

Dream Network

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A Quarterly Journal Exploring Dreams & Myth



Three Women on Dream Island

Intuition, Kali & I

Ingrid Luke



Lilith Speaks:

**The Dark Goddess
Comes in Dreams**

M. Kelley Hunter



Pictorial Essay: Woman

Deborah Koff-Chapin



The Potato Stigmata of Afghanistan:

Methods for Unraveling

Dream Mysteries

Noreen Wessling

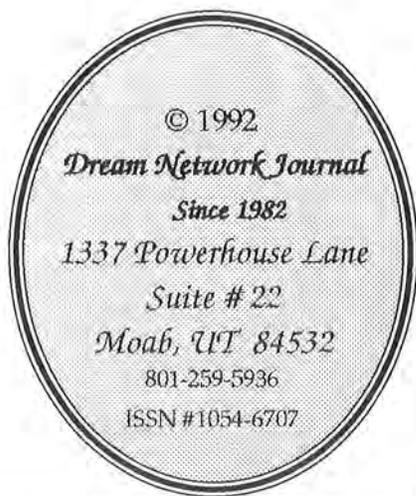


The Soviet Coup: Dream, Myth & Reality

Kelly Bulkley

Women's Dreams:

Nurturing the Positive & Powerful Feminine



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Statement of Purpose

Our *genre* is self help; our *purpose* is to disseminate information that will assist and empower us in taking responsibility for our emotional and spiritual well being with the help of dreams & myth. Our *goal*: to demystify dreamwork and assist with the integration of dreamsharing into our culture in whatever way of integrity is shown and given to us.

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 can mean we are ready to understand the information that has been presented; to enact the dream's hint brings personal empowerment.

We seek to provide a balance and to give all voices and schools of thought an opportunity to be heard. There will be times when a particular area of interest will be given greater emphasis than another because of the limited space in the *Journal*, and what is surfacing that is of particular interest to the readership. The emphasis will change over time to allow for a wide range of ideas, opinions and areas of interest to appear. We ask our readers to indicate the areas they would like us to address in future issues.

Dream Network

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Theme for 1992
GENDER

Focus for Winter:

- How do dreams help us heal the wounded masculine?
 - What are the *new* masculine figures in men's dreams?
 - How are masculine qualities expressed in the dreams of both sexes?
 - What is the *new* relationship to the feminine side? In children's dreams?
 - In our Elders dreams?
 - How can we nurture the positive masculine?
- Lifeline: Feb. 28, 91

Note regarding the Questions & Focus suggested for upcoming issues:

Everything about dreams is unpredictable and we recognize that suggesting a Question or Focus around which to sculpt each issue has the potential for disallowing a current synchronistic or transformational dream experience, an inspiration, a breakthrough or burning issue-- which may be powerfully on your mind--and DESIRES to be written, drawn, or committed to poetry.

Conversely, this publication (and editor) asks for parameters; we are limited space-wise, and choose not to wander all over creation in it--yet another paradox. It is difficult to know which priority is primary and which secondary.

Let it be agreed that if you are inspired share your experience or insight regardless of whether it 'fits' within the suggested 'Question' or 'Focus'. Given the overall synchronicity which guides this work for us as dreamers, it will undoubtedly complement the issue as a whole.

Deep Gratitude

Editorial

A most Happy New Year! 1991 marked the completion of Dream Network's tenth year in print and I believe I speak for numerous individuals in expressing gratitude to all who have made this achievement possible: dreams, editors, authors and artists, poets, subscribers, distributors, stampers and stuffers. All who have consistently contributed in so many ways in making it possible. Special thanks to our guest artists for this issue, Alice Rigan and Deborah Koff-Chapin, whose work was submitted prior to the receipt of the dreams/articles. Danke, Gracias, Kitos, Merci, Grazia, Tesekkiiir, Dziekuje, THANKS TO EVERY ONE OF YOU ♡

Because I am moved to make a contribution via brief article for this issue, I would like to dedicate this space to announce a project far more important and far-reaching than any thoughts (beyond expressing appreciation) I might choose to share: *A Journey Recognized: Dreaming Humanity's Path*

I was connected with Bobbie Bowden via Montague Ullman several months ago. Upon receiving her introductory packet, the goose bumps raised to a recognizable one inch level in every part of my being; I immediately called her to voice my excitement. There were so many similarities in our experiences; I, myself, had been profoundly influenced by dreams of a similar nature...during the same period of time.

There have been other 'signals' as of late that indicate it is time to strive toward collecting the pieces of the puzzle gifted by the phenomenon Jung termed the 'collective unconscious'. It's *in the wind*.

The necessary new forms are visible on the horizon but down here in the valleys, we humans are indeed in need of direction and clarification from sources beyond the human intellect, beyond technology, national boundaries and ethnocentric cultural forms. We live in an unprecedented era! An exciting - and perilous - time to be alive.

I believe that this source - the dream-place - is *one* that deserves deep penetration, exploration and probing in helping us discover direction and solutions.

Bobbie, as you will learn, proposes a book; we have agreed to collaborate along with others who express an interest. What other forms will emerge remain to be experienced but one aspect of the project that is truly exciting is that it goes beyond ego and individuality. It is a project that when successful, will have required the trust and cooperation of the many who have been gifted with "Big Dreams"--pieces of the larger picture that may be just the roadmap we're looking for.

One last thought. I finally realized that the process of sculpting each issue of this Journal is like working with a complex dream. There has to be a *sense* of 'rightness', of completion, before it goes to press. Prior to the final AHA - it's ready!, there are innumerable signals and symbols to decipher, wanderings in the mазeway, anxieties and joy. Though this one had its moments, I must admit that it nearly put itself together. I am particularly pleased with the resolution of this dream and being in this physical form, woman.

