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# *Dream Network Journal*

*a Quarterly Publication Exploring Dreams*

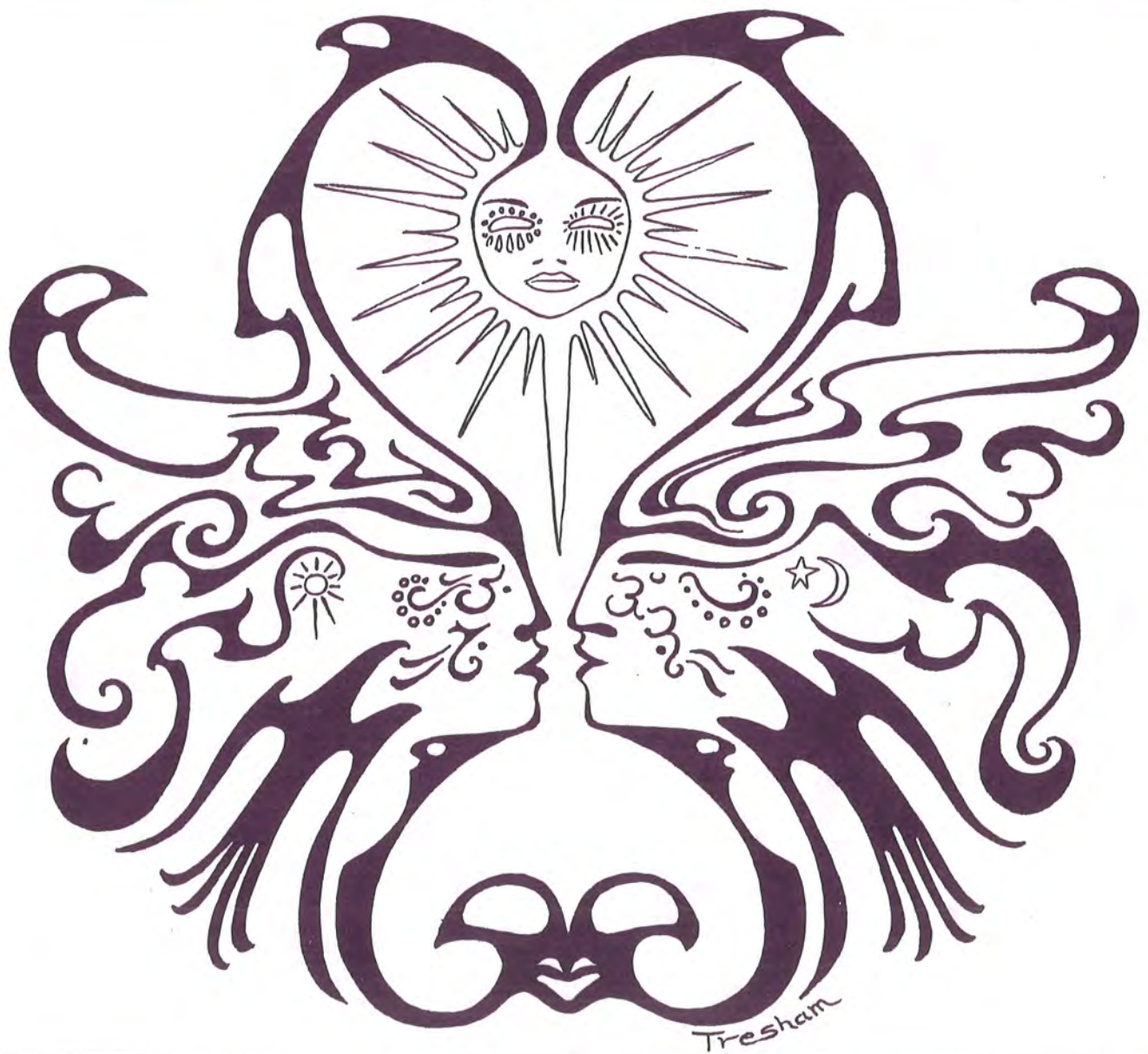
Since 1982

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*Spring 1990*

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*In This Issue:*

*Dreams, Passages & the Family*



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Port Townsend  
WA 98368

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# Statement of Purpose

This publication is about *NETWORKING* among people who desire to learn from one another specifically in the context of dreams. It is a vehicle that encourages egalitarian sharing among individuals ... lay and professional... from diverse cultures, backgrounds and vocations.

We believe that dreams are agents for change, and often reveal important new insights about the life of the dreamer, both personal and social. To remember a dream means we are ready to understand the information that has been presented. We aspire to act as a *container* in which what we learn in regard to understanding and enacting our dreams can be shared.

Our genre is self help. Our *purpose*:: to disseminate information that will assist and empower us in taking responsibility for our emotional and spiritual well being with the help of the dream. Our *goal*: to demystify dreamwork by way of assisting in integrating dream sharing and dream work into our culture, in whatever way of integrity is shown and given to us.

## Editorial Policy

Dream Network is an 8 year old grassroots publication with an international readership. We encourage readers to submit articles (**preferably, with complimentary graphics or photos**) and letters to the editor which will serve as stimulus for more sharing and as learning tools for our readership. We invite *questions* and accounts of personal transformation in response to dreams... ranging from workable methods and transformative experiences as brought about in dream group participation... to informal sharing, synchronicity, or insight gained in therapy.

DNJ reserves the right to edit all material submitted for publication. Typewritten double spaced manuscripts on Macintosh compatible disks are preferred. Reproducible black and white original art work is requested; photocopies are acceptable. Please include SASE with submission and/or request for guidelines.

We invite you to 'throw out a net' for dream groups (forming or needing new members), dream related research requests, and to notify us of upcoming dream related events or books which would be of interest to the readership.

Question  
for Summer Issue:

What is the criteria by which you choose a dream guide?

LifeLine:  
Memorial Day

Note regarding the  
**Question or Focus**  
suggested for upcoming issues:

Everything about dreams seems unpredictable, so we recognize that suggesting a Question or Focus around which to build each issue has the potential for disallowing...a current experience, synchronistic or transformational event, an inspiration, a breakthrough or issue... which may be powerfully on your mind and *wants* to be written, drawn, or committed to poetry. Conversely, this publication (and editor) asks for parameters; we are limited space-wise and don't want to wander all over creation in it. Yet another paradox. It is difficult to know which priority is primary and which is secondary.

Let it be agreed that if you are inspired, share your experiential, theoretical or inspirational dream-related experience, methodologies or art --YES!-- regardless of whether it 'fits' within the suggested 'focus'. Given the overall synchronicity which guides this work for us as a community, it will undoubtedly compliment the issue as a whole.

Gracias



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# Inner

☞ As is true with many of us, I am in love with Joseph Campbell, and have been for over a decade; I was fortunate to meet him, hear several of his talks, and have had him visit in my dreams on many occasions. Thank the Creator and Bill Moyers for introducing him to a broader audience.

In one of his talks on the Power of Myth series, Campbell said "The dream is the private myth; the myth is the public dream". The two forms - dream and myth - mirror one another in an inseparable way: both are metaphorical; both ask to be expressed in some way; both provide stories and symbols that can assist us in integrating the experience of psychological and cultural development. Given the proliferation of information on these topics over the past few decades, the *lack* of contemporary, relevant myths to guide us and live by is glaringly evident... and filling the void becomes ever more compelling. However, in our efforts to create new forms, we come face to face with the reality that mythologies *are not created*, but rather, *emerge*... spontaneously...often as a cumulative result of individual vision or dream. We are in a difficult phase of trying to satisfy these deep seated needs for myth; it has been referred to as being in a state of "parenthesis" by Jean Houston; truly it is.

Meanwhile, and again, quoting Campbell: "today's myth is with the individual". And now we introduce the dimension of myth into this publication in a formal way with an article entitled "*Dreams and Transformation*", which reveals some of the trails and trials of the 'hero's journey', followed by an article on the most prominent of current collective mythologies, "The Mother Earth" (Gaia) as an archetypal symbol in dreams. Both pieces provide the framework for the content that follows... articles which were submitted and selected in response to the suggested topic: Dreamsharing in the Family. The articles have been sequenced in a generational way, to amplify how dreams can be a powerful tool in facilitating life passages.

☞ To assist us in treating the dimension of myth with informed substance, may I joyfully welcome Stanley Krippner, co-author of *Personal Mythology* to our staff

of Advisors. Along with Elizabeth Cogburn, Paco Mitchell and Montague Ullman we are richly endowed with a well informed and experienced group of guides for this publication. I am a grateful and willing servant/student.

☞ Endearing gratitude to each of you who have written or called since receiving the January issue with words of congratulations and encouragement. Each communication is vital nourishment for what feels at times a tremendous responsibility, and as Linda Magallon warned, an "often lonely experience". The letters received were very positive, and I have chosen to print many of them for our mutual reinforcement; however, I would like to invite questions to be debated, researched... whatever is a hot issue for you...in the form of letters. Let's make the "Letters" section of the Journal ring with new life and stimulate ideas for future issues... for learning, for fun, for everyone. More, more, more!

☞ I made a statement in my first editorial: "...we will be moving away from lucid, telepathic and mutual dream experiences, and focusing more on personal and planetary transformation...". There was feedback which indicated justifiable concern about that statement (see Will Phillips, Letter to the Editor as an e.g.). Before I suggest a resolution to the concerns that have been expressed, let me digress for a moment. In his book *Apreda A Analizar Sus Suenos*, Professor Valadez with the Center for the Investigation of Dreams in Mexico, has classified 70 different types of dreams. Dr. C.A. Cannegieter from New Zealand in his book *Around the Dreamworld*, defines 12 different kinds of dreams. At a seminar I attended last Spring, the presenter said with authority "there are essentially 4 kinds of dreams...". What are we to deduce?

From another perspective: In a talk she gave shortly after writing the *Aquarian Conspiracy*, Marilyn Ferguson stated: "If we want to assist in the paradigm shifts that are needing to occur in our culture, we will have to speak in a language that *can be understood by the person on the street*." Terms like lucid, telepathic, and mutual dreaming often alienate the potentially interested person, concern many practitioners because



# Landscapes

of the implied element of 'control', and cause the wary to feel fear that something bordering on sorcery, magic, even possibly witchcraft may be involved in this work. We know this is not true, and choose not to re-inforce these concerns in any way.

In two articles in this issue, *Messages from the Deep* and *Stone Dream* we have examples of extra-ordinary dreams and dream-related experiences which could be called lucid, psi and/or telepathic. Back to the point: What we are looking for is the *experience* ...how it translates meaningfully into your life... as well as the lives of readers... not the label. Please feel free to submit your article when it sings/rings with the Question and Focus, your inspiration... or the times.

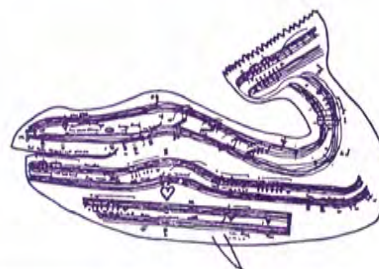
✦ About our new LOGO, responses were varied, and few. Of those images which were printed in the January issue, the submission at the top gained most approval. One person liked the Hand, another the Whale. One new image was submitted for consideration. I have chosen to keep this decision inside for further consideration and whatever length of time it takes to get the *right* Logo, and ask that you continue to "vote" and/or submit your image. A free two year subscription is offered to the artist whose submission clearly 'wins' the approval of the majority.

✦ Phillip Schuman of Fort Wayne, Indiana, is now in the process of indexing the archives of the Dream Network Bulletin/Journal. We are missing several back issues, and request if you have them on hand that you send copies to us for inclusion in the indexing process. Missing are: V1#7, V2#1, V2#6, V2#7, V6 #s5 & 6. Phil is doing this as a service, so that we may be able to offer copies of back articles and issues to interested readers. Thank you, Phil...and thank you for sending copies of missing issues.

