

Evolving a Dream Cherishing Culture

Since 1982

Vol. 27#1



# Dream Network



## Children Dreaming

*A Dream Comes True ~ Nancy Richter Brzeski*

*Dreamsharing with Your Children ~ Denyse Beaudet*

*Bones, Dreams and the Future ~ Russell Lockhart & Paco Mitchell*

*The End... or the Beginning? ~ Jeff Lewis*



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**JOSEPH CAMPBELL'S** personal papers and collections have been entrusted to the OPUS Archives and Research Center on the Campuses of Pacifica Graduate Institute. The renowned author, scholar and mythologist was a long-time friend of Pacifica, and a frequent guest lecturer.

The OPUS Archives and Research Center on the Campuses of Pacifica Graduate Institute is a non-profit organization that also holds the collections of James Hillman, Marion Woodman, and many other key figures in the development of depth psychology.



## An Avenue of Safety for the Children

I am with others, driving a car through the city where trouble is brewing. We drive to a house, on higher ground than the rest of the city. A leader of sorts lives there and as we approach the house, I experience a feeling of déjà-vu.

When we are inside, we are to be given a feast of some sort and when the servants come in to serve us, we are brought bowls of fresh raspberries (out of season). After we eat, we go outside; the

atmosphere is electrified with intense feelings of the trouble about to begin.

We are in fear for our lives, as we are completely surrounded by the city and its inhabitants. Suddenly, we look up to see a helicopter-like craft coming down toward us.

It obeys no laws of physics and seems to be coming from, or through, another dimension. It lands and a man comes

out to rescue us... but he has little room and asks who of us he should take aboard. We answer, "The children!" referring to the few little ones we have with us. He attaches a cable to the children and flies off.

The children stay with us as the cable, surprisingly, plays out of the flying machine. Where the cable stretches between our rescuer and the children, it lies on the ground and

an avenue of safety opens up.

- It leads up a hill, creating a pathway through fruit trees that are both blossoming and bearing ripe fruit. The trees are full of birds, squirrels and monkeys. We climb nearly to the top of the hill where I can see friends.

I feel great love and peace.

(Next night) I awaken from a dream experiencing ecstatic joy.

It seems we have reached the top of the hill!





# Statement of Purpose

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## Dream Network

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

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

Our goals are to unite and serve individuals who respect dreams, to empower dreamers in demystifying dreamwork and to assist with the integration of dreamsharing into our everyday lives and culture...in whatever ways of integrity are shown and given us. We believe that dreams are agents for change and often reveal important new insights about the life of the dreamer on many levels: personal, cultural and global.

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

We seek to provide a balance and to give all cultures/nations, voices and schools of thought an opportunity to be heard. There will be times when a particular area of interest will be given greater emphasis than another because of that which is surfacing and given the limited space in the print and Online Journal. The emphasis will change over time to allow for a wide range of ideas 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.

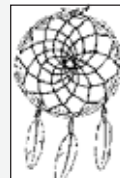
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## **Upcoming Focus**

