have come after Swedenborg, are eternally grateful and wiser.

What has most impressed me about Swedenborg's wisdom about dreams is that they are all about love! Dreams ask us to examine honestly and fearlessly what we are doing with our love - our attention. Oftentimes dreams are protecting and healing us with the quality of their Divine wholeness-making love. It's no wonder so many of us are compelled to know about our dreams and to explore dream time ceaselessly. We are driven by our love to know and understand more about the infinite nature of Divine Love and Wisdom and, quite frankly, I cannot imagine a better use of our time while here visiting the planet Earth. So, in response to that, may I say that I know that flights of Angels will sing thee to thy rest. Remember, for the ultimate in " wake-up calls," there is always the canon of Divinely guided wisdom left to us by the remarkable Emanuel Swedenborg.

Sweet dreams! Ø



In <u>You Are What You Love</u> Vaishali delves into dreams and Spiritual growth in her humorous, thoughtprovoking style. Visit her website at www.purplev.com and www.youarewhatyoulove.com Contact Vaishali at purplevaishalihaze@yahoo.com

Drum & Dream (Cont'd from pg. 3)

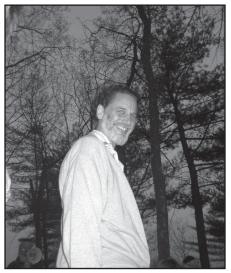
Because the very nature of The World Dreams Peace Bridge is communal, sharing dreams as well as other information from around the world, it was not long before we discovered that Mary's dream was far from the only dream Bridge members had dreamed about "Drum Dance and Dream for Peace." For example, Valley Reed of Dallas recorded the following dream two years ago:

Dancing around The Circle of the World

I was in a big circle of people from many countries around the world. I was doing many dances around the circle. The dances were for different things, different purposes. One was for peace in Israel and Palestine. Hadi (Valley's partner) said he didn't understand my approach but once he saw what I was doing he agreed and supported me. I was meeting them where they are and then moving the energy around the circle.

In the next dance I was performing for the circle. I could hear people saying they couldn't tell if my dance was be danced for me, or if it was for someone. The dance was a healing dance, and a sacred offering and it was being danced for me and for others at the same time.

On June 25 at the World Children's Festival, members of The World Dreams Peace Bridge will offer a variety of workshops as part of the day's schedule of performances, workshops, and celebration, all free and open to the public. Valley Reed will be offering a "Peace Movement" Workshop, teaching nonviolence through improvisational dance. Mary Whitefeather will offer a Drum Making Workshop, just prior to "Drum Dance and Dream for Peace", and Jean Campbell will offer a "Becoming a Dream Scout" workshop. For Jeremy Seligson of South Korea, the Peace Train Workshop he plans to offer with the assistance of his thirteen-year-old daughter Eloisa, this day will be the culmination of a dream. In March 2003, on the eve of the U.S. Invasion of Iraq, Jeremy dreamed of riding a Peace Train across the United States to Washington.



Jeremy Seligson dreamed of a Peace Train traveling across the U. S. to Washington.

The train stopped in front of the Capitol Building, at almost exactly the spot where his workshop will be offered. The World Dreams Peace Bridge has honored Jeremy's dream in the four years that have followed by the creation of a waking world Peace Train of art work from children around the world. During the past four years, Peace Train art has been created in South Korea, Turkey, Australia, the United States, Jamaica, Germany, Denmark, South Africa, Israel and other countries. Children and adults have been asked, "If you could put peace on a train and send it to people in other parts of the world, what would it look like?" The resultant Peace Train cars have been displayed around the world.

This "Drum Dance and Dream for

Peace" event, as you can see, has been growing and growing from the heart of the dream. You may have had a dream about this celebration yourself, which you are welcome to share on the "Drum Dance and Dream for Peace" event discussion board at w www.worlddreamspeacebridge.org/ drumming.

On the "Drum Dance and Dream for Peace" online pages there is also a full page flyer to download and distribute, press releases and much more information on the event. We hope you will help us to spread the word. And we hope that you will share the news about what you are doing with others by logging into the Event Discussion Board.