✦ And lastly, \$ business. In reviewing through back issues, there was a theme that ran throughout: HELP in gaining new subscribers! Still true... and I have a suggestion for a relatively simple, but extremely valuable way in which you can help. If you will take it upon yourself to encourage just one new subscriber, the whole picture would be considerably brighter on

## A Logo?

*It's your decision.*



this end. A postcard which can be used for that purpose has been included in this issue. Truly appreciated. Thank you for listening, doing ... and enjoy Spring! ♡



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# Focus on Chicago

## An Open Letter to the Dreamwork Community from the 1990 ASD Conference Host



I would personally like to invite you to join us at the 1990 Conference of the Association for the Study of Dreams, to be held in Chicago on June 26-30 at the Bismarck Hotel. I'm happy to say that the 1990 Conference is shaping up to be a very rich and exciting one. With a number of special attractions for grassroots dreamworkers.

The program will be one of the most broad ranging the ASD has ever presented. Among our special invited speakers are Wendy Doniger (formerly O'Flaherty), Professor of History of Religions at the University of Chicago, Andrew Greeley, sociologist priest, and best selling novelist, Robert Boznak, Jungian Analyst and author of the moving work *Dreaming with an AIDS Patient*. Also joining us will be Barbara Tedlock, anthropologist and editor of the excellent book *Dreaming*, and Martha Koukkou-

Lehmann, experimental researcher and psychoanalyst from the University of Zurich.

As always, we will have a wide variety of small group workshops focusing on different practical aspects of dream interpretation. Whatever kinds of dreamwork you are interested in—dream incubation, lucid dreaming, dreams and mythology, dreaming and artistic creativity—the ASD Conference provides the best opportunity around for you to learn about them.

Furthermore, Chicago is easily accessible from either coast, from Canada and from other points outside the U.S., which I hope will allow for the participation of a maximal number of dreamworkers. Our Midwest location symbolized the centeredness I'm trying to bring to the conference. And, the lodging arrangements we have made here with the Bismarck Hotel are an excellent value, with first-rate rooms at quite moderate prices.

The statement of purpose for the ASD declares that its goal is "to provide a forum for the eclectic and interdisciplinary exchange of ideas and information". One of the main reasons I offered to host the 1990 ASD Conference was my determination to make this proposed forum a reality...not just an abstract ideal... but a *living, breathing force in the world*.

I sense that there is a fairly widespread belief among grassroots dreamworkers that the ASD is "for"

scientific researchers and professional therapists only; that the ASD is a place exclusively for people with "letters" after their names, and that people without credentials can't really participate in the Association.

I am dedicating myself to proving that there are no grounds for this belief; I'm doing my best to put on a conference for all people who study and work with dreams—for people with and without credentials.

It's already been a lot of work organizing the 1990 conference. But any time I start to wear down, I call forth my vision of the tremendous potentials we in the dreamwork movement have—potentials to learn ever more about the mysteries of dreams, to discover new qualities of human nature and human culture, and just to have a lot of fun with each other. Whenever I think about these potentials, my spirits are revived.

If any readers of *Dream Network Journal* have comments, advice, or concerns about the 1990 conference, please don't hesitate to contact me. I'm looking for all the input I can get. Again, I invite you to come to Chicago this June. See you there!☑

*Kelly Bulkley*  
1990 ASD Conference Host  
600 S. Dearborn #2201  
Chicago, ILL 60605





# Our Readers Write

Dear Roberta,

Your editorial direction has warmed me...heart, soul, and mind. You are winding along the fine thread between theory, personal story, and environmental/community/planetary receptiveness. The recent Dream Network Journal is both grounded and complex, not to mention well-produced. This is difficult to find.

I have enclosed a piece of my dream voice which I would like you to include in the journal if it interweaves in an upcoming conversation, for I feel you are creating conversations by combinations of voices.

**Catherine Knapp MA**  
New Woodstock, NY



Congratulations on your marvelous "first edition"! Reading it was like attending a homecoming—so many old friends represented, with new "family members" introduced, welcomed and loved. Thank you for carrying the torch—you light up our lives, as the song says.

Enclosed is my renewal. I'll be happy to do all I can to publicize the Journal. If you have any publicity flyers, etc., send them along for my dream group and for distribution at places where I'm more frequently than ever asked to speak about my personal experiences with dreams and dreamwork.

Keep up the good work and many thanks for doing it. We also

appreciate your listing our dream group among the networkers.

Best wishes for your continued success, for the future of the network and what it represents and for sweet dreams for dreamers everywhere!

**Rita Dwyer**  
Assoc. for the Study of Dreams  
Virginia Beach, Virginia



Thank you for the New Year gift of your first issue. It is well done and I feel you have brought a new level of creativity and integrity to the Journal. I hope to participate in your issue on Family for the spring publication and am pleased to become a subscriber. I can imagine your efforts were overwhelming at times and may you now take some time to celebrate. The best to you in the coming New Year!

**Jean Rough**  
Port Townsend, WA



I just received the Winter 1990 issue of the new, reconstituted DREAM NETWORK JOURNAL. Congratulations! It is great!

Is the Dream Educator's Network defunct? I didn't see them listed under "Dream Study Associations" this time, and they used to carry a classified ad in the DNB. They had a workshop at one of the conferences (Santa Cruz?) and used to publish a list of teachers who used dreams in their classroom and were willing to do "in service" training for their leaders.

Somewhere in Virginia is my memory. If they have gone belly-up, that would be worth a story in a future issue, I believe. Keep up the good work!

**Jeremy Taylor**  
San Rafael, CA

*(Editor's note: Does anyone know the status and/or a contact person for the Dream Educator's Network? Please pass any information that might lead us to their state of being along to us, and/or as Jeremy suggests, submit an article.)*



Congratulations! The new look is much appreciated for its graphic sophistication. I find the "journal" easier to read and therefore more serious. Thank you for this great gift. I've included a logo idea that I could work on more if you like it. Looking forward to more sharing.

Your (delighted to be considered)  
Dream Activist

**Diana Caruli**  
New York, NY



**BRAVO!**  
What a beautiful job you have done. Nice design and layout. It is a periodical to be proud of, and makes me proud to be here. Thanks for the copy! I wish you luck and a joyous dream fulfilling year!

**Pierr Morgan**  
Port Townsend, WA 98368



I was immensely pleased to receive your letter today. I had read your new "baby" from cover to cover and was about halfway through reading it again. While it is all fresh in my mind I would like to send you some of my reactions to the first issue of the new Dream Network Journal.

The new name is nice and reflects a sense of professionalism. Going from a bimonthly to a quarterly is a good idea, too; it should make the job of editor more enjoyable for you, and I hope it means you will have a larger pool of submissions to choose from. I very much like the little hearts that signify the end of each article.

About the logo, the one you didn't offer but that I like the best is the hand in the margin of your editorial. It instantly sends a message of openness and hospitality—the same thing you are getting across with the words in your editorial. It also has the same Native American feel to it—the appreciation for Native American culture—that you have successfully demonstrated in this issue. I feel that your personal groundedness is something that can continue to make DNJ a beacon for the rest of us networkers.

Features I liked best were Jill Gregory's poem; "Saloyat Sayowan Suin Xhaltap," which illustrates how a culture dreams; Kelly Bulkley's article, because of the easygoing style of his writing, which reflects his friendly relaxed attitude toward dreamwork; Will Phillips' clearly written article and well composed photographs; and "Decide to Network."

Have a good, brief rest from DNJ, and I will look forward to the next issue.

Peace,

Julia McCahill  
Riva, MD

### More letters...



I am really impressed! And proud to be affiliated with the "new" magazine. The overall look is clean, simple and tasteful, and the Table of Contents is concise and easy to use. Deborah Koff-Chapin's art reminds me in a way of some of Khalil Gibran's work with its feel of a very human spirituality. You can be proud to have succeeded in the challenge of bringing together so many diverse perspectives without losing the common thread.

I was especially glad to see the stated goal of "integrating dream sharing into our culture" made manifest in Ann Wiseman's "Letter to the Children of Santa Cruz" as well as other articles. It was also good to see that you decided to go with the name Dream Network Journal; it has a much nicer ring.

One question I do have is about your editorial statement that "We will be moving away from lucidity, telepathic and 'mutual' dream experiences..." I am glad to hear that the primary focus of the DNJ will be moving away from those experiences, as they represent only one small aspect of dreamwork and have been receiving disproportionate space. But I feel that it may be a mistake to exclude them altogether, if that is indeed your intention. I see no conflict between investigating the uses of lucidity (or "Intentional Dreaming" as I prefer to call it) and remaining grounded.

Again, I offer my enthusiastic congratulations on a difficult job well done. I'm eager to help out in any way that I can.

Full Sails,

Will Phillips  
Orlando, FL

Congratulation on the first issue. You did an excellent job in putting it together. I feel it is in good hands, and I'm looking forward to its future.  
(I came across some typos.)  
Sincerely,

Montague Ullman  
Ardsley, NY

*(Ed. note: Apologies for the typos in general)*

Thank you for your very positive letter, which I took the liberty of publishing in the last issue of the Oniros newsletter, along with a presentation of the Dream Network.

I wholly share your opinion on the regrettable social devaluation of dreams, which is connected to our resistance to change, as you will see from reading the text of my conference published in the last issue of the Oniros newsletter.

So, in this more and more planet-oriented world, couldn't we try again to re-socialize dream by launching a new World Dream, as Bill Stimson, founder of the Dream Network, did in 1982?

The theme chosen is the induction of a World Dream: the date remains to be determined for this exceptional night of dreams. The night of the summer solstice of 1990 might be an outstanding date, neutral, and during a period favorable to dreams—in a large sense? A call for the World Dream could then be spread this coming spring through specialized reviews and relayed by existing dream study groups. What do you think?

Best wishes,

Roger Ripert, Editor, ONIROS  
France



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# Dreams & Transformation

by Jean Dalby Cliff and Wallace B. Cliff

## *a Profile on Life Passages and the Hero's Journey*

Dreams sometimes give signals of moments in life when some transformation is called for, offering the dreamer the possibility of future change. (1) C.G. Jung taught that dreams give a picture of the psyche as it is, and this "as is" picture in the dream contains not only the dreamer's past and present, but also has within it the seeds for potential development, the possibilities with respect to the future. Jung's term for the developmental process in human life, especially in the adult part of life, is "path of individuation."

In all of life, whether in plants or animals, there are changes from one stage to another. So it is also with that form of life which human beings know personally. The human story, as many contemporary personality theorists see it, is a story that describes the process of change called "development" with different "tasks" required at different times in life.

In the beginning of human life, physical growth and change is the most obvious. Tremendous development is also taking place in the mind or spirit, the non-physical aspect of being human, but these changes are largely discernible only by the adoring parents. Yet many contemporary psychologists, in various ways, have described a pattern of development that is natural to the unfolding of the human psyche in the course of a

lifetime. There are different developmental tasks that are appropriate to different stages of life, and many psychologists and psychiatrists have specialized in a particular stage in the life journey. There are child psychologists, vocational counselors, marriage and family counselors, and counselors for the terminally ill. Recently, more attention has been given to the problems of transformation at the time of the so-called mid-life crisis.

Freud can be credited with opening the door to the study of developmental stages in childhood. Freud himself dealt only with adult patients; but it was his observation, perhaps it could even be said to be his "discovery," that the adult was subject to influences from the unconscious that affected behavior. The unconscious was, for Freud, the repository of life experiences. In a sense, for him, the child was parent of the adult. He saw himself, it has been suggested, as the "great liberator"—a second Moses—for he wanted to set people free to choose their behavior consciously instead of being slaves to unconscious forces.

