

Fusion

a journal of dreams and culture

Vol. 1, #10 The Dream Network Bulletin

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ART: Lydia Barnes, Karen Brigham

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editorial

First of all, I'd like to ask forgiveness from all those in the community we've kept waiting these last few months. We're all new at this mutual enterprise of awakening each other from the vast underground stratum of dreamers; the printing, typesetting, correspondence, paperwork, you wouldn't believe it. We've had discouraging financial problems, a car accident, change of work; times have been hard. At this point we're working much more for love than money, in the service of an exciting vision, unprecedented in modern times. The vision is this:

There exists in ourselves a way of being through which answers come.

It is the dreamtime, and it has been available to us for longer than any of our chroniclers can remember.

No one is excluded.

It contains all beliefs and is beyond belief.

It is the night-side of the natural mind, more natural than breathing.

No one does not know its language.

And it is utterly free, thank God.

The implications are that no one need feel entrapped in these uncomfortable Alien Belief Systems, that no authority and therefore no ignorance need have priority over one's own godspark of native understanding. All it takes is the self-granted freedom to imagine, to dream, to desire, and the last tender grace of courage. These sound like political statements to me; which I feel leads us to you, and hopefully you to each other through the specific tool of the Dream Network.

In this last motive of courage a controversial contribution has been presented, "Prema the Horseshoe Crab". It is a singular expression of a desperate time between two people and the healing dream which followed. Nearly everyone likes to focus on their cosmic experiences, but often it is in times of desperation that one yearns the most for inspiration...

Chris

Dreambodywork

Dreambodywork is a comprehensive therapeutic process developed by Arnold Mindell, a Jungian analyst, researcher and author who lectures at the C. G. Jung Institute in Zurich, Switzerland. Dr. Mindell is an American who has lived in Zurich for twenty years. He travels periodically to the United States conducting seminars in dreambodywork. This article and interview grew out of a four day seminar held in Eugene, Oregon in August, 1982.

One of the most significant and exciting frontiers in contemporary psychology is the continuing discovery and exploration of the mind-body unity. The dreambodywork of Dr. Arnold Mindell holds one of the leading edges in this area of research and practice. Just as dreams reveal to us in images and feelings those parts of our personality which are unconscious; in dreambodywork, bodily conditions and diseases are viewed as processes through which the unconscious expresses itself in a most graphic manner. Dreambodywork consists in using the body (sensations, posture, symptoms) as a source of information about the unconscious mind. The primary method of working with the dreambody is to allow the symptoms or conditions of the body to speak for themselves by amplifying or exaggerating them. Then through dialogue and an exploration of the felt experience of the body, the meaning of the body condition emerges. Seeing the body as an expression of the unconscious mind brings immediacy and a remarkable quality of aliveness to the therapeutic process. Dreams are often remembered spontaneously during the course of the session, lending weight to Mindell's notion that the body dreams. In this model of mind-body consciousness, awareness of pain, the felt experience of disease, posture and energy level reveals that right now your body is having a dream. Years of research into the human energy systems of other cultures (Tibetan, Chinese, Indian) have resulted in Mindell's hypothesis of the dreambody.

During the seminar in Eugene, four people each day underwent intense individual sessions in the group setting. The process usually proceeds from a report of a body condition, a dream or a relationship issue. Dr. Mindell listens to the client presenting his or her story from across the room. He is awaiting a body signal which invites him to make closer contact with the individual. This acute focus on the non-verbal aspects of behavior is one of the main characteristics of this process-oriented work and Dr. Mindell's own therapeutic style. Once close physical proximity has been established, he begins to draw out information by exploring both conscious and unconscious communication. For example, a woman at the seminar who told of an abdominal problem (spastic colitis) used her hands to demonstrate the feeling in her body. As she began to make grabbing gestures, Dr. Mindell engaged with her:

"What is that hand doing? Do that some more. Really let that hand go. Go ahead, grab the air. What are you grabbing for?"

In the discussion that followed, they discovered that she was trying to hold onto feelings which were present in a relationship that had outwardly been over for many years. She spoke of having never reached comparable levels of closeness with any partner since that time. The woman told of having gone from city to city distracting herself from the pain of this loss.

DREAM EMERGES SPONTANEOUSLY

Two important elements of process dreambodywork were evident in this session. An unfinished, unexpressed

psychic content (the feelings of holding on to the relationship) manifested in the body as a colon problem. Also, in this process, a dream came to awareness spontaneously as the work evolved. In her dream she was climbing through huge worm tunnels with her boyfriend. As they visited friends in several rooms in the tunnels, he would disappear, and she immediately felt distraught at the loss of his presence. Dr. Mindell suggested that the worm tunnels might indicate how the two of them were together in her colon problem. This seemed to strike a meaningful chord. As with all effective dreamwork, it is the response from the dreamer which determines whether or not an interpretation is useful. The degree to which Dr. Mindell's idea hit the mark for this dreamer became clear as she began speaking of how the onset of her physical symptoms corresponded to the time of the relationship break-up six years before.