"Drum Dance and Dream for Peace" is an opportunity for all of us to reclaim the joy of dancing together. As Mary Whitefeather Joyce points out: "The drum is a vehicle of ascension to the higher dimensions of illumination, which can be experienced in the resonating, pulsating vibration of the drum. The sacred vibrations of our drums will revitalize and activate harmony throughout the sacred space, the earth, the world. In our drumming meditation we can ask Spirit or pray that our love, drumming and Peace shall hold the energy for continued respect for the sacredness of our lives on this earth. Drumming can help us to connect with our higher selves, our guardian angels, our spirit guides, our power animals, and expand our consciousness and dreaming journeys. Drumming can help us to bring back insight and help to nourish and heal our inner self. It can be our gateway to an extraordinary adventure. We can receive spiritual revelations directly. It can restore our positive energy. Feel the pulse of your heart, feel the heartbeat of mother earth, and feel the sacredness of your being while drumming for Peace."

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(Wounded Animals, Cont'd from pg. 40)

hidden power and energy that can be accessed for conscious, life-affirming purposes. We must awaken to and fully accept the rejected pain and vulnerability of our earlier woundings, which speak to the precious fragility of our soul-self. Then, with a deeper awareness of those parts of ourselves which are hidden yet "close to home" (close to our soul nature) in the shadowy underworld of our inner wildlife nature, we can consciously begin to transform those powerful, soul forces into healed, feminine forms of self-acceptance, selfempowerment and compassion in our outer lives. These particular kinds of animal images in our dreams speak metaphorically to the ancient, but necessary, deepening processes in the underworld that nurtures healthy soul growth.

Rescuing Captured Instincts

The following dream by a twenty-five year old woman speaks to a different experience of wounding through captured instincts. This dream also portrays the life-draining consequences and warns that injured, instinctual forces can not only lead to an inner sense of frustration and panic, but also interfere with our abilities to confront what is troubling us in the outer world. At the time of the dream, the dreamer was working for a wildlife center that takes in injured birds of prey and aims to reintroduce the rehabilitated raptors back into the wild.

The Wounded Hawk

I am at a night meeting in a rustic room in a cabin, or single-room flat in a building... somewhere in a suburb. People are discussing their work and giving presentations. A German professor—a blond, bespeckled man—has a hawk nailed to a board by its feet. He is very proud as he passes it around. I somehow escape with it and try to find my car. Later, I try to look for the man so I can tell him off for his cruelty. As I carry the bird around on the board, I notice that one leg has pulled free. It has a hole in it. Above the leg is a viscous, very dark reddish-brown fluid that bubbles out in a huge blob and starts running down the bird's leg. I am anxious to find the professor and give him a piece of my mind, but I am also intent upon rescuing the hawk and maybe find the authorities in this neighborhood through which I am running in a panic.

The dreamer connected the hawk to her outer work with injured birds at the center. She felt the dream was essentially a reflection of her deep, emotional involvement with speaking out in public against cruelty toward animals. At the egoic level, then, the dream mirrors this young woman's conscious, attitudinal orientation based upon her values and beliefs. But on a deeper level it is also mirroring a situation of distress somewhere in the psyche, in her instinctual nature.

Within the Jungian perspective, some additional questions might be asked, such as: "What is amiss here?" "What soul-energy is bleeding away?" "What of the deeper nature is captured, nailed down and wounded?" "What must be done to rescue a particular aspect of the inner wildlife nature?" "What is needed to feel masterful?"

Since the hawk, in myths and fairy tales, generally symbolizes farseeing, grasping and retaining ideas, as well as intuition and the powers of flight, the dream might be commenting on the dreamer's need to call forth some or all of these qualities at this time in her life. But when these vital, hawk-like aspects of the instinctual nature are injured or blocked, then the captive sense of feeling "nailed down," (as imaged in the dream) would interfere with the dreamer's ability to move forward in her life ("try to find my car") on the basis of clear perceptions and intuitive knowingness.

Sometimes the unconscious exaggerates and highlights a macabre symbol to get our attention; such warnings on the symbolic level are to be taken seriously. Since the dreamego responded to the hawk image in a passionate, concerned and determined manner, it seems that she is also being asked to respond on a conscious level to the wounded, hawk-like aspects of her own animal psyche in an equally compassionate and determined manner.

In much Native American lore, the hawk is not only a messenger, but its feathers contain healing powers. The wounded hawk image can indeed be viewed as a messenger, bringing the dreamer's attention to some criticallyneeded healing tasks. One of the dreamer's tasks—suggested by analogy to her work with injured birds in the outer world-seems to be that of "rehabilitating" her hawk-like, but injured instinctual aspects and releasing or "reintroducing" into conscious awareness her natural powers and resources for sharp observation and heightened perception.

I believe that this particular dream holds symbolic cues and messages for many of us. We must be able to rely upon sound instincts and healthy, natural abilities to see clearly our choices; for example, to take a stand against or to fly away from familial and cultural attitudes or situations that are injurious to ourselves and other beings.