for SUMMER Vol. 27#2

### Dreaming Humanity's Path

What is a Visionary Dream?  
Share Your *Visions*, those  
Gifted to Inform Humankind  
~~~~~

Paying Tirubute to Rita Dwyer  
& Jean Campbell

Lifeline: 4 Weeks

after you receive  
this issue.

### **\*NOTE Regarding Submissions:**

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

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

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

And, of course, we always love to hear from you in our *Letters* column! Whether you were inspired or infuriated by the latest issue, please let us hear from you!

Visit our website for Submission Guidelines <http://DreamNetwork.net>

## Editorial

In my childhood dreams, I was taken to a one story building, like a school, and delivered to a 'Big Man' who instructed me thus: "Inside this building, behind one of the doors, is your mother. I am going to set you spinning until you're airborne/off the ground, open the door and you must choose the door/room where your mother is located. One chance only."

I dreamt this scenario many times and each time I found the right door, first time... until the last time... when I couldn't find her. At the time, my father was in the army, WWII, and my mother had given birth to my younger brother. Need I say more?

Years ago, I shared this recurring dream with my Jungian mentor and with his encouragement, I took a day to find a private spot near a lovely lake to contemplate and journal, focusing on this dream series.

When I found the spot, the first thing I saw was an exquisite, newly sprouted red and gold mushroom. I went down, immediately, to my knees, cupped the mushroom with one hand... and went on an unexpected, spontaneous Journey. When I came back 'in,' I bent down to kiss and thank the mushroom and then heard a voice say,

"You have found your Mother."

I reminded my treasured mentor of these dreams recently and in brief, here's what he had to say:

"Apply the dream to the world today and assume that all of humanity is "the dreamer." The "Big Man" has us spinning. Our task is to find the "mother." And wouldn't you know it, **she's right under our feet!**"

Sweet.

I tell this story for two reasons: One, it is significant to the present issue, focused on Children Dreaming and points out the critical importance of children's dreams, especially recurring dreams. Inside, you will find that we are making progress, culturally, in this way. Secondly, to point a marshmallow-arrow toward our upcoming, summer issue, which in part will focus on Visionary dreams, or dreams to which Carl Jung attached the term 'collective unconscious.' Those Big Dreams many have which are important to all of humanity. My former mentor—in pointing out the value of rising above the personal analysis to see the message for community—is an indicator that may inspire you to submit your own Big Dreams.

Most of us agree that dreamtime does not adhere to the rules of 24/7, here and now. Dreams dreamt years, even decades, ago can be and often are as relevant today as they were at the time they were recalled. For this reason, I've elected to bring forth two of the visionary dreams we published over a decade ago, when we dedicated an entire year to what Russell Lockhart coined *Dreaming Humanity's Path* (DHP).

DHP has become a tradition in this publication. The visionary dreams that are selected for publication are committed to print, with the dreamer's permission to exclude their name; likewise, we make no effort at interpretation. Rather, we allow Psyche to Speak, as these visions are submitted by dreamers who felt they *had to share their dream* with a larger community.

Let us continue this tradition.  
Enjoy Spring & this special issue!

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

**Taking care of business** (My least favored aspect of this work):  
Continually rising postal rates—another in May— may mean less pages in upcoming issues.

## 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 every-night 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 subject-specific 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

### A Teamster Shares the Value of Dreams & Intuition in the Blue Collar World

I work a day job as a plant manager for a steel company while still writing the Dream and Intuition newsletter and hosting an occasional intuition workshop. What I find interesting, is that over time it has been made very clear to me through circumstance that my journey with dream and intuition work follows a path which straddles both the industrial and spiritual landscapes. Some of my best book reviews for both books came from the blue collar side of the equation. So, it has taken some time to adjust my self-perception as a dreamer to encompass that role and to move forward from there. Although I supervise a crew of Teamsters, I am provided with opportunities through life's daily circumstances to share basic dreamwork and awareness of intuition with them. And for that, I will always be grateful.

So, this is where my dreams have led me. Not quite what I expected when embarking on this path, but working with Spirit is like that; through our dreams we are led to areas in our lives where we most need to make a difference.

*Edward Bonapartian*

To receive Mr. Bonapartian's monthly newsletter go to

<http://www.IntuitiveDreams.com>

*Edward Bonapartian is the author of  
Reflections on the Art of Balance  
(Ed.)*

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

### DN: "A Breath of Fresh Air"

I love giving out your magazine to people who are connected with their dreams. *Dream Network* is truly a

breath of fresh air (spirit) in a world gone corporately mad. Keep dreaming the dream to the highest,

*Paul Levy, Portland, OR*

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

### How Do We Keep Doing It?

Many thanks for sending the new issue. How do you keep topping yourself like that? Just want you to know how much I appreciate all the work you put into not only gathering the content but how you present it—like a dream itself!

*Russell Lockhart, Ph. D., Everett, WA*

*How? With a LOT of help from YOU, friends! (Ed.)*

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

### Dreamer Requests Your Comments: Urgent

I have seen in past 4 years the death of 4 people, shortly after I dream the dream, this person dies.

Last week *I saw my aunt* and she died in Friday.

What makes me worried is that after I see the dream and the death comes, things are going up for me, usually something very pleasant happens.

My first dream like this was about 15 years ago, when *I saw the cruise ship Estonia drown*. Nobody believed me... e.g., when I told this to my parents (of course I was only 16 then). Eight hundred died there and *I saw the agony and terror*.

Almost always the dreams I see have one common thing: *I play the leading role. I either watch over someone where high or I'm moving between other people.*

Closest loss for me was my father. I dreamed about him and one-and-one-half weeks later he died. He called me the night before, but I could not say anything. I always feel that it is not my place to tell them anything. I was calm and tried to calm him also.

But now I'm getting a bit worried about that, because it is becoming more frequent and I do not know any-

thing about these things.

So maybe you all can help me a bit, what to do and what does this all mean?

Please forgive me my English

*Helen Holmberg, Harjumaa, Estonia*

*helenandrus@hotmail.com*

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

### Dream Network: For The People

My first attraction to Dream Network Journal in the early 1990s was from Editor/Publisher Roberta Ossana's invitation that common people from all cultures could offer their dreaming experiences for publication in the journal. Dream Network also draws professional authors and artists who present dreaming materials from cultures around the world. Peace is interwoven in each issue. Such is the quality that the publisher and her co-workers reflect in every issue of Dream Network, a journal that truly has something for everyone who values dreams.

*Evelyn Duesbury, Platteville, WI*

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

### Appreciation

Great lay-out and a wonderful editorial in the Winter issue of Dream Network (Vol. 26 No. 4). The DNJ keeps getting better. I'm sure I speak for many people when I thank you for all you've done and continue to do for the DNJ. My best wishes.

*Steve Carter, Wichita, KS*

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

Please send your letters to:

LETTERS % Dream Network  
PO Box 1026, Moab, UT 84532  
Publisher@DreamNetwork.net



## Jung... on The Child's Psyche

"The child's psyche, prior to the stage of ego-consciousness, is very far from being empty and devoid of content... That such contents exist in the child who has not yet attained to ego-consciousness is a well-attested fact. The most important evidence in this respect is the dreams of three- and four-year-old children, among which there are some so strikingly mythological and so fraught with meaning that one would take them at once for the dreams of grown-ups, did one not know who the dreamer was. They are the last vestiges of a dwindling collective psyche which dreamingly reiterates the perennial contents of the human soul. From this phase, there spring many childish fears and dim, unchildlike premonitions which, rediscovered in later phases of life, form the basis of the belief in reincarnation. But from this sphere also spring those flashes of insight and lucidity which give rise to the proverb: *Children and fools speak the truth.*

"Because of its universal distribution, the collective psyche—which is still so close to the small child—perceives not only the background of the parents, but, ranging further afield, the depths of good and evil in the human soul. The unconscious psyche of the child is truly limitless in extent and of incalculable age. Behind the longing to be a child again, or behind the anxiety dreams of children, there is—with all due respect

to the parents—more than the joys of the cradle or a bad upbringing.

"Primitive peoples often hold the belief that the soul of the child is the incarnation of an ancestral spirit, for which reason it is dangerous to punish children lest the ancestral spirit be provoked. This belief is only a more concrete formulation of the views I have outlined above.

"The infinity of the child's preconscious soul may disappear with it, or it may be preserved. *The remnants of the child-soul in the adult are his best and worst qualities; at all events, they are the spiritus rector of our weightiest deeds and of our individual destinies, whether we are conscious of it or not.* It is they which make kings or pawns of the insignificant figures who move about on the checker-board of life, turning some poor devil of a casual father into a ferocious tyrant, or a silly goose of an unwilling mother into a goddess of fate. For behind every individual father there stands the primordial image of the Father, and behind the fleeting personal mother, the magical figure of the Magna Mater. These archetypes of the collective psyche—whose power is magnified in immortal works of art and in the fiery tenets of religion—are the dominants that rule the preconscious soul of the child and, when projected upon the human parents, lend them a fascination which often assumes monstrous proportions." ∞



# Children Dreaming

- ~ Play ~
- ~ Theatre ~
- ~ Collage ~
- ~ Therapy ~
- ~ Mask-Making ~
- ~ Parenting ~



Nancy Richter Brzeski's Dream Comes True!  
Dream Theater and Art Class ~ Teachers, Students ~ Dreamers, All



Students' at the Falk School  
making dream inspired masks  
~ in readiness for Dream Theater

# A Dream Comes True

by Nancy Richter Brzeski

**I T STARTED WITH A DREAM IN 1986.** I dreamt that *I returned to my grade school in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania to teach Dream Theater and dream-inspired art*, as I had done in our local schools here in California when our children and grandchildren were young. I said, "I know something good will come of it, because I loved that school so much." I had three similar dreams over the following years.

Last October, I visited Falk School, one of the leading laboratory schools in the country, affiliated with the University of Pittsburgh's School of Education. I was greeted as a celebrity, being the oldest alum known to them in their 75th anniversary year. I graduated from 8th grade in 1938. I promised to return in the spring to teach them about dreams.

Last March, I spent three days there with my friends, Janet McCall, the Curator of last year's IASD art show and Cynn timer Pearson, IASD Board Member. It was great fun! The Language Arts teacher, Greg Wittig and the Art teacher, Dr. Pamela Krakowski, were very enthusiastic from the outset.

Thirteen 8th graders, mostly girls, volunteered to do Dream theater, with no idea of what that entailed. They divided themselves into several small groups, each group deciding which dreams to use. Then they eagerly chose masks, wigs and other 'props' from those I had accumulated and bequeathed to Falk School. Some of the masks were made by me and



Dream Theater Facilitators/Teachers  
Nancy Richter Brzeski,  
Janet McCall and Cynn timer Pearson

our daughter, Eva. Then the girls energetically acted out three dreams. Afterward, Cynn timer taught them how to play the "If it were my dream" game, which they learned very quickly. She—who had recently done dreamwork with sixteen-year-olds in another school—was amazed at their maturity and insight. At the end of the hour, Greg took a picture of all of us with our masks and wigs.





Making masks, creating collage  
in preparation for their presentation.

The following day, the same volunteers met in Pamela's art room where they made dream-inspired mixed media collages. They used all sorts of pictures and materials provided by Pam and myself. Janet showed them one of her beautiful handmade Dream Journals. On both days, she was accompanied by a 5th grade friend, Coleman, who was interested in dreams and made a fine collage in spite of a broken thumb. The volunteers obviously enjoyed the collage-making and afterward showed their finished works, with comments.

The next day I took the teachers and Falk's dynamic school director, Dr. Wendell McConnaha, out to lunch. We drank white wine and agreed that the project was a great success.

My dream came true! ∞

Ms. Richter Brzeski has just been chosen "The Outstanding Falk Alumnae of 2007-08."  
The presentation will be made on April 17 in Pittsburgh, PA.  
You may contact her at 53 College Park, Davis, CA 95616-3643

# Embracing the Dreamguider Within: Dreamsharing with Your Children



©2008 Denyse Beaudet, Ph.D.

*“Whenever the child is disturbed in sleep, wait about two minutes after the child stops being disturbed and then wake them up gently by asking, ‘What were you dreaming? What kind of a night did you have?’ They very often tell their dream and then, within 5 minutes, can go back to sleep.”*

*Kilton Stewart in an  
Interview with Frank Ford, WPEN radio, Philadelphia, PA, 1959*

**WE ALL WANT CLOSER FAMILY RELATIONS.** Yet most parents consider themselves “off duty” when their children fall asleep. Not until a child experiences nightmares—some so severe that they disturb the whole family—do parents snap to attention, asking themselves, psychologists, and anyone else who will listen, for advice about restoring their child’s tranquility.

What if parents did not abdicate stewardship for those eight to twelve hours that their children spend sleeping, but instead looked to understand and learn from their children’s active dreaming minds? Dreamguiding leads parents toward greater insight into their children and deeper connection with them through an often-overlooked territory: their dreams.

The first step in dreamguiding is to make dreams part of your household. All it takes is one parent or one sibling fascinated enough with his or her own dreams to give sleep-time adventures a *presence*, an identity within the family.

Before anything else, children are dream tellers. Somewhere between your child’s third and fifth year—and sometimes ear-

lier—your child declares a dream. This is your opportunity to open the door to a child’s world of dreams and to embrace the *dreamguider* within you, in earnest.

As the parent, you are one of the first people to whom your child will likely tell a dream. When a dream knocks at the door of your child’s consciousness for the first time, welcome it! Over time, you and your child will evolve your own ritual for dream telling. For instance, every morning you might lie down on your child’s bed, or your own bed, as he or she their nighttime experiences. You might “take dictation” while your child chats in the bath, or talks about dreams at your breakfast table.

Your first task as a parent is to give your attention, *listen*. As if clearing the land and hoeing in fertile soil, you prepare the attitudes, practices and space for dreams that will last a lifetime. Give your little boy’s or girl’s nighttime experience your full emotional presence. Receptivity will spark your child’s enthusiasm for dream telling. As a dreamguide, you watch, appreciate, give a tip here, ask a question there, stand by and reap the harvest of deeper family bonds.

## A Child’s First Dream Journal

Making a dream journal, parents can watch and enjoy their children change and grow in a whole new way.

Capturing dreams on paper serves several crucial purposes. Recording a dream as a child communicates that you value both the dream and the telling. Also, it gives you both a growing archive of shared material. The first dreams are short and easy to record. But soon—fed with attention by both parent and child—the dream reports lengthen and become elaborate. Start by writing the date of the dream: day, month and year. Children grow up quickly and the date of the dream will soon take on its full significance.

Record the dream as your child reports it. Sometimes keeping pace with the child’s dream-telling is a challenge. At other times, the challenge is to stay with the thread of the dream, when the child strays and wanders to other topics. Other pieces of information a child gives out are worth recording for the light they shed on a child’s dream and what it means



to the child. There is sometimes a preamble before your child launches into the dream proper. Regardless of the dream content, these remarks capture the feeling of a dream, sometimes in a flash, and reveal immediately how the dream sets with the child.

For instance, these kinds of comments:

*I had the most beautiful dream I ever had. I want this dream again and again.*

*Oh, I had the saddest dream. I had a nightmare.*

Next comes the dream. You can write directly in the journal, as the child's report unfolds, or take the dictation on a separate sheet of paper, in order to write faster, albeit messier, without interrupting the flow with questions. Slowing down the child, in order to catch up with the writing, can also work.

Don't worry about keeping an exhaustive dream inventory. The real goal is to nurture the child's developing relationship with dreams and dream skills that your child-dreamer will carry on later in life. Keeping a dream journal is also a way of nurturing the creative life within your family and your home. Once children tap into their dream source, dreams flow abundantly in a life-giving way.