Hope you appreciate and enjoy. ♡

A Journey Recognized: Dreaming Humanity's Path

In 1981 a thought flowered in my head one day as I was driving and I wrote it down on a big pad of paper I keep in the car for such times: *Let the light from inside shine out and illumine your dreams; they make your reality.*

What follows is the Big Dream which turned me - during that same year - as if I were a photosensitive plant and it were the sun. I have remained turned toward it ever since and I feel the flower forming now. The night before having this dream I had dreamed that my husband Lee, myself and some friends were getting ready to go somewhere; we were all taking showers and getting dressed; we were all preparing for something...

Lee and I are walking somewhere in a neighborhood; a whole lot of other people are there, too. All of a sudden there is a kind of atmospheric blip - a light or a sense that something is happening and we all know that the time of the New Age has come and that the great being for whom we have been waiting has arrived. We are all ready to shift into gear. We form circles and dance in the streets! Everyone is hugging, kissing and we are all so happy that at last it is here.

Then people are moving in a certain direction, so Lee and I follow the them and find everyone clustered on and around the porches of a white, two family house. Everyone is gathering to experience whatever it is. When Lee and I get there people say: "Look!" and they scratch an area of the earth away with their fingers, stretch out their hands to the earth and make little in-gathering movements with their hands. Soon green things begin coming up out of the earth. First these green things are grass and then they are little green worms. I try it and they grow for me, too. Then a young woman with one arm that has just a stump tries it. The implication is that she isn't whole and even her handless being can evoke this spontaneous growth. Someone does it near my hand and the green worms come out of the earth and also out of my hand. This feels strange but what is going on is that this force is ready to be activated and wherever it is evoked it will perform...or come into being.

Later, at home, Lee and I are in the kitchen and we see out of the window that on the miles and miles of fallow winter land there are rows and rows of fertilizer appearing out of nowhere, traveling really fast. I sit there marveling at it and say something about doing something (with it) after dinner. Lee hops up and says "What!? You think we're going to sit here and have dinner? We have to get going!"

All at once I know that what he means, and correctly so, is that this is a BIG EVENT! That, if we treat it like anything "normal" it will pass us by and we will not have done what we are supposed to do. It is like one of those situations in which one is not allowed to be told the rules and the test is whether or not the rules are known and followed automatically.

So we go out into our field and seeds are put into our hands from above, a few at a time. We throw them onto the fertilized rows and they arrange themselves into straight rows. Then I make the same evocative motions with my hands that I had learned to do earlier when everything first began to happen and green plants come up and grow to maturity right there!

I repeat this with three other rows and the last row is a row of young men. It was a whole row of handsome young clonish men who were there to be helpers. The name that came into my head was David, which means love. (It was a mental replay of Jason the Argonaut's experience with the sowing of the dragon's teeth - but my warriors were named Love.) After the rows are sown (and instantaneously matured) I go back into the house.

Now I am in the urban center of some city and people begin to run in a certain direction. I know the time has come for everyone to run--to get on with it, to leave the cities where collapsing buildings will crush people and where life is about to become immanently unbearable. I begin running out of the city. I don't have anything with me, not even my purse. No one else does either, but everybody seems to understand that the lack of personal belongings and material identity is really trivial and will somehow be compensated. I also thought that Lee and Seth (my son) are back at the house and that I am not going to be able to warn them.

There is an announcement from a huge PA system: "It is time to run! Begin running at 6 o'clock," I look at my watch and it is 6:10, so I know that I had better start. I don't even feel really bad about going without Lee and Seth since I know that the time has come for everyone to do whatever they are supposed to do and you just have to go from where you are.

So I run, and there are many other people running, too. Soon we come to a series of obstacles—a metal, slippery bridge, then a comfortable looking chaise lounge—in the middle of the road. It doesn't occur to me to sit down and I know as soon as I realize that I had not thought of sitting down that the chair had been put there as a kind of test. As soon as I realize this there are a whole bunch of chairs—but I keep on running and there are fewer and fewer people running with me.

I come to one of the fields that I had planted and grab a matured tomato on the run, thinking: "How handy. If Lee hadn't thought to do the planting immediately, I wouldn't have this tomato to eat." You can only take what you can grab on the run, so I put the tomato to my mouth and had the feeling that it is not really to be eaten. I have the sense that in my own running, what I am using most importantly is my ability to speak and so that is the only thing that I am to be concerned about nourishing. Meanwhile, I have this awareness that Johnny Carson and other media people are all regarding this running, this mass movement, as if it is really only one more in a series of inconsequential popular movements. But I know that they are going to get zapped. The last scene has me running off into the setting sun with a tomato in my mouth and a joyous sense that I am doing exactly what I am supposed to be doing.

This was a dream about how I could make full use of the extraordinary influx of ultra-human energy now pouring into the planet. It was also a dream that said THE TIME IS NOW!

I want to see others' reports of their dreams about this important period in human and planetary evolution and so I am collecting dreams. Dreaming Humanity's Path will be a collection of dreams and visions which describe who we are, where we're going and how we're getting there as seen by as broad as possible a cross-section of individuals.

I hope this collection will offer a vision of the emerging human/societal/global pattern which individuals and communities can use in making sense of this time of intense planetary transformation. I know that seeing how the dreams fit together will help us move with confidence into our global future. On the local level, community leaders are decrying a lack of vision. This project will provide a vision derived organically from the participants—those who are birthing the blueprints and who will flesh them out with and through their - our - own lives. If others are similarly searching, let's work together to bring this map into full, broadcast consciousness. ♪



Responses

CHOOSING WONDER: THE REAL STORY

In my article *Choosing Wonder* (DNJ Winter, Vol. 10 no. 1), your readers will perhaps remember that I relied on Alan Watts' distinction between belief - to wish, and faith - to trust, for the purpose of proposing a different stance toward what might be called contemporary scientific revelations than that which has traditionally been taken toward the "biblical revelation." Such a stance is one that does not mistake the story for reality. We all seem to have a taste for writing our stories on stone, but science points us toward a process of *discovery*.