How can one make use of these discoveries about the mindbody continuum? Dr. Mindell's message advises that by bringing more of ourselves into our relationships, that is by expressing and communicating our needs and feelings, we diminish the need for our body to express our unconscious mind in symptoms and diseases. For those already convinced of the value of paying attention to dreams, listening to the dreambody is the next step in developing even greater self-awareness. Great flexibility of format characterizes dreambodywork. In the course of the four day seminar, processes resembling each of the following therapies were employed: gestalt, bioenergetics, art, dance, movement, psychodrama, role playing, martial arts, yogic breathing and active imagination. All of the participants had the opportunity to go deeply into the central issues of their lives because of the flexibility inherent in the approach, and the immediacy with which Dr. Mindell follows the individual's process.

TAO UNDERLIES PROCESS WORK

To accurately follow an individual's process (of perception-expression, blockage-release) requires an open, unbiased attitude on the part of the practitioner. Mindell sees the Chinese concept of the Tao as the archetypal structure behind his emerging model. Following the Tao means allowing for rhythms of change, and requires the ability to respond flexibly as natural processes unfold and take their winding course of development. The Tao reminds us to be with whatever is, as it is unfolding. In this light, it is the most accurate model for dreambodywork.

While the Taoist viewpoint provides a philosophical model for this approach to therapy, the work is also grounded in psychological theory and experience. Several theoretical considerations were discussed in conversations I held with Joe Goodbread, a student and colleague of Mindell's who was participating in the seminar. He outlined a framework for understanding the important features of dreambodywork.

1) Using bodywork in addition to dreams gives one the opportunity to observe and work with where the unconscious is in the moment, instead of where it was when the dreamer had the dream.

2) By following the actual process going on in the individual, one uses the form of therapy demanded by the process itself, not by a predetermined therapeutic program.

3) Following the emerging process forces the therapist to have a research orientation. One must constantly be asking questions and revising one's model in response to new observations.

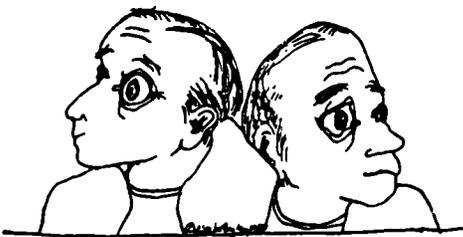
4) If one follows the process consistently, one is forced to bring one's own experience into the work. The practitioner effectively engaged in process work cannot hide behind a therapeutic model or persona.

Personal as well as professional uses can be found for those intrigued by the dreambody concept of Arnold

Mindell. Great potential lies in the widespread understanding and application of the basic ideas governing this approach to self knowledge. Dreambodywork teaches that body symptoms and conditions are signs of unconscious contents (often feelings) that have not yet arrived in our awareness. As with dreams, in which attitudes or feelings we haven't acknowledged become expressed as stories and images, the body also portrays parts of our total nature we have not accepted. Body difficulties, says Dr. Mindell, give us just the piece of information we need to see ourselves more clearly. For this reason he suggests that being sick is like having a big dream. Mindell believes that body and dream phenomena are like mirror images of one another. He has found in working with people for over ten years that when one begins to become the person one has been suppressing (through help in therapy), the symptoms and conditions diminish or disappear. They are no longer needed to express the suppressed part of the personality. It is important to note that these results follow from an attitude of first appreciating and accepting the disease or symptom for what it is. One asks oneself: What is the body doing and saying on its own to reveal the self? Instead of subjecting the body to a prescribed regimen of moves or manipulations designed to break down or through character structure, Mindell sensitively follows Jung's notion of looking at what is already the case, assuming it has a purpose and a meaning. This purposive view of human behavior and mind-body functioning is one of the hallmarks of the Jungian school.

How does one apply this notion that the body is a rich source of information about the unconscious mind? I tested the applicability of dreambodywork as soon as I returned from the seminar. During a therapy session, one of my clients understandably expressed fear and caution about coming into contact with deeply buried feelings. As she spoke, she sat with crossed legs, her arms holding her knees in a contracting, protective position. I asked her to amplify or exaggerate her posture, to allow it to go further, wherever necessary, to express itself. She then lay down and curled up saying, 'I want to hide.' Encouraging the 'hider', I asked her after a pause to say what she was aware of internally. Immediately she stated, 'I've been dreaming about this. In my dream, me and Bobby (brother) were hiding in the attic of a warehouse. We were safe there.' This example duplicated a phenomenon I observed several times in the dreambodywork seminar. The posture or bodywork anticipated a dream, and the individual would spontaneously remember the dream, while engaged in exploring the awareness accompanying the body position.