## Noting Your Child's Resourceful Strategies and Benevolent Allies

What about nightmares? It is hard to believe that nightmares provoke development of your child's skills and powers, especially when they introduce such turmoil. But they do! Certain dreaming skills can help a child reach the more positive and resolved side of a nightmare. Your child can cultivate these skills with your guidance. And the skills a child develops

as a dreamer carry over to the child's waking life.

*Before you do or say anything*, there is work for you to do as a parent. You must first notice your child's "dream strategies," and become aware of "benevolent allies" on your child's dream path.

Young children, although not yet equipped to understand the meaning of dreams, readily relate to and describe their *behavior* within a dream. What did your child *do* in the dream? The behavior points the way to the child's *dream strategy*. Perhaps the child throws stones at a feared crocodile, lays a trap for a witch, or negotiates with a villain.

Noting your child's strategies focus your understandings, because those strategies represent your child's willingness and ingenuity to respond to challenges. Five-year-old Oliver dreamt of witches and described his strategy in the following way:

*I was in a swimming pool and I tried to squirt her, but my squirt gun sank. And then, I tried to shoot the witch down with the pool hose. I was in a hot tub. It was scary there.*

At first you may notice only the most spectacular strategies, when the child fights actively as Oliver did, for instance. However, it pays to discern the more subtle strategies as well—pretending to be dead to avoid being detected, cleaning the house to eliminate the witch's poison, sending for help after being bitten.

Giving attention to your child's dream strategies, you can begin to perceive and appreciate your child's resourcefulness as a dreamer.

When your child is disempowered, hurt, or taken over by a dream creature, he or she may not have any obvious strategy available, except to wake up. This is fine. An incubation period is sometimes needed for a

child's energy to rebound. With time and in later dreams the child may summon the necessary strength to respond more powerfully and adroitly to a bad dream. Trust that your child will find the resources at his or her own pace. Your confidence in your child is enormously important. Dreams are a training field just as is life.

Children are seldom alone in their dream worlds. An ally may help your child elude danger. Allies may be strangers, friends or family, and sometime a creature like the good witch in four-year-old Nick's dream:

*Mom was in this place and I was in there too. There were lots of witches and there were two girls that I saw in the park. And then Mom disappears, and I was calling for her but she wasn't there. I was calling, and one witch smiled at me, and said "hi" to me and I said "hi" back. And then she said, "I'll give you some help," and I was gonna say, "With your magic, can you please get my mommy back?"*

When a child trusts in a dream ally for help, the dream world often responds favorably.

Even when your child travels alone through part of his or her dream journey, the dream may have other redeeming features—for instance, a small cottage with a dog and a family in the forest where your child was lost. When all seems lost, assistance may come in the most unexpected way. Like allies, these redeeming features can bring about a turn of events. Look for redeeming features and benevolent allies in your child's dreams. They light your child's path.

Noting your child's strategies, allies and resourcefulness inculcates you with a receptive spirit. That spirit is a vital part of dreamguiding. ∞

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You may contact Dr. Beaudet at [dreamguider@hotmail.com](mailto:dreamguider@hotmail.com).

# Play Therapy and Dreams: A Child's Healing

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**B**EN WAS NINE YEARS OLD. He was a bright and verbal boy, with much more insight than one would expect for his young age. He had witnessed domestic violence on many occasions and was referred for therapy after being diagnosed with Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD) and being removed from his family while their case was investigated. During our initial sessions, he was timid and preferred to play rather than talk. I watched as he slowly approached the toys. He pulled down a dollhouse and figurines. Without speaking a word, he placed the little boy in a room alone and began clashing the mother and father figures against one another. "The man and woman are crashing into each other over and over," I reflected aloud. No response. He continued the crashing. He put them down and reached for the little boy figure, but did not remove it from the single room. "The boy is all by himself in the room," I stated. No response.

This kind of repetitive play continued for our next three sessions, which is generally common in chil-

dren who have experienced trauma. Play during a session is considered the child's way of expressing himself and Ben was initially at a standstill in his emotions. Each session he began to talk more, until he was finally comfortable sharing with me. Because he was eventually quite verbal, I began to use the latter part of our sessions to sit and talk.

One afternoon, as we played Candy Land, we discussed eating and sleeping. He surprised me when he stated, "I have bad dreams."

*Mommy is running and there is a bear chasing her. I can see, but I'm stuck. I'm in a highchair that I'm too big for and I can't move my arms. I can't see Mommy anymore because the bear chased her away. I hear her yell.*

I was amazed at the similarity of his dreams and his situation in his waking life. The bear, a big and powerful animal, was hurting his mother. He desperately wanted to help, but he was trapped by a highchair, an object resembling his childhood. Similarly, according to his records, he had witnessed his

father assaulting his mother and because of his young age and small stature, was a helpless bystander. It was then that I began to ask him about dreams more often. A few sessions passed, and his repetitive play continued. He surprised me one day when the little boy figurine came out of the bedroom and was near the parent figures. There was no interaction, but the boy figure was present with the adults.

*I dropped Daddy's glasses on the floor and they broke. I couldn't clean up because my hands were jelly. They smushed and smashed and I couldn't move them right. I was afraid for when he came home, and I ran down the street.*

*Mommy and me are swimming at the beach. Big waves are coming. One wave takes Mommy away and I keep trying to swim to her, but I'm stuck. I get up real close and touch her hand, but then the wave pushes me away.*

Ben was moving closer. Interestingly, he had chosen the word "stuck" again. He was still struggling



and only partially successful, but some sort of contact had been made. In his waking life, there was a possibility of moving back in with his mom, though no final decision had been made. I had gotten word that his father would not be allowed contact.

During our 16th session, out came the dollhouse. The boy was alone. The man and woman crashed. Then, something extraordinary happened. The woman doll joined the little boy. Ben gently placed the man doll on the table away from the house. The boy and the woman began to talk to one another.

"I wonder what the boy and woman are talking about?" I questioned.

"That's his mommy," Ben said, identifying the female as "mommy" for the first time. "I love you!" Ben made the woman figure say.

"The mommy must love the boy very much!" I reflected.

"Yeah!" Ben replied.

"I wonder what they'll do next?" I asked.

"Maybe go to someplace far away," Ben said as he smiled.

*Mommy was in the kitchen and I broke my Ninja Turtle bike. She used a box of lightning to fix it. Then I rode it around and around, really, really fast!*

So, what was once broken is on its way to being healed; Ben felt free to "ride around and around!" After his emotional journey, a fixed pattern was broken; he began to share his thoughts and dreams with me more readily and he ultimately began healing his pain through play and dreams. His dreams seemed to illustrate beautifully the cognitive and emotional process that was taking place. Initially, he was helpless and distraught. Later, he tried to help, but was still small and inef-

"After his emotional journey, a fixed pattern was broken.

Ben began to share his thoughts and dreams with me more readily and he ultimately began healing his pain through play and dreams."

fective against the current. Ultimately, his sense of being "broken" was "fixed" and he was free.

In terms of the toys, his lonesome existence evolved into a more content and loved/loving experience.

I am grateful for the opportunity to have participated in Ben's healing. I am also happy to say that Ben now leads a safe and happy life with the loving care of his mother. ∞

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Lauren LeRose Davidson is a Masters level psychotherapist who is currently pursuing her doctorate in clinical psychology.

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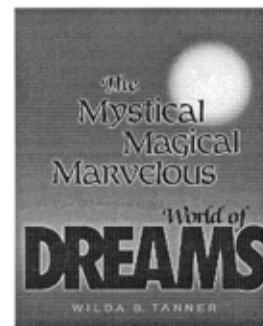
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## WAKING UP THE PSYCHE

The Role of Art Therapy  
in SED Children's Dreams and Fantasies

©2008 by Marlene King, M.A.  
dreamtimesguide.com

**T**HE GROUNDS WERE WELL-MANICURED, THE COTTAGES QUIANT AND EVENLY SPREAD OVER SEVERAL TREED ACRES..

There were sandboxes and limited outdoor play equipment for recreation and a huge gymnasium with barred doors. There also was an outpatient clinic on the grounds that offered services from referrals from social workers and community service agencies, parents, public schools or physicians.

At first glance, it was an idyllic setting, but the veneer soon disappeared when I stepped over the threshold of one of the white hospitable dwellings. The children who lived in this environment were between the ages of 18 months to 12 years and were housed as wards of the State because their parents, family members or caretakers were deemed incapable of providing for their most basic needs. Most of the children, classified as Severely Emotionally Disturbed (SED), had experienced and were dealing with issues of chaotic family systems often involving substance abuse, deprivation of nurturance, witnessing violent crimes; all were coping with socialization skills, developmental delays, organicity and trauma due to emotional and physical abuse.

As one might imagine, trust was something I would have to earn as the resident art therapist. The issue

of establishing trusting relationships remained a tangent theme throughout the time I spent in this venue. I set up my art/therapy room with doors wide open inviting curious eyes to view the wide variety of art materials which were in some cases nothing any of the children had seen before. I practiced setting boundaries and rules with the scissors, glue, paper, paints I organized in the storage closet, and encouraged questions. I set up my tape recorder and played soothing music as a signal I was there and working. To these children, it was like a banquet of creative self-nurturing supplies that I hoped would whet their appetites and start building a bridge of trust for their treatment.

After the routines of hourly sessions were set with staff for the roster of children in the cottage, I attempted to begin my treatment with prescribed assessments, but I readily learned that the children often brought fantasies and concerns and only occasionally dreams to the sessions and the transition to 'talking' about them through art and play was a major part of their treatment program. As with all children's dreams, they are usually shorter in duration than those of adults because their recall is not fully developed.

There is a prescriptive method to using art materials with this type of

population. I knew that I had to be conservative and observe what they did with the material as much as what was produced. Art therapy is process-oriented, not product-oriented, as is occupational therapy. Each child had individual tolerances, defenses, and needed constant monitoring from over-indulging (which led to escalated emotions), overcoming feelings of "wasting" and running out of materials and encouragement to realize there would "be enough" to complete whatever project was introduced. Art materials loosen up the clients and provide "containment" in some form or another, and in some cases, is all-important in the process-oriented work.

After several months of treatment work, one of my clients, a seven year old African American boy who I will call Kevin, still avoided doing the prescribed assessment directives which underlined his need for being in control of his world and establishing that element in our relationship. Kevin's emotional development was 0-1 years and it became evident during our sessions that when given choice of play/art media, he preferred water; kitchen/wet play became his best area to express and communicate.

"Psychotherapy offers... protected space in which he can return symbolically to the waters of the maternal universe. Life begins

in water...[and] is a metaphor [for] those energies which are unconscious and unformed."<sup>1</sup>

Unexpectedly, Kevin came to one of his sessions with a dream. He told me he had a dream about *being on the roof at night as Batman and then he turned into a rooster*. I suggested that he draw his dream and he chose colored pencils and paper, which are very safe and controllable media. As he drew, he verbalized that he was afraid and that if he could fly he could escape. We talked about why he thought he would want to escape at night... and from what. This child never felt safe, always felt in danger, so it was important to him that he identify with a super-hero and a rooster, both of which could fly from danger if they needed to. Being on a rooftop gave him a good vantage point to view his world and empowered him to be vigilant. I told him I thought it was interesting that not only could he fly in his dream, but that both characters had a "voice" and could be heard and it must make him feel safe and powerful to get out of scary situations.

I learned through subsequent sessions that themes of danger pervaded his psyche and that his fantasies and dreams played a big part of how he dealt with the chaotic world from which he came. Thus, threaded with the treatment goals, I took him where he was as he presented himself in the sessions regarding his readiness, development and trust levels. He loved to "cook" and inevitably, his mode of treatment was better served in the "wet room" where there was a sand table and water/sink play area.

It was during this time that Kevin began to amplify his concerns and fantasies and often became or made images of "Best Boy" or "Super Hero." When he 'became' one of these characters in this waking dream/fantasy, he would tell stories about guns, stairways and bad guys. As he talked, he

worked with water and white and red terra cotta clays and fashioned a set of "lungs"; he made his red and made mine pink. He also created food items such as pizza, cookies and pancakes. I made mention to him that all of the shapes were round and I wondered about that. He had no response except a shrug of the shoulders, but they were classic mandala shapes and indicative of the beginnings of integration around his fears and concerns. The lungs appeared to indicate the "breath of life" that was returning to this child and that he identified with me; his awareness of cultural differences was apparent by the depiction of two colors of skin.

In a paper by Strausch and Lederbogen they note that "The systematic study of children's dreams remain rare... and that no studies exist that compare... dreams and waking fantasies of children...."<sup>2</sup> Since I elicited information via the process of using art materials, directives and psychotherapeutic techniques, it often evoked suppositions, "what ifs" and waking fantasies and stories that reflected the inner life of the child more frequently than dream material.

Strausch and Lederbogen discovered that, "...in fantasies, children took an active role in both aggressive and friendly interactions, but in dreams, they tended to be victims of aggression and recipients of friendliness... and that they portrayed themselves in dreams the way they conceived of themselves in everyday life. However, in waking fantasies, they became what they wanted to be. That is, dreams reflect present concerns and private self-appraisals and with fantasies, they saw a more positive future."<sup>3</sup>

One ten-year-old girl, whom I will call Carol, started her sessions anxious and unable to focus on any task; her movements were expansive, scattered and random. Initially, she would

(Continued on page 42)

## Kilton Stewart on Children's Dreams

In a 1963 Interview, Marion Granger asked Kilton Stewart:

M. G.: "What should parents say to their children about dreams?"

Kilton Stewart responded: "This, I think is a very important subject and we, at last, do know what the parents should say. And this is one of my great criticisms of both psychoanalysis and psychiatry: that down through the years they've never told us anything about how to educate the child's dream, or the child's subconscious. The parent should say, right from the time the child can talk, 'Now, you must do this and such in the daytime; because I'm legally responsible for you. You have to do what I say. But in your dreams, I agree to do what *you* say. I agree to serve and obey you in the dreamworld, if you will mind me and cooperate with your brothers and sisters and do what I tell you to when you're awake.'

And whenever s/he has a dream in which s/he cannot outface the dream character, the parent should say, 'The dream character is yours, it belongs to you, it's in your dream universe! You go back to sleep and outface that dream character. It can't hurt you. No dream character can hurt you. And if you can't win out over it by yourself, I or your mother or your teacher will come into your dream and we will all help you overcome, conquer and master your dream characters.

"In societies where they interpret dreams this way, the children grow up very cooperative and yet fiercely individualistic and they do not have to go through this period of adolescence where they turn against authority.... and God help them that they don't turn too far and do something too destructive.

"Those societies say when a child has a good dream, s/he often floats. And the parents counsel: 'You must float *somewhere*. and arrive and see something interesting and useful. You must remember it and bring it back to your society, because society helps you while you're awake and you help society by remembering what your dream characters tell you, so you can share it when you wake up'."

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Interview on December 5, 1963 on KIBF/FM of the *Celebrity Carousel* Radio Show, Jenkintown, PA





## DREAMWORK WITH CHILDREN:

# It's Child's Play!

by Arthur Strock

**A** WOMAN CAME RUSHING OVER TO ME at a recent social gathering with her little girl in tow. She had heard that I worked with dreams and quickly asked me what she should do about her daughter's recurring nightmares about losing a balloon. I soon found myself kneeling by the little girl asking a couple of questions about her dreams and finding that it had been a red balloon. Well, next thing I knew the friend I was with joined in and was also talking to the little girl, offering some sound advice. The interaction turned out to be a whirlwind of thinking and talking. The situation also seemed to be a synchronistic event in perfect timing for use as an illustration on working with children's dreams.

The event stuck in my mind, however, which wasn't a good sign. I realized that I had got-