Building on Freud's theory of stages of development in childhood, Erik Erikson has delineated eight stages of development that extend from infancy to old age. (2) Erikson describes each stage as a "crisis" with two possibilities tugging at the individual. Erikson recognized the interplay of the

developing psyche with its environment, and consequently his scheme is described as a psychosocial theory of human development. With the successful resolution of each conflict or crisis a new strength is developed. Erikson describes the successive resolution of each stage as having a cogwheeling effect: the successful resolution of each stage is an aid to the successful resolution of the next stage. Without reviewing all eight stages, some examples might clarify Erikson's approach to the transformation processes called for in life. The crisis for instance, the first stage, is between trust and mistrust; and the ethical value or strength to be achieved from a successful resolution of that experience is hope. Hope is the basic building block of life. It is what pulls one into life and the future. Erikson's seventh stage, adulthood, entails the choice between generativity and self-absorption. The strength to be developed here is care. For the eighth and last stage, the crisis faced by the older person is between integrity and disgust or despair. The strength to be developed here Erikson calls wisdom.

As with any form of life, being true to the essence of one's individual being, to one's roots, is essential to development—and to having a sense of meaning in life. Jung found that, after the "roadblocks" thrown up by the circumstances of their lives had been cleared away,

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Continued on page 25





## The Mother Earth Archetype in Dreams

by Elisabeth Rush

"The earth . . . has an antiquity, by our reckoning, of the order of thirty thousand million years; the pre-history of man goes back one million years and that of living creatures . . . can be traced back some twenty thousand million years. Thus we ourselves are connected and entangled with this earth in a way which we still cannot realize even now. History and archeology, anthropology and ethnology, biology and zoology, and preceding them chemistry and physics, all this is the history of the earth, all this is 'we ourselves'; it is the root-stock from which we stem." (1)

The Earth in many symbol systems has been correlated to the feminine. As such it has been, due to the predominance of the patriarchal perspective in most of the world's philosophies, characterized as "unconscious making, instinct-entangling and dangerous" (2). The Earth has been designated as the primitive bestial mass from which the heroic ego is destined to emerge and to conquer. Joseph Campbell's HERO WITH A THOUSAND FACES is a catalogue of the shapes the ego assumes in its quest to differentiate from the dominance of the earth.

The attitude of modern man toward the Mother Earth can be mainly characterized as usurious. He has used the resources for culture building and industry without recognition or regard for her finite resources. Anti-ecology persists as the dominant mode of man's interaction with the Earth.

The heroic misadventure has become the dominant developmental theory of contemporary psychology. From a holistic perspective, the hero has become a perverted archetype or 'sub-myth' (3) which has for the most part strayed from its original function as a bringer of gifts of new consciousness to culture. The sub-hero indiscriminately slays dragons (not coincidentally an ancient symbol of the feminine) for the ego gratification it brings, rather than the accomplishment of any goal of individuation. Adulthood is equated with independence (5) from and ignorance of what is termed 'the possessive, imprisoning, depriving and devouring mother'. (6)

It seems appropriate during this time when many are working to develop a holistic and transformative vision of human reality, that our relationship to the Earth Mother archetype undergo a revisioning, which accounts for the Earth as 'prima materia' from which we all are born, and carrier of natural law upon which we depend for survival.

My own relationship to this archetype is reflected in a series of dreams I had beginning in the Spring of 1980:

*-Rosie, my grandmother, was dying. I felt huge sorrow and loneliness at my loss of her. I begged her (my greatest source of love and support) to stay with me a little longer. She said she could not. She lay down in a flower bed in my yard and died. Part of her body became rosebushes. I watched a transmutation of Rosie to flowers, growing and dying, and then to composted soil. And then I heard her voice: "I will always be with you now. I am your Earth Mother."*



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The Rose is an ancient archetypal symbol for the convergence of the many into the embrace of the One. Elemire Zolla says that "the most typical visionary scene is that of the animated breathing rose, or in the East, a lotus. He goes on to say, "just as iron filings gather round a lodestone into a rose of iron, or a constant whirlwind turns sand into a 'rose of the desert', so symbolical instinct untiringly connects Perfection with the Rose, from India to Persia to the medieval mystical rose of the divine hosts round the supreme Godhead." (7)

The transformation of the Rose, my grandmother and namesake as well as a symbol of the Mother Earth, signified the beginning of the development of a relationship between my consciousness and the most basic female archetype.

The first phase of my journey was marked by the painful realization that the archetype within was in a state of decay, and had become indifferent to me because of my ignorance of her value. Several dreams explored the theme of a gradually awakening increase in esteem for the archetype and a fear that it might disappear from my life because of my own unworthiness. When the archetype, my grandmother, underwent another dream death, it was a deeply significant experience for me.

*~ Rosie is being held in a hospital. I go to her room. I lift the blanket, there is Rosie, a small shrouded being about three feet long. The people (nurses) say she is unresponsive. I say her name and she moves. I talk and she knows who I am. I ask her to move up and she responds by turning around and moving up toward the head of the bed. She also begins to shrink. She shrinks from three feet to small enough to fit into a watchpocket. I ask her to lie in my arms and this tiny creature does, and I tell her I love her and she dies.*

At the end of this dream, I was befriended by a giant (an animus figure) who helped me defend the body (of the Earth) from the attack of a man from the institution in which she had been incarcerated (the status quo, patriarchal reality). In the next dream, the second phase of the journey was characterized by withdrawal from the status quo.

*~ An old man, the patriarch of a family business, accused me of being incestuous (becoming one in consciousness with the archetype) with my grandmother.*

Next came two dreams which indicate that the Medial archetype (the elemental energy which mediates the divine to the individual) has entered the process to facilitate the necessary changes. I have moved out of the one type of consciousness and begin to experience the manifestation of Grand (archetypal) Mother energy.

*~ The living room was odd. There were two fireplaces. One was like a shadow or a reflection of the other, unsubstantial (auric) . . . there were bookcases, candles and on top of it, several birds (owl, raven...) Rosie is in the kitchen. I was going to live in the living room. Water is progressively covering a series of houses. One of them is Rosier.*

After the media has swallowed up the ego there is a denouncement in which the Self begins to take shape at a more integrated level. (8) The following dreams are healing experiences in which it is clear that something essential is being passed from Rosie to me, that the Mother Earth is being integrated.

*~ I am walking to Rosie in a beautiful, really charming little town. It's a slow pace. There is a lovely spired church. I think we're walking, pushing a vendor's cart, passing shops and window shopping. It's the first time I've been to this town. We pass a bakery which is simply huge, open air racks of bread in a courtyard. We go to Rosier cafe, where she shows me seven or eight options from the bakery. I want several. She is willing to bake some. And she has a recipe which she will also give me to help her as she doesn't make enough money. I say, "Can you do something special, unique?"*

*--- Walking with Rosie over land, our ranch, but there is a lot of strange activity. I recognize the terrain, but all else is strange. She has a sweater-jacket on her right shoulder but doesn't put it on. I notice and intend to give her my sweater, but it takes me some time to respond. Finally, I take off mine and put it on her. She is warmed. It is night. There are miners or oil well drillers working, fires burning, slag heaps, coal heaps and puddles of mud/oil. We are pulling on some pipes with a group of men. Rosie and I working side by side. I have trouble getting time to put her sweater on. We go to a caravansary and share a glass of rose'.*

*--- I am in a house full of furniture and my grandmother or Godmother Rosie. She is agreeing to sell the house to me. It will be a stretch to buy it. I am excited about telling Jerry when he comes home for lunch. She says she will take the furniture out and I say 'Oh, it will be empty?' We go into a big sitting room and there are two bathtubs, one on top of the other. I notice as I walk across the floor that it slants down. The house in that part is becoming one with sinking into the ground. My grandmother says, "It's a very old house".*

Continued on page 28



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# Messages from the Deep

by Marcia Lauck

At first I feel like I am peering through a dense fog. Gradually though, it begins to thin and clear as I focus all of my inner senses, and as the fog lifts I find I am sitting on the rocky ledge of a sweeping cove bordering the ocean. A small child is cradled in my arms---the same one I have been nurturing in other dreams for several weeks who is an archetypal synthesis of all races. I note that there are others who sit on this stony ledge with me, but so compelling is the dream's direction to look seaward that none of us turn our heads away from the water. As we watch, a great whale swims into the cove. My breath catches in my throat.

"Welcome!" I cry. As in other dreams, the lines of communication are open between the whale and me. It is so intent on its task that it does not reply directly to me, but instead I feel its mind moving within my own, shaping its thoughts into words. I hear the whale sensing into the emotional state of this gathering, knowing that interspecies communication requires certain alignments of the energy fields which we call emotions. With a kind of mischievous "Harumph!" it tells me that what is to be communicated tonight can only be done in a spirit of joy.

Centering itself in our line of vision, it rises up out of the water and stares until everyone's attention has been gathered into a single focus. Then, with what feels like an impish grin, this great creature twists and dives, bringing its flukes down hard on the water and drenching us all with the salty spray. Everyone shrieks with delight, and the whale surfaces again, returning this time with two others. Shouts of glee fill the air as the three whales dive and splash, and the airborne water sparkles in the sun, setting the dream on fire with a million drops of light.

All across the ledge, people are leaping to their feet with abandon and diving into the ocean to swim with the whales. The whales respond with a lively welcome, caressing everyone with their flippers, bearing them on their broad backs, gently tossing them in the air---all accompanied by our laughter and astonished delight. I think to myself that, if not for this child I am caring for, I too, would be out there swimming once again with my old friends.

Immediately the whales speak into my mind:  
"That you nourish this child is important---  
we will have other times to share these  
delights with you again.

Your work tonight is as it is unfolding,  
for through you we may  
communicate this much  
needed message:

"Tell the children this:  
Tell the children there will be  
a world for them to grow up in.

Tell the children this:  
Man is not the only species  
to determine the fate of the Earth."



I return slowing to my body, savoring the sweetness of the bond with the whales and with the children of the Earth, and feeling the sustaining hope that we will find our way through the years ahead.♡



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# Dreamsharing with Children in the Classroom

by Christina Pacosz

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William Butler Yeat's advice, "In dreams begin responsibility" is one of the cornerstones of creativity. When the Arts Commission selected me to pre-sent poetry residencies to school children, my dreaming self took charge of content. I decided to use dreams to "prime the pump" of language and poetry in the four short days at each school. I hoped to leave at least a drop of aware-ness about who we become when we sleep and how vital this orig-inal "other" is to our waking life.

Children and teachers were initially leery, but usually warmed to my presentation as excitement and creative evidence surfaced. However, some teachers did react out of fear of dream experiences. Once parent removed her third grader because "dreams come from the devil" and the family's fundamentalist faith could not allow recognition and exploration of the positive nature of the dream experience. Denial is often preferred to ease the disturbing complexity of the unconscious.

On occasion I would vary the method and use an appropriate Grimm's fairy tale as a means to provide the fertile permission the imagination needs. I feel this use of fairy tale/myth is consistent with the dream process. The Grimms brothers recorded the gleanings of the European collective unconscious with sources in a dim antiquity. I amplified both presentations with lots of poetry replete with clear images and rhythms.

Children of all ages, in dozens of schools wrote close to 2,000 poems, many based on private dream content. I always provided the students with the option of writing about other aspects of dreaming so the exercise was a non-threatening as possible.

I had prepared for a myriad of questions about dreams, both scientific and mythic. The children were curious and displayed an intensity of attention rarely brought to traditional school subjects. Unfortunately, even very young children had learned all too well to discount their dreams and to be distrustful of their imaginations. I was appalled. These children, the products of public school education, possessed psyches where violent acts had been committed under the guise of education and in the name of love.

