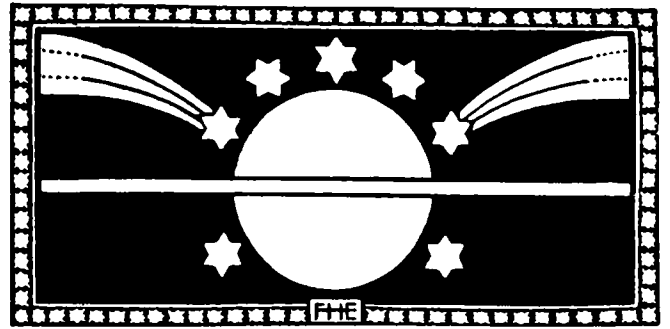


dream network bulletin



volume 5, number 5

Mt. Rushmore and the Wounded Woman

Community Dream Quest Reports

ROBERT WM. KRAJENKE

In 1984, The Full Moon Dream Community, a network of approximately 90 dreamers in different parts of the country, began a year long dream experiment for individual and/or communal participation called The Mt. Rushmore Full Moon Medicine Wheel Dream Quest. The Quest was a direct outgrowth of Henry Reed's concept that there may be political ramifications to the process of a group of people focusing their dreams on a central topic, and that if we can become aware of the process, we can nurture and foster its growth into some visible and practical consequence.

The focus of our quest was:

1) To see, if by using Mt. Rushmore and Native American prophecy and imagery as a meditation, prayer, and dream focus we could integrate and energize a more harmonious and balanced "American" spirit within us.

2) To determine whether we can tap into those energies which inspire creativity, create unity and dissolve resistances to the acceptance, expression and manifestation of the ideal and destiny embodied in our national motto, "E Pluribus Unum"--Out of many, One.

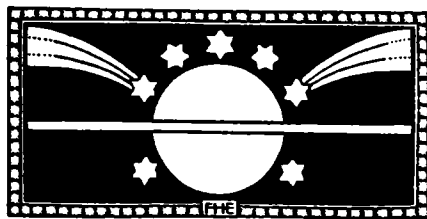
3) To direct our spiritual, mental and sleep/dream energies towards ideals of wholeness, celebration and healing...-with the belief that we can create and experience a higher vibration which may have a positive effect upon others as well as ourselves.



Illustrations by James Francis Yax

Continued on Page 4

dream network bulletin



Founded in 1982

DREAM NETWORK BULLETIN publishes six issues per year and has an international readership. The primary focus is upon experiential dreamwork. Readers send in articles, personal experiences, research reports, how-to-do-it tips, art work and poetry related to dreams. **DNB** provides information about existing and desired dream groups, a calendar of upcoming dream related events, as well as reviews of books and other dream source material, including advertisements. Those interested in advertising should see the details on this page. We welcome sharing and communication regarding all aspects of dreamwork from both professionals and non-professionals.

DNB reserves the right to edit all material submitted for publication. Manuscripts of up to five typewritten, double-spaced pages are preferred. Reproducible black and white original art work is requested. Photocopies are acceptable. Please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope if submissions are to be returned.

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Linda Ravenwolf, Contributing Editor
Norma Churchill, Contributing Artist

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION RATES

USA: \$18.00 (six issues)
\$30.00 (twelve issues)
CANADA: \$22.00 (must be U.S. funds
drawn on U.S. bank)
FOREIGN: \$28.00 (must be U.S. funds
drawn on U.S. bank)

ADVERTISING INFORMATION

Current subscribers may place a classified notice free of charge, but must renew request for each issue to guarantee continued placement. Non-subscribers must pay a fee of \$5.00 for an ad of up to 20 words.

Panel ad fees: 1/4 page (3.5" wide by 4" high): \$25.00. 1/2 page (6.75" by 4" high): \$50.00. Panel ads should be camera ready, although **DNB** will be happy to include graphics and borders, if requested.

!! ATTENTION !!

NOTE NEW SUBMISSIONS ADDRESS

Beginning with the next issue, **DNB** is under new management. Effective immediately, send all submissions for **DNB**, manuscripts, artwork, poetry, subscriptions, renewals, requests for back issues, advertising and subscription inquiries and other letters and inquiries to:

Linda Magallon, Editor
DREAM NETWORK BULLETIN
1083 Harvest Meadow Court
San Jose, CA 95136

D.N.B. BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE

As a service to our readers, **D.N.B.** is offering recent back issues for sale. They may be purchased singly for \$2.00 each or as a set for the special price of \$22.00 for all 13 issues. Available issues are listed below with mention of some of their featured articles. Please send your check with your order to Back Issues, 503 Lake Drive, Virginia Beach, Virginia, 23451.

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Volume 3, #4: THE FOUR FACES OF CHRIST by Tony Crisp. BOTH SIDES NOW: DO DREAMS REALLY CONTAIN IMPORTANT SECRET MEANING? by Jack Maguire.

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EDITORIAL

Bob Van de Castle



Dreamers need not be lonely anymore. Beginning with Sundance: The Community Dream Journal, dreamers have had a chance to interact with like-minded people, to share their dreams, and even to share dreamtime! One image from the seed dream of the Sundance journals was a fountain of sparks that emanated from the dance of the dreamers. One of these sparks ignited the imagination of Robert Krajenke, author of The Psychic Side of the American Dream. We are pleased to present as our lead article in this issue his report of a communal dream incubation project, and his invitation to participate in another. Communal dreamers do it together!

Another spark from the Sundance journals ignited the fervor of Bill Stimson, who, as founder of Dream Network Bulletin, saw the importance of networking dreamers, to provide them a means of supportive growth in a culture which still does not realize its origin and destiny within dreams. Part of Bill's vision was the regular sharing and rotation of editorial and publishing responsibility for DNB, to insure a broad-based and non-sectarian forum for the dreamwork community.

As the time arrives for the current crew to pass the torch, we can reflect upon our experience with DNB. During its year and a half's tenure in Virginia, DNB has undergone some changes in

format and emphasis. Chris Hudson began the process of "computerized typewriting." We took it a step further by use of a photo-reduction process to eliminate the "typewriter" look. By this method, and by increasing the page count to 24 to allow more room for graphics and regular features, we have created the beginnings of a magazine. Chris Hudson's wife, Dale Gottlieb, brought graphic excellence to DNB by the inclusion of her own special drawings. Lyn Veronica, Henry's wife, has helped us continue to improve the graphic quality of DNB by discovering artwork to match our articles, as well as encouraging others to submit their own artwork, thus opening the pages of DNB to a broader range of creative talent. The introduction of reader participation (as in the telepathy experiment, the dream interpretation experiment, and Henry's "shoe dream" project) has built upon the community spirit of DNB. We hope we have also helped to heal some the split between the "academic" and "experiential" approach to dreams with some of our content and editorial diplomacy.

For the first time in DNB's history, we began a program of marketing, to test the waters and see what sales methods would work. We have experimented with advertisements, mention in the media, and direct mail solicitation. We created the first DNB "flyer" and have found that "farming mailing lists" does pay off. Such a marketing effort is in itself, however, a full-time job.

It has been both a nourishing and depleting experience for us to serve as your editors/publishers. We have come to know many of you as family through your contributions and are appreciative of your willingness to share your dream selves so openly and allowing us to learn from your dreaming experiences. A new year is coming up and the new folks at the helm will be Linda Magallon and Bob Trowbridge from California.

Linda, of course, is known to you all since she has been writing a regular column for DNB for the past several issues. As contributing editor, she has solicited several of the other articles that have appeared in these pages. She comes to DNB with a background in networking dreamers as part of the Seth community and served as part of the grassroots efforts to get ASD off the ground. We feel DNB is in excellent hands with Linda and has found a good home or else we wouldn't have turned our special adopted child over to her.

There will be more changes in the future as DNB grows in its West Coast home. Linda has just bought a new Mac-Intosh computer and should be able to bring DNB into the world of "Desktop Publishing." Please give Linda and Bob your full support and help out by sending them your dream accounts and notices of activities. She will honor all current subscriptions and is very desirous of receiving articles, notices, poems, and artwork at her address: 1083 Harvest Meadow Ct., San Jose, CA 95136.

As a final note, let me invite you to participate in a special dream happening in a beautiful mountain setting near Taos, New Mexico, where Henry, Gary Rogers and I will be offering a week long dream workshop and adventure during the third week of July. There will be lots of small group interaction, exciting work with the group as a whole, an opportunity to participate in our dream helper ceremony, create dream art, discuss dream beliefs with Native American practitioners, and experiencing many other dream "highs" in this 'Rocky Mountain High' country replete with hiking and riding trails, fishing lake, golf course, etc. If you might be interested, drop me a note at 670 E. Rio Rd., Charlottesville, VA 22901 and you'll receive further information about rates, arrangements, etc.

Until our next dream encounter -
Hasta La Vista.

Bob

HUTZ, Lyn

Continued from Page 1

4) To see what dreams, awakenings, insights and experiences we, as individuals and a group, may have; and to share them with others.

The Experiment involved four full moon dream quests, each taking place on the first full moon of each new season. After each Quest, the dreamers were asked to send their dream to me, and I would circulate them as a collection in our newsletter in time for the next full moon quest.

As the Experiment unfolded, one woman, Alva-Rae Anderson, consistently dreamed the "big dreams" which carried the most energy for the group and spoke very clearly and deeply to the spirit of the Quest.

As we entered the Spring phase of our quest, this was her dream:

"I dreamed of a woman alone in the wilderness standing in front of a tipi made of white skin. I was the woman and at the same time recognized the woman as a symbol. She was a Native American Indian woman, and she had come into the wilderness to perform a sacred ritual.

"All things in the dream were sacred. The white tipi was a sacred house and had sacred symbols on it. One was a black triangle with a white triangle in the center of it, and there were two wavy lines drawn above one another.

"The dream was only the vision of the woman in the wilderness and her surroundings at that instant of her sacred ritual; however, in that instant I understood the meaning of the ritual, or at least part of it.