ten caught up in our society's need to move ahead quickly. I had rushed right in even prior to getting a proper introduction to this little person. And, if the truth be known, I'd also gotten caught up with my own ego, wanting to maintain my reputation for being the local dream expert.

As I further considered the situation, I happened to recall a meditation insight given in preparation for a past dream workshop. I realized at the time that I would need to listen closely to what the workshop participants had to say. The realization seemed to fit well in this case too. Children desperately need adults to listen to them.

About a week later, I got another chance to talk and this time, *listen* to the little girl. When I saw her, I very quietly and confiden-

tially asked her how her dreams were going. She just looked at me with a blank stare and said nothing. Whoops, just listening is not enough!

So, I turned to my dreams for help in providing me with a theme for this article, a theme that would apply to working with children and their dreams. The result was a dream in which...

*I was a kid playing ball with some other kids. A childhood friend of mine tried to get the ball from me just as I snatched it and ran. As I ran back to the group, I found that he'd gone on ahead. So, I threw the ball to him. Then I found that I had more than one ball, so I threw him another. He then threw one to me.*

At first the dream seemed unrelated to a theme for considering dream work with children. Then

came the realization that the theme of the dream was play. Child's play with dreams can be talking, drawing, role play, any kind of activity that allows creative interaction around the dream. If we get into the spirit of play with children, we can't go wrong. As it's been said in many different contexts, play is a child's work. So, if we play a child's game of dreams, then we're "working" with children.

Thinking of my recent one sided conversation with the little dreamer, I realized that I hadn't been invited to play. Children take charge of their play. In order to work with children, we need to get into their world in which invitations are important, taking turns is on their terms, rule changes are abrupt, and there is plenty of give and take.

My dream was a reminder that a dream can become something like the ball in my dream. The dream can be tossed around, hidden, kept away from the other person, and then even thrown back to the other person. For children, the dream, like the ball, is the object of focus, not the players.

The dreams do their own work offering wonderful opportunities for growth and self understanding. The seven-year-old boy who dreams of his dog that recently died is exploring feelings of grief. The ten year old girl who dreams of her own super hero as the caped, flying "eye man" is exploring feelings of power. The hyperactive 12 year old who dreams that he is bouncing off

the walls of a room is exploring feelings of being out of control. Children of all ages who dream of seeing their secret unopened birthday gifts are exploring feelings of intuition.

As adults, if we are lucky, a child may take a chance and share a dream with us. If we're careful, we get to play. How wonderful to know that if we get asked to play, we can be assured that the child wants us to be on his or her team. Being on the same team means that we don't need to be the manager and develop dream interpretations or teach any lessons. As fellow teammates we can avoid the competition of many other games and thoroughly enjoy a lasting and warm camaraderie.

So, what's this child's play all about? It's about helping children to develop positive traits like self-assurance, responsibility, honesty, courage and maturity just to name just a few. It's about providing tools for living and growing through dream-sharing. The added bonus is that if we have suffered as children, we get a chance to revisit some of our own emotions through play. Dreamwork with children may be child's play, but it isn't necessarily easy. We need to play on their terms. If we do, they may want to keep us on their team. If we don't, we may not be allowed to play. If that happens, fortunately we can turn to our own dreams, do some of our own dreamwork, and hopefully get another chance to get back into the game. ∞

Excerpted from

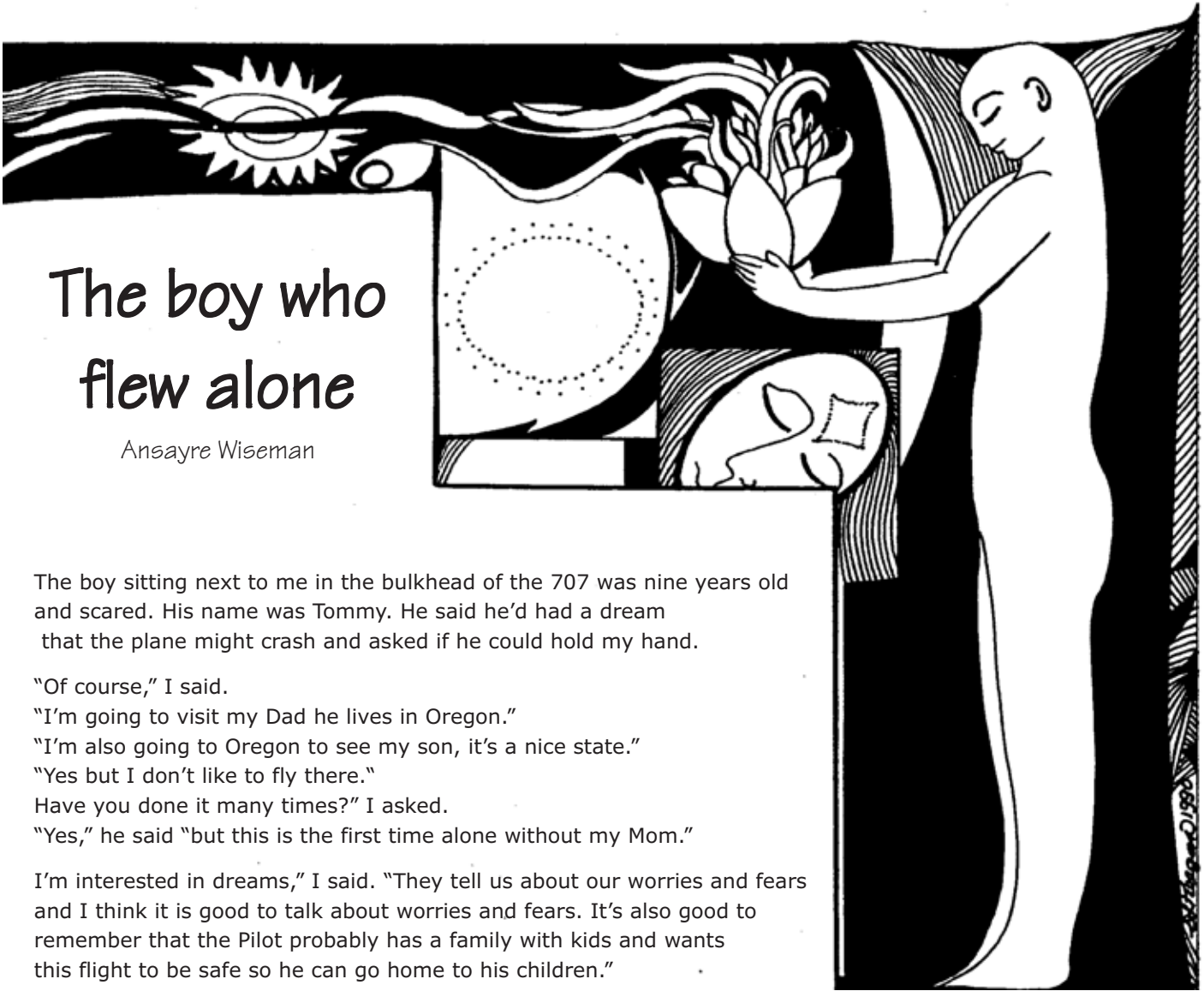
### **Conscious, Unconscious, & Individuation**

Carl G. Jung: *Collected Works* 9i,  
*The Archetypes and the  
Collective Unconscious*, paragraph 497

"The autonomy of the unconscious therefore begins where emotions are generated. Emotions are instinctive, involuntary reactions which upset the rational order of consciousness by their elemental outbursts. Affects are not "made" or willfully produced; they simply happen. In a state of affect, a trait of character sometimes appears which is strange even to the person concerned, or hidden contents may erupt involuntarily. The more violent an affect the closer it comes to the pathological, to a condition in which the ego-consciousness is thrust aside by autonomous contents that were unconscious before. So long as the unconscious is in a dormant condition, it seems as if there were absolutely nothing in this hidden region. Hence we are continually surprised when something unknown suddenly appears "from nowhere." Afterwards, of course, the psychologist comes along and shows that things had to happen as they did for this or that reason. But who could have said so beforehand?"

# The boy who flew alone

Ansayre Wiseman



The boy sitting next to me in the bulkhead of the 707 was nine years old and scared. His name was Tommy. He said he'd had a dream that the plane might crash and asked if he could hold my hand.

"Of course," I said.

"I'm going to visit my Dad he lives in Oregon."

"I'm also going to Oregon to see my son, it's a nice state."

"Yes but I don't like to fly there."

Have you done it many times?" I asked.

"Yes," he said "but this is the first time alone without my Mom."

I'm interested in dreams," I said. "They tell us about our worries and fears and I think it is good to talk about worries and fears. It's also good to remember that the Pilot probably has a family with kids and wants this flight to be safe so he can go home to his children."

"I hadn't thought of that," he said.

"I wrote a book about dreams with the help of kids like you, Tommy, They drew their nightmares so we could look at what they are afraid of. The dreamer is usually the victim, so we tried to think of a way to help that scared part of the dreamer that was in the picture. Can you draw yourself in the airplane?"

"OK"

So Tommy drew himself in the airplane and he was so little and scared that I asked him to make a bigger image of himself so he could hold it in his hand.

"Ask that scared part of you what would help him feel less afraid"

"Well talking with you helps," he said

"OK, Ask him what he could do instead of worrying, what would make him/you feel happy?"

"If my friend Molly was here, maybe we could sit on a cloud and look down at all the tiny people and cars."

"Can you draw that; you and Molly sitting on a cloud?"

"Yes I can"

And that is how Tommy got to Oregon alone without his mother. ∞



## Protect the Children During this Period of Trial & Crisis



I see myself taking the children to a safe place—  
some sort of community—during a period of crisis.

I don't know who these children are...

but there are always many of them.

It's as if there is going to be a time of trial  
and I know I have to keep the children safe  
so they'll be able to take their places  
as leaders when the trial period is over.



# Destiny and Dreams

PART THREE



by Paco Mitchell

AS I REFLECT ON DESTINY AND DREAMS, I think about how often matters of importance turn on points so small as to pass virtually unnoticed. I recall, for example, the first time I experienced the truth of Jung's profound insight that the psyche has an objective reality quite independent of the conscious personality. He calls this the "reality of the objective psyche."

I had been studying Jung and dreams for about a year, when one night I dreamed: I am looking across a corridor at an unknown man who is peering around a corner, looking directly back at me. End of dream. Period. The dream was so truncated, so minimal, that I was tempted not to bother writing it down. I had plenty of other images to record and ponder. And yet there was something uncanny and fascinating about this bizarre wisp of a dream, and it kept pulling me back into its curious "space." What was it? Finally I realized what the strange effect was: The man really was looking at me. I was

just as much an object of his perception as he was of mine. In a word, he was aware of me.

This was a bit of a shock, since I had naïvely assumed that the dreams I was so assiduously recording, and the figures that populated them, were always the objects of my perceptual awareness, but never the reverse. Suddenly I had to admit that I was not the only witness in the dream: I too was being observed.

This insight, repeated on other occasions, came to inform my outlook on dreams. I was forced to give new respect, greater credence and autonomy to the people and creatures, situations and dilemmas, of the mysterious world I entered every night as I slept. Dreams — so readily dismissed as ephemeral nonsense — were taking on substance, acquiring a strange kind of reality.

Over the decades this experience has so affected my world-view that

I find myself squarely at odds with much of what my culture holds to be "real" and "unreal." I might have come to the same conclusion in any case, without that dream, yet the fact remains that the dream — small as it was — inaugurated a new point of view, like opening a window onto the cosmos. And that dream still reverberates for me to this day.

How can we possibly discern the patterns of destiny in our dreams, if we have not had some convincing experience of the "reality of the objective psyche"? For without such a premise, and the experience on which it is based, we are like a dog chasing its tail. Recognizing no autonomous "Other" in ourselves, we are left with only the ego to account for dreams, which are reduced to a by-product of consciousness, as in Freud's theory of dreams as a "rubbish bin" of repression. We may as well just ask ourselves what our destiny is, take the answer at face value, and get on with it. Many are content to live like this: the ego

leading the ego *ad infinitum, ad nauseam*.

But to experience the Otherness of the objective psyche — provided we can stoop low enough to admit it — opens up possibilities for deepened insight. When we recognize the ego for the small island that it is, we may discover some of the profound hints that wash up on the beaches of our sleep every morning, in the note-stuffed bottles of dreams.

“Other” is a deliberately neutral term. But we could just as easily say “God,” “Fate,” the “Great Spirit,” “the Goddess,” “Wisdom” or any number of terms for that which exceeds our understanding and stands for the creative principle of the universe and of life. But “Other” has the virtue of modesty, humility and accuracy. With it we acknowledge our ignorance before this great mystery.

The autonomous psyche is an ancient, universal experience. Only recently have we stripped the world of its soul and its spirits, consigning what is left of the soul to the constricted chambers of our heads or bodies, where it undergoes its final reduction into mere brain chemistry or — the new panacea — “DNA.”

Yet the ancient truths still percolate as merrily as ever in the cauldron of the soul: the dreaming psyche. There we can still find what is so painfully and tragically lacking in our machine-world today: a sense of inborn purpose and meaning — a destiny — given with our nature and implicit in the realization of who we truly are, not who society tells us we should be.

A friend of mine recently told me a dream:

*She is walking along a path through the woods. Two large snakes overtake her on the same path, moving past her with a curious, un-serpentine motion. When*


*they are both well ahead of her they stop, raise their heads, turn around and look directly at her. It is as if they are saying to her: “Well, are you going to follow us or not?”*

Seeking the course of destiny requires, as Jung put it, that we “follow the deeper currents of libido” — autonomous psychic forces that reveal themselves in dreams, much like the two snakes above. The dreamer happens to be a Doctor of Oriental Medicine. Could the two snakes waiting for her have anything to do with the ancient symbol of the Caduceus, the staff of Hermes, emblem of the healing professions? Possibly. The two intertwined snakes of the Caduceus certainly resonate with the healing tradition of Kundalini, whose serpent energy runs up and down the two spinal pathways, activating the chakras. But even if there is a correspondence between those traditions and her dream snakes, it is not as an ancient symbol but as living energies in her psyche and body that they tacitly speak to her. They invite her to follow their lead, calling her perhaps even beyond her profession.

If she can overcome the fear they naturally evoke, and follow them, then she may become a “healer” in the deepest possible sense: not just as one who skillfully practices an ancient tradition of medicine — she has already accomplished that brilliantly — but as one who has attained the far more difficult goal of becoming a whole person. We should keep reminding ourselves that the words “heal,” “health” and “whole” all derive from the same etymological root.

One at a time, then, and aggregated over the years, dream images ultimately show us who we are, who we have always been, and the paths we must follow if we are to approach the transcendent mystery of the Self.

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Fortunately, the various dream-guides who appear from time to time — no matter how frightening or strange they may seem to us — form part of our larger nature. We may gather hints from other people, or try to imitate them, but in the final analysis we ourselves contain the pattern and embody the mystery of the greater Whole.

And I believe that as we arrive at this deeper self-knowledge, we thereby reflect back to the originating cosmos a significant piece of its own essence. In the process we not only validate our own existence, we also validate the cosmos itself, and its fourteen-billion-year quest for conscious life.∞





# Lucid Dreaming:

## A Metaphor for Awakening the Spiritual Self

By Gloria Nye, B.A., N.L.P.

When I was a very small child, I remember my older sister asking my father a question. "HOW DO I KNOW MY DREAM WORLD ISN'T THE REAL WORLD AND THIS ONE IS JUST A DREAM?" My father was a thoughtful man and pondered seriously for a long moment before answering. "That is a very good question and if you keep asking yourself that, you will discover which world is real." I was fascinated by this non answer. For more than fifty years I have been asking myself my sister's question and it was lucid dreaming that gave me my answer.

The quest for what is real is universal. I too have searched for my reality and purpose through questions like, "Why am I here? Why me? How do I find God, if there even is one?" I have learned that there are many ways to the soul and one of them is the way of the dream. Most religions relate—as part of their origins—prophetic dreams as messages from God. The dream world is similar to the spiritual world in that you can't prove either exists. Dream researchers can attach electrodes to your head and show that the visual cortex is activated in a particular state of sleep which we call dreaming... but *what is a dream? What is a spiritual experience?* The more you try to define these, the more you lose their essence. That is why we have poetry, music, and art; to explain the unexplainable.

Where do dreams and soul fit into our modern technological, super scientific, cyberspaced age? Ironically, the more material and scientific we become, the more the pendulum seem to swing the other way. There is now a great yearning for the spirit, and a growing interest in dreams is more and more evident. Random chance is now called meaningful synchronicity. Both dreams and spirituality are coming back into fashion. As the interest in dreams heighten, people start to wonder about "real" or lucid dreams and what they mean.

I had my first lucid dream as a young woman. In my dream...

*I am sitting in a meadow looking at a clump of wildflowers. They are swaying back and forth and I am swaying in time with them. I decide to try something. I think happy and loving thoughts and the flowers bloom and grow in front of me. Then I think hateful and fearful thoughts and the flowers droop and wilt before my eyes. I return to the positive thoughts and the flowers bloom again. I sit there for some time playing with this idea, amazed at the immediate response of these living organisms to my thoughts.*

I awaken, remembering this vivid dream which was so startlingly real. I write in my Dream Journal and draw pictures of the flowers. As I am doing this, I realize I was being shown that my thoughts influence my reality. I also know that my thoughts are not me. I am the thinker of these thoughts and I can choose which thoughts to think. I entitled this dream "Flower Thoughts" and it helped me greatly in knowing that I can change my reality if I change

my thoughts. It also taught me that I am the thinker and that I choose my thoughts. They don't choose me.

I had forgotten this teaching however, and twenty years later I had a terrifying "lucid" dream. The usual definition for lucid dreams is that you realize you are dreaming while you are dreaming. I don't know what else to call this experience other than a lucid dream, however, I did not think I was dreaming, it was real! Or certainly felt real. I was fully conscious with complete physical beingness.

*I am standing in the middle of a turbulent ocean. I am terrified and wonder how I got there and what I am doing there. I immediately think this is impossible and that I need to stand on something. Instantly there is a plank under my feet. I am teetering on it and my mind cries out for something to hold onto! Again, instantly there is a railing attached to the board which I cling to. There is no land in sight and I am still in great concern for my physical safety. Where is the land? I ask myself and immediately a sandy shore appears about 100 metres in front of me. I gently drift into shore and step onto the sand.*

Then I awaken into this reality. It wasn't like waking up but more like changing focus from one place to another. I was startled as I lay there wondering what had just happened.

Over the next few years I read everything I could about lucid or waking dreams. At the same time—coincidentally?—I was also realizing and honoring my spiritual self and feeling more connected to the source of my being. It is impossible to label some experiences. I only know that as I adventured to my "higher/inner self, God, soul, source, divine.... I was also experiencing more "lucid" dreams. Both of these experiences were mystifying to me. How could I