While working in the group setting, Dr. Mindell proved to be a remarkable example of spontaneity and human freedom. He was playful and childlike, humorous and extremely movement oriented in his work with clients. The range of motion in both his voice and body brought an aliveness to the seminar, which was both freeing and fun for the entire group. He is saying to the world through his work: Let us continue to search, to look deeply at the human condition by looking deeply at ourselves. The power of the work he is doing on the edge of the mind-body frontier is but hinted at in this report. It is my hope that we will be hearing more from this energetic researcher, who encourages us to awaken our dreaming bodies and live as consciously as possible.



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"Resolute imagination is the beginning of all magical operations. Because people do not perfectly believe and imagine, the result is that acts are uncertain when they might be wholly certain."

paracelsus

DREAM PSYCHOLOGY NORTHWEST

A resource center for humanistic education

1602 East Garfield #B, Seattle, WA 98112

(206) 325-6148

The aim of Dream Psychology Northwest is to provide a setting for experiential groups and classes in transpersonal, depth, and dream psychology. DPNW functions as a growth and educational center and as a clearinghouse for information about human resources and community services. Individual counseling and psychotherapy is available from the staff of DPNW. For an appointment please call 325-6148.

DREAMS ARE FOR THE WAKING

Dreams represent a continuously available source of learning. Because dreams are accessible to everyone, as imaginative lenses through which to view our lives, we can use them as resources for enhancing our self-awareness. Ongoing dream study groups and classes in Jungian and depth psychology are offered for people who wish to enter into a conscious relationship with their inner life.

The Director of DPNW is Douglas Cohen, M.A. Mr. Cohen is an educator and therapist with a special background in working with dreams. He has taught at the University of Washington in the Continuing Education Department and has been an educational consultant at Western Washington State University and The Evergreen State College. He is on the faculty at Centrum Foundation in Port Townsend in an educational program for gifted students from throughout the state of Washington. Doug is also an instructor in Dream Reflection and Jungian Psychology at the Experimental College at the University of Washington.

Other faculty members include Sally Ashford, M.S.W., Co-facilitator of Untold Stories of the Self; Elisabeth Rush, M.A., Instructor in Archetypal Psychology Class; and Tom Johnston, M.Ed.

Bill, Hope you are well. Since you didn't get one in the original mailing. New quarter begins tonight. I'm hopeful about it.

by Christopher Matthews

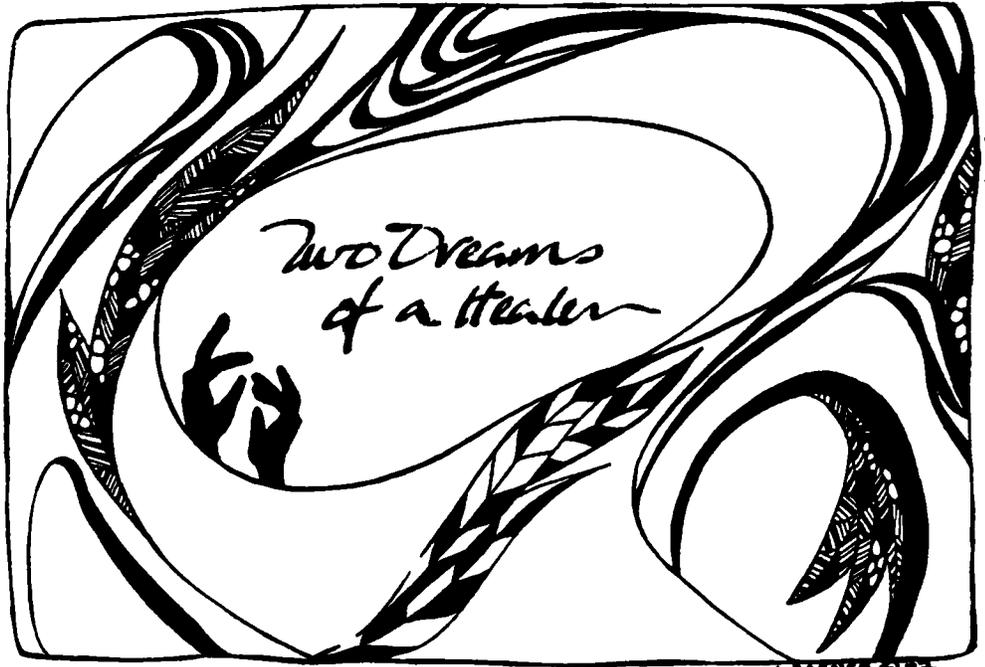
Here are two encounters I had this year with teachers in the dreamtime...