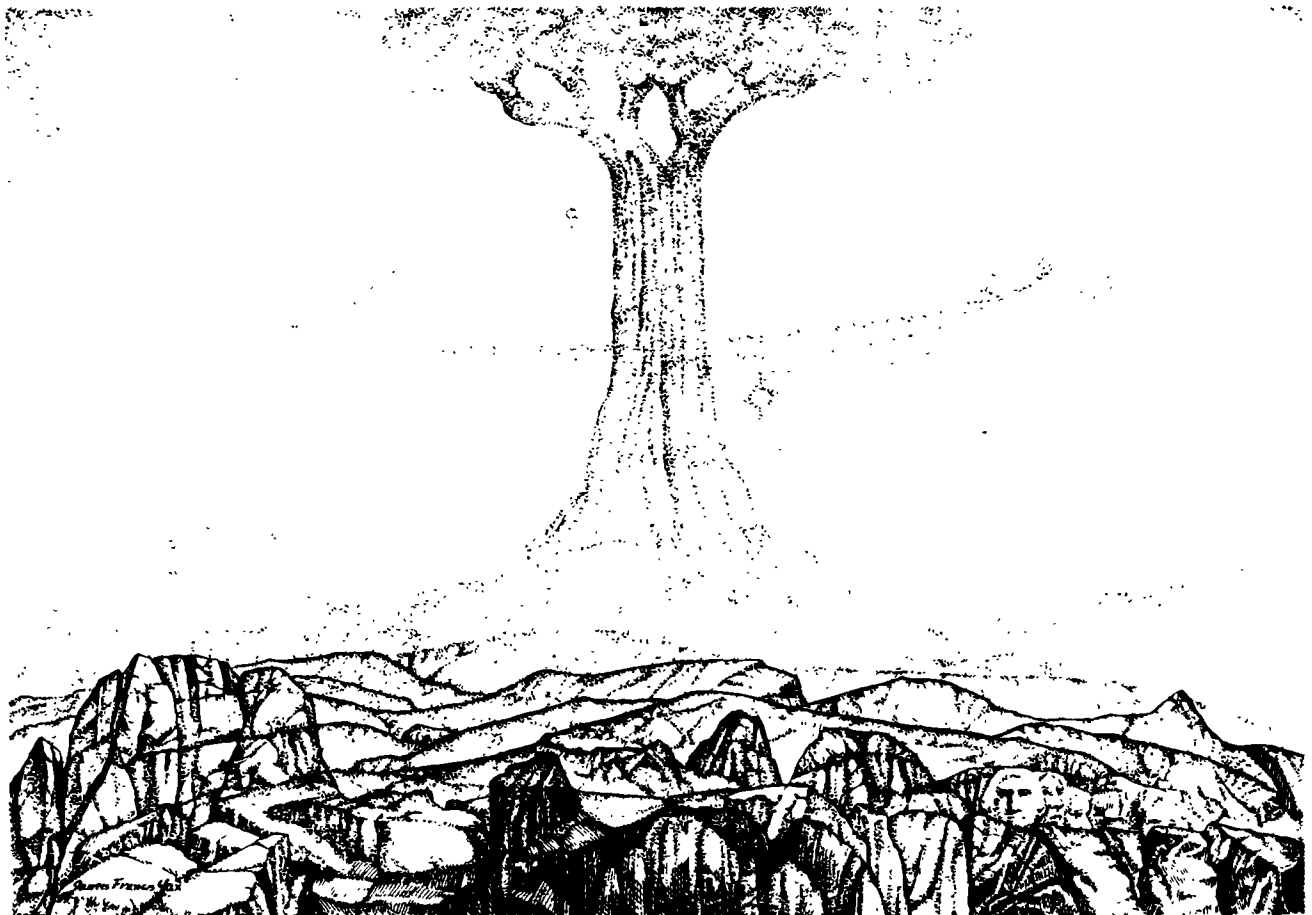
"I saw the woman kneeling in front of the white tipi. It was near noon of a very bright, sunny day. The tipi was pitched in a clearing in the wilderness and the woman was kneeling directly in front of the tipi and facing a small fire, but it was very hot. The woman dropped sprigs of herb in the fire and each sprig burned with a tiny wisp of aromatic smoke. It was the herb of understanding. Gathering in the clearing around the tipi were the woman's Spirit Brothers and Sisters. They had come to help her give birth. Although I saw a vision of the woman inside the tipi in great labor, it was clear that this birth was not to be a physical birth. She was to be a birth canal for the Intimate Arts. The Intimate Arts include dreaming, genetic remembering, inner listening, symbol

matching, creative criticism, and asking the right questions.

"The labor was very physical even though the birth was not physical."

During the course of the Quest, I met a very remarkable woman named Carol Austen. Carol is a very knowledgeable and innovative teacher of brain integration. Through her understanding of the functions of the brain and how to get both hemispheres to work harmoniously together, she has developed the ability to "tap" into her Higher Mind at will. She became interested in the Dream Quest experiment and offered to do a "channeling" for me. For the session, I brought Alva-Rae's "Woman in the Wilderness" dream and asked how it related to the spirit and purpose of the Medicine Wheel Dream Quest. The following is extracted from a tape made during the channeling session:

"The woman in labor is a symbol of evolution, of course, and the Intimate Arts are, at this time, a vehicle of evolution. For in the past, the woman has not been allowed by the social/cultural system to examine the inner self, and so it has been a mystery for a very long time. Therefore, when the woman



looks inside, all the past comes pouring forth with the horrors of her experience, her being, the total her, not the individual.

"The birth of the woman's consciousness, the realization of the experiences of the past, can be so overwhelming as to cause the death of the spirit. And so, some women, when coming to this point in their lives, have a death experience. This woman in the tipi chose to have a birth experience, for she is a strong woman and has had some practice, having had experience with inner vision in the past, for she has stepped ahead of some of her sisters and is a more evolved person. So for her, the tipi was a house of the future, the white being pure as the clouds in the sky, and so the face of the woman is uplifted by the pain.

"If the tipi had been darkened in sepia or brown, then the woman would have died, her spirit not being strong enough to accept the visions of the past, the realities of womanly experience and the nature and ability to go on to re-create the future even though the past has been so difficult.

"This woman who has had this dream is a woman who can create the future. The fire in the dream is the fire of the creative spirit, and it burns quietly inside all women and it is very hot. The time for this fire to burn brightly and not so intensely has come. It will be more visible, a campfire to attract other women to its center, to its warmth and to its lovingness. It has been intensely focused in the transition time and has burned the fingers of those who have the courage to reach towards it. But as there are more at the campfire and each brings their own store of firewood to fuel this camp, there will be more warmth, more joy, more sharing in the present, and the past will not be so fearsome. These women will share their images and their inner selves with each other and will shudder at what is truly there.

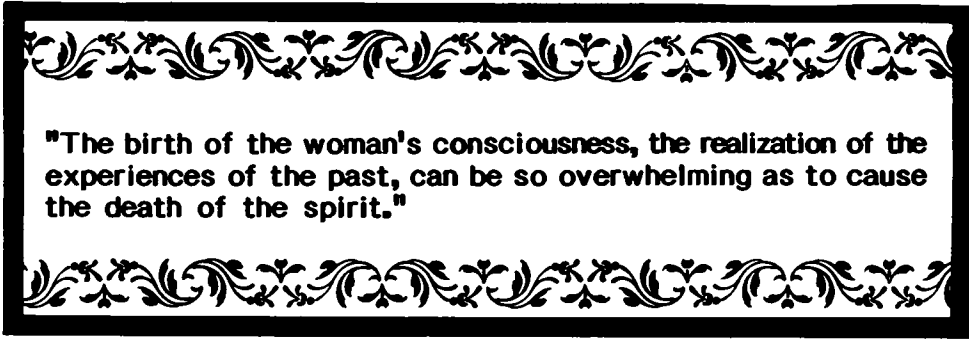
"But the fire light will show the brightness of their eyes, the laughter, and the joy of their being present in this lifetime and the witnessing of the opportunity for humanness which is about to appear. No longer does a woman, even an American Indian, walk with the head down, a band across, eyes to the earth unseeing. This is the time of the phoenix and many women will fly into the sun only to burn and fall to the earth in ashes, but others will cover their bodies with feathers and fly gently on the winds of time and oversee the children of the future, guarding them safely and treating them with respect and love, for they will be born without pain, without memory of pain and therefore, carry the heavenly host in their hearts and in their minds without the burden of the guilt of the past.

"The symbols on the tent, the black triangle with the white in the center will be symbols of the future. The triangle represents the first stability in nature, or in the structure of nature, for without the third position there is no plane, only points on a line. The inner triangle, the white triangle, is the stability of the spirit, and that is about to take place, especially in the camp of the women.

"The stability of the female spirit will come into its own and will be admired and valued by men as well as women, for it will delight them that they have partners in life that can hold the same kind of power and give assistance as a team, all wanting the same future to appear.

"It is too grand a mission for man to do alone."

"I immediately recalled the woman in the wilderness in the Book of Revelation (Chptr. 12). She is also pregnant and gives birth to a male. In my dream, it is clear, it is not to be a physical birth. The child in the Revelation is threatened by a dragon and caught up to heaven. Perhaps, this indicates something non-physical also. There was no dragon in my dream, but there was a sense of the woman needing to be nurtured and protected from worldly or "outside" forces. That's what the Spirit Brothers and Sisters were doing: nurturing, protecting and supporting her. I felt much positive energy in my dream. There was no sense of threat, just intentness. If any emotion prevailed, it was joy and celebration--not the woman's joy as much as the joy of the Spirit Brothers and Sisters."



"The birth of the woman's consciousness, the realization of the experiences of the past, can be so overwhelming as to cause the death of the spirit."

The following are commentaries from Alva-Rae on her dream:

"Everything in the dream is deeply symbolic in a sacred way. The wilderness is not a forest, but a psychic state of being -- unexplored territory of the mind where only the most secure and brave dare to journey.

"The woman is a symbol of female energy and the earth. She performs a ritual in the wilderness by burning the herb of understanding in a hot fire. The fire is initiation through desire, and the result is suffering and sacrifice, through this may only be symbolic and/or mental suffering. The herb cannot be taken into the body except through the fire and then inhaled as smoke -- taken into the body in an unseen way. It is unseen, yet an undeniable experience.

"The Spirit Brothers and Sisters are the Spirits of all life and all of our lives and are the same as we are. We are all linked through the Woman -- female energy or the earth -- to the Spirit Brothers and Sisters who are always there to help and guide us. We cannot fail as long as we listen with our hearts to our Spirit Brothers and Sisters. They are no greater or less than the Woman, but are her colleagues who do not have physical bodies or could not otherwise join with her physically.

Two years after our experiment began, the experiment completed itself on the Feast of the Epiphany, January 6, 1985. -- the first full moon of the new year. However, the Wilderness Woman of Alva Rae's dream seems to be leading us into the future.

As an outgrowth of that dream, the Full Moon Dream Community is beginning to initiate the development of a communal dream project focused on "the wounded woman". (The "wounded woman" is a term used by Linda Leonard in her book for the wounded feminine spirit that both men and women in our culture bear--a wound that is grounded in a poor relationship between the masculine and feminine principles.)

Those of you who may have heard Henry Reed describe the Dream Helper ceremony have heard him say one of the values of the experience is the continued resonance that seems to be set in motion and continue in the lives of the participants long after the physical focusing of the Ceremony is over. I believe that this is also true on the larger scale of the Full Moon Dream Quest. Though most participants have not had any or very limited physical contact with other members, the energy that we have created in our quest continues to

Continued on Page 21

DREAMWEAR



JANET SMITH

There is a new trend in fashion that is emerging slowly and is largely unnoticed. It is not written up in *Woman's Wear Daily*, *Elle*, or *Vogue*. No evidence of this trend appears in fine department stores everywhere. It is a "grassroots" movement; a trend that blossoms from roots deeply implanted in our collective unconscious. It is a movement toward clothing that reflects the individual wearer and not the slick, Seventh Ave. designer. The garments draw inspiration from personal symbology rather than from superficial fads. These are garments that are as unique and creative as the wearer, radiating a connection with the Creative Source. They have the ability to heal, enrich and communicate, affecting the wearer and the observer.

I call this trend "New Age Dressing", though "New Age" may be a misnomer. In times now past, in cultures that have valued the inner experience, a garment was not just something to cover the body. A garment was an important part of spiritual growth. In Amerindian society, for example, "Ghost Shirts" were worn that were decorated with Vision Quest symbols. The shirt was an honored part of sacred ceremony. In modern society, clothes may indicate rank or status but few garments are worthy of honor.

These are different kinds of New Age dressing but what I'll concentrate on here are the dream garments. I started designing "Dreamwear" without any knowledge that I was working with a long-standing tradition. I wanted to make some practical use of my dreams and being trained as a fashion designer, Dreamwear seemed a natural combination. What is Dreamwear? It is clothing that can be worn while sleeping to enhance the dreamstate or can be worn during waking hours as a reminder of the dream. It can be worn as a garment that has been seen in a dream, given form and material reality. Like dream art, Dreamwear provides a means of dialoging with the unconscious. It can say, "Dreamself, I value what you show me enough to place these images upon my person." The Dreamwear worn during sleep can be an excellent incubation uniform. It says to the unconscious, "I am dressed for a special occasion. I await your images with anticipation."