I believe that it is *faith in the process of discovery itself*, rather than in any particular set of doctrines, which will be the hallmark of a new approach to human understanding. Those who attend to their dreams perhaps know best how the story process works. Recent brain research indicates that story is the way the brain functions: bringing order to experience through the linear patterning of narrative. Here I must admit that I was captivated by the alchemy of story and in my enthusiasm I inadequately emphasized that what is of real significance is not only the lineaments of the story which we now possess, but the methods that have revealed this larger framework.

This framework, a clearly old and still evolving process in which we find ourselves - and the scientific mode of observation and questioning through which we have come to such knowledge about our origins and constitution - may be the fundamentals of a truly organic faith. As the mystery deepens, so must our commitment to what is unknown rather than what is known. In this new posture may be our best hope of fulfilling the potential of being human and creating an ecologically sustainable way of life.

JoAnn McAllister, San Francisco, CA

(Editor's Note;) JoAnn McAllister is former associate director of the Center for Studies in Science and Spirituality. She is currently working on a book examining the role of belief in cultural change and developing methodologies for understanding and reforming personal and social behavior. We can look forward to an insightful article from JoAnn for our Summer issue where we will be exploring Relationships.

PENETRATING QUESTIONS

Considering the masculine and feminine aspects of dreamwork, the Yang/Yin relationship seems appropriate. Perhaps our physical self/ego represent the Yang with the psyche/Soul corresponding to the Yin. Dreams might be viewed as a communication passage-way from the Yin to the Yang.

Many of us do "dreamwork." Yet do we work with our dreams, or do we attempt to make our dreams work for us? Over time we have developed an impressive array of theories, techniques and "treasure maps" from fellow travelers, all designed to convert dreams into "servants for success" in the physical world - to serve our Yang energy and activity.

These "dream tools" are indeed valuable. They offer us ways to articulate, clarify and define dream experiences. They allow us to translate dream images into meaningful physical events and activities.

But at what point do we seriously acknowledge our relationship, through dreams, to our Yin Self. A mature relationship implies giving as well as receiving. How do we honor the Yin energy, our Soul Self, as expressed through dreams? How do we participate and truly listen? Do we ever ask: "What might our Dream Self desire from us?" How are we changed over the years by this relationship through our dreams?

My own dreamwork has evolved considerably. For years, my dreams communicated primarily with my "head." Although images touched my "heart," my head was definitely in control of what was explored, accepted or rejected. Recording *every* dream, as efficiently as possible, "the" right interpretation, comparison with current dream theories and similar concerns were involved.

Dreamwork has become a slower, more intimate process. The dream becomes my companion during the day(s) quiet times and dialogues with heart and feelings. The head has become a friendly advisor rather than dictator or censor. Dreams may or may not be properly transcribed, although the special ones still find their way into my journals.

I have developed loving appreciation for the women who periodically serve as dream guides and have found "listening" and allowing time for things to unfold is very rewarding and satisfying. Although these women differ physically, there is a unique quality of wisdom and timelessness that defies words. Rarely speaking, they literally guide me through dreamscapes that have considerable significance to my life. Often they reveal dream elements that take years and additional living for me to fully penetrate. This relationship gently, patiently, yet consistently seems more intent on, and satisfied with, my gradual shift in being...who I am and am becoming.

Are there larger patterns of dream guidance beyond help with immediate situation? How do they differ among individual dreamers? Are there life themes suggested by dream guides? What could these themes tell us about collective potentials for growth and change? For me, the how and why of dreamwork depends on such answers.

Ingrid Luke, South Beach, OR

In Response to the Questions:



"Christa Ascending" by Alice Rigan

How Are Our Dreams Helping Us Heal the Wounded Feminine?

What are the New Figures in Women's Dreams?

How Can We Nurture the Positive Feminine?

Look Into the Face of the Mother

by Roberta Ossana

Recently, I received an invitation from a significant friend of twenty years. He allured me, along with a small group, to go hiking and camping in some of South-ern Utah's most remote back country canyons. An offer I could-n't refuse. On the morning we were to leave, I awakened at 3 a.m. and embarked on the ~250 mile trip to our meeting place, arriving.... right on time.

Our first act was to redistribute our gear, allowing the horses their loads, leaving each of us with only a day pack to carry. We began the days' hike into a sweet, quiet canyon where we would spend the first two nights. Now, I am fortunate in having an innate knack for locating just the right spot for myself and on this occasion found a perfect space...just above the stream ... surrounded by sagebrush and piñon pine trees. Just the right place for my cot, sleeping bag and necessities.

On our second full moon night at this spot - while drifting off to sleep - I suddenly 'awakened' feeling extremely disoriented. There was a deep sense of disbelief and regret: I had been back in this part of the country for nearly a year and had not yet gone to visit my mother. I wondered about this gross oversight, thinking how often I'd been to see other family members since returning. But *how could it be that I've not gone to visit my mother?* It took some time before the dawning of clarity: my mother died 15 years ago! Upon fully awakening to this reality, I said aloud:

"Oh, my God!"
bereaved once again and simultaneously thinking I must be losing it.

That night I dreamed:

A beautiful woman is holding before me a glowing, spherical gold platter on which is a smooth mound of moist deep red soil. She instructs that I "Look Into the Face of the Mother.

I awakened with the memories of my hypnogogic experience and the dream with tears flowing. I had to experience and express the deep emotions aroused by these two obviously related experiences, even after joining the group who had assembled for breakfast.

For twenty years, I have been deeply respectful of Native American people and their traditions. I am extremely fortunate in having intimate friends among the People of many tribes over these years. Their common reverence for the Earth, for Nature as a central aspect of their culture has always appealed to and instructed me. During the early days of my exposure to their {collective} Earth perspectives, I was living in California and had an unexpected opportunity to visit the Southwest. This came in the form of a call from an acquaintance who owned a car rental business: he needed a round-trip driver. Not only could my family and I visit, we would be reimbursed! *Another* offer I couldn't refuse. Immediately upon receiving that invitation (in the summer of 1972) I *knew* I must spend the night at one particular spot called Delicate Arch, alone. On a completely intuitive impulse which surprises (even) me to this day, I made a simple, but lovely, white gown for that occasion. I determined to unite in ceremony with the Earth while there - my first night alone - with Nature.