10 Jan 82

"...I meet a woman, who is the incarnation in the present world of Kabul Singh. We embrace and love is one, we together. She is wonderful.

"I meet a woman in America, perhaps the Northwest, named Syna; stocky, short white hair, jovial. She has come for a conference of new age people. We embrace and flow together. Leaving the conference; another man and his son profess to be psychic, wear costumes and "demonstrate" their talents. Syna and I walk together. On another level I contemplate some posters of hers in warm colors, browns and yellows, publicizing her workshops.

"She is one with the sky and the wind and the clouds. The clouds above are rushing huge iridescent billows. Something is happening; they stream together and as I watch, funnel down into a beautiful clear tornado. Over a man's house, but he doesn't seem to notice, doing yard work in front of a tract house."



23 Apr 82

"...About the second week in March I became very sick; fever over 104 degrees, no other symptoms. I was worried, might have to go to the doctor, but too little money. I called to Syna on 11 Mar in the evening, and dreamt later that she was helping me, like a friend helps one who is temporarily lame, coming into my field, "let's see what's going on with you" and walking with me, starting or assisting in the rhythms of bodily life.

"My notes mention something of a sign, but it's gone now."

The next day I felt weak, but the fever was gone and never returned. The true substance of that experience is indescribable. A person of great love and compassion stepped inside the field of my being. She stepped in from behind me, reaching out along my arms with her hands, and helped to start the proper rhythm and flow of my energies again. We were close to being one together at that moment. She is real; whether somewhere in our world or in the dreamtime, she is real.



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Prema the Horseshoe Crab

Once in a blue moon, I will have a dream so haunting and vivid that a residue of its feeling infests my life for days and even weeks after I awake. There's really no way to do justice to such a dream in its telling; its import does not lie in the sum of its details, and my florid superlatives and waving hands merely elicit indulgent smiles from mildly bored friends. Capturing a dream in words is devilishly elusive. Trapping a chimera would be a more straightforward endeavor. The most gripping dreams overflow with sentiments and symbols which demand of the waking mind an almost dreamlike suspension of disbelief if their subtleties are to be fully apprehended.

Prema, the heroine of my dream, used to be my psychotherapist. I am a veteran of many years of psychotherapy myself, and I was her very first client. I have consulted strict Freudians, reality-integrative therapists, touchy-feely secular humanist stick-your-pud-in-the-mud eclectic types, meditation freaks, psilocybin boohoos, Valium croakers, brain police, you name it. There's no catechism I haven't taken, no cross I haven't kissed, and I've got news for you: none of it works if you haven't got heart. The courage has to grow from within. My flame had flickered and waned, and I feared for my soul. Prema had a good heart, something I hadn't tried yet, and anyway, I was a desperate man, so I retained her.

In a nutshell, I had seen all the tricks, sensed her inexperience, and warned her whenever I saw she was taking a wrong turn with me. I actually began to develop a paternal attitude to my Prema. Her heart was gigantic, but she was naive and vulnerable, and a psychopath might have preyed upon her nurturant instincts to feed his own warped appetites. But I worshipped the ground she walked on, and made sure to slow my train of thought so that she could learn her job well. Oh, she was an angel to me. She would set me on her lap and mother me. She would drive me to and from therapy in her little bug, and sometimes on the way home she would bare her soul to me, confess her love affairs with men and women, solicit advice on how to lead her chaotic life. I would listen with deep and abiding compassion, then offer my wise counsel.

So I'm poking fun at Prema. Nobody's perfect, and I hope you can tell I do it with great love and respect. The highest spirits always run the risk of utter folly and humiliation, and Prema did more for me than any of those milquetoasts with the diplomas on the wall and the fifty-minute hours. Her intuitive genius was remarkable. Thanks to her brilliant catalysis, the loose ends from all my previous years of therapy fell into place within the space of a couple of short months. I saw to the roots of my chronic anger with agonizing clarity. Now I had access to all sorts of grisly primitive material that most folks carry to the grave locked down securely within their dark hearts.

According to the dogma of some professionals, the acute insights I had developed would signify, if not a 'cure', then at least a rational endpoint to psychotherapy. In fact, I felt I was doing so well that one day I announced to Prema that there was nothing more for me to do in therapy, that I was indeed cured. Prema agreed with me, handed me an imaginary diploma, and shook my hand. Problem: Why, then, after having had all the insights, did I still feel terror when faced with the prospect of intimacy? And why this choking angst now that I was confronted with saying goodbye to her who had become my very best friend in the whole world?