The dream garment aids in healing by bridging the rift between waking and sleeping selves. This process promotes wholeness, creating a two-way source of

information. To be whole is to be well and the dream garment celebrates the wholeness in a very intimate way. What is more personal, more revealing than one's apparel? Being wrapped or draped in one's own intimate symbols may take courage in this insecure, mass-media society. Our garments are like badges announcing Who and What we are. Why let the rag trade or Madison Avenue advertisers dictate your outward self to you when personal, intimate garments are available?

"Where?" you say. Admittedly, there are few designers who are making these garments. (Meryl Ann Butler in Virginia Beach is one and a couple of friends of mine are able. If there are others out

there, let me know!) But don't let that stop you! There are ways for you to create your own dreamwear. You can start with your dreams. Look through your dream journals for descriptions of garments. If there aren't any, you can incubate a dream that will present you with a design as a gift. This has its drawbacks, though. If your dreamself is anything like mine, you may get some bizarre-looking stuff. As a literal, wearable source of designs, the dream may not be the best place to look.

Actually, you can start with something very basic-color! Dreams can reveal your personal colors. Search out your dreams for a color or colors that occur frequently. Look in your closet.



Illustrations by Janet Smith

Do you see these colors? You should! In one of my dreams, my dream friend gave me a gift of a 12x12 inch square of blazing azure blue. This color has become an important part of my wardrobe. I feel alive and full of energy when wearing this color.

I've had the most success using recurring dream symbols that have positive emotional responses. For example, I had a dream in which a butterfly of iridescent rainbow colors flew out from my chest to perform amazing healings. The AmerIndian would call this a power animal. It is my personal symbol of freedom and the ability to transform and heal. It is also an archetypal symbol signifying rebirth and renewal. Thankfully, in our culture it is found on decorating fabrics, shower curtains, stationary, and practically everything else. I have no problem finding butterflies for design purposes.

I have butterfly-print fabrics for sweatshirts and T-shirts. I have butterfly appliques on my jeans, jackets, blouses, nightgowns, and robes. I have Pentel fabric-crayoned butterflies and Deka-painted ones on vests and skirts. The possibilities are endless. A dream symbol can be printed, quilted, stenciled, painted, beaded, appliqued, or embroidered on any



garment, store-bought or handmade. A designer can do a pattern for a silhouette that incorporates a symbol, (I have a butterfly-shaped nightgown, too) but it doesn't take a genius with a needle to put symbols on an already-made garment. If my six-year-old can do it, anyone can!

For sleepwear you can buy or make PJ's, gowns, and robes in your dream colors, decorated with your symbols and even with dream silhouettes. For incubation purposes the garment should be a special occasion object, treated reverently and with respect. You are dressing for a night out at the Dream Theater. Be prepared!

It's not necessary to have a finely crafted and designed garment. If you want a specially-made dream garment, there are designers to consult with. It is not inexpensive but the result is of heirloom quality. For do-it-yourselfers, the materials are available and the result may not be as professional, but it will be just as wonderful and will work just as effectively. You will have your own dream garment! At the very least, start thinking of your clothes as more than fashion or nuisance coverings for your body. Don't let New York Designers or the local Goodwill store decide for you your appearance. Invite your dreams to help you dress vibrantly and creatively. You are a walking canvas, expressing much more than you realize. We approach the New Age. Get dressed for it!

(Author's address: 135 Sunflower Drive, Windsor, CO 80550)

The Gift of the Dolphin

DOROTHY M. ROSSI

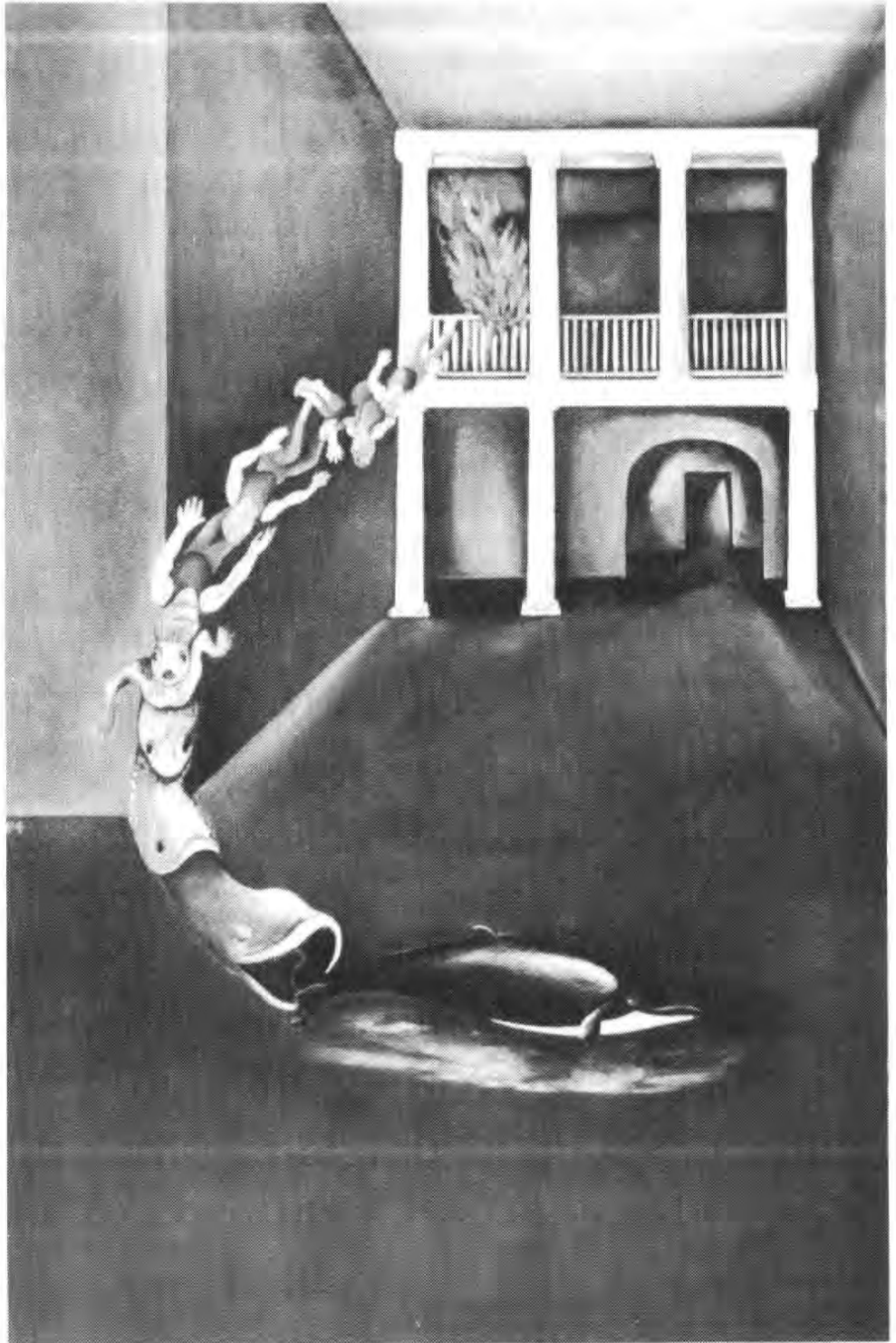
Since I began painting my dreams I have become involved with a unique process to develop a familiarity with the psyche of my dream world. Through this process, the continuous expansion of the dream content causes a reanimation of the dream images and their background. The entire dream is enriched by the art work and becomes an active relationship between the dreamer and the psyche. This is similar to the dream dialogue technique in which the dreamer becomes aware of the dynamics evolving from the dream images.

Creating art work from the dream is not unlike a dance between the artist and the dreamer. Instead of a dialogue of words there is a dialogue of images from the night world consciousness juxtaposed onto the images of the day world consciousness. Images that are only shades of themselves in the dream become, through the creative process and the development of the plastic forms of art, illusions of three dimensional living beings that can speak to us by their gestures of silent presence. Like the myth, we can relate to as well as interpret the dream, and by so doing, the images and their background are born or transformed into a life of their very own. This is what has encouraged me to continue to paint my dreams.

The painting of the dolphin which I have titled "The Gift of the Dolphin," illustrated here, was done in 1984. It came from the collaboration of two dreams. After I had the second dream I was inspired to work them together in order to develop a particular topic, "the theme of the dolphin."

In the first dream I am on a back street in Italy which appears to be in a small village. While crawling on my belly I am singing with a chorus of angels. (I don't actually see them but I can hear their voices behind and above me.) The feeling is that they are backing me up, or supporting me with their voices. The building towards which I am crawling could be either a church or a cathedral.

Something hot is going on inside in a room off of a balcony. I hear loud voices coming from its doorway. Now the color of the dream is flashing red shadows against the wall of the balcony. Although I can not hear what is being said, I know there is an argument going on inside this room because the whole atmosphere of the dream has become a feeling of anger. I shout out, "How come, if I am singing with the angels, I am still crawling on my belly?" And just



Painting by the author - Dorothy Rossi

as I yell this, a male figure that is ejected from the room starts to fall over the railing of the balcony. I watch him as he descends slowly enough for me to see that while he is falling he is actually going through a metamorphosis. When he hits the ground he bounces a couple of times. I am certain at this point that whatever hit the ground is no longer a man. Curious to see what he has become, I jump up immediately and run over to the fallen object. What I see there has changed into something alive and quivering. No matter how closely I examine this strange translucent figure, it is still just the shadow of something that I am unable to identify. I do know though, that it is either a fish or a mammal and it has come from, or passed through, something wet because it is lying in a pool of water.

On awakening I am filled with a feeling of wonder and awe. For days on end I am literally haunted by the memory of this dream. The images of metamorphosis, the falling figure slowly transforming, kept repeating in my mind like a film stuck on a particular track. I knew that part of me was reaching for something definite, and I was also certain I had to get back to this dream as soon as possible. Each night that followed I made suggestions to my subconscious in hopes of reentering the dream. But all my efforts were unsuccessful. Finally, I had no choice but to let it go.

A few weeks later, when totally concerned with other things, I had another dream. I go to a very large museum while accompanied by a dream guide. Although the museum is dark, I can still see the art objects as gray shadows against the black. The two of us are the only ones in the museum. As we make our way through the various galleries, I again feel a wonderful sensation of awe like I had experienced from the sight of the pale wet quivering image in the first dream. I sense that there is something ahead that was waiting for me. When we come to the center of the museum, we enter a large circular room. We are drawn by some magnetic force to the center of the room. I don't know exactly where the light in this room is coming from, but I feel that it is natural light. It filters down so beautifully from above and falls like a spotlight all around us. At first this is all I am aware of. Although I don't actually see the ceiling, what appears in my mind in recalling the dream is a circular room with an atrium. This was when I began to suspect that the dream could be archetypal. In the center of the room, high up on a pedestal, is the beginning of a skeletal body of a dolphin. I am

immediately stunned by the beauty of the form and shape of the dolphin's bones. The light streams down over the white bones shimmering through them like they are made of a fine delicate lace. As the light shifts and changes, the bones seem to move and flutter as if they are moving through water. The sight of this kinetic design stirs something deep inside of me. Both the guide and I stand transfixed by this film projected on the light strobing through the gallery. Although neither of us say anything, I am acutely aware of something being altered in and around me. A transmutation occurs even though I don't at that time know what it is.

When I awoke the next morning I was confident that the dolphin was an indication of some form of construction within not only my own psyche, but also in the collective psyche, via the atrium. I also knew this dream to be distinctly related to the quivering image in the first dream. The fact that the dolphin had only begun construction in the second dream, led me to believe that it would be to my advantage to do a piece of art work based on these two dreams in order to see where this would take me. I had no idea of the metamorphosis the fish forms would go through before the image of the dolphin would finally appear.