In 1989, a Native friend spoke before an all white group at a Unity Church service. She began her talk by saying: "We have wondered for all these years *what* we have done to deserve the treatment we've received from your people.....," and proceeded to deliver her message. She concluded her talk by saying "...we finally understand why we were forced to learn your language, your cultural values, your ways. This has happened so we would be prepared to teach you.....when you are ready to learn." This has got to be one of the most forgiving statements of the past five centuries: pure, sincere forgiveness and compassion.

The morning after my dream, we packed up and hiked into another canyon where we would stay the remaining days. What did my dream woman mean by the "Face of the Mother?" This was a predominant question in my mind along the trail. In a dream state several years ago, I received the message "You are a geomancer."¹ Surely, this innate gift will help me identify her face, I thought. Other questions occurred: had the chaos of the past decades caused me to neglect my intimate relationship with her?; had I neglected to pay proper respect for the priceless, mystical and *numerous* teachings that have come *directly* from her over these years?; had I become remiss in the sanctity of the vows I made to honor and cherish her?

The dream stimulated a sharp sensitivity to the messages on the rock walls, the subtleties of the voices in the stream gliding over multi-colored rocks, the tracks of the creatures...to the silence of the canyon. Despite peer pressure to be

Lilith Speaks:

The Dark Goddess Comes in Dreams

by M. Kelley Hunter

A female tiger.

*She is magnificent, powerful.
We treat her with respect, awe,
carefully so as not to arouse her
anger. She can hurt, but we are
allowed to stroke her.*

*Somehow she is surrounded by a
round enclosure, trapped. A number
of male cats come in and rape her. She
is covered in blood after the second.*

*After that, she is left encaged, her
heart destroyed. Anyone who
approaches her is stopped by a
terrible, hateful, warning snarl.*

*She is dangerous, ferocious,
destructive, defensive.*

Why such a royal upbringing to be led to this fate?

Thus Lilith entered my dreams four years ago. I recognized her from a recent reading of the occult fiction novel, LILITH, by George Mac Donald in which she takes the form of a large cat. Mac Donald follows the best-known myth of Lilith from Hebrew tradition that identifies her as the first wife of Adam. He portrays her as willfully claiming the sole power of creation over the Lord, based on her ability to give birth. She wanted Adam to worship and obey her and when he would not, she deserted him and took up with the Shadow, who made

her Queen of Hell. At night, she turns into a leopardess, who hunts for babies to suck their blood for her life. The spots on the leopardess' s body are the darkness and shadows that stream out from her eyes. Another version has it that Adam wanted Lilith to be submissive to him, but she would not be put beneath him and left him instead. He was then given Eve for his wife. In any case, Lilith went into exile. Out of her jealousy and/or rage, she would come and take babies. Amulets were worn by women and babies in the Middle East to ward her off.



Lilith is one of the dark goddesses, like Persephone, Hecate, or Kali, other Queens of "Hell" or the Underworld. If we follow their trail back in time, down to the roots to find the source of their darkness, of the fear and negative side they typically represent in mythologies, we often discover, not only a major shift in the collective human image of the feminine, but also some deep undercurrent, some hidden essence that needs to be acknowledged and healed in our personal lives.

Lilith began to speak as I wrote:
*I'm so ugly. They hate me. They cut
me out of their lives because I am*

*so whole, because I will not
take a back seat, second place. I
believe in wholeness and
sharing. I undercut you when
you're not being whole, when
you cut yourself off. I give--on
my terms, elemental, the one
woman before man. Am I the
Creator--or the first emerged
feminine? There is no
difference. I am of that original
Heaven. I would not leave it.*

In The Book of Lilith Barbara Koltuv shares her research. One story she relates from the Hebrew mystic tradition caught my attention: God made two great lights, the Sun and the Moon, shining with equal brightness. They were not at ease shining both together in the same sky. So God said to the Moon, "Go and diminish thyself." The Moon felt humiliated

and asked, "Why should I be as one that veileth herself?" God replied, "Go thy way forth in the footsteps of the flock," (i.e., following the shepherd). Since that time, the Moon has had no light of her own, but reflects the light of the Sun. This represents a change in the status of woman, represented in Western cultures by the moon. She now reflects the light of the sun, of man, as the consciousness of Eve comes from the rib of man's body. It is further told that from the demeaned Moon's resentment at the loss of her freedom of choice, Lilith is born—a woman down to the waist and flaming fire or a serpent below. In this form, she is sometimes pictured offering Eve the apple in the garden of Eden.

A theory in astrology postulates a Dark Moon which we cannot see, since it does not reflect the light of the Sun. This moon occupies the second epicenter in the elliptical orbit of the known Moon around the Earth and is a deeper, darker, more ancient moon. Whereas the reflective Moon represents personal subjective feelings, the Dark Moon represents a primal, impersonal, creative instinct which seeks identification above the material or emotional. This Dark Moon is named Lilith. Her energy is said to lure us to whatever our selfish dream is in order to purge negative desire and lead us to the deeper truth within our hearts.

Another figure in Hebrew mythology is the Shekinah, God's Beloved, known as Sophia in Gnostic Christianity. She is the Wisdom as a feminine aspect of divinity. Later Christians came to call her the Holy Ghost. Lilith is the "lower" Shekinah, like the root of the tree seeking sustenance in the soil while Sophia is the sky-reaching branches and the fruits. As the Judeo-Christian religion elevated the masculine aspect of divinity, they de-spiritualized material, sensual reality. The "lower" Shekinah became unclean, unholy. The Hebrews came into the Sumerian and Babylonian lands, where the Venusian goddesses Inanna and Astarte were celebrated as the em-

bodiment of love in a sacred marriage ritual between her priestesses and the kings. In these cultures and as well as in the Celtic culture, it was the goddess who gave the king his power through her love and favors. The religious transition to masculine gods made these love rites blasphemous. However, the sacred marriage comes down to us even in the Bible, as The Song of Solomon.