I tried to laugh off my schoolboy feeling, this maudlin transference behavior. I confided to Prema my growing sexual feelings for her, and coaxed her to

admit that the feelings might be reciprocal. She couldn't hide her unease with me from me after that. We continued floundering about with my therapy, with her trying to hypnotize me out of my avoidant personality traits, and me hypnotizing her right back half the time. My saviour had gotten well out of her depth with me. We both knew it, but lacked the judgement to terminate the mess.

So desperately did I want our relationship to continue that my subconscious engineered a number of self-destructive 'accidents' just to perpetuate my symbiotic dependence upon Prema. The last of these episodes (the details of which are none of your business) nearly brought about my death and the forfeiture of my soul, and it was at this turn that Prema finally decided to throw in the towel. She drove me to the office of another psychotherapist, this big, pushy, New York City female-person in a tweed suit, who helped us do a quickie post-mortem on our relationship. This session ended with Prema in tears and me nearly so. "When I finished therapy with Arthur, he told me I had my boundaries together. What happened to my boundaries?" Prema bawled, as I stared through her into infinity with vacant cynicism. She wilted before my eyes. Her little feet dangled from her tiny legs, not quite reaching the floor. Ms. NYC threw her a stuffed panda to cuddle. My abject little friend looked so appealing that way I had the urge to cradle her in my arms and stroke her head and make the hurt go away.

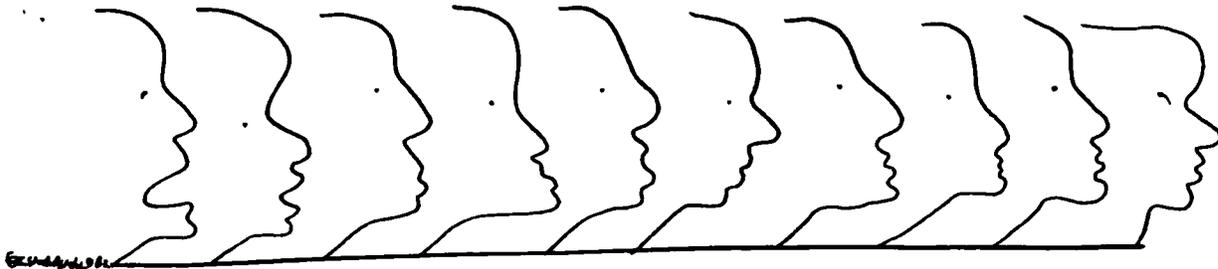
We agreed to call it quits. She drove me home one last time, we hugged each other dearly, her hot tears got my tee-shirt damp, and I've never heard from her since. I heard a rumor she's teaching elementary school now, and back in therapy herself.

About two weeks later I had this dream:

"In the rusty L.A. dawn I drove Prema west on Venice Boulevard, beneath the garish anticrime lights, through haze the color of jaundiced urine illumined by the bilious rising sun. Diamond sneakered pimps were rounding up their gem studded women, obliterated winos snored in pools of vomit, and the tires of the Mudshark crepitated through shards of muscatel shortdogs that had been dashed against the asphalt. The Mudshark: that crumpled brownpaper guesstiff bag-looking thing I called my wheels. The hood had been wrenched off in a windstorm, and every single panel on her had been mangled hideously...

"Prema was conked out in the passenger seat, and I drove her, as I said, west through the bloodshot dawn down the boulevard into tacky old Venice, scene of countless amnesiac debauches in bohemian jazz dives. Oh, we went to psychotic extremes. It makes me cringe to think about it, like raking a hangnail down a chalkboard. Prema, Prema, whatever's become of us? You look like a bloated cadaver, snuffling nauseously by my side. You reek of stale gin and leftover Antabuse, and so do I. Your puffy, feverish face, your edematous jowls and gecko eyelids... A dead giveaway that the bad Prema is ascendant this morning. You confessed to me once during a session when you were trying to sell me a multiple personality. You've got that wanton, congested pelvis look...just aching for it. Pirate Prema. I warned you about me, and how this would come to pass. Didn't I predict every detail of this sordid melodrama the day we met? You were playing with fire, Shrink, and now you're broken in the gutter down here with me. Didn't I tell you the time they woke me in my room...hey, listen to this, Prema, listen to my problem...my room when I lived at the Ashram, wondering after my new spiritual name? They shook me awake and asked "Who are you, who are you?" and I bolted up off my pallet and croaked "I am Satan!" Well it's true. And now it's the end of the line for you, dear heart. Come on, girl, up and at 'em, time to put an end to this botched abortion once and for all.

goto p. 10



Calendar

WEST

ONGOING GROUPS and CLASSES:

- * DREAM PSYCHOLOGY NORTHWEST, Seattle, WA: 206-325-6148.
- * PSI CIRCLE, Seattle, WA: 206-323-4575. Also classes in astrology, tarot, and other subjects.
- * PACIFIC NORTHWEST CENTER FOR DREAM STUDIES, Seattle, WA: 206-523-8271.