At first I tried to paint that wonderful lace like design of the dolphin's skeletal structure, but everything in me fought this. Although the two dreams fit together as a concept, and esthetically I am attracted to the skeletal figure, artistically I knew it didn't work. The skeletal image is too vague for the rest of the composition. That is when I got the idea to paint the completed dolphin.

After I discovered that Lord Vishnu was first born out of the mouth of a fish, I was certain this painting was not just for me alone but must be shared with other dreamers. Many fantasies were born out of this painting and many ideas for future works have also come forward, and I have found that a painting done from a dream or a series of dreams can and sometimes does become like a tarot card, an archetypal symbol that pops up in my mind from time to time. It can bring a new message or meaning to inform me of a different perception and/or interpretation which can be used as an aid in solving particular problems. Sometimes the image of a completed work will be there to further the experience of realization while traveling through a process of thought that eventually leads to spiritual expansion.

It has only been recently that I have had another dream regarding the dolphin. In this lucid dream, I actually

am a dolphin. What clues me to the fact that I am dreaming is that I am able to breathe underwater. Once I realized I am dreaming, I surrender myself completely to the spirit of the dolphin. I see the light as it filters down through the water up above me, just as the light from the ceiling of the gallery in the museum filtered down onto the skeleton of the dolphin. Again I am filled with awe as I playfully swim through the water as dolphins do so beautifully. Around and around I go when a curious thing occurs. I come upon a metal object that is suspended. (I say suspended rather than floating because it does not appear to be floating but hanging in mid air.) It is about as big as a grapefruit but it is round only on top and in the front. The back and the bottom is flat, and while the rounded parts are shiny, the flat parts are rough and dull. I swim around it a couple of times. I can faintly see a fuzzy image of myself mirrored on its shiny surface but I don't feel urged to get involved with the reflection.

When I awoke, I felt that I had actually experienced the kingdom of the dolphin in some beautiful special way. The image of the dolphin, and what is being discovered about the culture and society of the dolphin, and the growing concern of humanity for the earth and its creatures all adds to the many ways I am experiencing these dreams.

Needless to say, I am still working with them. After all, there still remains the riddle of the strange metal object that the dolphin swam around. I am positive that in the future I will have more dreams that will evolve out of the theme of the dolphin. I believe it is the joy and growth that has come through these dreams that is truly the gift of the dolphin.

(Author's address: 831 45th Avenue, San Francisco, CA 94121)



DREAM TAROT®

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author of the Jungian-Senoi Dreamwork Manual
illustrations ©, Delpha Bloom, visionary artist

In this column we will feature a classic Great Dream each issue based on the author's forthcoming book, **The Dream Tarot**. In working with this material the reader can experience each dream and its issues using techniques suggested here. The Jungian-Senoi approach emphasizes *actualization* over *interpretation*, which means that we use dreamwork methodology rather than symbol systems for gaining meaning from dreams.

Universal dream themes have much to give us in life.

Procedure

1. Read the dream and then go into a meditative state with your eyes closed and see the dream for yourself. Allow or place yourself and your own dream or life characters in the dream in place of the original characters.

2. Re-enact the dream still in the meditative state and immediately record your insights and feelings.

3. Read the commentary here and the issues and questions. Respond to

anything which is evocative for you, positive or negative.

4. Bring your experience to essence in a principle, insight or life task for yourself. You might also put your experience into art or movement, or discuss it with a friend or guide. You have then made the dream your own.

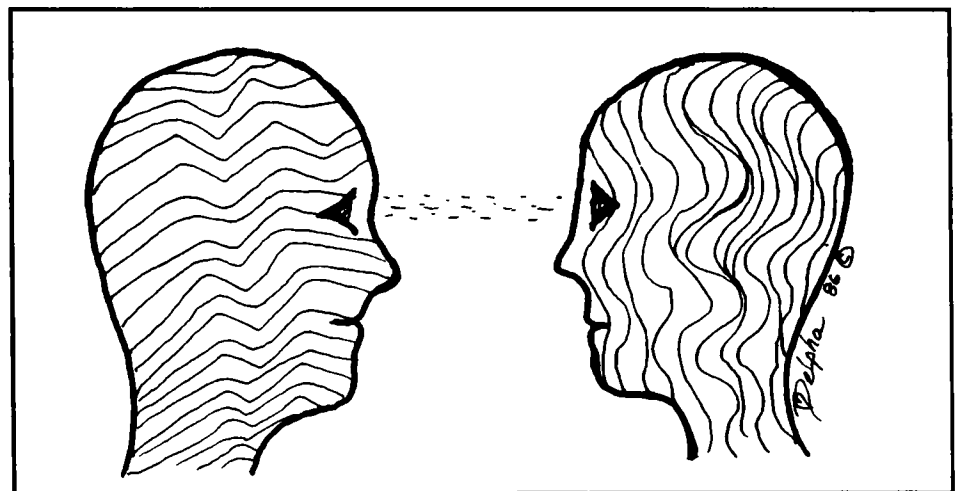
All correspondence or requests for workshop information should be sent to the Jungian-Senoi Dreamwork Institute, P.O.Box 9036, Berkeley, CA 94709

THE DREAM – Meeting of Soul-Mates

I dreamed I was in this classroom and a dark haired, lovely woman was teaching. She came towards me and we touched hands. There was great energy in our hands and I thought to myself, this is someone I could marry. She is so dynamic and alive. She was also a healer. I woke up tremendously moved by this dream and wondered if it only applied to the inner world or would also predict the outer.

COMMENT AND ISSUES

The dreamer is right to consider both inner and outer possibilities because of the great intensity of this dream experience. Its essence may well be, "prepare for meeting." Meeting a soul mate in life is an occasion of great importance. We know the event by its feeling of certainty and an instant bond indicating a common destiny. But not all potential becomes actual, and that is the challenge. First work with the dream as an inner event. Some new unity is



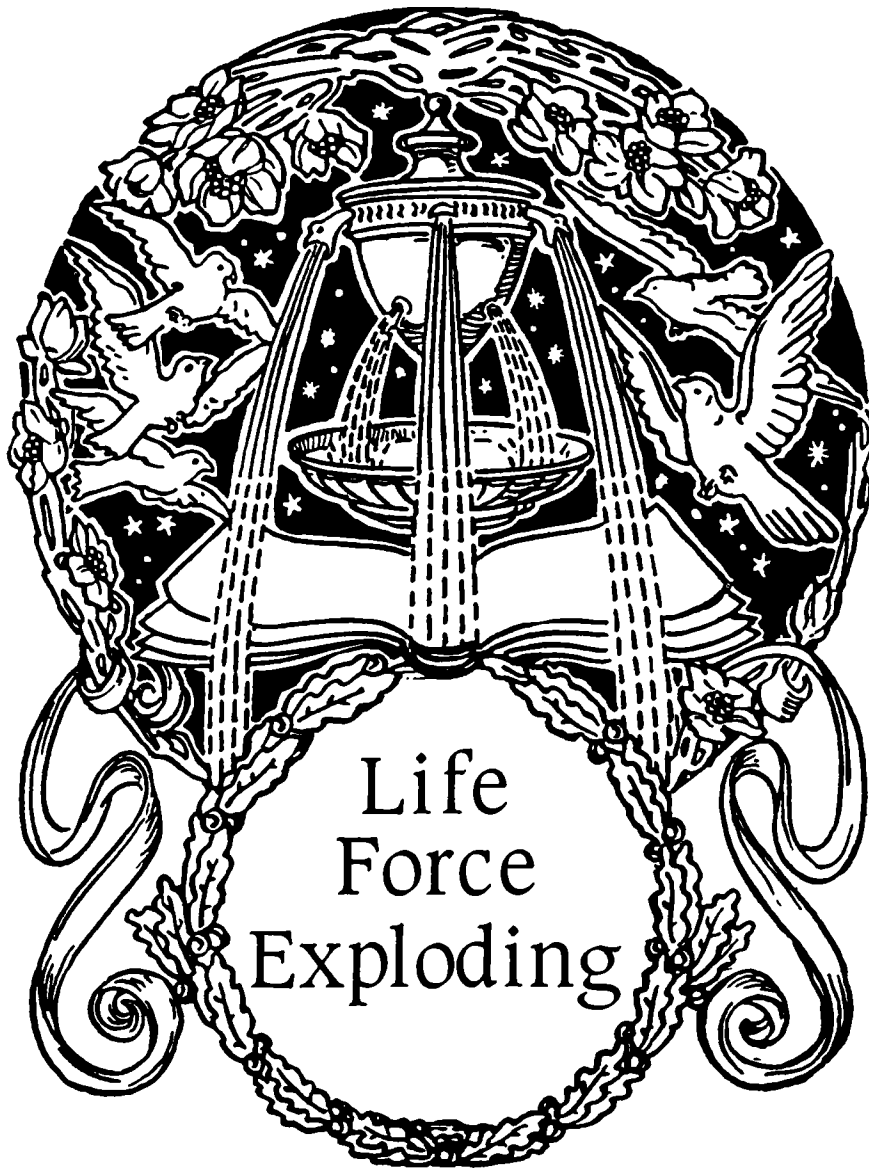
now possible within yourself. Explore and realize it. Then explore or prepare for a significant outer event to occur as well.

QUESTIONS AND TASKS

• Prepare for meeting your opposite, in a dream, in an inner experience, or in the outer life itself. What must you do to open yourself to such a meeting and then to actualize it? Are you sufficiently available at this time for new experience which may well change your life?

• Whichever role you put yourself in as a man or a woman in the dream, what do you need to learn or be taught at present in your life that will create a new sense of unity for yourself?

• Prepare also for sacrifice. An event of major importance may be happening for you now requiring a change in old relationships or ways of doing things. *The time to change one's life is when we meet destiny face to face.*



A Dream Quest Experience

JOAN GRAVALLESE

The time was ripe, once again, to seek guidance from the invisible self--the self that is revealed when the conscious mind is laid aside in sleep. Sometimes it whispers to you, sometimes it leaps up and shouts, sometimes it must be almost forced into memory, sometimes its message is forgotten. Always, however, it is there, living a life that is woven inextricably with every waking hour.

Dreams have spoken to me before, during many sessions of A.R.E. dream groups and in a forceful experience of Jungian therapy. I was certain that I could now tap into that source of strength and depth and newness at this time when I felt blocked.

When I ordered Henry Reed's dream incubation workbook, Dream Realizations, the thought of four weeks of intensive dream work was in itself stimulating. What turned out to be the most revealing moments of that month's experiment I have chronicled here, as a tribute to the Life Force active in our dreams.

Week One: Getting Focussed

After collecting dreams for seven days, the first week's written exercises were concerned with the question of how to develop a "focus" for my "quest" and clarify my feelings with regard to it. Dream images showed a part of me that

was starving, almost disappearing. Life seemed a treadmill of work, chores, and fatigue. I was ignoring those spheres of interest that motivated me greatly--religion, art, languages, music, the East. I felt too busy for these things and worked at my job and at home to exhaustion. I repeated to myself again and again, "No time, always rushing; where are my feelings?"

As I began the written analyses of the week's dreams, wonderful words sprang from my pen: "expression," "effusion," "brimming," "longing," "reaching," "changelessness," "giving." The feelings that these words conveyed were dimly starting to surface quite effortlessly and quite the opposite of the feelings occasioned by the situation troubling me. Instead of finding time and effort to do all my longed-for activities, my dreamwork suggested that I should simply allow a little mental time and these activities would be done in me. I must not revive my interests; they would revive me. What a surprise!