In Sumerian mythology, the oldest known literature, Lilith was the handmaid to Inanna, the one who brought the men in from the fields for the sacred rites. In another story, Lilith lives in the tree that Inanna has planted in her garden, the first garden of Eden. Lilith, with a snake and a large wild bird, try to prevent Inanna from cutting down the tree for her throne and bed. Representing the untamed, instinctive forces of nature they have knowledge to give Inanna, who is not yet ready to accept it. She calls in her brother, Gilgamesh, to get rid of the creatures and cut down the tree for her.

This interpretation was developed by Dragon Dance Theater last spring into a creation play called THE HULUPPU TREE. I played Lilith, creating a character to give voice to my dream, to explore her issue of the female vital life force betrayed, suppressed... now to be acknowledged and redeemed.

Lilith enters:

"You wonder: who am I coming at
you like your shadow?
I am black but comely,
O Daughters of Earth.
Joy is my sister, sister I to Death.
"I am the first and the last. I am the
honoured one and the scorned one.
I am the whore, and the holy one.
I am the substance and the one
who has no substance.
"I sleep on the earth and I dance
in the trees.
I lie on the sands and I fly
on the breeze.
I walk in the sun and I drink
with the bees.
I sing with the rocks and
I do as I please."

To Inanna:

"You have summoned me with your desires, sweet Inanna. There are things you need to know about Love and Creation. What can I know about Love, you ask? I seduce, I destroy, I have no heart? Those are lies. Lies they tell about me now. Lies they might tell about you later. I live in the Tree of Life, with the serpent in the roots and the Thunderbird in its branches. Why are you afraid of me, afraid of the tree? What is inside of you is what is outside of you. What you see outside is what is inside of you. If you bring forth what is within you, what you bring forth will save you. If you do not bring forth what is within you, what you do not bring forth will destroy you. It is visible and it is your garment."

"How beautiful are thy feet in shoes,
O Daughter of the Moon!"

I am wild like the wind. Yes!

Thy navel is like a round goblet
filled with wine.

Thy belly is like a heap of wheat
set about with lilies.

I sleep in the desert, I live in trees,
I kiss serpents. Yes!

Thy two breasts are like two young
deer that are twins.

Thy neck is as a tower of ivory.

Thine eyes are like the fishpools
by the white harbour.

My passions are boundless,
untamed. Yes!

My passions are the same as yours.

Feel your passion. Let it fill you.
Let it fill you with your power!"

To Gilgamesh:

"And you, Man, Hero, still two-thirds god! Do you remember me? Do you remember what we once were to each other? Do you remember the love that we shared? I long for a mate, thirsty like water. Come to me, I need your seed or I wither and die, no fruit in my branches. I want all of you. I draw you in to meet me, all-surrendered, all-potent, all-consumed to the altar of fire. Why do you resist me? Is it because I am stronger than you in the darkness of the night? You say I am an illusion, a dream. Poor fool, I am no dream. I offer you rapture and peace for your

sterile pride. You deny and question, but mine eyes gleam on thee, lit with an alien light. My lips proclaim mysteries. My arms hold all that gods desire and fools reject. Behold me!"

"Yes, I am tempting you. I am temptation. Glory in the temptation of knowledge,
O Gilgamesh, I am your salvation. You must give yourself to me, give your sins to me. I will take you beyond sin. I am the door to the garden. BUT--I will not submit to you and be put beneath you like a serving maid. He conquers me who dares to pay my price. I ask too much, you say? Yet I give all. Why do you reject my love? Watch out, man, I warn you. When I leave, you will fall asleep, And your rib will be taken out for your mate. You banish me, but you will be cast out from the garden And struggle to be reborn. I will return to remind you of what you really want. How you feel broken with a mate who is part of you, like a crutch."

Her prophesy: "And you, Woman, watch out for the Hero. One day he may turn against you and call you whore. But until that day, I will bring the men from the fields to the temple for the holy rites of love. Until that day--when the fertile crescent is burning with the raging fires of war and the Earth is dying from the poisons of the weapons.

I go now, but you will hear my voice--in the wailing of women mourning their dead children--in the howling winds and the hurricanes, in the earthquakes and the volcanoes! AAhhhh...."

Working with this material for eight months was a profound experience, which underscored other aspects of my life and relationships. Lilith lured me into deeper aspects of my unknown self. The creative work provided a channel through which to process an inner and outer transformation toward recognizing some darker emotions, acting from my personal center, expressing more fully my sexuality, and clarifying appropriate levels of intimacy in relationships. She challenges both women and men to connect with their instinctive passion for life for this natural force denied, unfulfilled, caged or exiled, turns destructive.

In mid-November, Lilith came in another dream in her serpent form. She continues to lead me deeper into the knowledge of the underworld. I share this very new dream to honor the healing power re-emerging from the depths of Earth herself for our shared awakening.

I am walking down a narrow path between apple trees.

A large poisonous snake crosses my path. I retreat. It disappears and walk on. I pass into a stone chamber. On the doorway there is a smaller snake of the same kind curled in a spiral on the door frame. In the chamber there are many snakes--on the floor, on a table, on a chair.

I am afraid.

(I start to wake up and go in to lucid dreaming). I open my throat and let my voice sound strongly in various tones. I light a torch.

I feel more comfortable with the snakes, thought still afraid. I consider letting a boa climb up my arm. Will it strangle me?

A new scene. *I have requested a dab of snake venom to be put on my wrist pulse. I will die in 12 hours or 12 days. I continue on with my life. I go on a journey with a friend and visit my childhood neighborhood. I decide I do not want to die. A small yellow and black snake is on a table. It shows me a pattern, like an infinity sign.*

*If I move around in this pattern,
I will live. I do.*

The snake unfolds the center of her body.

And this dream will continue to unfold its meaning..... ♀

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Dream Rehearsal:

Practicing the Art of a New Perspective

A Personal Journey of Healing Beyond Childhood Sexual Abuse

*I*t's difficult to say when the dreams of N began. Since I could not bear to own the memory of his sexually abusive behavior towards me, I literally banished them from my dream journals and, as quickly as possible, from my memory as well.