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sity in Orinda, California and Dr. Deslauriers is core Faculty at the California Institute of Integral Studies, San Francisco.



**Milton Kramer, M.D.** will discuss *"The Dream Experience: A Systematic Exploration,"* based on his book of the same title. Dr. Kramer is Visiting Clinical Professor of Psychiatry at the College of Medicine, University of Illinois in Chicago, a member of American Psychiatric Association and the American Medical Association; and a past president of IASD.

**Tore Nielsen** will explore the topic, *"Normal and Pathological Dreaming: Current Research from the Montreal Dream & Nightmare Laboratory,"* speaking about the latest research findings from his Montreal dream laboratory dealing with both normal and disturbed dreaming. Dr. Nielsen is Director of the Dream and Nightmare Laboratory at the Department of Psychiatry, Université de Montréal. His Keynote Address will be presented in English on Wednesday evening and in French the following day as part of the conference's French Track.

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exist in a strictly three dimensional physical world and in the next moment experience a transforming spiritual "out of world" state? Also, how could I go to sleep at night and wake up in another real world and in an eye blink be back in my bed again? Once I even consciously switched back and forth between the waking world and dreaming world, both as real as one another. I wondered if these dreaming experiences could be a metaphor for my waking life. As I was learning to wake up in my dreams, was I learning to wake up in my waking life? I could well ask which waking life was the real one, physical or spiritual. I am sure if I asked my father he would have told me to keep asking and discover it for myself. Indeed I did just that.

It was from these lucid dream experiences that I concluded we do not live in one world. There are many realities, depending on our focus,

intention and attention. There are many waking worlds and many dreaming worlds. My older sister, who had asked my father so many years ago if dreams or waking life were real, recently passed into the spirit world. It is through the gift of dreams that my sister and I can visit one another, and for me to know without any doubt that she is alive and well. We laugh together knowing that the dream world is indeed as real as the waking world. I also know that my spiritual world is as real, if not more so, as that of my physical world. Call it my imagination, or unscientific, or whatever you want. All I know is that the more I awaken in my dreams, the more I awaken in my waking life to the spiritual being I am.

Now when people tell me to face reality. I smile and ask, "Which one?" I take turns facing them all as I continue with this great adventure of living and dreams. ∞

"Once upon a time, I, Chuang-tzu, dreamt **I was a butterfly, flittering hither and thither, to all intents and purposes a Butterfly.**

Suddenly I awoke! Now I do not know whether I was then a man dreaming I was a butterfly, or whether I am now a butterfly dreaming I am a man."

*Chuang-tzu Chinese philosopher*

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

"A Dream is a revelation. If a dream affords the dreamer some light on himself, it is not the person with closed eyes who makes the discovery, but the person with open eyes, lucid enough to fit thoughts together. Dreams—scintillating mirage surrounded by shadows—are essentially POETRY."

*Michel Leiris (1901-90)*

*French anthropologist, author*



# Dream Related

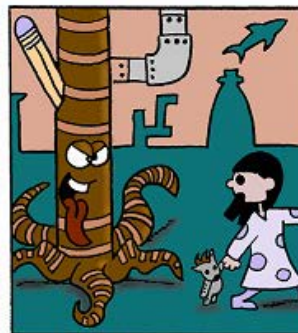
## Little Suzy ©Jerry Shippee



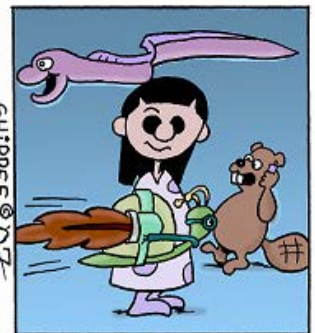
LITTLE SUZY SOLVER  
CAUGHT IN A  
NOCTURNAL TRANCE.



ODD OLE' REVERIE,  
SUBCONSCIOUS  
NIGHTLY DANCE.



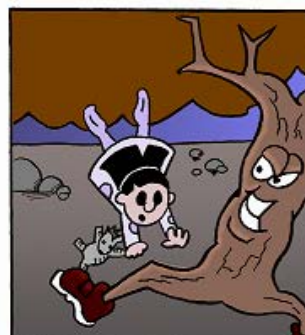
CRAZY, TWISTED  
LANDSCAPE. WHAT'S  
IT REALLY MEAN?



STUCK INSIDE THE  
CON-FINES OF A  
SURREAL SCENE!



LITTLE SUZY TRIES  
TO RUN, EFFECTIVELY  
TO FLEE,



ONLY TO BE HAMPERED  
BY A WALKING,  
TALKING TREE!



FLOATING BY JUST  
THEN -AN OOZING,  
YELLOW BRAIN,



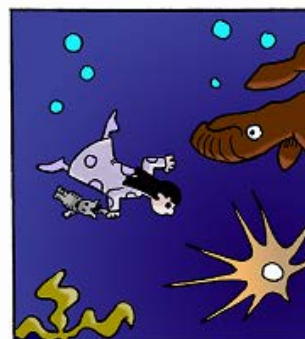
IS SHE ONLY DREAMIN'  
OR MERELY  
GONE INSANE?



SUZY'S PICKED  
UP BY A CLANKY,  
METAL TOOL,



ONLY TO BE  
DROPPED INTO A  
MURKY POOL!



SWIMMIN' TOWARD  
A POINT OF LIGHT,  
HOPIN' TO BE FREE,



SUZY WONDER'S IN  
THE NIGHT. DO I  
NEED THERAPY?



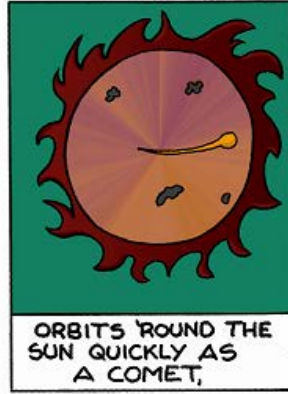
# Poetic Cartoonery



LITTLE SUZY SOLVER  
IN UNCONCIOUS  
GUISE,



SETS OUT ON A  
TRIP WELL BEYOND  
OUR SKIES.



ORBITS 'ROUND THE  
SUN QUICKLY AS  
A COMET,



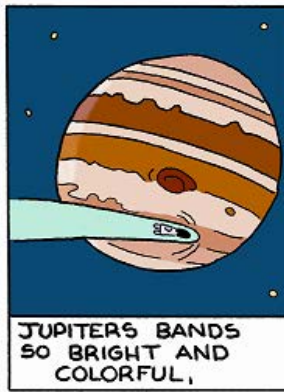
MANY REVOLUTIONS  
NEARLY MAKE  
HER VOMIT!



SLINGSHOT PAST THE  
ORBS OF MERCURY  
THEN VENUS,



EARTH! MARS!  
ASTEROIDS! WHO  
WOULD BELIEVE THIS?



JUPITERS BANDS  
SO BRIGHT AND  
COLORFUL,



'FORE TOO LONG  
SHE'S FEELING  
SATURN'S PULL!



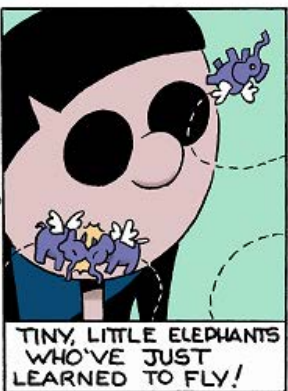
LITTLE SUZY SOLVER  
TRODS AN EERIE  
DREAM-SCAPE,



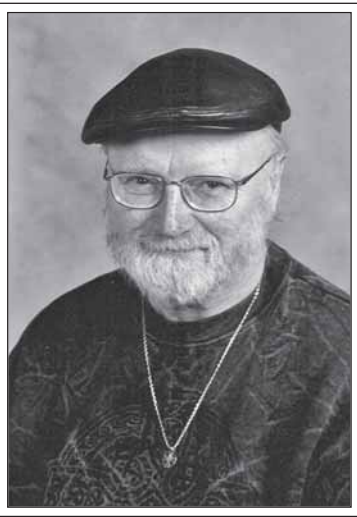
SEE'S A GIANT  
WALRUS IN A  
NYLON CAPE!



NOW A SKINNY  
CLOWN SLITHERS  
RIGHT ON BY,



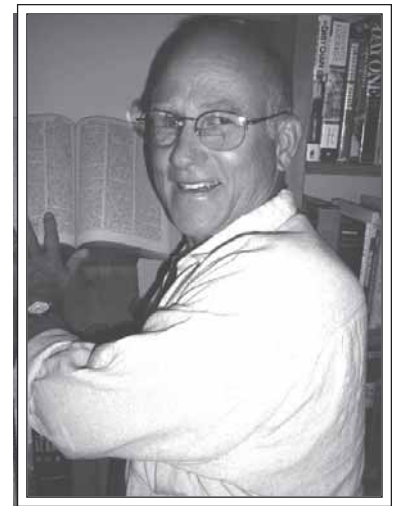
TINY, LITTLE ELEPHANTS  
WHO'VE JUST  
LEARNED TO FLY!



# Bones, Dreams and the Future

A Dialogue

Russell Lockhart and Paco Mitchell



*In a recent issue of Dream Network Journal (Vol. 26 #3 and #4), Russell Lockhart, in his column "Dreams in the News," described a dream that pictured him making a "dreamgourd" and specially marked stones to be used in casting I Ching hexagrams in relation to dreams. His fellow columnist in these pages, Paco Mitchell, responded to his article in an email and this has led to an on-going dialogue between these two old friends. They felt their exchange might be of interest to readers of Dream Network Journal*



Here the two halves of the Dreamgourd are placed together

**Paco Mitchell:** I just re-read your article for the fifth or sixth time. A couple of associations came to me, the result of recently having read a book by Brian Swimme and Thomas Berry called, The Universe Story. The book tells the story of the universe, from the original fireball (which they call the "flaring forth") to the present day. Why should this book have stimulated any associations to your *I Ching* gourd dream? Bear with me. They discuss the slow development of the Lower and Upper Paleolithic culture, followed by the relatively rapid inventions of the Neolithic period. They pointed out that Neolithic villages have provided a pattern for human survival and development for many thousands of years, enduring throughout the pe-



Here, the Dreamgourd is open to reveal the Dreamstones with elemental trigrams and the Dreambowl that holds the dream written out and rolled into a scroll. The dream I shared in DN Vol. 26 No. 3, pgs. 30, 31 will be the focus in consulting the oracle.

riod of ancient and classical civilizations, persisting even into modern times. It is only recently that technological incursions have penetrated the deepest reaches of the furthest outposts, threatening the last remnants of Neolithic culture. What especially impressed me was the author's insistence on the model of the self-sustaining Neolithic village as a viable alternative for human survival during the *post-technozoic* future—if there is to be any future for us. Their emphasis was on an appropriately ecological scale of human presence within, and as members of, what they call the "Earth Community." But another aspect of appropriateness was the bedrock recognition that humans participate in and depend on cosmic forces to which we are all subject. As one example of this recognition, they cited the "throwing of bones" as characteristic of that original, primordial and natural religious attitude. Once the bones leave the human hand, they become subject to the laws and patterns governing the universe, with all the invisible interconnections of chance and necessity pertaining thereto.

**Russell Lockhart:** I can certainly attest to the numinous quality of the dream, filled as it was with that quality of something *other*, as well as originating in some *other* geography than my usual consciousness. And



having made the *dreamgourd*, and now using it in my practice with dreams, I can say that its very existence calls forth a palpable religious dimension. But what, more specifically, was your association?

**PM:** Simply, that your *dreamgourd* and the “new” oracular technique that went with it—insofar as they were both original, spontaneous products of the *dreamworld*, rather than products of your conscious recall, intention, or cryptomnesia—point back to and simultaneously draw upon the most ancient, primordial sources of human creativity. This is to suggest, according to my intuition, that the creative activity of humans, from the earliest Paleolithic, through the Neolithic, all the way to the present and into the foreseeable future, comes about in large measure as a result of *dreaming*. Your dream with its gourd, stones and oracular technique, participates in that amazing, panoramic tradition, and even as it points to the past, it also points to the future.

**RL:** Part of the numinous quality of the dream for me was in the *experience* of this enduring stream of human history, not so much as something long ago and long forgotten and perhaps remembered only when archaeologists and anthropologists unearth bones, open hidden caves, and expose artifacts of these early cultures; but, as a *living* reality in the depths of the psyche of a person alive today in this world. And I mean this not as an *idea* or *concept*, but as an *experience* of that reality. Some dreams are able to “go there” and “bring to us” an awareness of this “past” which, as you say, points to the future. What was your second association?

**PM:** The second association comes from your cave-fingertips-fire dream. I recently re-visited your web page, [see <http://www.ralockhart.com> for



Here, the hexagram has been cast and the fixed and changing lines determined. The final determination is recorded on the *Dreamscroll*. This was the first casting.



The *Dreamstones* lying in the *Dreamgourd*



A closeup of the *Dreamscroll* in its holder

the dream and image] and later, when I read about the gourd dream, I immediately associated it with the fire dream and with the above reflections. They seemed to belong together.

**RL:** I did not immediately associate the two dreams. But when I worked on the etymology of the first hexagram I cast in using the *dreamgourd*, I realized two things: The first was that the cave that I was

in in the dream you refer to, was gourd shaped; Second, that the strange feelings in my fingers as I was making the *dreamgourd* were echoes of the feeling in the cave dream when I touched the walls of the cave and could feel the markings there that turned out to be an unknown language. Both dreams had that amazing sense of “task” about them to which there was no saying no. In that dream, the “fire” that came from my fingertips enabled me to *see*.

**PM:** Swimme and Berry make the point that “the controlled use of fire is the first extensive control of the human over a powerful natural force with almost unlimited possibilities that would be associated with human development over the centuries. Together with the shaping of wooden and stone implements, fire becomes the primordial humanly controlled technology.”

**RL:** I can tell you that the “awe” I experienced in that dream when I rubbed my fingertips together, “remembering” I could make fire that way, must have been something like those early experiences of humans beginning to control fire. In many ways it is the origin of what we mean by *technology*. So much is hidden in this word we no longer hear, but probably need to, because it gets to the roots of what these early experiences were and which we can once again have access to. That sense of *techné* as “art,” as “weaving,” as “text” and in the earliest sense, as “becoming.” One might say that when humans learned the *art* of fire, they *became* human. The sad thing is that we have *lost* so much of the sense of this; what is hopeful though, is that these “root” experiences are still available to us, and most especially through dreaming.

**PM:** We can see that the intelligence behind Paleolithic and Neolithic



oracular practices was refined during the early centuries of Chinese civilization into the magnificent edifice of the *I Ching*. That intelligence, that "art." still percolates in the modern psyche—in your dream—possibly showing us ways out of our current impasse—ghastly as it is. I know that's a lot to expect of a *dreamgourd* with stones in it, something so simple, so primitive, so... spooky. But it seems to me that further degrees of technical prowess are not really what we need, so much as a re-connection to something more basic in our being.

**RL:** Too often, I think, this yearning gets pictured as a romantic "return to the past," when I do not believe that is the impulse at all in something like the *dreamgourd*. No, it is more like recovering something we have *lost* because we will need it to find our way into a sustainable *future*. I believe this happens one person at a time, and that the *telling* of these experiences to one another is the Eros that can "spark" a fire in the psyche from one to another. With the possibility of everyone in the world being connected via the Internet, such a "global village" of shared experience of these lost things is becoming more and more possible. The terrible fragmentations and polarities loose in the world now are presaging a momentous enantiodromia, a reversal, that I believe will form the basis of the new paradigm of consciousness that the recovery of our lost soul (*which is what dreams are*) will make possible. All the old calendrical systems, including the *I Ching* (which is also a calendar), as well as the science of creative epochs, all point to 2012, as a time point of this "end" of what we now experience as human consciousness. So, no Paco, I think you are right, that something like the *dreamgourd* dream is the very "stuff" of re-connection, the fabric of it, the weaving of it, the art of it, the technology of it. The eventual "discovery"—or actually, rediscovery—of dreams (which has only just begun)

will be as monumental for our fate as the discovery of fire was in the early days of our becoming human.

**PM:** Well, this fits with something else that Thomas Berry brings out in his book, *Dreams of the Earth*. He says that in coming to terms with the planetary crisis we need to create a new cultural coding which we can do only by reaching far into the past, beyond the old cultural codes which have brought us to the brink of devastation. We must, he says, make contact with our genetic coding and, out of that, bring forth a new vision of how to live on the earth. In my opinion, dreams such as yours, which reveal "the answers," are trying to pull us back to Berry's genetic coding, to the very source of those creative "spontaneities" as he calls them, which alone can bring us back into alignment with the evolutionary development of the universe.

**RL:** It seems to me a new angle on what Jung was saying in his letter to Herbert Read: "We have simply got to listen to what the psyche spontaneously says to us. What the dream, which is not manufactured by us, says is *just so*." The dream would be one way in which the "new code" would come to us. And... note what else Jung says here: "it is the great dream which has always spoken through the artist as mouthpiece. All his love and passion (his "values") flow towards the coming guest to proclaim his arrival." In this sense, the coming guest would be the "new code" Berry is trying to get us to see the urgency of. Imagine what might happen if dreams were welcomed in this spirit! Maybe not today, but someday, it will happen.

**PM:** Knowledge of the answers, in other words, lies "sealed" within the human, the only barrier between us and that knowledge is the boundary between consciousness and the dream. As you know, in spite of our general resistance to dreams (our cultural coding), that boundary is eas-

ily breached, like the wad of clay with which the Egyptians sealed their tombs to determine if the tomb had been violated or not. I also note the Celtic tradition of the "silkie," a creature part man, part seal, capable of shuttling between the human world of cultural codes and the larger, animal-cosmic world of genetic codes (via dreams or visions). I remember your telling me a dream in which you encountered a seal which told you "the answers," but which upon waking you could not remember. And then the following night, in the dark, walking along the beach, you tripped over a washed up dead seal, and you sat down with it and tried to remember.

**RL:** Essentially everything I've done since that dream and that encounter with the seal has been trying to remember what I was told and to bring it forth.

**PM:** I think of silkies as symbolizing the *daemon* of what Berry calls the "shamanic personality," which he says is exactly what we need if we are to bridge the chasm between where we are and where we need to be. In this sense, I regard dreams such as yours as "shamanic."

**RL:** That is easily taken the wrong way, of course. I think the way I can agree with you is to say that we do not need to seek a shaman in someone else, but the shamanic potential in each of us.

**PM:** Far from being an occasion for ego-inflation, the shamanic potential—when lived—actually brings a sense of responsibility. That's how you've responded to your dreams—ever since I've known you, actually. It's not about flying off on a broomstick. When you say—"the shamanic potential in each of us"—you bring it back down to earth. By the way, your image of dreams being "rediscovered" on a wide scale, is intriguing. I hope you'll say more about that.

**RL:** Yes, that would be a good place for us to begin in the next issue. ∞



David Sparenberg

## THE ODYSSEY

by Homer,  
translated by Edward McCrorie  
with an introduction  
by Richard P. Martin,  
Johns Hopkins University Press,  
paper, 418pp, \$17.

For several adult decades, with time ever scurrying along, Homers Odyssey has been among my favorite reads. Having little Greek and scarcely more Latin, my Homer has been limited to English versions. This is not much of a regret, as I have been fortunate to live at a time when there are excellent and accurate English Homers. Among my best loved are the Odysseys of Richmond Lattimore and Robert Fitzgerald, with Lattimore winning the laurels. But now, behind the interesting streamlined version by Stanley Lombardo, there comes a new Homer rendered into our native tongue by Edward McCrorie. McCrorie's Homer has yet to replace either Lattimore or Fitzgerald with me, but it is a good Odyssey, worthy of its predecessors, possessed of an exceptional introduction and notes by Professor Richard Martin of Stanford University. While yet to utterly capture my heart, this version is appreciated as a welcomed opportunity to meet a familiar friend and relive his archetypal story anew.

In Spielberg's film *Amistad*, actor Anthony Hopkins, playing John Quincy Adams, makes a closing speech before the Supreme Court, saying, among other things, that "we are who we have been." For those of us born into the continuum of Western Civilization, Homer is an ancestor and one of the sages of culture who has contributed to the self knowledge and direction of generations.