And then, another surprise. One of the guided exercises encouraged me to contact inner guidance by simply having an imaginary dialogue between the me who is troubled and the me who can solve problems. Startling thoughts emerged when I presented my problem:

"How can I be a good nurse and serve others and at the same time be relaxed, rested, in touch with my husband, have time for meditation, prayer, and all the other things I like to do?"

I was told to follow my heart, to do at every moment what fills my heart. Only then would I enjoy the moment and not rush. The inner guidance spoke on:

"Do that is most important and leave the details undone if need be. Pray to God for peace and calmness between every two things you do. This will not give you time for what you need--this is part of what you need. Cut out anything that separates you from the Spirit--job included."

So the initial formulation of my "quest" materialized and I was able to put it into words: "How can I change my attitude and my situation in order to serve others in nursing, be there for my husband, be relaxed, and have time for people and other interests?"

It appeared that the problem was caused only partly by the situation; the rest was caused by my attitude. Without changing that, a nine-day week would not satisfy my racing agenda. The question of perspective became clear. In the long run, the essence remains, but details of work fade away. As Emerson said, spare moments are like uncut diamonds to be fashioned for lasting beauty.

Continued on Page 17



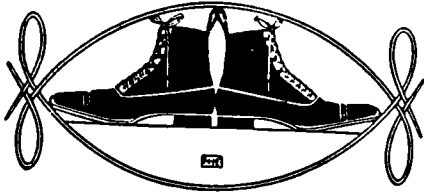
DIVINE SPIDER

(A Dream)

HOLY SPIDER, SKY WALKER
 THING OF WONDEROUS
BEAUTY SLIPPING FEAR PAST EYES
 ASTOUNDED AT JEWELLED SPLENDOUR
CEILING WALKING IN PRISTINE
 WHITENESS, OH GODDESS DIVINE
YOU FASCINATE MY HEART
 HOLDING TERROR AND WONDER
ON A SCALE PERILOUSLY POISED IN BALANCE
 ON A THREAD SO THIN
SILKEN FIBERS STRAIN VIBRATING
 TO REACH OUT OR RETREAT
THEN SUDDENLY YOUR METAMORPHOSIS THROWS
 ECSTASY AROUND LIKE SAND
RIVETING EYES ON YOUR DELICATE
 EXQUISITE WHITE MEMBRANES
NOW FLOATING LIKE A STARFISH
 IN FLOWING ROBES OF SEA CREATURE
DIVINE DANCING IN UNDULATING
 ANCIENT GODDESS RHYTHMS
LOOPS OF BEAUTY, BREATHTAKING
 EXQUISITE DRIFTING MYSTERY
FLOATING CLOSER AND WEAVING
 A SPELL SO STRONG SUBMISSION ALONE
REIGNS IN THE VEINS OF THE WATCHERS
 AS AGAIN YOUR METAMORPHOSIS
RETURNS TO THE JEWELLED SPIDER
 WALKING NEARER NOW, PEARL JOINTED
LEGS MOVE IN HYPNOTIC RHYTHM
 AS BREATH COMES SLOWLY NOW
WITH WONDER AND FEAR FLOWING
 OVER HOLY WHITE JEWELLED JOINTS
CLOSER, CLOSER, SNOWFLAKE WONDER
 COMPELLING, REPELLING STRAINS
OH! THE REVELATION UNFOLDS
 IN STRINGS OF JOY AND LOATHING
STILLNESS CREEPS OVER MY FLESH
 FOR I AM THE PARTNER IN THIS DANCE

Poem and Illustration by N.C. Churchill





My Shoe Dreams

CAROLE SMITH BERNEY

The eight shoe dreams presented here occurred from February 1984 through January 1985, a period of momentous change for me: my son William was born. I began a maternity leave from a hospital management role I had occupied for over ten years. I struggled with whether to give up this job (it fit me much like a pair of comfortable old shoes), and I finally did move on to a new career developing an Institute affiliated with the hospital. The combination of these major life changes--becoming the mother of a very active and demanding son, leaving a secure management job, and assuming a new, ambiguity-fraught leadership role with an embryonic organization--felt risky and stressful.

During this time period, I was struck by the repetitive image of shoes in my dreams. In the last issue of DNB, a reader noted the impression that dreams of shoes often occur during transitional periods: this rang true for me. Upon reflection, I have understood the symbol of shoes to represent my self-image, or my "presentation of self to others" (as social psychologist Erving Goffman has called it), which was to change greatly during this transition.

My first shoe dream (February 4, 1984) was perhaps a prophetic one:

I sit on a precarious structure high over a race track. I'm sitting astride, as on a horse. Below me the real horses race along. I hear their hooves; suddenly they are beneath me, in one brown mass, all blurred together for a second, then gone. The force of the noise and movement make me wobbly, jolt me back against my wooden seat. But I don't fall, and the horses are gone. I feel my shoes loosen and fall off, down onto the track. I ask a child to pick them up for me.

This dream occurred a few months before the birth of my son; indeed, the thunderous herd of horses might have represented the anticipated birth, a powerful event which would "shake me up" emotionally. I now realize that I perceived staying at home with an infant, away from the active workplace, as restrictive; perhaps the dream event of my shoes falling off represented my feared relegation to being "barefoot and in the kitchen." (One puts one's shoes on to go out into the world; if one stays at home, slippers or barefeet may suffice.)

In the dream I ask a child to retrieve my shoes; in reality my son has

handed me a new identity by virtue of his birth--an event which I experienced as dangerous, even violent, but which I have survived to discover and shape a new Self.

The second shoe dream (June 25, 1984--about a month after my son's birth), also has a sense of danger about it:

I am upstairs on a small porch where several people sit around visiting and conversing. I feel very precarious, looking down to an expanse of concrete three floors below and knowing I would not make it if I were to fall. The porch seems rickety, and I can hardly trust myself to walk a slight distance to the door. I do exit, very slowly, excusing myself to the others, holding a shoe in my hand, and taking tiny steps so as not to lose my balance, fall backwards, or slide off the porch. I feel I must get to safety, moving ever so slightly to make it there, or the whole structure will cave in.

At the time of this dream I think I sensed a danger about current eventful happenings (adjusting to the demands of caring for an infant, leaving a job which had essentially contributed to my self-image over a decade and pursuing a new career direction which was by no means predictable). I held the shoe in my hand as I stepped lightly over a perilous structure: I carried my old identity along with me during this transition. Although I held onto it, it no longer served its purpose. Instead, I was barefoot, vulnerable, somewhat naked, exposed and frightened.

On June 27, 1984, I dreamed:

I am leaving the hospital where I have been a patient. I have lost a pair of shoes there. I want to go into the parking garage to look for them, but someone warns me that the garage has boys and men looking for dates, or making love with dates; it's a prowling place.

It is fascinating to me that I lost my dream shoes at a hospital, a metaphorical event representing my change in Self (and degree of freedom) upon laboring to deliver my son in the hospital and upon leaving behind my previous hospital management position. In the dream, the desire to search for my shoes leads me to perceive danger in the situation; the risks I have taken by making two major life-changes at the same time are enormous (Risky question arise, like: Who am I? Where am I

going? Will this work out?).

My dream of July 4, 1984 also involves a search:

At a set for the filming of *The Wizard of Oz*, actors prepare for their entrances. A plump woman I know is dressed in a red gown as Glinda the Witch. We are searching for something but can't find it, looking in barrels loaded with all kinds of junk. Some we open, only to quickly jam them shut again because they're so crammed with stuff we don't want to wade through. My husband and I leave, on foot, but I don't have shoes on and it's raining or snowing. I'm not equipped to travel far. (Being shoeless is kind of like being "without wheels," as they say.)

My search in this dream is bothersome, frustrating and fruitless. Although at first it is not clear for what I am searching, by the dream's end I discover myself to be shoeless. My search has been conducted in an environment of children's theatre--a previous avocational interest of mine. And yet the answer to "What shoes will I fill?" does not seem to exist here: my future career path is not the yellow brick road. The absence of shoes here causes me discomfort and hampers my movement, my freedom to travel, my progress. (Further reflection upon this dream has reminded me that the magical red shoes of the wicked witch of the West had great significance for Dorothy in her travels through the Land of Oz. Was I searching for those red shoes that would get me back home safely?)

Again I dreamed of a search on July 23, 1984:

I am in a store, looking for shoes or boots to buy. They have only one pair of boots--strange, old-fashioned, yet daring at the same time. Blue or green, they come only half-way up the calf, with laces and buckles. I think, "Maybe" at first. Then, "No." The shoes--only about 6 pairs of them--are piled over each other, dusty, in disarray. They are of another season. I decide to wait until I see something I really like.

Might these shoes represent my old job--no longer "in fashion" for my needs? My old self-image no longer feels like me; perhaps I am approaching something like comfort with my new roles(s).

On September 1, 1984, I dreamed I was forced with a decision:

Ronald Reagan sells me a pair of shoes I'm not really sure I want: bright red, with high heels and laced far up the

ankle, a bit weird and show-offy. They do not feel practical: What would I wear them with? Did I really order these? Do I really want them now? [Will others fashion who I am to be, or am I free to carve out my own niche? Can I say, "Sorry, but it's not what I had in mind?"]

Reagan wears red shoes, too. He looks complacent about his shoes, his life, his having sold me a similar pair. How can I tell him I'm different? That I don't want the same kind of shoes as his?

Reagan here most probably represents certain male authority figures I had been meeting with to discuss my future role at the hospital. An emerging theme for me in this period was discovering for myself what it was I wanted, considering what career choices were both practical and in my best interest. I worried whether I would allow others to force me into a role for which I did not feel suited.

On November 20, 1984 I find myself dreaming again in a shoe store:

I purchase two pairs of shoes, but find upon my trip home that they've given me the wrong pairs. I had chosen a brown pair and a white pair, but now I find a black pair--fancy, with slits around the edge. I waver back and forth: Are they too fancy? Maybe I should keep them after all. It's too much trouble to take them back; maybe they won't let me exchange them. [Perhaps it would be easier to be passive, to allow others to define me and my career path, rather than taking the time to choose for myself, to discover my own preference and taste.]

My step-daughter Susan is there, also with a pair of shoes. [At the time, she had also begun a new job.] Her shoes don't fit her well, but she proclaims that it's okay. I decide that I am different from her: I care that mine are not the ones I chose.

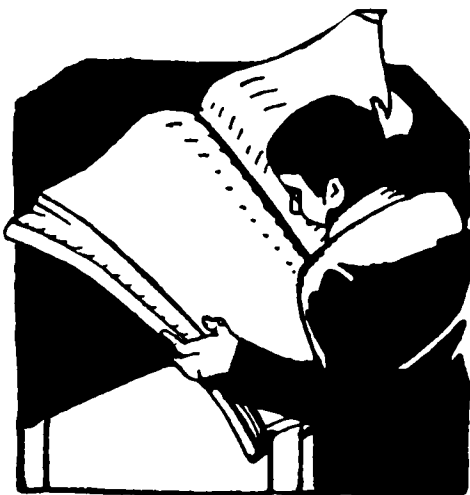
This dream occurred around the end of my maternity leave, when I decided not to return to my old job. As I embarked upon a new career path, less secure than the old, I had doubts about whether the new role would feel as comfortable and well-chosen as the old had after I had worn it for a while: i.e., would it be too late to return it, too late to change my mind after resigning?

My last shoe dream of this series was on January 17, 1985:

I am in quite a large shoe store, a multi-room showplace displaying hundreds of styles. I find only two pairs I am interested in trying on, but I'm concerned they'll look mass-produced and everyone will be wearing the same style as mine. [I want my new role to fit me uniquely.] I hold the shoes in my hands, not even sure I want to try them on, because I want something more individualized.