I am not a stranger to the American public school, having taught educable mentally retarded children from kindergarten through high school in two states and district regions for almost seven years. A six year absence has not improved the situation. Television has become more insidious in the students' lives and video games threaten to destroy what remains of their battered selves. I wish it were possible to laugh off what I saw and sensed as exaggeration and hyperbolic indulgence, but I can't.

While bleakness of the public education landscape often threatened my capacity for a consistent hopeful response, the

bareness honed my personal resolve to spread the dream word. I found myself reflecting often on the Senoi/Temiar dream tenets of which I based much of my approach. Western man destroyed their culture as so much native culture has been, but if these genocides are to have any meaning, then the cultural legacy of these people must be renewed and the Senoi's phenomenal gift to us must be shared. I believe that in the halls of violence another message desperately needs to be heard.

Recently, while running my daily route, a thought came to me: Sleep is the little death each of us practices daily. And dreams are gifts from our "other side", our other self. I do not know how or if these seeds sown will sprout or fruit. Informal class surveys indicated few homes paid attention to dreams even on a superficial level. Without exception, not a single teacher with whom I worked, was using his or her own dreams. The children will have little support for their dream experiences. If, as a people, Americans learned how to cross the night bridge and to value what they found, their warring selves would integrate and the internal landscape of peace could reflect out there, in the world, where we sorely need new visions to sustain us.♥

Christina Pacosz is a former Port Townsend resident, and currently serves as Visiting Artist for the Asheville-Buncombe Community College, NC. She can be reached at PO Box 2191 Asheville, N.C. 28802



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## Book Review

by Kelly Bulkley

# Nightmare Help

## A Guide for Parents and Teachers

### Ann Sayre Wiseman

(Ten Speed Press, 1989)  
128 pages \$9.95, paperback.

Every parent knows that all children have nightmares—sleep researcher Dr. Ernest Hartmann notes in his book The Nightmare that young children suffer nightmares more frequently than any other age group. Few parents know, however, what to do when the nightmares come. They try to soothe their panic-stricken child by saying, “It’s OK, dear, it was just a dream”, but that always sounds hollow: the dream may have been just imagination, but the feelings, the fears, are real.

Anne Sayre Wiseman’s Nightmare Help offers a very helpful guide to transforming those fears into opportunities for learning and growth. Wiseman is a grassroots therapist with extensive experience in working with dreams. This book evolved out of workshops she gave at grammar schools in the Boston area, where she helped children from ages 5 to 13 learn to understand their nightmares. Nightmare Help is refreshingly clear of mystifying, technical jargon, as Wiseman intends the book for children as much as for parents/adults. Its large format, friendly style, and numerous drawings (which young readers are encouraged to color) all contribute to this aim.

In the children’s section of the book Wiseman says that “dreams can be helpers—and if you dare to look at them, they will teach you about yourself”. She then explains that nightmares are special dreams that tell us we’re feeling scared,

hurt, alone, or angry: “Nightmares are designed to wake you up. Nightmares make you really sit up and listen.” Children may want to run away from the scary monsters in their nightmares, but Wiseman tells children that she can show them how to stop being so afraid of those monsters.

Wiseman first has children use colored pens and paper to draw a picture of their nightmare. Drawing a picture allows the child to express the nightmare in a safe way by creating some distance: the nightmare is brought back to mind, but now it’s put out there, on the paper. This process gives the child a positive sense of control; it’s precisely the experience of utter helplessness and lack of control that is so terrifying in the nightmare. Once the child has drawn the nightmare he or she feels the security necessary to begin exploring the emotions the dream has brought forth.

At this point, Wiseman suggests questions that parents and teachers can ask to guide the child in trying to understand the nightmare. For example, she would ask “How could you feel safe looking at that monster?; Try drawing some helpers to be with you in the picture; Ask what the monster is doing in your dream; Is there anything the monster wants? Draw it in the picture and see what the monster thinks of it”.

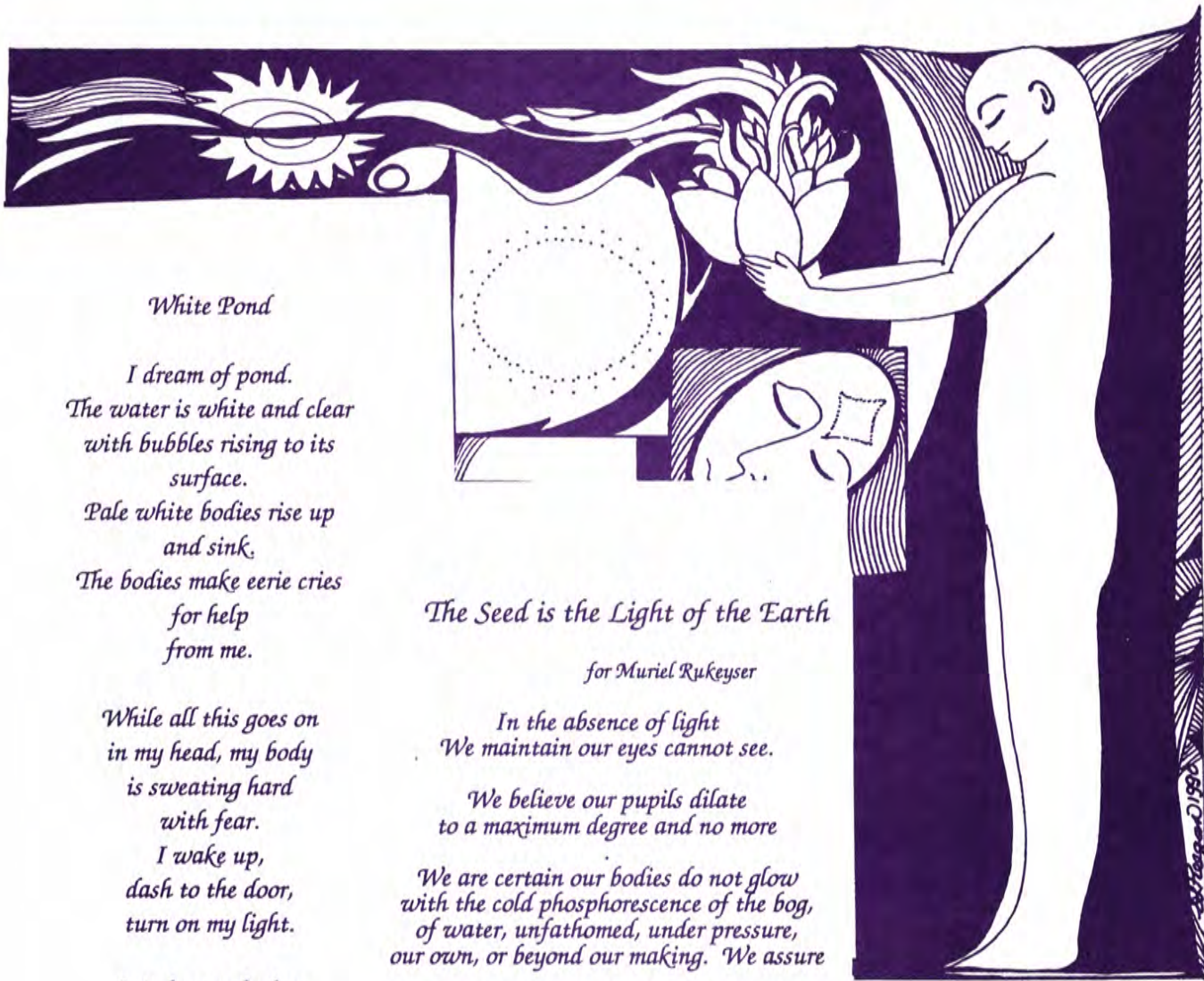
The bulk of Nightmare Help consists of examples from Wiseman’s workshops, and it is here that we see the real value of her work. As she presents the night-

mares, the children’s drawings, and their own attempts to come to terms with the dreams we begin to see how involved the children become in the process. Their nightmares are matters of the utmost importance to them, and it ends up taking very little prompting from Wiseman for the children to struggle with the troubling feelings raised by the dreams. With her help the children find that what had been terrifying has become an opportunity to learn about themselves.

The process she describes is not a form of dream analysis; no special expertise is required, and there is no dogged sleuthing after hidden symbols. Wiseman’s goal is to encourage children to develop a *relationship with their dreams*. She wants to empower children, to help them understand their own feelings and to learn to live with them.

Learning to deal with the fears of their nightmares is a good way for children to begin dealing with the scarier parts of the adult world, Wiseman says. In this respect she is working to revive an age-old tradition of using dreams in education. Anthropologists have discovered that many other cultures teach their children about the meaning of dreams as a way of teaching them about the world. When adults show that they take their children’s dreams seriously, children learn both to take their own scary feelings seriously and to trust the adults whose help they need so much. Parents today would do well to remember this the next time they are tempted to say “It’s OK, dear, it’s only a dream...♡”





*White Pond*

*I dream of pond.  
The water is white and clear  
with bubbles rising to its  
surface.  
Pale white bodies rise up  
and sink,  
The bodies make eerie cries  
for help  
from me.*

*While all this goes on  
in my head, my body  
is sweating hard  
with fear.  
I wake up,  
dash to the door,  
turn on my light.*

*I sit by my shadow  
and try to forget  
the awful white pond.*

*Lisa Thompsom at eleven*

*The Seed is the Light of the Earth*

*for Muriel Rukeyser*

*In the absence of light  
We maintain our eyes cannot see.*

*We believe our pupils dilate  
to a maximum degree and no more*

*We are certain our bodies do not glow  
with the cold phosphorescence of the bog,  
of water, unfathomed, under pressure,  
our own, or beyond our making. We assure*

*ourselves we are exonerated because  
we cannot float through the night  
graceful with inherent sonar. We think*

*anatomy keeps us from the forest.*

*I tell you... here, in this dark, this  
indistinct country, comes our shaped  
and fleshed evolution. That step  
on the unlit path stretches us,  
and those who may come after.*

*With each hesitant journey  
we open, blazing beacon fires  
flashing lanterns from high, distant  
hills. Dark surrounds us. We are*

*paradox. We carry our own light  
and move in love through the dark,  
as the seed loves the earth enclosing it.*

*by Christina Pacosz*

*The Place*

*There's a place where people can go,  
so they can be alone.*

*It's a place  
silent and without noise  
A place where people can  
get away*

*from the troubles of everyday.  
It's like a box that has no locks.*

*It doesn't even have a key.  
It's not a box...or a place.*

*It's you  
when you  
dream.*

*Danny Livingston at twelve*



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# Stone Dream

by Jean Rough

*A precocious boy chooses imagery and sand play to express his dream.*

The words pour forth as he tells me the dream. He is small for his age of twelve. Sitting in the chair his legs clear the floor by several inches as they swing back and forth in rhythm as he tells his dream:

*The stone vines reached up to the clouds. Clouds were all around it. When I touched the stone, enormous red, blue, yellow, green lights flashed from each side out into the clouds - kept flashing. Red, blue, yellow, and green lightning came down. Time itself started collapsing. A real young tree got real old and then sunk into the ground. Vines grew rapidly and grabbed everything in sight and turned into a forest.*

Suddenly he stops. "Do you have any books?," he asks intensely. His question startles me. Of course he knows I have books. I wonder what lies behind the question.

"Is there something stirring in your mind?" I ask.

"This image of the stone in the clouds has ancient writing on it. I don't think this is just a dream. I think it is a part of my past. I know I can find it in a book."

I hand him Joseph Campbell's *The Mythic Image*. The Celtic images excite him but that is another journey. His search for the stone continues. The writing on top of the Acropolis is close to the letters on his dream stone, but not close enough. Then he notices Jung's *Word and Image* and pulls it from the shelf. His choice intrigues me. He becomes fascinated with the drawings and paintings from Jung's *The Red Book*. As far as I am aware this is his first experience of Carl Jung. He asks me when he lived. As he continues to turn the pages, I feel that I too am seeing the images for the first time. Occasionally he remarks that he knows what a painting is about and tells me the story. He speaks softly in reverence to the images of the king and queen and the snakes of the *Figurarum Aegyptiorum Secretarum*.