DECEMBER

- 1 DREAMWORK FOR CAREER AND CREATIVE PURPOSES, four week class, 7:30-9:30pm; \$20. Call Psi Circle, Seattle, WA: 206-323-4575.
- 2 ADVANCED DREAMWORK, four week class; \$30. Psi Circle, Seattle: 206-323-4575.
- 4 SATURDAY DREAMWORK, Women's and Men's classes. At Psi Circle, Seattle.
- 14 UNDERSTANDING OUR DREAMS, with Virginia Hoyte at Parents Without Partners, Lynnwood, WA. Call 206-522-3502 for info.
- 17-19 THE NEW WORLD OF LUCID DREAMING. Workshop led by Stephen La Berge, Esalen Institute, Big Sur, CA: 408-667-2335.

JANUARY

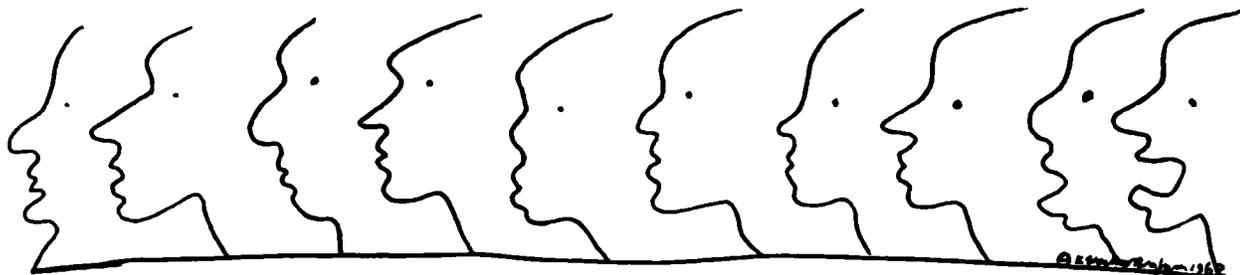
- ? THE MEANING OF DREAMS AND DREAMING, led by Jeremy Taylor, Star King School for the Ministry (PS146), CA: 415-845-6232.
- ? DREAM ART CLASS led by John Van Damm at New College of California, 777 Valencia Street, San Francisco, Ca 94110.
- ? ONGOING DREAMWORK with Virginia Hoyte, Seattle, WA; 206-522-3502.
- 3 WOMEN'S JOURNEY: PSYCHOLOGICAL/SPIRITUAL PATH, led by Elisabeth Rush and Ruth Ashton. Sponsored by University Congregational Church, Seattle, WA. Journal writing, dreamwork, and Goddess mythology. For info contact Ruth at 206-632-4358.
- 5 DREAMWORK TRAINING/SUPERVISION for professionals and student therapists. 3 month classes begin, Wed. 10am-12noon, Fri. 3-5pm. Call Center for Dream Studies, Seattle, WA, for info: 206-523-8271.
- 7-9 BASIC SHAMANIC TRAINING WORKSHOP with Michael Harner. Calif. Inst. of Integral Studies, San Francisco, CA: 415-648-1489.
- 11 DREAMBODYWORK AND INNER GROWTH, led by Doug Cohen, M.A. at TLC Program, Unity Church, Seattle, WA. 7:30pm, \$5; 206-325-6148.
- 13 UNTOLD STORIES OF THE SELF. Ongoing transpersonal therapy growth group with Doug Cohen and Sally Ashford, Seattle, WA. Thursdays, 7-9pm, \$18/session. Call 325-6148 to register.

- 14-16 BASIC SHAMANIC TRAINING WORKSHOP with Michael Harner, Center for the Healing Arts, Los Angeles, CA: 213-477-3981.
- 15? INTRODUCTION TO THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF DREAMWORK. Survey class led by Elisabeth Rush and Doug Cohen, at Antioch University, Seattle, WA. Call Elisabeth at Antioch; 206-343-9150.
- 19,26 EXPLORING THE INNER DEPTHS; talks on Jung and dreams, by Virginia Hoyte. Eastshore Unitarian Church, Seattle, WA.
- 22 THE ROLE OF DREAMS IN WHOLISTIC HEALING. Larry Sargent, Taos, NM: 505-758-8123.
- 22,23 WEEKEND WORKSHOPS ON DREAMS AND JUNGIAN PSYCHOLOGY, led by Doug Cohen, M.A. 12noon-6pm; \$25 each day. Seattle, WA; Call 325-6148.
- 23-30 BASIC AND INTERMEDIATE SHAMANIC TRAINING WORKSHOP with Michael Harner, Esalen Institute, Big Sur, CA:408-667-2335.