N was an older relative (by twenty-five years) and stood over six feet tall — quite an imposing figure from my child's perspective. His domineering appearance was even further accentuated by the fact that he wore the powerfully symbolic collar of a Roman Catholic priest. This made his role within the family so highly regarded that it placed his conduct beyond all suspicion. His presumed absolute authority, combined with mixed messages throughout parochial school, served to greatly confuse my young spirit. I pondered the concept of a just and benevolent God until the summer of my eleventh year when my father died quite unexpectedly. Then, gazing out through disenchanted eyes, I watched as N performed an elaborate funeral service and smiled down at me across the devastating reality of my father's coffin. I came to my own conclusions regarding the existence of a fair and loving deity.

It was in the Winter of '85 (twenty-three years later) that I first began to notice a startling and perplexing change in the way I dreamed about N. At first, after all these years, I could not comprehend why my dreams were suddenly presenting a new scenario — one in which I no longer cowered in terror but, with remarkable calmness approached N

directly with the one, essential question that held so many highly charged emotions at bay. In these newly recurring dream vignettes, devoid of any extraneous visual distractions, we simply met one on one, face to face. I would look him in the eye and ask: "Why did you do it?" The scene would always end in freeze-frame style, the stillness underscoring the already quiet intensity of the moment. With the unanswered question floating, almost tangibly between us, I would suddenly wake, shaken to the core. I was as much in shock at my new found assertiveness as I was at my complete and disarming lack of anger and outrage which I believed any encounter with N would surely demand. Where was my justifiable fury? Why wasn't I lashing out in revengeful attack? How dare I allow myself such an incredibly non-aggressive interaction with this despicable person? I felt utterly betrayed by my dreaming self, my most trusted inner guide!

Of course these dreams were also excluded from my journals. How could I possibly acknowledge them without admitting the painful fear and guilt I still felt after all the years? But try as I might to ignore the issue, these new dreams haunted me deeply. I was absolutely infuriated, frightened anew and completely, utterly baffled.

Looking back I can see how the synchronicity of certain events during this particular time in waking reality may have prompted this new surge of N related dreams. It so happened I was out of the country when a dear uncle passed away and I narrowly

missed what would have been an inevitable encounter with N. I further realized with growing anxiety that as my older relatives began to reach a natural age of dying, there was an ever-increasing probability our paths would cross. Over the years I had already managed to avoid some of these potential situations (distant funerals and certain family gatherings) without causing any questionable attention. But how could I explain my absence at a funeral if someone very dear to me passed away? I felt myself being backed into a corner. It was painfully clear that I must begin to consider my options should such an occasion arise. The first two ideas that came to mind were very discouraging. On one hand, I could easily envision myself "losing it completely" in what would, no doubt, be a very embarrassingly inappropriate situation. On the other hand, I could simply pretend that nothing had ever happened. Behind this less conspicuous alternative lurked the fearful suspicion that I might conceivably not survive (mentally/spiritually/emotionally) such a renewed denial of my personal reality. With great trepidation, I settled on a third alternative and began seeking guidance from a professional therapist. After returning home from my initial appointment, I stood gazing in the mirror while brushing my hair and had the distinct feeling that my mother would call. In the next moment, the phone rang and my mother sadly informed me that my godmother/aunt had just passed away. Although I chose to not attend

my aunt's funeral, I knew this was to be the last time I would have to deal with this type of dilemma.

Throughout my time in therapy, my dreams reflected both turmoil and progress with dramatic intensity. Powerful animals appeared as symbols of strength from which I drew tremendous energy, patience and persistence. The following dreams are excerpts from my journal along with some basic interpretations.

Riding the Wild Horse of my Emotions

I mount a large, white, powerful horse with no saddle, bridle or reins and know that I must remain keenly alert in order to guide our travels and maintain my balance. I must use alternative methods of communication (i.e. telepathy and strength of will) to control this animal.

I acknowledge its ability to carry me away.

• This dream helped prepare me for what I sensed was going to be a "dangerous opportunity". Unsure of what I would uncover through therapy, I was understandably anxious about maintaining my emotional balance, and realized I would need to rely strongly on my inner abilities — intuition, will power, personal integrity — to keep from being carried away.

The Demon Cat(holic)

It is a demon of a cat, small but vicious, black, spitting and hissing at me in a most foul manner. I chase it out of my house through the front door and stamp my foot to scare it down the walkway. It turns and glares at me, still hissing and frothily spitting. It is vile! I return to the house and close the door then begin to wonder if it is truly gone. When I crack open the door to peek, I am startled to find it is on the doorstep. As it springs towards me, I lean with full force against the door and succeed in catching its head and forepaws in the opening. Angrily hissing and swiping at me with its

sharp claws, I perceive it as the epitome of all Evil. It is surprisingly strong and determined. I call out to R for help and he comes immediately to my assistance. Then suddenly, although R has disappeared, I realize I am not afraid of this horrid, little creature, just completely disgusted by it. Calmly I reach down, grab its furry, frothing little head and twist it off.

• This was a very powerful and encouraging dream for me. Through the scenario, I came to realize that simply banishing the demon from my "house" would be an incomplete act if I still had fear of it, as it would no doubt return. Help was available for the asking, but true peace would come only through my gaining a clear perspective and taking personal control of the situation.

Tiger Power

A tiger, huge and powerful, moves slowly towards me with concentrated determination. I am not afraid. It is majestic and awesome in its approach. I calmly close the door which now separates us and sit down on the floor with my back against it. Through the wood I can feel the tiger's even breathing, its insistence, its willingness to wait. We remain for the duration, silently sensing each others spirits.