Then he exclaims, "This is it! Except the stone in the dream had vines and not a snake and it reached to the sky. But those are the same letters. I knew I would find it! I knew it was in my past!" He has found The Serpent Stone carved by Jung at Bollingen.

"Where are the paints? I must paint the stone dream now." Immediately he is totally involved in defining the outline of the stone, keeping in mind the perspective and the flowing colored ribbons of lightning. I watch as he mixes the paints for the right shade of blue.

"Where do you get your imagination?," he asks. Once again I am taken by surprise.

"From my dreams and my inner thoughts," I reply. "Just like you."

"Working with your imagination makes you more conscious. You think harder in your dreams than in your life." How true! Are these really words from a twelve year old? I am reminded of a time when he was ten. He was telling me a dream but loud noises from a carpenter working above us distracted him. He stopped the words of the dream and remarked, "The pounding upstairs takes away my imagination. TV can make the dream disappear too. So can one

look at cotton candy."

An hour has passed since he arrived and his intensity has not ceased. Upon completing his painting of the stone he replies, "Can you see now why I wanted to get this out of my head?" I nod and share his delight and satisfaction in having brought form to the image.

"I see now that this stone came from my ancestors. It is very old with cracks." He climbs back into the chair, his legs resuming their pendulum swing. "Now that I got that out (referring to the finished painting), let's see what words are there."

But words do not come. He turns instead to the sandtray to work with the image in sand. After creating a very full tray, he begins taking it apart. It wasn't the story of the dream. After carefully returning each miniature to its home on the shelves, he begins a second sandtray. This time he is satisfied. He stands now ready to leave. For more words, he will wait for another dream.♥

*Jean Rough is founder and director of Bergita House, established for nurturing a child's search for self-knowledge and creative expression. As a Jungian therapist, she also has a private practice @ 1040 Taylor St., Port Townsend, WA 98368*



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# Dreams of Peace:

## The Nightmare as Ally

by Jean Parvati-Baker

*Night is the Mother of Dreams in Greek mythology.  
This mother sends me one of her children tonight.*

It is four a.m., and sobs shake my body as I say over and over: "No! No! NO!" I awaken from my first nightmare in many, many moons.

### In the dream:

*My father brings my sister and I to visit his associates. They turn out to be gangsters who try to inject something into the crown of my head. I run away leaving my baby in my sister's arms.*

### Next image:

*I am in bed with my mother. It is the bed my parents slept in when I grew up on Varna Avenue in Van Nuys. We hear footsteps coming to the door; I am afraid, but my mother goes to the door and lets my sister and father in. Behind them are the gangsters, one of whom is holding a basket with my baby wrapped up in a blanket. The blanket is over my baby's face. I rush to her, pull the blanket aside... and my worst fears are realized... she is cold to my touch! I stroke her cool cheek, grief begins to take hold of my soul.*

I awaken my lover with my sobs. He thinks I'm laughing, as I often awaken laughing from my visits to the underworld. It takes a few minutes for him to change from his light-hearted cuddle to a more comforting and compassionate hold. He knows better than to ask "What's wrong?" being a psychologist himself. Something isn't wrong, just terribly commanding. I am demanded deeper within.

As I lay in our bed in the early morning hours, I begin to question my dream for its many messages. Was this dream sent to prepare me for literal death? And/or a more metaphorical transformation? I had been thinking about death recently...and how, as I age, it isn't just something that happens to other people; death will eventually receive me, too. Also this week a baby died in our community just shy of her first birthday and I shared deeply the pain with the bereaved family. Another thought...my book review on "The Limits of Miracles" had been recently published by Mothering Magazine. Perhaps my soul wanted me to more directly experience what I've been writing about...the death of

a child? My mind jumps from one association to another; each movement traces my soul's journey.

When thought leads me back to other images in the dreams, another level of meaning shows itself. "Associates of my father"—these underworld characters are such a shock! I associate - along with all the tender, loving feelings - some distrust and fear, and yes - even terror, recalling my childhood experience of Dad. He was an ultra-strict disciplinarian who had been raised without parents in a naval military academy and ran his house like a ship. Corporal punishment was a daily affair, or so it seemed in my young life. Originally I had trusted my father to be protector/nurturer, and yet my worst pains were given by him. Naturally, feelings of great betrayal are mixed with love for my father; I was a typically abused child of the forties and fifties. Yes, there were still gangsters in my soul when Dad's image came to mind.

When I lay with my mother, in bed, I can "let my family in" even though I am afraid. What this says to

me is that when I am identified with "mother" (in union with this archetype in the setting of the "bed") being one with her, I am unconditionally trusting and accepting of my "father". It is through the "mother" that I can reclaim my trust in family.

Another idea comes as I lay next to my dayworld baby of flesh and blood, Quinn. As he gently nurses, a new train of thought is pulled out. The most intriguing image from this nightmare is of the threatened injection into the top of my head. So many associations come flooding in that it is hard to know where to begin. I think of the recent California Supreme Court order to vaccinate my twins, which their legal father imposed upon them. This dream speaks to me of the legal/medical complex we are having to deal with in our family. I think of all the mind injections (programming) I've endured from the dominant culture. The crown or top of my head is also a place of meditative focus, a destination in yoga practice. What are gangsters doing with a needle at the place of "higher consciousness"? When I ask them to speak they tell me of my



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heroic and yes, even too strict and forceful approach to achieving enlightenment. They speak to me of my desire to "shoot up" to the top of the evolutionary ladder in perhaps a way that is doing psychic violence within. The gangsters might likewise be telling me that when I wear the crown in the house, and act like "Queen" that close by are some hoodlums ready to prick my inflated ego. And lastly, though this isn't the final idea by any means, the gangsters are a statement that I am still wrestling away from those drug-like values I received "from above" when I was a child. This image helps me to revision patriarchy's effect upon me. In the dream, I did get away but the price for my personal escape was the sacrifice of my infant daughter. This dream is telling me now that fleeing isn't the best solution to the feeling of being imposed upon from above. The sacrifice is too painful for my soul.

In our Family, each morning we listen to one another's dreams. The girls first learned how to write by recording their dreams in their own special journals. Later today I'll share the dream images with my older children and listen to their responses...always so fresh and imaginative. We try to let dreams have their own say and not drag them into the light of analysis too much. Letting the images speak without categorizing them and symbolizing their life away is the challenge. The conscious mind has a natural tendency to make a dream literal...but we believe that is death to the dream psychologically. Many of us have been trained *beyond natural intelligence* in some ways, to pigeon-hole the dream to make it "safe" and understandable. Soul-making, as is true of parenting, isn't a comfortable process. It takes courage to ask a nightmare what it is saying, just as it takes courage to birth a baby and--when it is time--let our children fully go to their next progression.

Through example we teach our children. If I am actively engaged in honoring my dreams, then my children will be honoring their dreams also. It's fun to dream most of the time; but when these more compelling, frightening dreams visit,

we have an opportunity for some real psychological growth.

Later in the morning when I tell my husband this part of the dream, he reminds me of the Demeter-Persephone myth...yes, mother/daughter and underworld archetypes have been evoked. As well as the ongoing dilemma of mother/daughter and our unity/separation dance which has been presented by my nightmare. From the mythological to the more personal perspective, dreams have many, many stories to tell us.

My own childhood imprint of "discipline" left much to be desired and so even before I had children I underwent primal therapy and numerous other healing rituals to decrease my store of violence and bring more peace to my parenting process. This was exceptionally helpful. I can now report that the chain of abuse has been broken, six children and 20 years later. However, a part of my soul reminds me still of that raw vulnerability which all abused children carry. It is a task for a lifetime to truly, fully *forgive*. It cannot be denied or avoided, since what the conscious mind buries, the soul uncovers. My parents are divorced. This major rift in my personal psychology *continues* to ask for healing. Though intellectually I know there is no blame in the situation, it appears to my soul that I am still processing that estrangement. It was not just a coincidence of chromosomes that brought me earthside to this particular family situation; I am learning much from it still.

As each adult has a contra-sexual side to the psyche, so does each parent contain the "other". Though I am mother, I am also psychologically father. Both my husband and I strive for balance: he at times being the gentle, unconditional nurturer, and I the strong provider and disciplinarian. Gannon and Quinn, my sons, provide the greatest challenge yet in "fathering", i.e. disciplining skills. I hadn't realized what a picnic our first born three daughters were, until our sons arrived.

So my boys with omnivorous curiosity and the chutzpah of the secure... daily test, explore and provide numerous opportunities for my healing with this issue of discipline. I am discovering with them that example truly is the best way to teach discipline. Presently I am cultivating even more patience in moment to moment interaction, trusting that what is needed in terms of guidance will be revealed to me.

Dreams are my allies in self-realization. As laughter assists the spirit in healing, so do the more startling dreams. Especially the ones from which we awake in the dark, hearts pumping fast and/or tears spurting from our eyes...these dreams guide our soul. Psyche knows how to get our attention! And sometimes we busy mothers need reminders such as these to see our own souls in an imaginal way. I am convinced that nightmares *extend* our vision inward.

I am left with a feeling of peace as I finish this writing, and finish writing this dream into my journal...my consistent morning ritual. I feel another piece of the puzzle settle into place. The psyche is the world's greatest mystery and each of us has access into the soul's mystery through dreams.

I hope that we may eventually replace nightmares with dreams of peace. Along the way, learning to accept dreams as they present themselves and inviting their many messages to reveal their meaning, is the best approach for soul-making. We will teach our children the value of mystery, imaginal dialog and an attitude of open inquiry into the life of dreams and visions in this way. In actuality, if we treat our dreams as we do our children, carefully tending them down to each and every tiny detail with love and patience, we will be entrusted with the greater dreams.

May we make the waking dream of peace a reality for us all... each boldly knowing our own nightmares and practicing personal disarmament at home. ♥♥♥♥



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# Birthday Present Dreams

by Adrienne Anbinder

Ever since I can remember, I have always had very powerful dreams on or around the time of my birthday. Carl Jung would have called them "numinous" dreams. I fondly refer to them as Birthday Present Dreams.

There are two such dreams that I had as a very young child that I will never forget. I believe that those two dreams have helped to create who I am today.

The first dream came one day before my fourth birthday. It was a simple dream, but it was to make a lasting impression on me:

*The sun is bright...so bright that it brings tears to my eyes when I stare into its brilliant golden face. The water feels icy cold as it swims through my toes on the beach. I sit for what seems like hours, effortlessly building a spectacular sand castle. The design seems almost ancient and yet I have no problem creating this masterpiece. I am "me" but not the shy insecure child that I am in the outer world. Here, in this dream, I am powerful and dynamic...truly a Golden Child.*

I remember feeling a profound sense of loss when I woke up in my parents four-to-a-room bedroom. The fact that it was my birthday was of no comfort to me. And then something incredible happened. As I rushed to get dressed that cold January morning, I noticed sand between my toes and under my finger-nails!

My inner child understood.

My second birthday present dream was to come one year later on my fifth birthday. It was then that I had my first of many informational dreams:

*I am being told many important messages. I remember only one: That there are three of me! The gawky, funny, inquisitive kindergartner; a duller less spunky withered five year old; and a wise all-knowing and powerful child. All of these children existed within me, simultaneously.*

Though I was only five years old, I could accept the fact that there were more than one of me "inside"...a natural state that many call schizoprenic. I was "tuned in" by my dream at a very early age. It wasn't until years later when I began studying the works of Gurdjieff Man is a Plural Being and The Laws of Three, that I realized how much I actually understood at five years of age...but, where exactly did this information come from? And why?