By way of introduction to any unfamiliar with the tale, the Odyssey, is the perennial story of the human voyage into lives unknown and perilously experienced... subsequently undertaking the inevitable even more difficult and dangerous journey homeward, to the place of origin and far circling return. A journey involved in what may not be wholly of the body, but which is universally intimate to the immortal soul. Moreover, Odysseus—hero of the grand, romantic epic—is the quintessential survivor, the one who uses protean intelligence and inner resourcefulness to overcome each and every adversity.

Within the epic of the adventure of human wandering—of going forth and struggling to round the circle—are two particular experiences of sheer amazement and potential interest for readers. First, for our purpose, the Odyssey contains one of the earliest records of reflection on the origin and interpretation of dreams, the so called *Dream of the Geese* from Book 19. I will indulge my love by quoting both from Lattimore and McCrorie the lines where Odysseus' wife, Penelope, addresses her husband, disguised as a homeless beggar... back after twenty years of suffering hardship. The Queen speaks:

**(Lattimore)** "My friend, dreams are things hard to interpret, hopeless to puzzle out, and people find that not all of them end in anything. There are two gates through

which the insubstantial dreams issue. One pair of gates is made of iron and one of ivory. Those of the dreams which issue through the gates of sawn ivory, these are deceptive dreams, their message is never accomplished. But those that come into the open through the gates of the polished horn accomplish the truth for any mortal who sees them. I do not think that this strange dream that I had came to me through this gate. My son and I would be glad if it did so."

**(McCrorie)** "Dreams can be useless, my guest, and endlessly baffling. Surely they don't all end for people as clear fact. Our dreams move like shadows through either of two gates, one of them made of horn, the other of ivory. Those that pass through the well-sawn ivory gateway tend to be guileful, the words they carry are empty. Those however that pass through the gateway of polished horn can bring you truth, when a human can see that. My frightening dream, I think, was not from the polished horn. How welcome to me and my child if it had been."

In this instance, however, with her conscious mind clouded by the gloom of despair, what Penelope thinks is incorrect. The dream she related and here comments on did indeed come from the gods, pass through the gate of horn and will emerge as waking reality... soon.

Earlier in Odysseus' sojourn, in Book 11, the reader will have traveled with the hero in a proto-shamanic journey to the underworld, to find and speak with the departed blind seer, Teiresias; the same Teiresias who will appear on the boards in the immortal tragedies of Sophocles. And there is an experiential relationship, a link, between these passages of encounter in the land of the dead and those relating to dreams. That link is prophecy and prophecy in Homer

(Continued on page 40)



# Animal Motifs in Dreams

by Frances Ring

"To reconnect to the animal, we must become aware of the animals in the psyche, the animal psyche, the animal in things, the animal in art, in words, in poems, in dreams, the animal that lies between us and the other."

*Russell Lockhart in Dream Network Journal, 1993, p. 36*

**J**UNG OFTEN SPEAKS OF THE DEVOTION OF ANIMALS and of how much nearer they live to their true nature than we do. He also observes that if we are to follow the way of nature, we would quite naturally come to our law of being. (Jung cited in Hannah, 1992, p. 57). As noted earlier, animal figures in dreams are saying something about our natural, instinctual selves; they are speaking to the condition of our libido or psychic energy. They are addressing the state our inner wildlife nature.

Furthermore, as noted by Dr. Signell, animal images in our dreams are images of the natural potentials within and of our "original wholeness." They often represent some aspect of our feeling life that we may have lost contact with, as well as the intuitive abilities and wisdom that we have lost in becoming too conscious. To the degree that the roots of human mythology extend deep into the paleolithic past, one special role of animals seems to be to embody specific aspects of the human soul—literally, symbolically and spiritually (Larsen, 1990, p. 150).

## The *Criatura*, Our Inner Wildlife

According to Dr. Estes, there is a wild and natural creature who dwells within every woman. This *criatura*, then, is that essential part of our innermost selves that is able "to live a natural life from a place of integrity, vitality and healthy boundaries." (Estes, 1992, p. 8) The *criatura* for Estes is the Wild Woman archetype. It is that fundamental and universal pattern of instinctual energy and intuitive knowingness that allows women to remember who they are and what they are about. Moreover, says Estes, it is "a force that women cannot live without." (ibid.) I believe that it is this same force, deep within the psyche, which spontaneously imprints itself within our animal dream images. It is this same animal/human/divine soul force within the feminine psyche that animates our inner wildlife nature.

Dr. Estes goes on to present a provocative portrait of the wounding consequences of losing that connectiveness and abandoning our inner wildlife nature. She observes that,

*"When we lose touch with the instinctive psyche (i.e. our natural capacities, abilities and deep sense of self), we live in a semi-destroyed state and images and powers that are natural to the feminine psyche are not allowed full development. When a woman is cut away from her basic source, she is sanitized and her instincts and natural life cycles are lost, subsumed by the culture or by the intellect or the ego—one's own or those belonging to others." (op. cit., p. 10)*

Within the context of Estes' Wild Woman archetype, I am proposing that the Wild Woman often sends her animal familiars, allies and guides along to us in our dreams to represent her spirit, her soul and her ancient, natural beingness. It is my contention that befriending our animal dream figures, be they beast or our own familiar, companion animals, serves to reconnect us with our previously neglected or threatened inner, wildlife nature. They empower us



to access the healing energies, emotions and vitality of our wild woman/natural heritage. The animal images in our dreams help us to remember ourselves and point a way to our wholeness.

## Animal Motifs

In the Jungian tradition, "dreams may present and even be structured by specific motifs from the mythological storehouse of (human)kind." (Whitmont and Perera, 1989, p. 79)

As universal themes, these are the archetypal images which are expressive of basic and "symbolic ordering patterns of transpersonal creative powers" which have been expressed and celebrated down through the ages in ritual, art and folklore (ibid). Thus, animal motifs constellate around the basic, energetic pattern of the animal archetype. Each motif is viewed as expressing a different facet of the one archetype.

Accordingly, it is not sufficient to think of the animal image in our dreams as representative of the entire instinctual nature. Rather, each animal speaks to a specific aspect, with regard to the characterization or quality that defines the essence of the animal.

If we are not to miss an important message, we must consider the particular quality, kind of affect or instinctual energy that is attempting to reach consciousness in the form, characteristics and behaviors of a particular dream animal in both its positive and negative aspects. For example, if a cunning fox shows up in our dreams, it will say something qualitatively different than a fleet horse, a roaring lion, a laughing dolphin or a captured mouse about the condition of our inner wildlife. In addition, each animal image and differing animal motifs or themes bring their own unique essences of vitality,

healing power and potential. The attention we give to our animal images and the relationship we develop with them can only serve to enhance and deepen our conscious connection with our inner wildlife nature as a whole.

As Jungian Barbara Hannah observes, "As a general rule there is... something relaxing or reassuring in dreaming about an animal, though of course this depends upon the context; but one often gets the feeling of a return to nature and of being reunited to something very healing." (Hannah, 1992, p. 55)

To reclaim this sense of connection to nature and to our own instinctual nature, as well as to reunite with deep, healing forces, we can turn to the animal images and motifs in our dreams. Indeed, "Animals are our oldest teachers, as well as 'relatives'." (Larsen, 1990, p. 150)

As Frances Vaughan notes, "The fact that dreams reflect events in the external world should not obscure the fact that they also constantly monitor the inner life of the psyche and give us insight into the state of our... health." (Vaughan, 1985, p. 160)

I believe that the animal motifs in our dreams reflect back to us the condition of our inner wildlife. In their particular imaged form, quality and affect, they provide symbolic and energetic links between our conscious and unconscious selves. Quoting Lockhart, they reveal the "animals coming, animals watching, animals speaking, animals wanting to lead us, animals undergoing all manner of transformation" within the human psyche. (Lockhart in *Dream Network Journal*. 1993, p. 36) ∞

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# Dreams of War: The Unconscious Call to Initiation

by James Lawrence (Flash) Harrington

At the time of this dream, I was a hospital corpsman in the United States Naval Reserve being readied for mobilization in the Persian Gulf conflict. What follows is an actual dream I had on July 9, 1990. I was given this dream for a purpose, and it has changed my life. It has offered me spiritual and moral courage in speaking out for the necessity of finding alternatives to war. It has served as an initiation into social action against war in the Gulf and into manhood. This dream tells me that even passive support for the war would mean betraying the image of God within myself and all other beings. My hope in presenting this dream openly is that others will not fail to bring the depths of their spiritual lives to bear on the crisis that we now face. Politics without spiritual integrity will lead us down the path of unnecessary and immoral wars.

In the dream *I know of no life outside the uniform I wear. I'm a*

*gung-ho "Doc" and the Navy wants me to instruct the troops in the current strategy of how to "hold the enemy." This is not actual Navy strategy but a dream phrase describing a core military practice. Deep inside I know that if I teach or support the Navy's strategy on holding the enemy, I will betray the very core of my spiritual being. So, at the start of the dream I am plunged into a crisis between my identity and my spiritual self.*

*My mind asks why I can't follow this order and the answer comes in a vision of a mirage of personalities who make up the chain of command, from petty officers to Pentagon leaders to elected officials. They all wear outward clothes of warriorship but none have the inner qualities or warriorship to allow them to hold the enemy properly. They are all children with awesome outward power but no inner wisdom. None are worthy to be followed. I refuse to present the Navy*

*strategy on how to hold the enemy; this refusal is taken as an act of total insubordination. Even though I know of no life outside the uniform, I refuse to participate in the Navy. I have taken an oath before God to serve the Navy but I cannot betray God in order to fulfill the oath of service.*

*I am depressed for weeks as I wait for the court martial and as I contemplate what has led me to this point, I realize the value of models in our lives. I see in the military a rich array of models for people to follow. I wonder what model it is I am now following. In the certainty of dream knowing, I know the answer to lie in a very sick dog. This is a faithful spiritual guide dog of my past that is now so sick that a sneeze alone may kill him. This dog has been in my dreams in the past ever since, as a boy, I nearly drowned and nearly died in a river. The dog and I have a deep psychic connection.*

*Military doctors and nurses are desperately trying to save the dog. They know full well it is only because the dog lives that they have power over me and the dog remains alive not because of their efforts but because I won't let the dog go. But seeing him in such a desperate state breaks my heart and I give the dog permission to die.*

At once I am plummeted into a depth of depression previously unknown. I know that I will soon follow the dog into death.

Ten minutes before the court martial, I decide to get a haircut. I want to end things in a proper manner. I leave the base looking for a haircut and realize what I really want is initiation. I cross the country looking for a barbershop from Hawaii to Disneyland. Places that look like barbershops end up turning out to be candyshops. Little time is left before the court martial, when I suddenly "know" the place to get a haircut is in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in an old Victorian house in the middle of the great universities there. I know of this house and know of some scissors in the bathroom there.

*I begin to cut my own hair and have almost finished when I notice over my left shoulder where the dog has always been, a strong fierce presence named Ali, a Muslim. His fierceness is surpassed only by his love and loyalty to God. I smile and he smiles. I know he is the sick dog reborn a man. The woman of the house has noticed me and I feel awkward, since I am a stranger here. I pull up my pants (which have been down while I was cutting my hair) and decide to leave the house*

*pretending I didn't see her. She cannot stop me but she stops Ali. She points to me and tells Ali, "He is a teacher for this world and has to stay." They make arrangements. My connection to Ali is such that it is as if I am making the arrangements.*

This is the first time in the dream that I realize I have a life beyond the uniform I am forsaking.

*Traveling back across the country, I look into the psyches of people. Each person is wearing a huge sombrero with a video monitor on the front. When the hats are flapped up, I can see the ideals of Star Trek playing across each person's mind. Then, at a speed that astounds me, the hats flap down and the monitors show bombers and war films reminiscent of the Vietnam era. A voice within tells me the ideals of Star Trek are everlasting and are the ideals I need to support and not those of war.*

I wake to my roommate throwing me some keys and telling me to get to work. I say "This is my work," and get up. Soon after, I realize I am still asleep and decide to get up "for real." The dream is over.

The dream had spoken a great truth and I knew I must follow it. I needed to take a stand against the military and speak for the need to find alternatives to war. The dream offers me moral courage in standing against a nation's destructive war psychosis.\*

In Iron John, Robert Bly writes, "Men of the generation now 45 projected their undeveloped inner King on Jack Kennedy—who spoke openly of Camelot—Martin Luther King Jr. and Bobby Kennedy. When forces in America opposed to

spiritual kingship killed the Kennedys and King in mid-career, it was catastrophic for men of that generation." It is now catastrophic for my generation as well.

The King embodies the spiritual and political aspects of leadership and his presence in society serves as a model for younger men, helping them actualize their inner King potential. Without this public model, the younger men wander in confusion as parts of them pale and sicken. It is the classical problem of Hamlet, a prince whose father has been murdered. Loss of his father, the rightful King, throws Hamlet into psychic turmoil and plunges the kingdom into war. This tells us the absence of the king is an old and recurring problem.

Without the king in public life, the spiritual component needed to guide political action is overlooked, balance is lost and a kind of moral blindness results, meaning that a society can turn easily to violence as a way of solving problems.

Without the King, the moral present is disrupted and a moral future is made doubtful because of the shadow cast on the development of younger men. The dream's message for me is that it is time to return the inner King to his rightful place of authority in our lives and in this land. ∞

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\*(One month after the dream, Iraq invaded Kuwait.)



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# The End? ... or the Beginning↑

by Jeff Lewis

## From Parnassus to the bottom of Lake Superior (1/22/2008)

I have very troubling dreams this night. As I describe them in the morning in my journal, I experience a great deal of fear. Though the dreams are very scary in and of themselves, I can make no specific personal connections to them to explain the fear. Halfway through my description, I take a break for a run up the Marsh Road and back with the dogs, then up to the top of the hill behind my house, "Parnassus" in my illuminated dream landscape, so I can dream about/study that great mythical site knowingly.

At the top of Parnassus I take off my coat and shirt, sit for a moment in the -30 degree air attempting to recover the beauty of the day and my sense of the future, which these dreams seem to have stolen this morning. While sitting I go in vision to the bottom of Lake Superior to a base power point, my old museum full of childhood treasures I found at the bottom of this greatest of lakes in the 25-years-ago dream. I believe that dream symbolized what was an intentional flooding of human consciousness designed to drive us up into "peace," thus depriving us of the true sources of our power... now lost at the bottom of the lake where the gods could claim it.

When I get down to the house to finish my work on this dream, however, I feel little evidence my work has helped. Yes, I will make it through the day, but painfully, driven largely by the fear sourced somewhere in these dreams. In fact, I feel so much fear this day, I do something I almost never do: spend nearly the whole day on the dreams trying to get a handle on the fear.

I describe the dream in as much detail as possible twice over the course of the day. The second time, I begin to make some progress. The entire time, I am engaged in this project, the radio is on with constant updates on the stock market. The market is very jittery after world markets plummeted yesterday, the Martin Luther King holiday in the U.S. Predictions of a recession here caused in some considerable measure by the housing and mortgage crisis have spooked markets globally, and everyone is afraid what the U.S. market will do today: fall drastically to catastrophically is the general consensus.

By mid-afternoon, it begins to dawn on me that the fear I am feeling may well be connected to the near panic in the markets and that it may be that aspect of the feelings depicted in the dreams. This ability to "feel" something extra-personal like this economic panic is certainly something I