But if our discerning and choicemaking capabilities are wounded or held down, we are in danger of losing a healthy sense of personal power. We are also in danger of losing our vital fluidity and essence.

In consciously responding to our wounded dream animals' messages and calls to healing awareness, we begin the transformational passage of recovery. As we learn to release the captive energies of our inner wildlife nature, we reclaim the selfesteem and courage that empower us to take a stand, hold our instinctual footing, retain our own values and aspire to a higher perspective of hawk-like, piercing vision and discernment in the face of personally distressing challenges.

The hawk image in this dream—first captured and wounded, then rescued-flies up from the dreamer's unconscious, bringing to conscious awareness a message of its lifethreatening condition. But the image of the hawk also brings the natural, instinctual medicine for healing; for that which was once wounded becomes revivified by deeper, instinctual forces. In order to become mobile and masterful in the world, we must begin reclaiming the hidden treasure of our own inner authority, based upon the instinctual knowing of what is harmful and what is helpful to our soul nature.

Bearing the Fierce Nature

The next dream reflects a fifty-yearold dreamer's mid-life tasks of reclaiming her projected shadow aspects and redefining herself based upon her own experiences as a woman. At the same time, she was learning to process some raw, negative emotions that would surface periodically in her marriage. The theme is again one of recognizing aggressive energies and transforming them into sources for empowerment.

The Polar Bears

I am in A's apartment with some other women for a workshop that A. is giving. I look out the window and see two polar bears just outside the apartment. Both bears are standing up on their hind legs, facing each other, in a fighting posture. When one of them turns to leave, I see that the back of its neck is scalloped with dark red, bloody marks where it was bitten by the other polar bear. Since it is the one that was wounded in the fight, it is the one that leaves.

According to Jungian analyst Dr. Karen Signell, "Times of transition and turmoil can be opportunities for insight and growth in inner and outer life. Dreams during these times can show us what is happening in the psyche and illuminate inner conflicts." (Signell, 1990, pp. 189-190) "You said, 'They're harmless dreamers and they're loved by the people.' 'What,' I asked you, 'is harmless about a dreamer, and what' I asked you, 'is harmless about the love of the people? Revolution only needs good dreamers who remember their dreams.' "

<u>Camino Real.</u> Tennessee Williams

The image of the fighting polar bears was particularly important to the dreamer in this context. She realized that the polar bears were a symbol of her "cold, white anger which feels frozen and savage," after years of pushing it out of awareness to avoid confrontations. She saw that the dream was telling her that repressed, "biting anger" often erupts anyway, in hostile and hurting ways ... "outside" and within. Now, she had to "stand up and face it" in herself. It occurred to her that she has a tendency to see her own unacceptable or antagonistic emotions in others, but had difficulty accepting them in herself. Most importantly, she saw the two fighting bears as representing a fierce battle that was going on inside her, wounding her badly.

The bear is one of the oldest of the animals sacred to earlier cultures. The female bear, as a lunar symbol, has been associated with the Great Mother and is a powerful archetypal and mythological symbol. In myths and folklore, the bear image represents maturity, introspection and wisdom, but is also renown for its ferocious power when wounded.

The bear, then, is a potent dream symbol for women, representing the instinctual side of The Mother archetype in both her positive and negative aspects. In her negative aspect, the bear represents the overbearing, entangling maternal instinct, as well as the potential for provoked aggression. In her positive aspect, she is viewed as "deliberate, rather than impulsive," and carries an "introverted kind of power and confidence" (Signell, 1990, p. 253). It is an animal that is grounded and centered in its massive, gentle strength and measured selfrestraint.

In this dream, the wounded polar bear seems to suggest that a woman's unrecognized anger can become frozen within, inflicting inner wounds to the psyche and draining away the soul-life which is symbolically carried in the blood of women. So, the main task suggested by the "fighting, wound-inflicting" polar bears is for the dreamer to bear, withstand (two bears, standing) and befriend her anger, approaching it within herself with kindness and patience as she would any wild, hurt creature. When unresolved, inner conflicts and disowned, strong emotions are repressed or "frozen", they tend to block access to our free- flowing, creative resources and natural powers for change, personal growth and assertive action.