The other night before drifting off to sleep, I reflected on the Three Separate Me's. I asked that my higher self provide me an insightful dream, as it was soon to be my birthday and I wanted some direction for the new year. As of late, my dreams had been





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disturbing, and I had been waking feeling quite frightened and sometimes even hostile. So now, more than ever, I needed the guidance and security of my higher self. A Birthday Present Dream soon followed:

*I am driving in a car with my child beside me. When we stop for a light, she notices a caterpillar dashing across the street and implores me to go out and rescue it. Hesitantly, I pick up the insect by its rear. Powerfully, it shakes its body in a desperate attempt to break free. Determined, I hold tight and its body goes limp in my hand. I feel sad, but nevertheless I put it in a glass jar for my daughter. Throughout the car trip we watch our prisoner. Soon, I notice that the caterpillar gives birth to several striped offspring. "Finally, they've larvaed!" I exclaim. Now I'm really sad. I think that the shock of being held captive has caused her to give birth, and somehow that makes me want to cry. Without my daughter's knowledge, I slightly open the lid to the jar. Now, the caterpillar and babies are gone. I'm pleased, but feel like I've let down my "child". I try to explain to my daughter what had happened but she's joyously pointing to the top of my head. Apparently the caterpillar has turned into a praying mantis and has, of its own free will, lighted on top of my head! I am elated. I tell my husband that I need his help to carefully remove the insect because I don't feel that it's safe living on top of my head where it could easily become injured. Gingerly, my husband puts the praying mantis back into the glass jar where it will be safe. Together, we decide to leave it uncovered.*

Lately, I have been feeling "trapped" in family business; what really "bugs" me, however, is not the feeling that I can't "escape", but that I seem to have given in, "gone limp". And that makes me sad. I decide to "stay put" for the sake of my family...but not without consequences.

"They've finally larvaed!" Since my oldest daughter is just months away from college, and my "baby" is now a teenager, I suppose you can say that they will soon be embarking on their own metamorphose. The "shock" of this realization, is causing some re-birth in me. I have decided to give myself (and my girls) a bit more "space".

Though I am fearful of the changes that will soon be taking place in my family, my praying mantis reassures me. Although this insect isn't as evolved as the butterfly, its more primitive connection comforts me. (I was delighted to discover that Mantis comes from a Greek word meaning *religious teacher* or *prophet*.) Since I am a dreamworker, this definition was of particular importance to me. My praying mantis also serves to reinforce the important role my husband plays in my life. He, like my girls, helps to keep me grounded. For it would be dangerous to "live on top of my head" all the time. And with him, I feel free to evolve into anything I wish.

I am reminded that there are indeed three of me. First there was the caterpillar, out by herself in the world. Then, there was the rescued, but trapped, mother caterpillar. And now, at 40, I find myself "on top"...a spiritual and powerful praying mantis with the freedom to come and go as she pleases.

My Birthday Present Dream provided much insight for me. It was "right up there" with building sand castles on the beach some 35 years ago. Once more, it proved to me that the most rewarding birthday gifts of all are the gifts our unconscious minds provide.♥

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I have two sons. Hill is 6 months and Blake, 3 years old. They have caused my wife, Dale and I many happy days with much pleasure, as well as many sleepless nights and much anxiety. I know that I spend far more time with my sons than my father spent with me, through no fault of his own. Men of his generation (he's 65) left much of the early care of the children to their wives. This is less common in my generation. I've had to train myself how to be with my boys; it's something I taught myself. I've had to reach deep inside to extract a workable model, sometimes skipping a generation to remember my grandfathers.

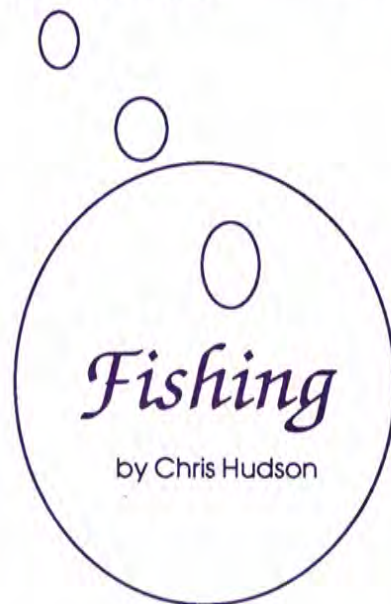
Recently when I was fishing with Blake from our tiny boat one laid back afternoon, I remembered a dream I had before he was born, in fact, when I was deciding whether to become a father at all in my early 30's. The dream, though simple in itself, revealed complex generational layers of father-son interaction and helped give me the boost I needed to brave the waters of fatherhood. I dreamt:

*A sad boy's voice calls out:  
"My father never took me fishing".*

I awoke with a deep sense of grief that stayed with me for days. I discussed my dream and feelings with Dale, my most trusted dream analyst. I told it to my sister, Anne, who is 4 years younger than I. I even shared it with my mother, perhaps not judiciously, since she still harbors resentment toward her ex-husband, who divorced her in 1969.



In order to get a handle on what the dream meant to me, I returned to my childhood and remembered my love of fishing. Give me a hook, some old string, any slab of bait and some water to throw it into and I was a happy kid. I loved fishing and still do, with approximately the same skill as that 9 year old and his funky equipment. The truth is, that my father rarely did take me fishing. My friends' dads took me, my two grandfathers and an uncle sometimes took me, but rarely my dad. Sons don't want substitutes, they want their fathers.



The emphasis on the word "never" in my dream struck me. It wasn't literally or completely true, since Bob had on occasions taken me fishing. Perhaps the dream image was metaphorical? I thought back to my many dreams of fishing. A common symbol in my dreams is of fish...catching or losing them: big ones, sick ones; fish from deep or shallow waters, pond or rushing river. I believe fish refer to my inner creative life, just as the fish historically refers to the Christ as the source of all life. Fishing represents for me pleasure, relaxation, creativity, sustenance. In short, both physical and spiritual sustenance.

So what was it that my father never did with me? He never taught me how to use my spiritual life to sustain myself in the world. He couldn't teach me what he didn't know...he was trained to take care of others, to be a provider for his family...not to nurture his inner life. That's "selfish"! He was a decent father. He provided for his family the best way he knew how. I'm not angry with him for not giving me what I needed...he was preoccupied completely with his own marital, work and personal problems to such an extent that he couldn't teach his children the most important human function: how to nurture oneself ("self-fish"?). Without this ability, which I believe Dad lacked through no fault of his own, one cannot satisfactorily engage in relationships. Life to me is about relationships. The inability to relate to children is passed on from father to father until someone in a crisis re-creates it through inspiration.

I was finally able to mourn and understand what was lacking in my childhood. Instead of being preoccupied with my loss, I was able to have the courage to become a father, to "take my sons fishing" in spite of my fears. I've still never told the dream to my father, though I've told him many other things in our working through to a communicative caring relationship. Perhaps he'll read this. I know his father rarely took him fishing. I sympathize with him.

It obviously takes time to learn how to be an effective self-nurturer and thereby a nurturer of ones' children. Many in my father's generation automatically assumed the responsibility of parenthood to be a by-product of marriage. I waited 10 years for fatherhood—not in order to indulge myself in a selfish "me generation", but so that I might know myself a little better than my father knew himself, so that my children could benefit from my "self-fishing".♡



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# The Art of Mid-Lifery

by Jim Klein

## After a Dream

*I have lived with covered bridges,  
driven over their bumpy boards  
and wondered if they would hold me.*

*I have walked up their curving  
construction and sat on their wall  
staring down into shallow water,  
rocks...  
...visible as nearby cows, munching.*

*I meant to ask you  
what covered bridges mean to you.  
What sort of light came through  
that tunnel?*

*I meant to ask  
how long the bridge was...  
and if you ever made it  
to the other side?*

by Sally Ehrman



I hate testimonials but I fear I hear one resounding within me. It sounds like: "The Confessions of a Mid-lifer". Images of A.A. people telling their stories; the recent convert giving testimony; the lottery winner explaining how it all came to be. Maybe what I really hate is my inability at times to differentiate the message, the messenger and me!

At times I feel like I'm 48 going on 18. Five years ago I somewhat belatedly discovered myself to be a mid-lifer. I'm unsure why or exactly how it happened but five years ago, I actually felt myself changing. I allowed myself to go with the process.

Prior to 6/9/80 I do not recall any dreams! Some passing fantasies; a couple of hypnogogic images; but no full-blown dreams (THIS DOESN'T MAKE SENSE - or even wouldn't be confessing.)

I began recording my dreams. The floodgates opened. Literally, volumes poured forth. I was so excited. I couldn't spend enough time with my dreams. I vacillated between demonic delights and dread. The kingdoms within came forcefully alive. The underpinning of another me surfaced. The limits of my awareness were stretched. The process of change I had at first vaguely felt became a Shakespearean stage both within and without. The many players were me.

Up to five years ago I was very extraverted. In my more self-critical moments I bemoan the extremes to which I went to be considered a good fellow, a fine person. Whatever mask was handed me I semiconsciously put on. My identity was pretty much what I felt others wanted.

At age twenty I wrote a song while sitting atop a dockside grain elevator in South Chicago. I wrote of my fleeting awareness of a force in control of my life. The song was entitled "Someone". It was a love song. The first stanza went: "Someone's the sentry of our hearts, Dear. Someone's the guardian of our love. We'll never do it on our own, Dear. We'll need assistance from above."

With equal profundity the song continued until the closing line: "Our Someone with His guiding light". The force was for the most part outside me, but the "our" was sneaking a peak.

The inner realities were trying to get a toe-hold in my consciousness. They could do so in but prepackaged forms. In fact, those realities were quietly and matter-of-factly confined and calcified in the signs, symbols and traditions of my version of Roman Catholic Christianity. I consciously pursued and obtained a life-draining strangle hold on those symbols of transformation through an ego embellishing mask-seeking-maintaining assumption of the role of priest in 1964. My grasp of the realities behind and within the words, images and actions of religion became my ego's shield. My childish securities and hero needs were protected and nourished.

At age 32 I came to make what seems to me to be one of the first truly adult decisions of my life to that point. I met and married Mary Kay. This meeting was shot through with fantastic, romantic encounters and events. Images of "Someone" flashed like fireflies. There surged from my depths the repressed libido of juvenile sexuality. A sexuality once held in abeyance by denial, confusion, guilt and fear frothed with thrills.

Illustration by Charles Forlines



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These forces for change were powerful. They needed to be. They began working loose the life-long locks of natural tendencies, family expectations, education biases, church assurances, and religious moralities. God was no longer a wing under which to hide but a father (natural and mythic) to be challenged; as was the church. Christ was no longer a cosmic brother to be imitated but an enfleshed person seeking recognition.

Although great and powerful, these forces were accomplishing all with the deft prowess of a most experienced thief. God was picking my pocket. The divine thief was carefully taking from me the "treasures of childhood" that had become for me the shackles of adulthood.