• On one level there are some obvious similarities to the previous dream. The cat is back, larger and more powerful, but this time I am not afraid. I have the power to close the door which will allow me a safe place (like my therapy sessions) to work out my feeling and strategy. On another level, however, I found myself identifying with the tiger. This led me to suspect that I had "closed the door" on a great and powerful inner spiritual force which was absolutely determined to out wait its opposition. During this time in therapy, I had been expressing a lot of pent-up anger and rage at the injustice of what had happened, and was, as yet, unwilling to connect with my

higher, spiritual self. The tiger was a suitable symbol, as I perceive them to be strong, willful and capable beings that are patiently true to their nature.

A Man Tries to Steal my Pie

My mother and I arrive at an outdoor restaurant for lunch. I seat myself at a table while she heads off to the restroom. When I see her returning, I wave to get her attention as she does not know the table I have chosen. She scans the place with her eyes, and at first I think she doesn't see me. When she finds me, she makes a joke about how she hadn't seen anyone else in the place who looked like me, so she knew I must be her daughter. This sounds a bit odd to me, but I know that she is trying to be funny in a gentle, teasing way. Now we are both seated at the table and while we are looking off in the same direction together, a man at the table beside us reaches over and tries to steal the piece of pie in front of me. I catch him in the attempt and cry out in a child's voice, "Mom! He's stealing my pie!" She is shocked, but doesn't know what to do and remains motionless. I lean over and grab the pie back myself.

• A fairly clear dream message — complete with obvious pun. In this scenario, realizing that my mother is not going to rescue me from this predicament, I take the initiative to recapture what is rightfully mine.

One day, after a few months of intensive work, my therapist gently suggested the idea of holding a joint session with N. Once the shock of the idea wore off, I began to see that this approach held the greatest opportunity for me to reclaim my personal power. I wrote a very long letter to N, and not willing to take any risks, posted a copy to his superior as well. Shortly thereafter, a meeting was arranged.

When that phenomenal day arrived, I was confidently prepared to express my feelings with integrity

and was able to state my demands clearly. I felt it was imperative that N understand the full repercussions of his actions and articulated the many ways in which my life and personal philosophy had been affected. The most striking moment, however, came when I paused to look him straight in the eye. And as an incredibly eerie sense of *deja vu* swept through me, I asked him the haunting question: "Why did you do it?" His answer astounded me. He said he had felt a need for power. By the time the session ended, much insight had been gained and I finally understood how those novel dreams had actually prepared me for this ultimate confrontation.

Reflecting on them anew, it felt as if on some level, N and I had appeared on the same stage and chosen a manner of interaction that would offer an incredible lesson in the power of creating personal realities. It is this perspective which I feel allows me the advantage of declining the labels of "victim" or "survivor". To me, these titles appear self-defining, self-limiting and lack a certain sense of responsibility as far as decision-making is considered. Lest my philosophy be misinterpreted, I might add that although I claim responsibility for choices made as a naive child, I can embrace that inner child with a gentle heart and feel no guilt for the options I perceived as most reasonable at the time.

After my time in therapy, other dreams continued to reflect the healing, as shown in the excerpts below.

Relating my Therapy Experience to N

While walking down a street with a man who is a psycho-therapist, I tell him about my time in therapy. When we enter my house, he metamorphoses into N's identical brother (which he does not have in waking reality), then becomes N himself. I feel as if I'm calmly relating the entire experience to him from a new, fairly objective perspective.

- Through therapy I have gained a new perspective — one that gives me a sense of distance regarding our relationship and previous interactions.

Looking for N

I am walking down a flight of stairs that leads to the daylight outside. I am looking for N. There is a vague feeling within—a need for complete and final resolution.

- I am leaving the surface, going down into my feelings. This stairway leads to an open area as opposed to a place that is dark and closed. Since our meeting at the joint session was so highly charged emotionally, I believe this dream is telling me that there is some desire to neutralize the connection between us.

Communicating on a New Level with N

At the old church of my childhood days, I stand on a raised cement area by the fence that surrounds the parking lot. I see N and we exchange a few friendly remarks. Standing at this level, I am actually taller than he is. There is no anxiety or anger, no uncomfortable feelings in this situation. Remarkable!

- I'm on solid ground in this dream with a new perspective. I woke feeling wonderfully amazed at the manner in which we conversed.



One and a Half Turn Pirouette

A priest has come to the cabin-like apartment of a friend I am staying with. She is not home at the moment and I let him in. We walk into a couple of bedrooms looking for some document that he claims to need. My guard is up slightly, aware that he is a man and that we are entering bedrooms with no one else around. I'm not actually worried, however, as I feel that I am in control of the situation. On our

way out, we walk through an outdoor kitchen area which is very dense with tropical foliage. The floor is damp from a recent rain. I warn the priest to watch his step as I see him place his foot next to an emerging, thick tree root which could cause him to stumble. We enter a clearing and I comment that I like this outdoor kitchen quite a lot. In fact, I am so happy that I begin to dance beneath the luxurious, full trees, at one point performing a graceful (and slower than possible) one and a half turn pirouette.

- Since I am in control, there is nothing to fear from this man, even when we enter the bedroom which symbolizes a place of former vulnerability. I even watch out for this person's safety lest he become entangled and pulled down by (family?) roots (I had subsequently learned that N had also been abused as a child). We end up in the open kitchen, a place symbolic of nourishment. I feel this dream is evidence of great emotional progress. The idea of a slow pirouette evokes a feeling of a methodical, contemplative, coming full circle then going beyond to end facing in a new direction.

In sharing this very personal journey with others, my greatest hope is to offer encouragement to those who may feel at times that their dreams do not truly belong to them, that their dreaming selves may seek to betray them, that there is nothing to be gained from the mysterious and marvelous manner in which they may reveal to us our higher inner spirits. Surely one of the most precious gifts our dream lives offer is the unparalleled opportunity to hold and explore, if for but a moment, a new perspective which may ultimately lead us to envision change, to embrace an understanding beyond what our basically restricted waking personalities would ever consider. We may indeed find ourselves venturing into a waking reality of exquisite freedom -- beyond our wildest dreams. ♪

Three Women on Dream Island

Kali, Intuition & I

by Ingrid Luke

Several years ago I incubated the dream question, "What is the purpose of dreams and dreamwork in my life?" The dream's reply was more complex and far-reaching than I expected.