believe possible, in fact it is a basis of my dreamwork. It is also very hard to handle because difficult to see or extract from the completely personal level language of the dreams. But, if a person is to do Orphic power and governing work on a global scale then the ability to feel, recognize and handle such extra-personal feelings is absolutely necessary.

Here are the core dreams, depicting this panic from my second description of it:

*In the first dream I am in a house struck twice by B-52 bombers. The house is one I grew up in back in northern Illinois. The B-52s fly in incredibly low, almost like the plane that hit the Pentagon on 9/11. The first flies a few feet over my head to crash, presumably, in the woods behind me. The second comes in even lower and seems to take the entire top of the house, roof, walls and rooms with it. It is so low I have to duck to avoid being hit. All that is left of the house after the second bomber is the first floor—the walls, second floor and roof are all gone.*

*Then I am with mom and dad somewhere in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan along the south shore of Lake Superior. The location beyond this is not specific. Though it is not clear precisely where we are, my*

parents are trying to get to Whitefish Bay at the far eastern end of the lake near the Soo Locks outlet into Lake Huron. (This area of the lake along with the small town Paradise features in a mystery I have been reading by Stephen Hamilton, otherwise I do not know why it is significant.)

Both mom and dad are really old, (my parents are, in fact, both deceased) semi-senile and clinging to me or me to them. Dad has a catheter I see as urinary but feel his heart is hooked up to me, (meaning he, the old "god." is drawing his strength from me. I am not clear, exactly, on this is, as I say, how I feel it.)

We are in some vehicle driving east. I do not know what vehicle; I never see it clearly. We are somewhere along the south shore of Lake Superior, perhaps the Porcupine Mountain area, but if so it does not look like that region. We drive down this horrible, narrowing road to the northeast. The road is rutted dirt with a gutter or trench along the right side, full of a red liquid, apparently blood. Above the trench on that side are tangles of thorns like those from Christ's "crown" in the depiction of him crucified in the Isenheim altarpiece by Mathias Grunewald. The road or channel is wound-like, body cavity-like. We drive down this channel despite the fact I can see no way through up ahead. We, my senile mother and father, drive down this awful channel, which, no doubt, is what I am feeling today. I don't see it—the channel—as leading anywhere—certainly not to Whitefish Bay down the lake and the dinky town of Paradise (real location) where the mystery novel I am reading is set. Or, perhaps it is? They, my parents, pretty much insist we continue this way. We break through into an engine room. What I see is some-

how the black hole or something that has taken its place, changed it. We cross a grassy clearing atop a bare bluff (bluff has at least two possible meanings here) to a fairly steep slope down to a house right on the shore of lake Superior. Leaving my parents up above I scramble down the bank to the house I understand is a Department of Natural Resources research station. I walk around the house, which is unoccupied, to the shore of the lake. The level of the lake here is way up, many feet up the shore from the "normal lake level." There are instruments here extending down into the water to check the lake level, temperature of the water, etc., that run automatically, apparently, and the results are recorded in the house behind me. I am aware here of one striking inconsistency. While the level of the lake here is rising, in actual fact the water level in Lake Superior as well as all the other Great Lakes is down and falling. I am very puzzled by this inconsistency and it seems, if anything, this is what it was my parents were so insistent that I see here.

### The End of the World

About as rough a day as possible. I spend most of it simply trying to survive. This dream feels like a forced journey down this awful channel to the site of a sacrifice. It feels like the myth of Psyche, perhaps, in which her parents and community sacrifice her to a monster in order to ensure their economic success. Psyche, meaning soul, according to the myth, is so beautiful no one will marry her. In fact, she is so beautiful she is a threat to the worship of the gods. And truly, the human psyche or soul, if it is the ground of human being, not the property of the Heaven, is experiencing that sort of threat. If we possess a soul of power and beauty as the base

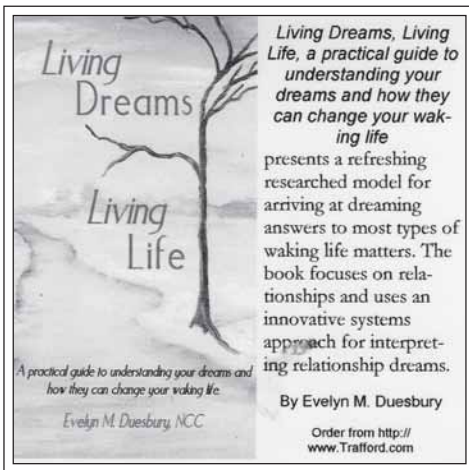


Canal Park, shipping canal entrance to the Duluth harbor looking east up the Lake Superior

or "foot" of our being, we have little need for "gods" or "higher consciousness."

The sacrifice of Psyche, of human soul to the vast reservoir of Lake Superior might explain the fear I experience at the prospect of traveling up this channel to the site of the "black hole" where it occurred. Except it's not a black hole when we get there. It is a house registering a change in Lake Superior, that it is rising, not falling. "Rising" has several possible meanings here including that of a rising, a rebellion. If I understand the implications of this, it is a sign of great love, enormous potential. Someone has gone to the bottom of the lake and ended the sacrifice and is raising it into conscious awareness. The sacrifice of Psyche is being refused. Not only is it being refused, it is being ended. It is being refused because it is evil and conscious awareness of this is being brought to the surface of our collective awareness.

It means our capitalist economies and our capitalist religions can no longer be based upon the sacrifice of the human psyche. It means the end of the old world, presumably our attachment to our senile parents or deities. Most importantly, the raising of the world-ending awareness of the sacrifice at the base of these institutions is being accomplished without a catastrophic, world-wide, apocalyptic "fall" into recession, depression or new Dark Age.



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Which brings me to a second level of association to the site that better explains this aspect of the situation.

The research station site reminds me of the powerhouse, electric generating station between Garden and Fall Lakes on the border of the Boundary Waters Canoe Area in northeastern Minnesota. Water there (or consciousness) flows from Garden Lake down through this power station generating electrical energy into Fall Lake; these are the real names of this significant site. This is a perfect metaphor for the sort of energy generated by the fall of human consciousness from the Garden of Eden by the Fall, expulsion from the Garden for the gods.

In this case, the situation has been reversed. The power to stabilize the economy is being generated by the rise of awareness of this sacrifice to the surface of human consciousness. This suggests that our economic and spiritual economies are in transition to a new power-base, an entirely new awareness of who and what we are that has been at the bottom of consciousness: the frigid, sterile bottom of Lake Superior, for eons, at least since the Biblical Flood.

### The Fear-Driven Vehicle

All day, while I work on this dream, driven in some considerable measure by fear, I am listening with half an ear to the news about the stock market.



*Palisade Head, about 75 miles up the  
north shore of lake Superior*

In the morning the U.S. market drops about 300 points, but then rallies and finishes the day about 150 points down—nothing like the 500 point plunge that was both predicted and feared. The stock market is a vehicle, now a world-wide vehicle that can, to some large extent, be driven by fear, by what we describe as "panic selling."

By mid-afternoon, I decide this is the vehicle I am in with my parents that I cannot clearly see—the vehicle of the old, top-down economic market, driven by panic and fear supporting the "old gods." It seems it is through the end of the old world that we must drive in order to catch a glimpse of the new world that is already rising, risen.

### The Housing Crisis

At the core of the current economic trouble is the housing and mortgage crisis. The several houses in these dreams and others I have since had relate to that aspect of the situation. We live in top-down houses, not bottom-up houses. We live in a top-down, not a bottom-up economy. In truth all wealth, not only economic, but spiritual, comes from the bottom up, not the top down. All our churches and spiritual systems are houses built from the top down, not the human psyche up. This reversal was accomplished by the replacing of Nebuchanezar's "lost dream" by an upside-down Matrix replacement, a mythical reversal leaving us with feet of clay, not psyche. Because of this, most now believe all great dreams come from god, not the human psyche or soul down at the bottom of the dump. I believe this is the source of our current economic instability and, of course, it is the source of our religious or spiritual poverty... of our begging for favors from gods, those obscenely rich, fat capitalists.

### The Beginning

This era is over. This world is kaput. I have driven through the end of it. Via the power work I am engaged in on a world-wide scale, I can see this topsy-turvy situation will be, *is*, being reversed. Psyche is rising from the bottom and will, I believe, end these fear-driven stock market crises, as well as the capitalist model human and world upon which they depend. ∞



## 290 DAYS

It was Fall Equinox and I was headed for lower ground when looking up, I saw a great gull circling above. Leading me down the face of the mountain, I was drawn like a magnet to the sea. Being about the second hour of the day, I could hear the surf pounding gently against the rocks as I stood by the water's edge with my feet planted firmly in the sand.

Clutched tightly in the gull's beak I saw a long rope with both its ends dangling in space. A full moon rose in the Eastern sky above the ocean and I watched in fascination as an angel took up one end of the rope and looped it around the moon like a noose. With the other end of the rope still grasped snugly in her bill, the gull soared across the horizon and flew straight into the sun with the moon towing behind her.

I watched as the sun was swallowed up by the moon. And the earth was plummeted into total darkness seven minutes. The stars and planets appeared aligned in a bizarre configuration.

Up from out of the waves came millions of giant salamanders.  
One by one they crawled until the beach was covered in slime.

Looking up, I again saw the sea gull fly across the horizon tugging the moon behind her. As the veil of darkness lifted and daylight returned to the earth, I saw the giant amphibians that were caught by the mighty undertow and dragged back out to sea.

Time was virtually swept away as the days, months and years were shortened. There were no more seasons and Dusk and Dawn could not be found. Those grand monuments and towering pillars of stone that the ancient astrologers built came crashing to the ground, one great column upon another. I saw those who stood by with their sundials fall backward on their heels and flee. Those that navigate the high seas with compasses and chart their destiny by the stars were blown off course and vanished along with their ships. All about the face of the ocean, deep magnetic storms raged and many more were lost at sea and perished.

The rotation of the earth was quickened. The windmills and water wheels of the world were hurled into orbit like spinning tops. The tides roared furiously as the lunar cycles grew more frequent and the gravitational pull of the moon increased in strength. I saw those mammoths of the deep that were driven ashore by the hundreds and crushed themselves to death.

Falling flat on my face in the sand, I prayed to God that in His mercy He might spare His servant from harm and I heard the angel answer and say, "Fear not, for one cycle has passed and a new one is begun! From here on in each year shall consist of two hundred and ninety days.

Each month twenty-four days, and each day twenty-one hours. Night and day shall be equally divided in that there will be ten and a half hours of darkness and ten and a half hours of daylight."

When I had picked myself up—I peered into heaven as would one looking through a seven-dimensional kaleidoscope—and lo and behold, above the wind and weathering there appeared a dazzling phenomena in space: A blazing disk of fire spiraling toward the earth like an enormous dial. And I saw seven spectacular points of light like the colors of the rainbow shooting forth from out of the wheel like flaming arrows. Upon each of these mysterious crowns were written in glory the seven virtues of faith which come down freely from God to a troubled world.

## DVD Review



### Dream Tending with Stephen Aizenstat

By Stephen Aizenstat  
DVD, 2006 Bison Films

Running time: 53 minutes

Reviewer: Bambi Corso

Available at [www.dreamtending.com](http://www.dreamtending.com)

Dr. Stephen Aizenstat is a trained clinical psychologist and co-founder of Pacifica Graduate Institute in Santa Barbara, California. He currently teaches courses in *Dream Tending at PGI* as well as around the country. His work is grounded in the works of Carl Jung, Sigmund Freud, James Hillman and Marion Woodman. Stephen also enhances his extensive knowledge of dreamwork by weaving together ancient beliefs of indigenous cultures as well as mythology, archetypes and depth psychology to develop this extremely unique and insightful way of working with dreams. Aizenstat says:

"Dream Tending is a method of working with dreams that is engaging and accessible. This way of honoring dreams encourages us to listen deeply to the voices of the dream images themselves as they come forward to offer their insights and perspectives on our lives and on the world. When we tend a dream, images come "awake", imagination is animated, and we participate in life more fully rooted in the wisdom of dream."

Shared within this DVD is Stephen's passionate and artistic approach to working with dreams which has inspired dreamers worldwide to engage with dream images in a deeper, more holistic way. This approach emphasizes dream images as not only voices of the personal psyche, but of the world psyche itself as dreaming. He shares how listening deeply to our own dream images allows the images to speak on behalf of themselves bringing about their own wisdom. In addition to Stephen's interviews and live presentations, this documentary also contains powerful interviews with some of the most noted experts in the field of dreamwork who speak to the power of dreams and of their experience with Stephen's work. Included are Robert Johnson, Marion Woodman, James Hillman and Michael Meade.

Beautifully filmed and deeply felt, this DVD shares techniques in the tools of dream recall and journaling, as well as how to utilizing the skills of *Dream Tending* with the images themselves, plus much, much more. We learn how to tend to the images as if they are alive, as living entities coming to us on their own behalf, informing us and bringing about their own intelligence. Tending to dream images, instead of interpreting them, reminds us that we are part of a collective energy, one which—when paid attention to—reveals new ways of engaging with our selves and our world.

Having studied with Stephen and having the honor of knowing him through his classes and seminars, this DVD truly shares the essence of *Dream Tending* in a rare and extraordinary way.

I encourage you to experience his innovative and unique approach for yourself. I know you will be deeply moved and inspired by his voice, his passion and his love of dreams. ∞

## Odyssey ~ Book Review

(cont'd from page 31)

and thereafter is uncanny, mysterious and rooted in alterity.

**(McCrorie)** "The ghost of Teiresias came then, a prophet of Thebes, holding a staff of gold. He knew me and questioned, Son of Laertes, nourished of Zeus, wily Odysseus, wretched man: why do you go from the Sun God's brightness to look at the dead."

Then shortly, within the same Book, we encounter a moving example of the birth of humanism and the emergence into consciousness of the vulnerabilities of the human condition, when Odysseus listens to the shade of his departed mother explaining the terms of her death.

**(McCrorie)** "I too died and met my doom in the same way, not from the sharp-eyed Archer there in our great hall, aiming her gentle arrows in order to kill me. No long sickness came on... the kind that will often take the soul from the body, wasting and loathsome. Instead, I longed for you, my shining Odysseus, your counsel and kindness. That longing stole me from sweet life."

Upon which follows the son's heart wrenching response, given here in the Lattimore translation:

*"So she spoke, but I—pondering in my heart—yet wished to take the soul of my dead mother in my arms. Three times I started toward her, and my heart was urgent to hold her, and three times she fluttered out of my hands like a shadow or a dream."* <sup>(1)</sup> ∞

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1. *The Odyssey of Homer* translated by Richmond Lattimore, Harper Perennial, a division of Harper Collins.

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## 70: A Birthday Dream

By Elizabeth Howard, M.A. © 2008

**O**N FEBRUARY 1, 2008 I BECAME 70 years of age. I don't know when I have ever looked forward to the next decade with such a feeling of positive anticipation. My moods are swinging, with a lot more time than usual on the positive side. I seem to have a new ability to remind myself that when I get depressed, I can swing back to the "feel good" mode. It's about time!

A friend said, "Well, now you can do exactly as you want to do." The thing about that is, that's what I've already been doing for quite a while, so it's actually time now for me to reap some positive benefits.

My "birthday dream" is a big dream, significant to me in many ways. I'm still working on this dream, but here it is, with some of the work and the

meaning of the dream for me. This dream is about compassion and the world: I dream:...

*"I see five severed cow heads. Each has been torn from the body of the cow. They are as gory as the head of John the Baptist on the plate."*

My first association is to the mind-body split. Immediately I feel that I am no longer intellectual enough. I go to the library and check out a book on Schopenhauer. Then I begin to think about my body, aging a bit but still serving me very well. I step up my yoga practice and work on my breathing a bit.

Then I speak to the first cow head, who tells me that I must notice, "We are severed at the throat. You know that is the fifth chakra, for compassion and of course there are five of us. This is what we had to do to get you to see that you really must speak with compassion all of the time, not just some of the time." That gets my attention as being difficult and requir-

ing a lot of work.

Next, I put down a Tarot reading, the Ryder-Waite deck. The card for my environment is The World, the one with the head of a person and then a bird, a lion and a cow (or bull, it has horns) in each corner. This is a complex major arcana card and of course there can be many interpretations. For me, it is this: My important life work now continues to be with the liberation of the non-human animals, and this card tells me that I'm on the right path, the path of freedom and liberation for all beings.