At age 43 it was as though a life-long pregnancy had come to fruition; labor had begun. The kingdoms within and without were pressing to meet. The ambiotic fluid appeared in the following dreamflow:

*~I'm present in a boarding house for alcoholics and derelicts. The landlady (Mrs. Coogan) is in another part of the house scolding one of her boarders for even considering going to California. Somehow I know he's a young man.*

*~I find myself in another room of the house choosing from some leftover trinkets of a clergyman's having-to-get-rid-of-all-the-props-sale. I am returning from a room with a needlepoint upholstered chair. It's an antique from my dad's brother's house. The chair has a Santa Claus face with a hat on it pinned to the back. I'm thinking of how glad the kids will be that at least I've got the chair. Everything else in the "sale" room is plaster-of-Paris, cheap, rather gaudy stuff.*

*~I then hear Mrs. Coogan being told by the young man she had been scolding before to: "Leave my hard-on alone!" I look in the door of his room. He is in bed with only a sheet covering him. Mrs. Coogan is busy giving him oral genital stimulation. The young man is resisting a moderate amount. I grab Mrs. Coogan by the tail of her flowing white robes and tug her off the young man and into the hallway. I tell her that if she ever threatens my alkys or derelict friends again I'll blab all around what I have on her. She pleads with me not to do so and appears remorseful, but when I finish lecturing her she goes right back to the young man, spreads open her flowing robes and makes a nose dive for his penis. I again tug at her bottom and when she comes up I say remindingly: "That's as much of a sin as what you are condemning the alkys and derelicts for!"*

*~Next I know I've moved to Chicago to work as an undercover-research agent. I hate the big city and the cool, methodical, impersonal sterile work and workplace. I see a familiar woman watching her children at an indoor swimming pool. I'm surprised to see them. I leave without greeting them. I meet a familiar male coming in. I greet him enthusiastically and warmly. He seems to like my greeting. He works at this place.*

*~The workplace is located in a simple, small, old, rundown house. Inside the house there is a concealed entrance/passageway that leads underground to a mammoth, intricate command-research center deep within the earth.*

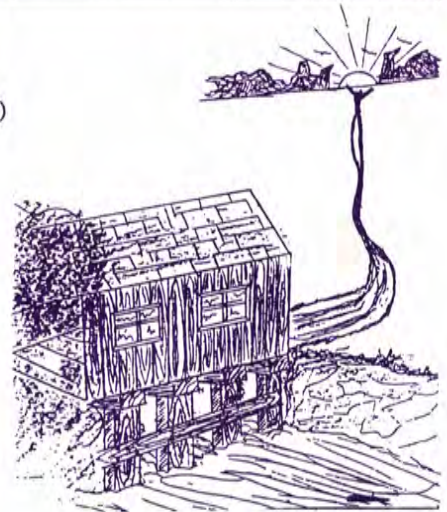
*~I came to this center with a partner; a vaguely familiar man. He's been in this scientific analysis field for some time. He's very enthusiastic about it. There are many codes and security measures. I think to myself: "If I just put in my time and do not produce, will they still pay me?"*

*~I notice a telex-like coding machine. A line of codes is appearing on the paper. I think that the code must be especially significant. I determine (don't know how) that the message has something to do with a project that took place after World War I and II. The project was in code numbers "406" and "46", I believe.*

*~I am sick of this place. Although underground, my partner has opened a window. I see dust all over my ancient, massively heavy, maroon molded work area. It's like the whole area is a carved out space in a cave.*

*~My Mom and other older women have come for a visit. I'm homesick and want to return to my wife and children. I agree to go out to dinner with Mom and the women. We crowd into a vehicle. I don't know who is driving. While driving through a semi-residential area we pass an elderly, grey-haired woman buried up to her neck in gravel alongside the road. I can't believe my eyes. We turn around to see her again. I point her out to my Mom. The old woman smiles as we pass; she appears to be satisfied and in some bizarre way benefitting from her experience. My Mom sees her, too. I awake.*

All relationships are changing. A fluid unity is evolving. The sacramentalization of life is happening in ways I never imagined. Mid-lifery is magnificent, with the emphasis on "life".♡





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# Remembering Winifred Rushforth

## *A Dream Psychologist for a Grandmother*

by Jenny Dodd

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Dr. Winifred Rushforth was my grandmother—"Granny R" we used to call her—and right from the beginning I knew she was different. She was tall, dark, rather forbidding to a small child, and she wasn't sweet and nice-smelling nor laden with gifts like most grandmothers. She would arrive in a dashing open-roofed sports car—daring, adventurous, challenging—and slept in our summer house. We didn't know then what she had to give us, but gradually I came to *see* her and I can remember as a young girl telling my mother that I liked Granny R because I sensed the worth of her life, the breadth of her experience and the depth of her wisdom.

From the age of 12 onward I would go up to her house in Edinburgh and spend a few days with her at the famous Edinburgh Festival. She would take me to concerts, exhibitions, plays and films and to her clinic, the Davidson Clinic for Analytic Psychotherapy. I loved to go there, it had a special smell and a very special feeling. The women - therapists and analysts - were different: they weren't chatty and silly like my friends' mothers; they connected with a special part of me... my inner sensitivity... which needed to be nurtured and appreciated.

Her house was full of treasures, everyday ones like plates and vases from India. And I remember her garden—it was never without something flowering in it. She would take me on walks to see the snowflakes, on adventures in castle ruins, to climb hills and hear the curlew and the brooks.

Once we came across a lot of mole hills; she was nearly 80, but still she could stoop down and scoop up a handful of the rich, fresh, deep brown soil and smell it. It didn't bother her to have "dirty hands". "How could the soil be dirty?" she would ask.

She taught me to eat well, sleep well, and think well. She would sit with her coccyx well back so the chair would meet her spine, so as not to get tired; her feet would be planted firmly and squarely on the floor for rootedness and contact; and her hands open on her knees for openness and acceptance. Her bedroom window was never, ever shut through all those cold, wet, chilly-to-the-bone days in Scotland. She let the air come in...so closely was she in touch with her environment, so permanently open. All this I inwardly digested.

She taught me about the sad lives of people eaten up with anger or guile, lacking love, or stuck in conventions so rigid that their lives were unfree and couldn't sparkle. I could sense that in people but she could put it into words that helped me understand what I was sensing. And she would explain about the unconscious—the mysterious world within us all, uniting yet dividing—which I knew about but couldn't speak. It was a real world to me and I wanted to know about it, all about it...to know how its manifestations could be either destructive or creative in relationships. And dreams...very gently she showed me what they revealed.....myself. And I was always thirsty for more.

When I was 20 I went to Edinburgh University. At about that same time, I began to go regularly to granny's house on Sunday evenings for supper—but it was much more than that. She was teaching me about her special understanding of the relationship between the "psyche" in psychology and the "spirit" in religious teaching. She shared her great knowledge of the Bible, the life of Christ in St. John's Gospel, the Psalms, the old stories, and the writings of Edward Carpenter, Edgar Cayce, Teilhard de Chardin, Jung & Freud and of poets. She would let me read to her and I loved it. She always said that I "knew," that I was initiated into some kind of knowing, an inner wisdom. I felt that I had a responsibility, something to live up to and I was not sure that I could. She taught me about the connectedness of all life, the reincarnation of the Spirit; she taught me about the possibility of being a vessel into which the Spirit is poured and from which it can pour out... about breathing, about being and becoming, loving and forgiving, hoping and trusting.

When I left Edinburgh, after a few years with a BA in Music, I was on my way, very faltering, but at least I knew I had a way. I've often fallen off my path, but granny always reconfirmed my journey for me every time we met. She always said how close, how "in touch" the two of us were... how—even though I didn't write or see her much—we had a psychic connectedness. As an example, I was suffering in unbelievable agony while my first baby was



being stillborn, my grandmother—500 miles away—was lying in her bed having awakened with a great pain. She thought she was going to die. Later that evening when she was waiting for her dream group to come, she was told that my baby had died, and she understood her experience of pain immediately.

When granny was 85, the Davidson Clinic finally closed its doors...but other activities grew as offshoots. One of those was the Easter School; Every Easter for 4/5 days, people from all over the country - the world even - would gather and be touched by Granny's teaching. It was here that she started dream groups—a new field for her—but one that proved enormously significant and fruitful. It was wonderful being there—part of granny's tree—watching her aging, noticing her "conceit" (as a friend of mine once called her intense self confidence). She loved to celebrate all occasions too, feeding people lunch or tea... even into her 98th year! Then, she taught about the "Not I"—this other part of ourselves that is in relationship to the whole and through which love and healing come. She had really come to know about it and live it fully.

In her late 90's, at Easter time, my mother called to tell me that granny was dying. I rearranged my life immediately to go be with her, and arrived on Good Friday. She was making a miraculous recovery; she was reversing heart and kidney failure and coming back to stay in this world a little longer. Of her near death experience she said: "St. Peter called me to heaven, but my dream groups called me back." Even at 98 she had a dream group almost every day; she lead them... despite blindness and a little deafness...with a sensitivity and teaching that are profoundly different from what most of us hear in most of our lives. One could not be in her dream group without feeling that something intensely real was happening.♡

many of his patients were still not "at ease" with life. Their lives lacked meaning. They still lacked, as he said, what the living religions had always supplied to their followers: a sense of meaning, a sense of being related or connected to a larger reality than their own sense of being an individual ego. Contrary to the common Western approach of viewing healing as a violent treatment from outside, most cultures have tended to view healing as a kind of transformation.

What if the symbols of the religious traditions have become more signs, as they have for so many today? The answer, Jung felt, is recovering an appreciation of the symbolic language that had always been present in human experience and by means of which the individual ego could be related to a "larger reality"—namely, through dreams. Transformation motifs are frequently found in dreams at all ages; life is a journey, with potential for growth and development as long as it lasts.

Jung's theory of human development entails a "first half and a second half of life". He did not have in mind a necessarily specific number of years with respect to either "half," but spoke only in general terms. These developmental stages pointed to the kinds of transformation needed in the course of life.

The first half is devoted to getting established: acquiring the needed tools in school, finding a partner and making a home, and getting established in one's business or profession. The sex drive and the power drive are both primary concerns—one has to choose how one will live with them. Complexes or disturbances in these areas can lead to neurotic behavior patterns. Neuroses are, in Jung's view, improper displacements of psychic energy, and the symptoms that neuroses tend to produce in the first half of life are frequently characterized by a hesitancy to enter into these pursuits in the outer world. On the other hand,

when the attitudes appropriate to that period are carried over into the second half of life, they then become inappropriate. Jung accounted for the problems so often associated with the middle years of life by the failure to make this shift in concerns and attitudes. The tasks are different at different stages of life.

In the second half of life, one has to come to terms with the inner world, just as one had to do with the outer world during the first half of life. As the first half entailed the making of many choices and going down one path instead of another, the second half entails a reexamination of the roads not taken in order to reclaim any values laid aside by the earlier choices. Perhaps at the later period these values hidden in the other roads can now find appropriate new life. This "other side" is buried in the unconscious, and raising that to consciousness results in a new sense of power. Such an experience has been described in the spiritual history of all great religious traditions as one of "rebirth" or renewal.

Jung's description of the process of transformation in life is comparable to Erikson's description of the stages of development. Both have a goal of wisdom. People have grown "wise" long before modern psychologists described how it was accomplished. Jung also concluded that the goals of the human developmental process must have been perceived or recognized, however dimly, long before the development of western scientific approaches. Jung found in the world's myth, folk tales and fairy tales the same motifs that he found reflected in the developmental patterns of his patients.

Creation myths can be found in most, if not all, of the world cultures. One of Jung's associates, Dr. Maria-Louise von Franz, asserts that, understood psychologically, they describe in pictorial language the experience of either the begin-



## The Human Journey

*How is it you do not know  
you are wounded?*

*Split asunder by the very  
nature of yourself*

*Inner and outer separating  
at Mother's breast.*

*Baby screams perplexing the  
powerful one*

*Who's soothing voice  
and soft strokes  
bring no comfort to the pain  
of wholeness  
suddenly fragmented like an  
ax to wood.*

*The chips fall randomly, creating  
Psyche*

*As sure as flesh grows in the  
womb*

*Matter and spirit fall away from  
wholeness*

*Deep abysses thunder in tender  
flesh*

*Beginning a lifelong longing to  
seal the gaps,  
heal the wounds.*

*Grow up;  
grow old;  
grow whole.*

*by Norma Churchill*

ning of consciousness, or the coming to consciousness of a fragment of experience. (3)

Hero myths could be said to be creation myths in microcosm, for they are stories about the task of creation within the individual. Joseph Campbell observed that these hero stories consistently follow a pattern of development, which he called the "monomyth." (4) The individual may serve the whole society—that is often the case for important cultural heroes, but the task is one the hero accomplishes within. The hero may have help, but ultimately an inward integration must take place. If the hero is able to follow through, then there is a new release of creative energy available. However, to be true to the whole task in the basic pattern on the hero story, this treasure of new creativity should also be available for others. The hero "brings back the treasure" to share with the tribe, the community, the world.