The polar bear images eventually revealed a strong message for the dreamer: to consciously cultivate emotional flexibility and endurance (to bear up). For this dreamer and for many women working through similar conflicts around anger, the bear carries the healing medicine power of the ability to forebear: "to have patience, to bear up against, to channel strong emotions." Further, according to Dr. Estes, "To forebear is to practice generosity, thereby allowing the great compassionate nature to participate in matters that have previously caused emotion, ranging all the way from minor irritation to rage." Developing the ability to forebear, she adds, "strengthens integrity of action and soul." (Estes, 1992, p. 371)

In the psyche, the bear also represents "the ability to regulate one's life, especially one's feeling life" (op. cit. p. 358). So, through embracing our dream bear medicine we can become more attuned to our inner nature with its powerful, rhythmic soul-life and to our innermost needs for creative and healthy, emotional outlets. Moreover, the she-bear's hibernating characteristic is "a profound metaphor in our lives for cyclical return and increase coming from something that seemed deadened or frozen beneath the ground of awareness." (op. cit., p. 357)

At the same time, healing bear medicine supports our learning from the depths of the female experience to nurture ourselves and grow in healing self-acceptance, warmth and wise, she-bear maturity. Most importantly, the dream bear image teaches that we can learn to bear our instinctual, fierce nature with healing patience and generosity.

Conclusion

As we move through the seasons of integrating our disowned feelings, qualities and strengths, we find that an ongoing task is redefining our relationship with our inner selvesemotionally, cognitively and spiritually. We learn that we must recognize and embrace our shadowy, "beastly" aspects of aggression, anger, grief and fears, along with our inner light, passion and beauty, reclaiming all of ourselves. We must recognize what is wounded and lick our wounds clean with healing awareness and compassionate selfacceptance.

In French, *blesser* is "to wound." I wonder then, is being wounded equivalent in some way to "being blessed?" (Larsen, 1990, p. 127)

This paradoxical possibility is a question we might address to the Greek god Proteus, the divinity of the mythic imagination and soul image, who dwells in the depths of the sea while mimicking its changeability. (Hillman in Thompson, 1991, p. 17) Perhaps the surfacing of our wounded animal dreams seems to naturally call forth the shape-shifting presence of Proteus who often provokes us into seeing beyond appearances. He teaches us that we must "overcome symbolic squimishness and not look away." (Larsen, 1990, p. 127) When we look metaphorically through the eyes of our injured animal images, like the first dreamer in this article, we see how our woundings indeed might be blessings in disquise.

Accordingly, then, injured animal images also can be viewed as spirit guardians of the wounded-healer archetype. (Halifax, 1982) As companions of the wounded-healer motif, they too are healers who show us where we are personally wounded, what needs to be changed and what actions we need to take toward rediscovering our natural, instinctual heritage. In this sense, they do bless us with the valuable insights, intuitive knowingness and the grace of compassion that expands and deepens our relationship with the rich, paradoxical nature of the soul.

It is only woman-wise, then, to hear our dream animal's cries for help, listen to their voices, experience their pain... and do what we must to release our captured energies and animal soul-life. Moreover, in the Jungian perspective, it becomes a moral obligation to follow the shadowy pathways of the wounded animal healers in our dreams toward healing, integration and wholeness. The injured animal soul, the *criatura* within, must truly be healed for the Self to emerge. \wp

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Planetary Pirate (Cont'd from pg. 38)

Bush and Cheney are actually doing; this is the last thing they want.

Sometimes clearly seeing what is happening is the very act which spontaneously activates and mobilizes effective action. Bush and Co. have a distinct advantage if we don't recognize their predator-like nature. We can't possibly be able to meet their challenge unless we clearly discern what we are up against. The more of us that see the danger confronting us the better, as we can then creatively join forces in a way which actively empowers us to successfully meet the crisis we are facing. \wp

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Paul Levy is an artist and a spiritually-informed political activist. A pioneer in the field of spiritual awakening, he is a healer in private practice, assisting others who are also awakening to the dream-like nature of reality. He is the author of The Madness of George Bush: A Reflection of Our Collective Psychosis, which is available at his website http:// www.awakeninthedream.com. Please feel free to pass this article along to a friend if you feel so inspired. You can contact Paul at paul@awakeninthedream.com/ He looks forward to your reflections.

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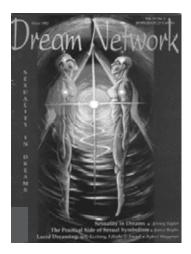
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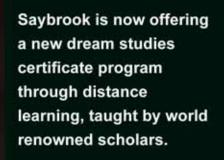
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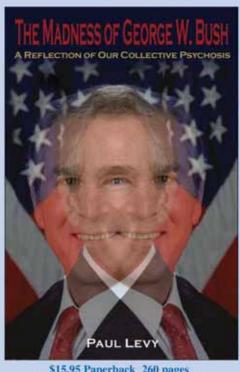
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