I'll be working on this dream for a while. I offer my thanks to all dreamers and to the blessed animals who come into my dreams so often to support and guide me. ∞

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Elizabeth Howard, M.A. lives in Gainesville, FL, where she offers dreamwork and other esoteric teachings. You can contact her at [holisticliz@hotmail.com](mailto:holisticliz@hotmail.com) or phone 352-337-2723



# Dream Reading

by Charles De Beer

## LeeAnn's dream:

*I met my friend Ingar (who died about 10 years ago in a car accident) at her Dad's apartment because she had flown up from Durban (where she moved to when we were both in high school) to visit. We were having a good time until an extremely good friend of mine (not anymore—we are no longer friends, probably for about 6 years now) came around and suggested we go out to clubs. I really didn't want to but thought maybe it was time I went out a bit and so off we went. Our trip took us through the seedy parts of Johannesburg for some reason and I felt myself more and more reluctant to go out, then my ex-best friend said she needed to go into this one house but I suddenly knew she was going to use drugs and I became quite upset and angry. When she came out she was very laid back but I was furious. At some point I told her that I did not want to be her friend and that she must bugger off, which she did. I went with Ingar back to her Dad's flat (which was situated at our local little shopping mall). When we got there Ingar said she had to go back home and I was very sad because we did not spend enough time together. I started walking home when the ex-friend came driving by in a car similar to those driven in the US by gangsters (as depicted on TV at any rate) and she was shouting at me, insulting, and scaring the bedingus out of me. I walked faster and prayed for her to leave me alone. Then she got out of the car and wanted to hit me with a spade.*

The whole dream was filled with a feeling of impending doom and an inability to make the sun shine. I desperately did not want my ex-friend in

my life and had no way of getting rid of her without being a complete bitch and truthful of how I really felt about her. The dream is exactly like real life in terms of colors, places, etc.

I woke up in an awful sweat, feeling awful and the dream and the way it made me feel stayed with me all day.

Lee-Ann Stonehouse

## Charles De Beer's Dream Reading:

Dear Lee-Ann,

In pondering your dream I am reminded of Psalm 118, at the exact center of the bible in which it states: Verse 8: It is better to trust the Lord than to put confidence in men.

It is better to take refuge in Him than in the mightiest king.

This I think is the message the dream is conveying to you.

The friend, long dead, who guides the dreamer stands for the "higher self" (the God within), the spirit with whom she seems to have lost contact. Whereas the "friend"—"no longer a friend"—stands for the dreamer's lower mind, that which keeps her from making spiritual progress, by keeping her busy with worldly matters, physical matters, earthly matters.

A spade, a square tool, is used to move earth. Square stands for physical, Circle for Spiritual.

The lower mind would drag the dreamer through unhealthy areas, while the real goal of life, *spiritual perfection*, is lost sight of, due to physical desires, (drugs). Contact seems to have been lost with the Higher Self, saddening the dreamer.

With no support from the Higher Self, the dreamer would be plagued by the lower mind.

The dream seems to be a warning to the dreamer to direct her life towards spiritual goals. ∞

Waking Up the Psyche: Cont'd from pg. 17

distance herself from me by working on the floor vs. the table, but after breaking the barrier of finishing her assessment work—during a session well into her treatment—I offered her a free choice art project. She told me she was going to make something about a secret. She made a mask with tin foil on one half and a black paint on the other; only the reflective metallic side had a large eye drawn with markers. She hinted that the secret was that she had been sexually inappropriate with her three-year old cousin. Again, the eye represented her vigilance perhaps in being found out, or perhaps having to keep safe from her own experiences of abuse. Children often "feel special" when they have a secret and the "... main problems of sexual abuse is loss of ability to distinguish between good and bad feelings. It is an invasion of every type of boundary."<sup>4</sup> Carol used the art as a vehicle to be able to tell about the act, the secret and jumble of confusing feelings; she was able to tap through the art her internal world via the realm of fantasy and what ifs.

In this population, the power of fantasy and waking dreams strengthened their sense of self and ability to communicate. Revealing, never mind recalling dreams, usually happened spontaneously and art and art therapy were natural tools to engage and articulate the inner psyche and make inroads to healing. ∞

1. Sandplay, Ruth Ammann, 1991, pp-85-86

2. A Study of Waking Fantasies of Boys and Girls 9 to 15, Strausch and Lederbogen, 1999.

3. *Ibid.*

4. Working with Children in Art Therapy, eds. C. Case and T. Dalley. Working with cases of child sexual abuse, p. 107, Sager, Carol, 1990.

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Contact Marlene by email at [marleen@oigp.net](mailto:marleen@oigp.net). Visit her website @ [www.dreamtimesguide.com](http://www.dreamtimesguide.com)

# What's In The Temple?

In the quiet spaces of my mind a thought lies still,  
but ready to spring.  
It begs me to open the door so it can walk about.  
The poets speak in obscure terms pointing madly at the unsayable.  
The sages say nothing, but walk ahead  
patting their thigh calling for us to follow.  
The monk sits pen in hand poised to explain the cloud of unknowing.  
The seeker seeks, just around the corner from the truth.  
If she stands still it will catch up with her.  
Pause with us here a while.  
Put your ear to the wall of your heart.  
Listen for the whisper of knowing there.  
Love will touch you if you are very still.  
If I say the word God, people run away.  
They've been frightened--sat on 'till the spirit cried "uncle."  
Now they play hide and seek with somebody they can't name.  
They know he's out there looking for them,  
and they want to be found,  
But there is all this stuff in the way.  
I can't talk about God and make any sense,  
And I can't not talk about God and make any sense.  
So we talk about the weather, and we are talking about God.  
I miss the old temples where you could hang out with God.  
Still, we have pet pounds where you can feel love draped in warm fur,  
And sense the whole tragedy of life and death.  
You see there the consequences of carelessness,  
And you feel there the yapping urgency of life that wants to be lived.  
The only things lacking are the frankincense and myrrh.  
We don't build many temples anymore.  
Maybe we learned that the sacred can't be contained.  
Or maybe it can't be sustained inside a building.  
Buildings crumble.  
It's the spirit that lives on.  
If you had a temple in the secret spaces of your heart,  
What would you worship there?  
What would you bring to sacrifice?  
What would be behind the curtain in the holy of holies?  
**Go there now.**

*Tom Barrett*



# The Short Path

by Robert C. Flanders

**S**TRANGE SOUND—almost like a young woman’s voice calling, “Jamey,” very slowly. The notes were drawn out as if passing through a hollow instrument as long as an Alpine horn. There’s no telling whether it originated behind one of the doors down that corridor, or somewhere well beyond the blinds and the hedges on some distant mountain peak outside.

Unsettling. Sometimes you hear moans like that at the dentist’s office while waiting to get your teeth worked on—not calling a name, or any other real word—just an anonymous voice expressing recognition of some remote unpleasantness beyond the cloud of the doctor’s gasses. But I was at the ophthalmologist’s clinic. Must be my mind playing tricks on me, too desperately interpreting the sparse information available to my senses in this sterile, alien environment. It’s just a machine and my ears only think it’s speaking to me.

Just being in this waiting room shows readiness to admit a weakness to a stranger, readiness to confess to a mere mortal that I have sinned and to show him the manifestation of that sin in my flesh. But I can’t deny the distortion in my right eye—an astigmatism, I guess it’s called. A line that to my left is smooth and horizontal has a couple of spikes in it to my right eye. It looks strikingly like an electro-

cardiogram, as if my inner being were holding a sign before my face, advising me to give more attention to my heart.

“The doctor will see you now,” said the nurse. I suppose she’s a nurse—she’s dressed all in white—but standing in the door frame guarding the knob she’s reminiscent of a temple virgin charged to be very cautious of whom she allows beyond the veil. Her summons to the doctor stirs that other voice to plead again, “Jam-ey,” but the nurse shows no response.

She ushers me into a room and closes the door behind me. This is no brothel and she will remain a virgin—she’s gone and I’m left alone to contemplate how these several apparatuses will be applied to my eye. The cell is lit dimly, as if by torchlight. I’ve surrendered myself into the hands of the inquisitors of science now for sure. There’s the doctor’s diploma—Emory University’s ordination of James Boyle as a Doctor of Ophthalmology. Well, if I must do this—and I must, if I’m to continue to drive—at least he’s said to be among the best. I made the appointment despite the recommendation that he’s on the cutting edge of new technologies.

I wonder if doctors are trained to give us these moments to study their implements before making their entrance so that we have time to real-

ize our utter dependence on their mercy and develop the proper reverence. When Dr. Boyle does enter the cell and asks what my problem is, my voice sounds to me like a child’s, pleading, “Forgive me, Doctor, and deliver me of the karma I truly deserve for what I have done and for what I have failed to do.”

But my neck hair bristles when he stares through his bizarre devices into my eye. My regular optometrist is a woman and as much as I welcome the proximity of her face to mine during an exam, my flesh quickens for a fight when a man comes nose to nose with me. A woman’s aura is healing and nurturing, but there’s no natural reason to be close enough to another man to smell him.

Mostly to bring myself round to a more civil attitude, I ask him about the watercolor of quite a refined woman on the wall beside his diploma.

“My wife,” he answered, “My mother made this portrait as a wedding gift of how she might mature once we had time together for a family.” He summed the matter up, “My wife died before I could finish medical school.” There was a finality to his tone, like a mathematician who’s given the complete equation—there was nothing more to the subject.

Again I heard the strange tone and asked Dr. Boyle, “What is that? It



sounds like someone calling a name." As I was looking in that direction, I glanced over his diploma again and laughed a little awkwardly, "Like your name, maybe, if your friends call you 'Jamey.'"

His answer belied Dr. Boyle's proximity, delayed as if our words had to travel great distances to reach each other. "Only one ever did." He followed my gaze to the watercolor, studying it to see whether his mother had somehow encoded his private name in the portrait. But he saw nothing and said, "I don't hear anything." Whether he did or not, his every utterance reasserted the protocol of confining conversation to his sphere of professional expertise.

"I think for you," he said, "I will apply a new technique I've been developing, to bring your vision to the same acuity you seem to have in hearing."

My defenses snapped back in place. Although no such meaning was overt in his words, they somehow projected the pretension for which chiropractors are notorious, that because they are expert in mysteries of the body they are also authoritative in matters of the spirit. Just listen to me... so cranky that I condemn a whole profession for trying to express the very sensitivity that I complain conventional practitioners lack.

So much do I dislike asking anyone for help.

Dr. Boyle ushered me from my cell, down to the end of the hall and opened its terminating door. Beyond it a wrought iron staircase spiraled up a brick tower. Quite unlike the rest of the clinic, the colors and even the smell were earthen.

By the time we reached the top, the combination of the tight circles... the height had made me a bit dizzy and I hoped that it hadn't had the same effect on the man to whom I was en-

trusting my eye. His senses did seem immune when he motioned me into his operating theater. The room could have been in the bell tower of a medieval cathedral; the walls squeezed one's attention into the only direction still open—straight up toward the spire and beyond. The tower surely did spear into the heavens and as I took in the dark leather chair on which I was to recline I couldn't help speculating that the spire was a lightning rod somehow affixed to the doctor's apparatus.

It was to be laser surgery. The technique has only been in use for about a decade and Dr. Boyle is reputed to be among its innovators. In answer to whether it would hurt, he said that it would at worst be uncomfortable, like looking directly into the sun. Not to worry, though—he controlled the light beam so that it would never reach the nerves at the back of my eye and damage them.

The light was indeed very bright. If it weren't reaching my retina directly, it did stimulate multi-colored flashes. At first they were simple geometric patterns, but they began to merge. The shapes tried to assemble into organic forms, but accelerated through that phase toward a single, all-inclusive white light. I sensed a wondrous, breathtaking Presence in the light. Quite the opposite of irritating, it was as seductive as being received back into the bliss of my mother's womb.

Too soon the light receded from me and Dr. Boyle's calls grew closer. He said, "I've never seen a patient so comfortable during the procedure that he fell asleep. Are you back with me? Well, no matter, rest your eye here for a while before descending to test it against the harsh lights below." He offered his best approximation of a laugh and added, "Obviously I needn't suggest you relax."

I was anxious for him to leave, re-

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garding him like the cherubim guarding the gates of Eden from which I'd just been expelled. I was drawn irresistibly toward the doctor's now unsupervised equipment, not unlike one who's become an addict with his first experience of opium. It could not have been the doctor's personality I'd sensed because the life had been in the light and whatever humanity the physician had was beyond it. No—Deity can use anyone, however unenlightened, as an instrument to reach us.

So I began piddling with the switches on his laser, remembering as best I could the procedure he'd followed. A flickering developed at the end of the probe. But before I could direct it toward my left eye and open it, too, to the clarity I'd known, the spark jumped from the tip onto the cabinet at my side. It expanded in a mist, taking the shape of a woman of translucent white. The same woman as in the portrait so far below, though drained of color. Dr. Boyle's unnamed wife. I heard her calling from beyond hope, "Ja-mey."

In this tiny tower room, she was right at hand but was evidently quite unaware of me. Her call was tearing my heart. It only grew worse. More sparks from the laser formed into pale silhouettes of children. Her children, or children that could have been hers. I could feel the vapor of which she was formed against my cheek, but she wasn't quite real—she was the ghost of a life who'd dissipated too soon, and the children spirits of those who've never yet been. She had loved a great man, but what she'd needed was simply to live with a good man.

Now the groan was mine, for my voice could not carry to comfort her, nor touch her children. The shapes were lost, merging into a single luminous ball. But now there were dark fractures in what I'd seen as the universal light. Was it I who'd rendered De-

ity imperfect by seeking spiritual experience like a narcotic?

The light began to break into colors again... and firmer organic forms. I could see people, children in desperate circumstances they might overcome or avoid entirely if only I were there living among them. How dare I presume to think the world below would be fulfilled if I escaped to dwell up here in the heavens, alone.

There was something in Dr. Boyle's comment. Yes, I seem better fitted to absorb what flows into my ears in the river of time than to have everything presented all at once before my eyes. I chose to descend, to leave the tower for the doctor, in hope that one day he will hear his wife's call. On the way out of the hall I saw the nurse about to enter another door. I gave her a smile to show that I wouldn't be at all opposed should she invite me in, and follow this very mortal man into the cell to muss up our karma together. It should only take a few generations for us to tidy up. ∞

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Robert C. Flanders is a retired Emergency Medical Services lieutenant, who in middle-age earned a degree in philosophy.

Should the style appeal to you, you may find my published novelle interesting - [The Beautiful Fountain](#). 95% of that work is a dream, comparing and contrasting the culture & mythology of the Cherokee and of the old Bavarian town of Nuremberg. You may contact Mr. Flanders at [bfland@bellsouth.net](mailto:bfland@bellsouth.net)



"This better be a dream or I got some real problems."

**ONE BRIGHT MORNING**, long ago in Greece, perhaps after pondering the meaning of a particularly vivid dream, the brilliant polymath Aristotle gave voice to a scientific challenge that has echoed down the ages: "We must inquire what dreams are, and from what cause sleepers sometimes dream, and sometimes not; or whether the truth is that sleepers always dream but do not always remember; and if this occurs, what its explanation is."

In the shade of sun-drenched olive trees at the Lyceum in Athens, where he and his brilliant band of thinkers used to meet, the father of natural sciences urged them to "obtain a scientific nature of dreaming and the manner in which it originates".

Since those seminal times, 23 centuries have come and gone but, despite the best efforts of many of the world's greatest minds, no satisfactory explanation was found. The answer to the question of what dreams are for, and their evolutionary cause, remained tantalisingly out of reach — a baffling mystery.

In the 20th century, one of the pioneers of modern scientific dream research, Dr David Foulkes, reminded our own scientific community of why the central issue raised by Aristotle was still so important. "Dreaming," he wrote, "needs once again to be recognised as a problem so central to the study of the mind that its resolution can help to reveal the fundamental structures of human thought."

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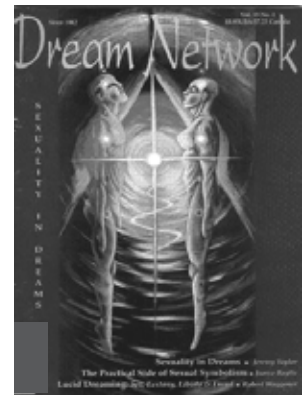
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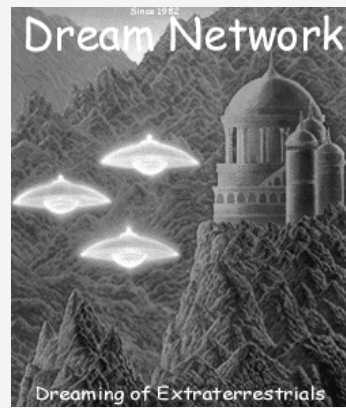
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