On the journey the hero becomes a different person. It is ultimately a story of transformation and growth. Sometimes the growth is in strength of a physical sort, but usually it is a growth in "wisdom." The hero returns home a wiser person, a more developed, more humane person. This is what the hero has to give to the people or the tribe. To achieve this, the hero has had to undergo trials and hardships and do battle with all sorts of things. Only one who can overcome these "dragons" can attain the "treasure." Some heroes undergo a kind of death and rebirth experience. In the beginning of the journey, there may have been some pain in parting, a difficulty about leaving the home territory. The "foreign" is usually frightening. Afterward, the hero may be tempted to stay in the distant land, rather than undertake the difficult journey back home... with more possible dangers and trials.

The hero often has the experience of feeling that it is necessary to "abandon all" in order to undertake the journey, or may feel "aban-

doned by all." It is a lonely journey, with some friends and helpers along the way sometimes, but still a journey the hero undertakes alone. Transformation is always the experience of the individual. The individual, as Jung says, is the carrier of consciousness. The hero journey is a picture of the ego's escape from some unconsciousness by a conscious retrieving of some value hidden or lost. The return then presupposes the integration of that value, bringing it into daily living in conscious form. The hero is the one, who, refusing to be swallowed in unconsciousness, makes the enormous effort to become more conscious.

The hero story in its myriad forms gives expression to the basic tasks of human development, and hero symbols appear in dreams when the ego needs strengthening. Each increment of consciousness or new life task which is accomplished can be seen as a small hero journey, containing elements of the monomyth pattern. This makes the monomyth pattern a helpful interpretive tool in understanding many dreams. (5) Sometimes these dreams mention or depict heroic action, such as this example:

*I dreamed I was skiing. The slope was rocky, with huge rocks and tree stumps showing. It was dangerous, and I was having a hard time maneuvering down the slope. I came across two people, a couple, who were buried beneath a fallen rock. I stopped, and there was a ski patrolman helping the couple. I told the patrolman that I was a nurse and could help. I rescued this couple, and they both survived. I was so happy and proud that I had saved someone's life. I felt like a hero.*

Sometimes the hero story may be dealing with tasks of the first half of life. They may be concerned with building an identity, establishing oneself as somebody in the world. This involves a "going out"—explorations, perhaps acquiring something or doing some task. The new experiences of young people become a part of who they are. These tasks of the first half of life have a heroic quality.





Then, too, in what Jung called "the second half of life," there are other tasks which should culminate in the finding of some meaning in the whole business of life. This entails also a "going out" from the ego position which has been established and encouraging an "other"—a larger meaning than just that of the individual ego. One of the motifs here is sacrifice, a motif found in so many of the world's religions. Understood psychologically, it is a sacrifice of the ego—the ego gives up something of itself in order to be in relationship with a larger meaning. In religious language, it is giving one's life to God.

The peculiar thing about this is that in making this sacrifice the individual discovers a truer and more vibrant individuality than ever before. This is the paradox of the Christian journey, and it is the "wisdom" which is acquired in all successful hero journeys concerned with the developmental tasks of the second half of life. Not surprisingly the world's great religions present stories that resonate with the hero journey, with the spiritual journey the soul must travel. Jung called the world's great religions the world's great psychotherapeutic symbol systems.

Jung understood the basic story of the evolution of life on the planet as one that entailed the gradual development of consciousness. He saw the story of human history, or perhaps one could say, the goals of human development, as a story of ever-increasing consciousness. Each personal life journey will inevitably reflect or be a variation on the general basic human story. The more of which one is aware, the better basis one has for making choices. He hoped the "right" choices would be made—namely, ones that would serve life and not death, but his fundamental presupposition was that to be human is to have choices presented.

He further stressed that transformation, not sublimation, is the goal of human development. It has been pointed out that transformation postulates a change in the person instead of a mere adaptation of destructive drives to society's standards. As a result of the kind of transformation which Jung suggests the drives would cease to be threatening and destructive, and would be converted into helpful elements.

Dreams often present clues about the current task with which the psyche is confronted. In addition to the hero journey motifs mentioned above, there are a number of motifs which have commonly appeared in the dreams and unconscious material of people at moments when some possibility of transformation is presented.

In all of life, in nature, there are signals when a new development is about to take place. A few of these are obvious: a bud precedes the flower, the flower usually withers before the seed begins to be formed. Jung discovered that in the psyche there were also signals or indications of a transformation possibility. Often such a signal is even presented in the form of crisis, as in Erikson's description. In his exploration of the unconscious, Jung found that dreams frequently presented images signaling those moments in life when the possibility of a new development is presented, a transformation which one can either go forward with or reject. Sometimes the images are in personified form, but the process itself may appear in what Jung called the archetypes of transformation.

One particular symbol—the snake—for example, seems to present the dreamer with a challenge to integrate the instinctual base with some new level of consciousness. From earliest times, the snake has been an impressive symbol for people in quite different parts of the world. Everywhere it represents power; it can, of course, be a deadly danger. By the fact that it shed its skin and kept living, it

seems to have suggested to the earliest people that it was immortal and could live forever or heal itself.

Death and rebirth is another symbol of transformation, since it represents the need for the old to die before the new can be born. Psychologically (and logically) it suggests the death of an old self, or set of attitudes or behaviors that have become an outworn perspective.

There are a number of other common transformation motifs which occur in dreams (indeed they may be endless) such as kitchens, the losing or gaining of teeth, waking up, getting out of prison, weddings, and mandalas of various sorts. These and others are explored by connecting them to the dreamer's life situation at the time of the dream and then seeing what factors need to die, or be let out of prison, or be transformed in whatever way the dream suggests. This concept of dream images as transformational possibilities can open the world of personal growth and the enlargement of personality to the dreamer in specific and helpful ways.♥

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(1) This article is a development of material found in Jean Dalby Clift and Wallace B. Clift, Symbols of Transformation in Dreams (NY: Crossroads, 1984)

(2) Erik H. Erikson, Childhood and Society (NY: W.W. Norton & Co., 1950, 2nd ed., 1963) pp. 147-74

(3) Marie-Louise von Franz, Patterns of Creativity Mirrored in Creation Myths (Zurich, Switzerland: Spring Publication, 1972) p.13

(4) Joseph Campbell, The Hero with a Thousand Faces (Princeton, NJ: Princeton U Press, 1949, 2nd ed., 1968)

(5) Other examples of dreams illuminated by the monomyth patterns can be examined in: Jean Dalby Clift and Wallace B. Clift, The Hero Journey in Dreams (NY: Crossroad, 1988)

(6) C.G. Jung, The Collected Works of C.G. Jung, Vol. IX (1), trans. R.F.C. Hull, Bollingen Series XX (Princeton, NJ: Princeton U Press, 1959), par. 80.



Shortly after these dreams, my co-facilitator of a women's spiritual group had the following dream:

*~I am going to a nearby restaurant. I see women sitting at an outdoor umbrella. I say, 'Ho Demeter!' A woman looks up. It is Elisabeth (Rush).*

Demeter is the primary goddess in the Greek Pantheon who is associated with the Mother Earth. I think the dream indicates that the energy has been absorbed by my consciousness and is now available as a perspective from which I can view reality when appropriate.

My dream journey was paralleled by a conscious attempt to understand what the nature and significance of the Mother Earth archetype is for contemporary humans. I have elsewhere described what understanding I now have of this archetype, but here is a summary:

*- The nurturing and destroying Earth Mother archetype is the expression of Nature's ecologic way of being. The Mother archetype offers the female the security of continuity embraced within the principles of stability and change. This archetype also offers guidance for the self through a developmental sequence modeled by the Earth in her processes ranging from fertility and conception to decay, death and re-birth. The Earth provides meaning through attention to the material. Earth Mother morality is expressed through the evaluative feeling function." (10)*

The dreams I have related point out a structured process through which the reality of the Mother Earth archetype manifested. Moving through a process of fragmentation and decay, death, re-birth, and support for life, the dreams model the developmental style of the archetype.

Attentiveness to my own dream stories brought me into a relationship with the universal process of the Mother Earth archetype. Analysis of dreams provides not only insight into one's personal nature, but the basis for revisioning the Mother Earth archetype and re-establishing a relationship to her culturally.

It is worthwhile to consider Walter Ott's warning about the nature of the earthly deities of old: "kindly and benevolent to those who remained loyal to them, terrible to any who - whether out of willfulness or necessity - disregarded them, they enclosed the life of the community and the individual by their unalterable ordinances." (11) Whether we choose to recognize our relationship to the Earth Mother or not, human destiny is 'enclosed' within the natural.♥

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1. Neumann, Erich, "The Meaning of the Earth Archetype for Modern Times", *HARVEST: JOURNAL OF JUNGIAN STUDIES*, Analytical Psychology Club, London, 1981, p.111

2. *Ibid.* p. 106

3. "They (sub-myths) have the vitality of the collective unconscious, but nothing else, no ethical, aesthetic or intellectual value." LeGuin, Ursula, "Myth and Archetype in Science Fiction", *The Language of the Night: Essays on Fantasy and Science Fiction*, G.P. Putnam's Sons, N.Y. 1979, p. 77

4. The current massive addiction to video games and films such as "Raiders of the Lost Ark" attest to western culture's obsession with the hero 'sub-myth'.

5. Erickson, Erik, "Once More the Inner Space", p.79: "The boy's and man's developmental job (is) to doubly compensate for the pull to infantile dependence and to establish male autonomy while also becoming clandestinely dependent on women...womankind combines the highest as well as the lowest connotations, so that part of his own negative identity — the 'effeminate' traits he must suppress in himself as he becomes a man..."

6. Neuman, p. 113

7. Zolla, Elemire, *ARCHETYPES: THE PERSISTENCE OF UNIFYING PATTERNS*, Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich, N.Y. & London, 1981, p. 123

8. Rush, Elisabeth, "Woman: An Archetypal Portrait" unpublished paper, 1982. The median principle is necessarily the most amorphous of the female elements. Its nature is entirely transpersonal and its function is the mediation of the divine to the individual. The medial is best expressed in the solvent tendencies of the oceanic (depressive, schizoid, dark night of the soul) and in the inspiration of the muse (dream, creative arts, and so on). The medial is the source of intuition, and is sometimes referred to as the void or chaos.

9. Dykes, Andrea, 'doubling...suggests something new in connection with (the image) nearing the threshold of consciousness,' 'Snakes in Dreams', *HARVEST JOURNAL OF JUNGIAN STUDIES*, Analytical Psychology Club, London, 1981, p. 52

10. Rush, p. 2

11. Otto, Walter F., *THE HOMERIC GOD: THE SPIRITUAL SIGNIFICANCE OF GREEK RELIGION*, Thames and Hudson, London, 1954, p 17





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*opening into that was psyche long ego consciousness, and psyche no matter how consciousness*

*may extend.*

*In the dream, we put on the likeness of that more universal, truer, more eternal person dwelling in the darkness of primordial night.*

*There, the individual is still the whole, and the whole is in the individual, indistinguishable from nature and bare of all egohood. It is from these all-uniting depths that the dream arises, be it ever so childish, grotesque, or immoral. So flowerlike is it in its candor and veracity that it makes us blush for the deceitfulness of our lives."*

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