FEBRUARY

- ? THE DREAMER AND THE DREAMED. Workshop with Larry Sargent, Santa Fe, NM: 505-758-8123.
- 2,9 EXPLORING THE INNER DEPTHS; talks on Jung and dreams, by Virginia Hoyte. Eastshore Unitarian Church, Seattle, WA.
- 4-6 WEEKEND WORKSHOP WITH ROBERT BLY, sponsored by Men's Counseling Network and Metrocenter YMCA, Seattle. 206-329-9919.
- 12 DREAMS AS OUR CHALLENGER AND GUIDE; workshop with Virginia Hoyte, 9:30am to 9:30pm at beautiful waterfront home on Bainbridge Island. 206-522-3502
- 13-19 MOI UHANE; THE SPIRIT OF SLEEP. Dreamwork intensive led by Ken and Shawn LaSala-Kimmell. Modern dream psychotherapies meld with ancient myths and rituals in Hawaii. For info contact Center for Dream Studies, 219 First Avenue South, Suite 405, Seattle, WA 98104. 206-523-8271.
- 25-26 SECOND ANNUAL DREAMWORKS WEEKEND in Olympia, WA, at The Evergreen State College. Workshops, presentations, and dream inspired art/movement. Call Seattle:325-6148, Olympia:866-4666.
- 26 THE ROLE OF DREAMS IN WHOLISTIC HEALING. Larry Sargent, Taos, NM: 505-758-8123.





----- EAST

ONGOING GROUPS and CLASSES:

* LIFE SERVICE FOUNDATION. Huntington, NY: 516-673-3173. New York City Center: 212-869-3050. London, England 1-693-9951.

DECEMBER

- 2 USING DREAMSTATES TO IMPROVE YOUR LIFE. Workshop with Tom Dickershaid at the Dream Community of New York: 212-744-6997.
- 2 AMERICAN INDIAN VISION QUEST with Joseph Rael, a Pueblo Indian medicine man, NYC, NY: 212-662-1749.
- 3-5 THE ART OF DREAM INTERPRETATION. Workshop with Michael A. Daddio in New York City: 212-869-3050.
- 4-5 SENOI DREAM WORKSHOP with Howard Reeves, Center for Exploring New Dimensions of Consciousness, RYE, NY: 914-967-6060.
- 8 CREATIVITY AND DREAMS: Educational Tools for the Classroom. Michael A. Daddio, New York City: 212-869-3050.
- 9 TRANSFORMING SYMBOLS. Workshop with Zsuzsa Simandy, MSW, at the NJ Dream Community, 7:30pm: 201-692-8117.
- 10 CREATIVITY AND CHILDREN: The Use of Dreams, Imagination, and Fantasy in the Classroom. Michael A. Daddio, Long Island, NY: 516-673-3173.
- 10-11 VISION-DREAMING WORKSHOP with Larry Sargent, Cambridge, Mass.: 617-731-6159.
- 16 DREAM COMMUNITY OF NEW YORK WINTER SOLSTICE CELEBRATION, 684 Washington Street, New York. Call John Perkins, Director: 212-242-3871.

JANUARY

- 17 DREAM COLORS, LIGHTS, AND ENERGIES, led by Carolyn Hulse, NYC, NY: 212-447-1436.
- 18 DREAMTREK, led by Barbara Shor, Teaneck, NJ: 201-692-8117.
- 30 THE BAGEL DREAM BRUNCH. Host: Diane Moir, 1068 2nd Ave, NYC. 212-758-0161.

FEBRUARY

- 1 DREAM AWARENESS: A Path to Self-Understanding, Creativity, and Intimacy. Course taught by Dr. Judith Malamud at New York University, NY: 212-933-0460.
- 3 THE AWESOME, TOTALLY AWESOME DREAM WORKSHOP, led by John Perkins, 684 Washington Street #2b, NYC. 212-242-3871.

The great truths are too important to be new
- W Somerset Maugham

Body Mind Integration

Balancing Techniques for Mind and Body combining:

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My Grandmother's Gifts

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 realise even now. History and archaeology, 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 usurous. 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 rose-bushes. 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 Mother Earth.'

The Rose is the 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 MotherEarth, 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 round 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 one style 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 Rosie's.

After the medial has swallowed up the ego there is a denouement 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 Rosie's 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 to me. 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 - 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 caravanserai 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'.

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 revisiting the Mother Earth archetype and re-establishing a relationship to her culturally.

It is worthwhile to consider Walter Otto'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.

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...womanhood 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. Neumann, 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 medial 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

PREMA, CONT.