The message I took from this final dream was to be more actively "a shoemaker" in developing a role which fit the self I wanted to express. As more than a year of developing this new role has passed, keeping this message clearly in mind has been helpful for me.

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BOOK REVIEW

The Dream: 4,000 Years of Theory and Practice. By Nancy Parsifal-Charles, Locust Hill Press, West Cornwell, CT, 2 Vols. 1986, 576 pp., \$59.95 (set).

This two volume set represents a treasure chest of dream jewels. Valuable information about dreams, long buried, has been diligently sought out by the author and displayed for all to see. Anyone with a serious interest in dreams, whether a lay dream enthusiast or a scientific researcher, should treat him/herself to this superb bibliography. If you feel your dreams are really priceless, your investment in these two volumes will repay you many times over.

Nancy Parsifal-Charles, who holds degrees in comparative literature, has provided a critical review of over 700 books and monographs on dreams which spans a 4,000 year period of history. Coverage is complete up to March 1986. Journal articles are not included. The bibliography is arranged in alphabetized order and begins with an extensive review of John Abercrombie's 1832 book on "Inquiries Concerning the Intellectual Powers and the Investigation of Truth" and ends with a short review of a translation of the book by Zosimos of Panapolis, a third century alchemist from Egypt.

The author has provided an extensive subject index as well as an author index. It, therefore, serves as a splendid guide and sourcebook for anyone who might want to pursue any chosen dream topic. Ms. Parsifal-Charles is to be congratulated for this encyclopedic work which has evolved from years of research in dusty library stacks. She has achieved her stated hope that her book "will make a substantial contribution to knowledge by providing access to sources that underlie the role and significance of the dream in mankind's history and culture."

DREAM TREK

LINDA MAGALLON

DREAMS FOR THE FAMILY

I. Dreamworker as Parent

"My mom asks me questions about my dreams," Teresa complained good naturedly to her schoolmates. I overheard my daughter's conversation while washing the dishes. I thought--it must be tough being the child of a dreamworker who tries out every new technique at home.

"Like, 'How old are you in this dream?' and 'How do you feel?' and 'What do you want to do now?'" Teresa was describing portions of Fred Olsen's Waking Dream Reentry method. Now when had I used that technique with her?

"But we found out who the 'Cat with Red Eyes' was," Teresa continued enthusiastically. Ah, yes, the famous Cat from one of Teresa's scarier dreams. My goodness, that was over half a year ago. Now who did the Cat turn out to be?

"It was my Dad!" Teresa concluded with a grin. Whew! I thought it had been me. I recalled that Teresa had shared her dream and feelings with her father when he came home. Yes, that had been a successful resolution to the dream.

My children intermittently share their dreams--the ones THEY think are interesting and important. Nightmares are cause for comment, but so are flying dreams, out-of-body experiences and dreams which feature family and friends.

I was driving home from San Francisco two years ago when my son Victor decided to relate, not his own dream, but that of one of his closest friends. The dream featured a scene in which Vic and Richard were being chased along the creek at the end of our block by a wolf. A wolf? This was a recurring symbol from Victor's won dreams, one that we hadn't yet identified. Could this be symbolism which both of them shared? I decided to try an experiment.

"Would you mind if we pretended this was your own dream?" I asked Vic, "Could I ask you some questions?" Vic agreed.

"What's a creek?" I asked, launching into Gayle Delaney's Dream Definition Analysis. "I'm from another planet and I've never seen a creek. Can you describe it for me?" Victor dutifully defined creek and the other elements of the dream before we zeroed in on the most important one. It had been a disturbing dream: Richard climbed a tree while Vic took off running down the road.

"What's a wolf?" Vic's definition was unique. A wolf was something which growled and snapped at him, which wanted to bite him BEHIND HIS BACK. Aha! Was there anyone in his life like that? Vic's answer was immediate. Ray! Yes, Ray was a playmate for both Richard and Vic. I had even seen him whispering and snickering with friends while watching Victor from the corner of his eye. Well, was this the kind of friend Vic and Richard wanted to play with? Vic grudgingly admitted that he didn't.

After we arrived home, Victor went off to share our conversation with Richard. Later I asked Vic what Richard thought. "He was amazed," replied Victor. Were the boys going to talk about their feelings to Ray? Maybe. I noticed they didn't play much with Ray after that.

II. Family Dream Dynamics

Sometimes our family situation shows up as parallel symbology shared by more than one family member. A year ago last July, I reviewed my first dream Journal which included two nightmares that are the only dreams I can recall from my childhood. They occurred between ages 8 and 12:

MY PARENTS DRIVE AWAY

"I am walking down a sidewalk on the right hand side of (the main downtown street in my childhood hometown). I watch my parents exit a building and cross the sidewalk in front of me. They get into our blue Plymouth station wagon and deliberately pull off and drive away. All the while they are looking straight at me. I start running after them yelling 'Stop!' or 'Wait!' but they continue to drive on. They are both very smug in the knowledge that I can't possibly catch up with them. I awake crying."

DRIVERLESS CAR

"There's something wrong with my bicycle so I get off it and begin walking downhill on the right hand side of a narrow, paved road. Turning around, I see, up through the trees, our Plymouth station wagon coming down the curvy road. I wait for a ride as the car passes the trees and comes into view again. As it approaches me, it suddenly swings around to face the opposite direction. The door on the driver's side is flung open. My parents are seated on the passenger's side of the front seat.

My father beckons to me to climb in. I realize that he expects me to drive and that I don't know how. Children are supposed to obey their parents, but how can he ask me to do such a thing? I

wake up in a panic."

The review of these two dreams incubated another dream for me that night:

ALASKA DRIVING

"... the children and I are being driven north in a white station wagon (similar to my parent's when I was a teenager). I open the back right-hand door to look out with the intention to disembark while the station wagon is in motion. When I see a metal guard rail approaching, I quickly pull the door closed so it won't impact.

Afterwards, I reopen the door, while the car is still moving, and jump out with a child in my arms as if I am going to 'save' this child. I run up the hill into a parking lot with multi-sized buildings which seem to be under construction.

As I look back, I see (my children) Vic and Teresa walking along a meridian of grass and trees. They are stopped by a man who hassles them, but they are able to get past him and come along towards me."

After I awoke, I guessed that the "child" I was rescuing was the "child-self" who had experienced those nightmares. But before I had a chance to develop this line of thinking further, Teresa related her dream of the night at breakfast and I recorded it. Teresa was 9 years old (Vic was 13). I had never mentioned my nightmares to either of them:

OUR OLD CAR

(Teresa Magallon) 7/8/85

"...(Vic, Dad and I) got into two cars: our old (blue and white) Mustang and Dad's blue Honda. Vic got into the Mustang and so did I and Dad got into the Honda Accord. So Vic started driving the car and I was curious--how he was doing it--and why..."

Then we took off. I suggested to Victor that we wait for Dad but he said 'No' so we kept on going. Then I heard an engine start--it was Dad in the Honda. I said, 'Vic, stop!' and he's all 'No.'

Then finally we came up to a construction site--the building was almost done. There was a desert in front of it, like sand. I opened up the door, got on the curb and was running. Then he stopped and I closed the door.

Soon Dad came up and he stopped and got out of the car. He scolded Victor for driving off without Dad and he scolded me for getting out of the car while it was still going."

So the "hassle man" from my dream was my husband! It made sense in terms of our family dynamics at the time: no major problems but a lot of minor hassles. I was gratified that neither Teresa nor I had experienced nightmares. My own growth in controlling the vehicle of self was reflected in an improved dream scenario. Perhaps my children are benefiting from that fact, too, in both the dream and waking states.

Continued from Page 11

In response to the workbook's instructions to devise a tentative plan of action, a "contract" with myself, I therefore decided on several concrete things to do to achieve my quest and asked my dreams every night of the second dream week to show me a better way if this tentative approach failed.

Week Two: Befriending Troubles

The next seven nights brought an abundance of dreams and daily effort to change my behavior. I slept a little more, spent some time on art, music, languages, and nutrition. I also meditated a little longer and took a few moments to pray for calmness between the things I did. I felt a little more relaxed, though still tired, and more satisfied to have spent time on the spiritual and the artistic. On the days I prayed for calmness, I was more conscious of the actual things I was doing instead of the number of things to do. One unexpected discovery was that I found myself more personable, interacting more with people and expressing myself more.

Performing the written exercises at the conclusion of the second week revealed how my dreams very clearly portrayed problems in my attitudes. In one dream I visit my parents' house and see how I learned from them to work compulsively. The tendency to a stubborn desire for perfection and simply overdoing it appeared and was strongly criticized by a dream character who was easy-going and did not take everything so seriously. In another dream my husband and I missed a bus because of my rushed agenda. We had been headed for Cape May, a favorite vacation spot filled with nature, beauty, and peace. And still another dream showed that when I left my place of work, I saw, beautifully arranged on the sidewalk, antiques, artwork of lovely colors and European influence, and artifacts from the sea. A somewhat amusing symbol pursued me in another sequence--a female derelict from Virginia Beach who was pleasant, educated, and likeable, but very much in need of care.

By turning these symbols round and round, I discovered that I was missing the essence of that I needed by concentrating on details, though the details were worthwhile. Because of my desire to squeeze in every activity even at the last minute, I lost sight of the Spirit within, Who could lead me to the answer I needed and Who is peace, beauty, art, and nature. The dreams were saying that my husband and I must wait for the Spirit, our "bus," our vehicle to take us to the perfect place of peace. Wait--not work, not rush.

How well this advice responded to my dream quest! My efforts to change my behavior during the week also related to the dream content. Concentrating on the inner life of dreams, sleeping more, reading, meditation, involvement with art, music, languages, and study--all these actions led to a little less hurrying and more reliance on feelings. There seemed to be the beginning of making room for the spiritual and intuitive sides of me and rest for the physical body.

One writing exercise involved a dialogue with a "troublesome image." I chose to interact with the symbol of the derelict. She had a great deal of interesting things to tell. She also insisted upon being cared for! We came to a bargain: I would let her rest, feed her, fix her up, and she would accept this treatment and teach me all she knew about entering into myself and slowing down. She would remind me of the values I encountered in my involvements with A.R.E. at Virginia Beach.

The blocked feeling I had when

beginning the dream workbook did not seem pertinent any longer. I realized, however, that change is not easy and touching emotions is sometimes difficult for me. The part of me that is mechanical and compulsive tends to be defensive when criticized. Letting go of this did not seem like a big sacrifice at this point when compared to the benefits that spring from growth in the directions I favored. The key words became "balance" and "perspective."

The conclusion of this week's writing exercises involved a revision of my goals of action for the next week. For my daily contract I decided to follow these principles: Think of the correct perspective before doing anything. Pray between all things. Consider a four-day work week. Each day read something satisfying about the spiritual life (Monday), the psychic (Tuesday), nutritional therapies (Wednesday), travel (Thursday), dreams (Friday and Saturday). Sleep more, and above all, meditate with full attention.