"I jarred her awake. She hadn't seen me pull off the boulevard down this deserted alley that bordered on the Venice canal, but she picked up on the scam right off, and liked it, I could tell. She's Phi Beta Kappa, you know, I'd peeked at her resume. Steady there mate, don't twist your ankle. I held her arm as she sank to her knees on the littered bank. We peered in silence through the murk, contemplating a rusty boxspring, some jagged sheetmetal, a jettisoned syringe. All that forlorn detritus beneath the red morning tide. "We've been so profane. This is all so bitter. I infected you, and now it's too late. It's all up for us." I couldn't choke back my sobs any longer.

"Prema took strength from my last minute cowardice. She squeezed my hand, looked me in the eye, and coolly and evenly spoke. "I must go away now," she said. With that, she resorbed her arms, legs, and head, shed her clothing and her skin, and sprouted ten spiny legs and a horny carapace. My tears rained down upon her armour shell. Prema the Horseshoe Crab, I commend thee to the deep. I lowered her into the water, and she crept away over the rockweed on her new crustacean feet. She grazed upon the benthic life she found while making her way out past the breakwater into the open sea.

"Then the fog blew in from the Pacific in heroic, blustering puffs. Fresh, wet, nacreous puffs that scrubbed the diseased stench out of the vicious city, flushed the horrid, rotten gas out of the basin, up through the withered chaparral canyons, and away, beyond, beyond. I began panting, and with each gasp purged another breath of endo-hatred from my lungs to vanish on the tangy marine wind. The first raindrops hissed against the steaming pavement as my coat caught a violent gust and I was blown, lighter than helium, over the spidery telephone lines and rooftops, way up into the heavens.

"The sea mist muted into heartstopping aquamarine blue. I soared ever higher into its midst. Deep, limpid blueness permeated all things: the firmament, the gale, the raging ocean miles below, and the chilly, bittersweet yearning in the pit of my soul. The blue wind spirited me far beyond all memory of that grimy world I'd abandoned, sailed me into my exile in a feral, stainless land, a womblike realm unsullied by the machinations of human desire.

"Perhaps it was on the Spanish main, a thousand years ago, on the very edge between the heaving ocean swells and the sizzling lizard-sweater of the oak savannah. The tempest abated, and I was set down unharmed. A narrow saddle of land separated the brutal surf from a shallow salt pan shimmering with azure mirage. I found myself perched upon a craggy promontory circled by screaming gulls. From this vantage point I surveyed the regal prospect without recollection of events gone by. I had been no other, not ever, was always here, was eternally this first lone man, steward of the sea and the rock and the salt since the genesis of the Dream and of Time itself.

"I hiked to the harbor of the salt pan and started the diesel engine of the Caterpillar tractor with my key, and so began a work whose fruit had not been revealed to me. I dug out the salty earth bite by bite until I had excavated a hole the size of a quarry. I was dwarfed by its vastness. Only a fragile dam I'd left from my digging protected my lacuna from the ravaging breakers. I was lining my creation with wet kelp, when the ground under my feet convulsed in a seismic fit. A volcano in the nearby Sierra Madre cracked to life, spitting up lava and steam. The floor of my excavation was rent by the seizure, the gaping fault nearly engulfed me. The rip spread to the foot of the dike, then migrated beneath it, leaving the crown whole. All the violence of the untamed sea rushed in at once, churning and roiling, flooding and upwelling, filling my lagoon to its limit.

"I sprinted up the side in slow motion, the viscous sea lapping at my heels the whole time. Prevailing over the waters, I mounted my promontory once more. At the summit I raised my clenched fists above my head in the hieratic gesture of Life and shouted my exaltation to the world.

"Down below, the silt filtered to the bottom revealing a caerulean gem of a pool, dimpled by the feathery upwelling currents, but as stable and deep as the soul of nature. Out on the bounding high seas, a friendly afternoon sun shone upon proud ranks of opalescent thunderheads. The mountainous swells were so lucid that I could look into each nook and cranny of the ocean floor. On it, Prema the Horseshoe Crab was returning from her forgotten darkling odyssey. She skittered up the continental slope, scuttled across the shelf, then over the sand flats. Finally, her seminal body darted through the breach from the great world beyond into the cloister I'd prepared. "Prema," I cried, and skidded recklessly down the talus to the water's edge. I sported with her for a while, leaping and skipping to and fro on the shore while she courted in parallel. I produced a bag of magic mushrooms from my pocket and fed her one from my hand. She nipped off the cap with her razor sharp mouthparts.

"The metamorphosis was complete in the blink of an eye. Prema the Horseshoe Crab became Prema the Woman. Glistening and naked, chaste and taintless, pure and effulgent, she waded to the shore and took my hand. Thus linked we ascended the hill to the highest reach and were united once more."