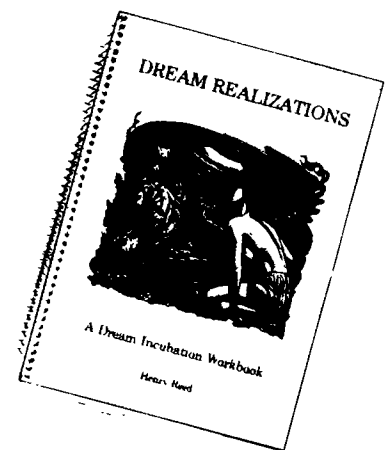
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I prepared my "petition" (a "pillow letter" to my dreams that I would sleep on) for the third dream week: I will try to be rested, peaceful, in touch with God, art, and beauty, and I will try not to be compulsive, so that the richness that is

The result was one of the best conversations I've had with a symbol. What was the horse doing in a run-down guest house? Trying to get out, of course. The backyard would make it much happier. The horse was filled with

the new version, my husband and I saw the horse and followed it out to the backyard. We petted it and enjoyed the sun and the grass. We felt part of the nature in that lovely place. The two girls smiled at us and silently left. Renewed with energy, we went back into the house and thought about buying it, fixing it, and opening a guest house. In other words, we followed our instinct instead of rejecting it. This suggested to me that before plunging into work, we must first renew ourselves by becoming one with the Life Force. In practical terms, follow our instincts, sleep more, meditate in the morning, take the sun, and be out in nature more on the



weekends. Let the spirit run free and this would give us all the energy we needed for the week.

These insights fit in with my dream quest and new ideas emerged. I was still focusing too much on things, even though they were the things that would satisfy my soul. Instead, I felt that I must follow the Life Force and incorporate it into all I do. How could that be done? The answer suggested itself: Follow any impulse, however slight, that drew me to God, peace, nature, beauty. This meant looking at trees and flowers on the way to work, gazing at the sky, eating lunch in the park and not inside, sleeping more to replenish the Force, looking for the life in every person I met and praying for them, eliminating rushing, meditating, reading, and asking for a four-day work week. These things would constitute the "contract" with myself for the next week.

My dream quest was slightly modified with all this in mind: I will seek the Life Force, let it draw me to it so that I may be rested, peaceful, in touch with God, my husband, art, beauty, and I will let go of compulsiveness, let it

"Concentrating on the inner life of dreams...led to...more reliance on feelings."

inside may fill me and heal the neglected person within. If I can't keep my actions and feelings in the right perspective, then, dreams, show me a better way.

Week Three: A Creative Encounter

The third week was pivotal. New dream symbols were brought forth and the struggle to change behavior continued. I was not too successful in sleeping more or in achieving peace, but I was acutely aware of the part of me that tried to forbid these new things. Also, I noticed that the dreams did not focus on practical things--as I had done before starting this experiment--such as how to save time at work or in household activities. The change of attitude was emphasized in the dreams and this seemed more than ever to be the key to a solution.

This week's dream symbols were exciting: visiting relatives, tea cups, horses, Oriental dance, growth, plants and replanting, exotic Egyptian eyes, more dance, a lovely old house, a jailbreak in Madrid. But again there appeared a symbol of the neglected person--a young woman, looking sick and undernourished, with her hair cut off. Uncertainty about a new approach was shown by another young woman about to do an Oriental dance on ice skates accompanied by another woman. She needed little practice but her outfit was wrong for the part and she also had to spend some time waking up her dance partner for the rehearsal.

An important writing exercise of this third week was to converse with a "novel" symbol to find out its role and special qualities and to see what light it might shed on the dream quest. The most intriguing symbol in the week's dreams was a reddish-brown horse being led down the staircase of a guest house in Cape May (the spot my husband and I could not reach because we missed the bus in last week's dream). Two teenage girls took the horse through the living room into the backyard filled with yellow flowers. My husband and I were looking for a place to stay and decided that this strange house was not it.

I therefore found myself in the unusual position of speaking to the horse.

energy and needed too much exercise to be confined. It needed to run for pure enjoyment; it wanted to feel the sun and see green grass and flowers. This horse reminded me that it was the same earthy color as one I colored as a child, one that was criticized by my mother. It then asked me if I wanted to go for a ride! The time had to be right for it to be led outside, it said. Now that it was out of the house, my husband and I could go in and fix it up. It said that we'd be very happy because something that was confined no longer is.

I asked the horse if it was my creative side. "Only the energy behind your creative side. You colored me, remember?" The horse said that it was helping me to be peaceful and in touch with what I love. "When energy is let out as it should be, there is enough to fill you so you can get your house in order. If you leave the house, you've missed the boat. If you try to fix the house with me inside, I'll undo it. But, with me out, you're free." The horse also told me to let chores wait, feel happy to be alive, and to do what satisfies my soul first. "Use energy on the right things and it will multiply." It advised me to pray first, feel the sun, sit down and draw, and spend more affection on my husband.

Another writing exercise had me describe a peak experience from the past and write a motto for it. I remembered an afternoon several years ago when I was home drawing and suddenly felt exhausted, lifted to a plane of feeling where I was part of all created things--part of nature, part of the force of life. My essence and the essence of nature seemed the same. I was compelled to draw what I felt, and the result was a vibrant young woman in a dress made of leaves, climbing a giant vine of large tropical leaves. Two mottoes came to mind to describe the truth that was expressed in that experience: "In You we live and move and have our being," and "Life is one."

As instructed in the workbook, I rewrote the horse dream with my peak experience and mottoes in mind to see how I might have acted differently. In

melt in the Life Force; so that the richness that is inside may be nourished by that Force, so that it may heal the neglected person within. If I can't keep my actions and feelings in the right perspective so that this will happen, then, dreams, show me a better way.

Week Four: Inspiration Realized

Thus I approached the last week of the dream quest workbook experiment. Every day I tried to keep the contract. Some moments I was very successful and enjoyed the time immensely. I felt closer to God, meditated more, followed impulses more, and showed more feelings with others. At other times, the compulsiveness won. But I felt that I had a handle on the new approach of seeking union with the Life Force. One important outcome was that I finally decided to work only four days a week. This was approved by my head nurse and I felt elated.

Tentatively, the solution to my problem seemed to be not merely more time, but also seeking the Kingdom of God first, contacting nature next, and trying to put all things in the right perspective. Contacting the Life Force first would make energy multiply. It would loosen the life within me so that I might use it for people and for the right things in the right way. Its abundance would spill over into all activities.

My dream experiment had so far brought me closer to my real feelings. I learned that I could contact people better and follow my impulses better when other parts of me were satisfied. I realized again that I must follow the slightest impulse to the infinite.

Among the dreams of the final week was one with my husband and me moving into a new apartment. It was large, elegant, religious, filled with art and Middle Eastern objects, and had just been vacated by a psychic friend of ours. It was also near to my job and would save commuting time. This new dwelling meant room for expansion.

In another dream, the apartment was being shown to us by a woman I know, who took the role of real-estate agent. In reality this person was always tired because she was starved for beauty and art and tried to satisfy all her artistic needs by working eighteen hours a day; in the dream she looked rested, lovely, with a new outfit and hair style. This hopeful symbol was quite a change from the derelict lady of a couple of week ago--a true "agent" of change! The only flaws in the apartment were the frenetic shocking pink walls, showing my compulsion still alive, a clogged drain, and rich wooden floors covered over with old beige carpeting. There was work to be done, but the price for all this was less than my present rent. So it appeared

that I would be working at healing myself for less output of time and money and energy. Another dream showed repairs being made on the walls.

The last dream of the week was a war scene in which I was being attacked by an army of soldiers in my parents' house. I plotted various ways of destroying their power before it destroyed me. I survived and felt the dread of going into the house to clear out the corpses.

These dreams showed a change--a new dwelling, representing myself and the house of my spirit; a battle that was won, representing the beginning of a change of attitude.

An important writing exercise in this final week's dreamwork was to let a dialogue emerge between myself and the source of wisdom which had given me the dreams, the dream mottoes, and the peak experience of several years ago. My mind was pulled to a figure that I had discovered several years ago, conversed with then, and even painted. To my surprise, the image was as real to me now as then. She was still sitting there in her forest, surrounded by leaves, gazing at a lake as still as a mirror; still there in her flowing robes, lovely as a Grecian goddess, all serenity and peace. Her advice to me glowed, and still does:

"I am always here, within you. Do you see me rushing, cramming, compulsive? Yet I have peace at my feet. I do not study, but I have the wisdom of the ages. My link is with the Life Force, the Spirit the spark of God within. It gives me sustenance--all that I need. It is reflected in my lake. You have only to call me, come sit at my side, gaze at the deep waters and you too will find peace. Think of me when you are harried. I am in you, unhurried. I will be your anchor. I will lead you to the Infinite you yearn for, through stillness, quiet, nature. You must have your link to nature. Do not forget it. The sun, sky, wind, rain, trees, plants--all these will give you life. During the day, wear your white (i.e., uniform)--it is the symbol of purity and service. Give the Life Force to others during the day. But take off the white at night and done yourself in all the colors of the palette. Paint all the colors. Paint your plants and vines, and bless all that is living around you. You are God's instrument. Let His Spirit guide you as the water in my lake guides the leaves that fall upon it. Take my hand when you are tired or frightened or harried. For Life is always within you. And peace is at your doorstep. The world may howl about you, but you are safe in my forest."

The impact of these words was tremendous. They flowed from some inside source and reduced me to tears. How could such an answer be given to a

problem I posed four weeks ago? And how could it come from within, when for months I had kept trying to change things without? We must always look in amazement and humility at the resources we have, given to us by the Spirit.

To end the project, the workbook instructed me to write a poem about a dream, its interpretation, and the realizations derived from the dream quest. A long poem developed about the entire experience. The instructions also explained how to write a briefer version, a three line "Haiku." This short poem rushed out instantly, ready-made:

Life Force exploding,
Channel unblocked and flowing.
Peace is within me.



The effect of what I learned stayed with me for many weeks. I felt revitalized. I tried to fix up my "new dwelling" and respond to the feelings that arose, though the battle with over-extending was far from over. For several months I dreamt of guest houses, Cape May, and the peace it symbolized. One added and very unexpected benefit from the entire experience was that I was drawn inward by a great desire to meditate--as though some invisible fisherman were reeling me in with no effort on my part. This feeling insists upon being obeyed while it is with you, or else it fades as imperceptibly as it comes.

A chronicle of this dream experiment can never be as deeply vital as the experience itself, but the truth expressed still touches me and still has the power to renew and refresh me. From time to time I read my through what I wrote in my dream quest workbook, meditate on my poem and I am grateful for having had the opportunity to touch once again that deeper part of me--the Life Force.

(Author's address: 129 Summit Street, Brooklyn, NY 11231)

SPECIAL ISSUE:

The Journal of Mind and Behavior COGNITION AND DREAM RESEARCH

Robert E. Haskell
Editor
University of New England

Cognition and Dream Research is a special double issue (Volume 7, Number 2 and 3, 1986) of *The Journal of Mind and Behavior*, published by the Institute of Mind and Behavior, New York City; date of publication, July 1986. The volume represents original research and theory in dream processes and dream cognition including research in neuroscience, computer modelling, clinical work, sleep laboratory findings, language analysis, and dream phenomenology. The volume reflects the widely diverging views and issues in the field of dream research.

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Part I: Perspective

Cognitive Psychology and Dream Research: Historical, Conceptual, and Epistemological Considerations. *Robert E. Haskell*

An Empirical Foundation For a Self Psychology of Dreaming *Harry Fiss*

Dreaming: Cortical Activation and Perceptual Thresholds *John Antrobus*

Some Relations Between the Cognitive Psychology of Dreams and Dream Phenomenology. *Harry Hunt*

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Lucid Dreaming: Physiological Correlates of Consciousness During REM Sleep *Stephen LaBerge, Lynne Levitan, and William Dement*

Effects of Environmental Context and Cortical Activation *Ruth Reinsel, M. Wollman, and John S. Antrobus*

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Scheduled date of publication July 1986, *The Journal of Mind and Behavior*, Volume 7, Number 2 and 3, \$15.00, 325 pages. This double issue may also be ordered as part of *JMB* Volume 7 at the regular yearly subscription rate. Discount available for orders of more than ten copies. Yearly subscription rates: \$45.00 for institutions; \$25.00 for individuals. *JMB* appears quarterly. For ordering or additional information, contact the publisher: The Institute of Mind and Behavior, P.O. Box 522, Village Station, New York, New York 10014; Tel: (718) 783-1471.

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Continued from Page 5

resonate in our lives and gets amplified as we draw together in new work.

So, our question is, as we continue to explore the direction of doing healing work as a dream community, how might we, as a group, formulate or conduct a dream quest that deals with the issue of the "wounded woman."

Anyone who is interested in such a project -- either to offer input or participate -- I would like to get your comments and feelings concerning a "wounded woman dream circle" for a

future community dream quest.

Some things that would be helpful to hear from you are:

1. Your definition of what the "wounded woman" is.
2. Any personal experiences you wish to share.
3. Ideas on how to channel and focus the most positive energies to the "wounded woman" in the collective and well as individual psyche through a community dream quest. (i.e., If there is a wounded woman in every psyche, what can we, as a group of dreamers attuning our prayers and focusing our dreams, possibly do to heal it?)

4. Because this is a global issue, any ideas on how to approach and include others in different parts of the world will also be helpful.

5. If you wish to support this project financially, your donation is tax-deductible if you make it to The Guild of Asaph.

If you would like to receive a complete report on the Mt. Rushmore Full Moon Medicine Wheel Dream Quest, contact Robert Krajenke, The Guild of Asaph, P.O. Box 991, Virginia Beach, VA 23451 (please include \$6.00 for copying, postage and handling).

MY STYLE OF WALKING

I creep like a shadow
Just behind the
Unconscious

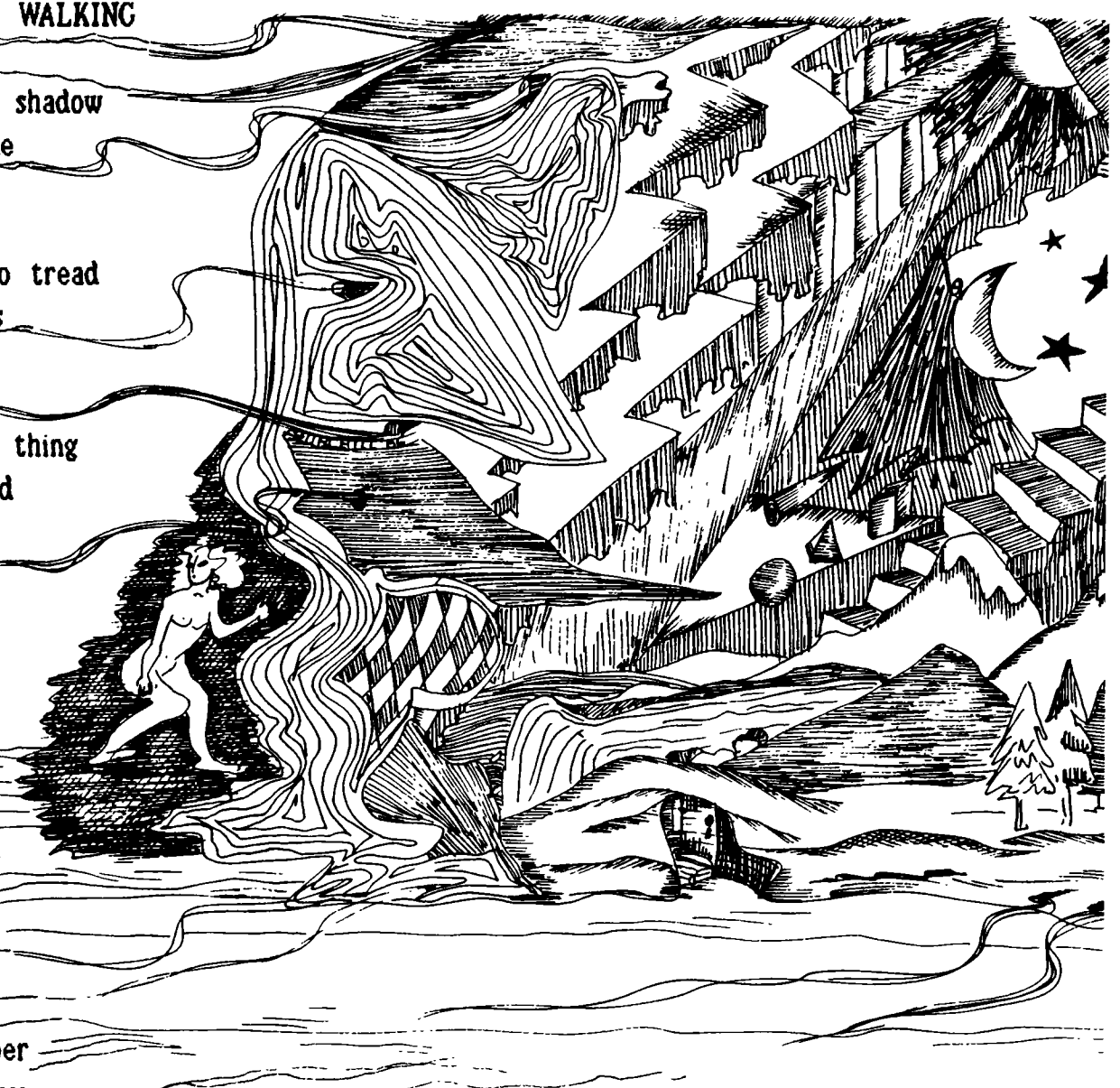
Cautious not to tread
Upon the heels
Of so

Large a living thing
Marching ahead
For good

Or ill. I never
Know yet still
Prefer
To follow

So I will be
Close enough
To hear
However

Low the whisper
Blowing past my
Ear



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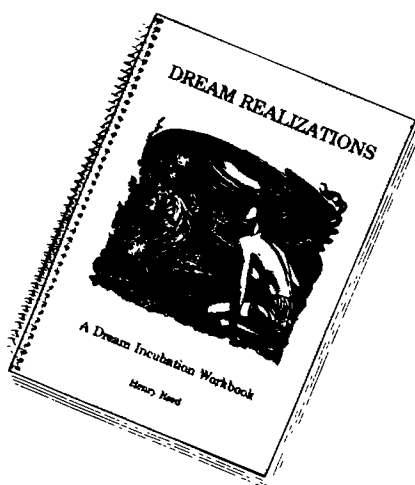
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SUNDANCE COMMUNITY DREAM JOURNAL (288 pages of illustrated dreamwork methods). \$5. Henry Reed, 503 Lake Drive, Virginia Beach, VA 23451.

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HELP

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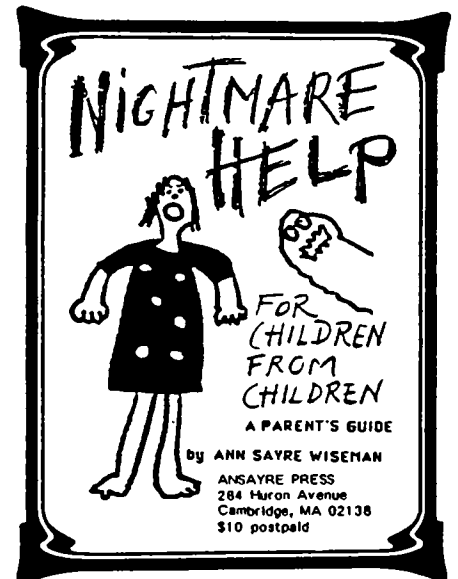
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Henry Reed's

DREAM JOURNAL

Look for **The Shoes of a Dreamer**, a special report compiling all the shoe dream information from subscribers, in a future issue of DNB! Those still interested in participating may send their information on shoe dreams to Henry Reed at 503 Lake Drive, Virginia Beach, VA 23451

The lead article in this issue of DNB, "Mount Rushmore and the Wounded Woman," is by my good friend, Bob Krajenke. Krajenke and I go back several years, and communal dreaming has been one of our common bonds. He was the minister who married Lyn Veronica and I in 1976, around the time he and I were working on the "Dream America" project. For our marriage, Lyn Veronica and I made 147 jointly painted watercolors and mailed them to our friends around the country, with a special wedding invitation: We asked our friends to put the painting we had made for them under their pillow and join us for our wedding in their dreams! We received many dreams in the mail as wedding gifts, dreams that touched upon aspects of our relationship, the nature of marriage itself, as well as predicting some of the problems we would encounter and what we might do to overcome them! Some of those dreams have survived the test of time.

When Krajenke began his Full Moon project, with its political images, little did he know that it would take him into the realm of the Goddess. I wasn't surprised to learn of his most recent project, however, because I knew that behind all the energy moving dreamers into community is the hand of the Goddess, forcing us to face up to the wounded feminine in our lives and to learn how to integrate our subjective realities into our community lives, if there is going to be any life left to live.

Over the years of collecting dreams for the "Sundance Experiment" I had received many dreams reflecting the healing of the feminine principle as the hallmark of the "New Age" of transpersonal consciousness. Here is one of those dreams, from a dreamer in Louisiana around 1977:

"I am standing and looking at a brilliant star. A voice says, 'That's the

Virgin Mary!' I say, 'That's not the Virgin Mary, that's PLUTO!' Then Pluto speaks, 'I am the Virgin Mary and Pluto. For ages, my star (psyche) has been suppressed that man might develop reason and rationality. But now my star is in ascendancy again.'"

The dreamer continues:

"This is a very bad 'translation' as these words were heard and not spoken. Immediately afterwards I am impressed with an inordinate amount of knowledge and information and ideas: that most men had misinterpreted this influence or impression and had repressed women along with their negative pole; of the primitives' subjectivity and psychism; of the birth of intuition--reason and psyche joined; of Isis Unveiled, Persephone, the barrenness of the earth until Persephone/Psyche returns to bring spring and life; the spiritual sun and psyche's relatedness/responsiveness; and of things I cannot now remember or explain. And all this with the feeling of wonderful joy."

I am reminded of another dream with a similar theme:

A crowd of people have gathered because of a UFO sighting. The UFO is descending upon the people. As it comes within view, the astronaut commanding the UFO becomes visible. The astronaut is a woman! As she looks down upon the people, she stretches out her arms and opens her hands. In her hands she holds a plant, which is her gift to the people of the earth.

In dreams, new spiritual inspirations typically come from above. Perhaps that

is a reflection of the polarity, "Heavenly Father, Mother Earth." But in both these dreams, the inspiration from above is female! In the Sundance motif, atop the central axis (the Tree of Life) sits or hovers a bird, a star, or the sun, which may represent the overseeing consciousness of the motif. In these two dreams, that consciousness is female.

The planet Pluto is associated with transformation. The arrival of a UFO upon the earth is a transformative event, in a manner complementary to the transformation of worldview brought about by our being able to see our Whole Planet Earth from space: Life on this planet is a unitary whole, but there also exists life that is "not of this earth." Our whole way of life is challenged by an alien consciousness. Jung has speculated that UFO sightings are visions of transcendent wholeness related to the transformation of human consciousness. These dreams suggest that the force behind this transformation is a feminine one.

The reference to Persephone in the Pluto dream, and the gift of the plant in the UFO dream echo this theme of the feminine. Vegetative life is the basis of Mother Earth but it is now severely endangered. The "rape of the planet," in the ecological sense, is but one dimension of the "Wounded Woman" motif. One-sided masculine consciousness threatens the planet to a barren destiny. We may one day welcome the introduction of new plant life to our dead earth.

Consider Krajenke's invitation to join in dreaming for the wounded woman.

DREAM NETWORK BULLETIN
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