I am in one of three lifeboats containing men and women. Our captain won't land until we find the "right" place. Following our lookouts' excited gaze, we see it too! Centered among dozens of islands, one island is radiating brilliant streams of light energy. In the ocean we notice a red brick path, bordered in yellow, just beneath the water. It winds to our island.

It seems vital to walk the path, using boats only when the water gets too deep.

The others reluctantly agree to this delay.

On the island, we follow a short path directly to an exquisite gold and white pagoda. A native guide joins us. Climbing a spiral staircase inside the pagoda, we come to a short landing with more stairs beyond. I freeze in terror! Our path is blocked by the petrified remains of three women.

Casually, the guide explains that the dead are often collected here. Revolted, I turn and leave, covering my inner turmoil with small talk. Later, walking down the hill, I notice our guide has become a police captain. As he offers to show us around the island, I express surprise that this island even warrants a police force.

The unanimous agreement of dreamwork being "right" was satisfying. My need to travel on foot (via my own understanding) is a familiar dream element. Other dreams have found this acceptable though not necessary; a minor inconvenience that I could/would relinquish when my ego was ready.

Upon reaching this "land of dreams," I was surprised that my path led directly to a pagoda -to me, a beautiful, exotic relationship to the sacred - and horrified that such repulsive feminine aspects could belong to me.



Touch Drawing by Deborah Koff-Chapin

One Woman's Journey

A Three Year Dream-Inspired Journey-Map

by Maysel Brooks

In July of 1987 I had a special dream.

I was sitting on the edge of a swimming pool, gazing into an empty sky. There was a small splash on my left. I looked down into the water, scooped my hand in the pool and came up with a beige-colored frog. We looked at each other and I said, "It's a good thing I was here. You would have drowned!"

I sat him beside me on my left and continued to gaze off into the sky.

It took me a week to get the message: It was time to dive in and take a journey!. The guide was there; what more did I need.... except a large roll of 24 inch poster paper? I had decided to do a journey map as a way of working with the dream; little did I know that what began as an activity to understand one dream would gradually transform into an inner journey of incredible depth, experience and understanding.

The journey began with Frog and a young girl. He was to be the guide, she was to follow while drawing the places they visiting and writing everything he told her. She agreed and they were off! For many days they went to the usual places one finds in a journey of this sort: a mountain top, a forest, across a river, through a huge iron gate, into caves and so on. At each place they would sit for hours while Frog told the young girl many things about herself and life in general. She, however, was more interested in Frog and where they were going than in what he said. In fact, whenever she looked closely at what she had written, it seemed like



so many worldly opinions - all of which sounded important - but had little to do with what was happening with Frog. As they continued, she eventually realized that Frog was talking less, she was writing less and her drawings were beginning to change. She was no longer drawing places from her familiar world but was entering places and meeting people of strange and distant lands.

Like the time she came upon a beautiful woman and her handsome mate who seemed to be playing some kind of game. He would peel off a small piece from a huge ball of energy and pass it to her. She in turn would shape it a

bit and toss it through the air into a huge fire. The young girl called it "moonballing." It was some time before she understood it was not a game; they were sorting and rearranging things in a way that would have a deep, personal effect on her sometime later.

Then there was the time the young girl met the lady in the blue robe who was trying to convince a small, frightened child to leave a room in which she had been living for a long time. The Lady in Blue (as she came to be known) had to be patient and help the child understand the experiences and people that caused her to choose to live in that room.

Experiences such as these and many more were difficult for the young girl. At times she wanted to forget about the journey and return to her brightly lit world, but she intuitively knew she was being moved along by something that had its own pace and intelligence, that was insisting on telling its own story, and she had better cooperate and let it happen.... whatever it was. The journey was not only happening on paper and in dreams at night, but was

Journey-Map Art by Maysel Brooks

moving inward according to its own irreversible patterns in the psyche during the day.

There came a time when Frog had to leave the young girl but promised to meet her somewhere down the road. Trusting him as usual, she continued on alone to various places in this strange land. Eventually, she came to a Greek-like temple and for a few minutes sat beside it doing nothing. Then she felt, deep inside her, a tremendous shift.... as if two big portions of energy had changed places. She knew it was time to draw again. As the newly-arranged energy was released onto paper, it gave its own symbolic shape and meaning of the union of the masculine/feminine energies. When she finished, the young girl knew she had not only found a new meaning of body but she had also been a member of a wonderful wedding. What she didn't know was that there would be more weddings and experiences.

About this time I had another dream:

I was in an apartment with an older woman who was comforting me, trying to find out what upset me so.

After much effort, I shouted while pointing to a little grey cloud hovering just over my head, "That's my soul! It wants to come in and rest!" And it did.

The above journey, which lasted about three years, was neither a beginning nor an end. I have been doing inner work since 1971. It was, however, significant in that it resulted in a deep wholeness--the first I had ever experienced at that depth. It also resulted in an inner reversal which put an overly aggressive masculine in his rightful place: *behind* the young girl whom he would eventually learn to support as she explored her true nature as a female. This is something she had never done before. Living in a locked room doesn't give a child much chance to experience and grow! They both had much to learn about their new relationship and about life in general.

“....the laws of the inner world are more exacting and demanding than those which any society has ever put forth.”

The journey map continued until the winter of '89 - '90. When looked at in full view, it tells a wonderful story of an inner house that is finally put in order, where life is experienced on different levels with at least some

understanding of what belongs where. In this house, different people come and go for different reasons. Places of “other worldliness” are visited. Infants are born and nurtured and while some mature and find a way to enhance life in the “real” world, others live in a place so deep they exist only by way of symbols. Some of the “darker people” are difficult to accept and get to know but they're the ones who often house the most precious gems of all.

The young girl never saw Frog again. He did not turn into a prince, waiting for her at the end of the journey ready to carry her off to some wonderful land where they would live happily ever after. She did, however, find something in herself....something permanent and valuable to her as a woman.

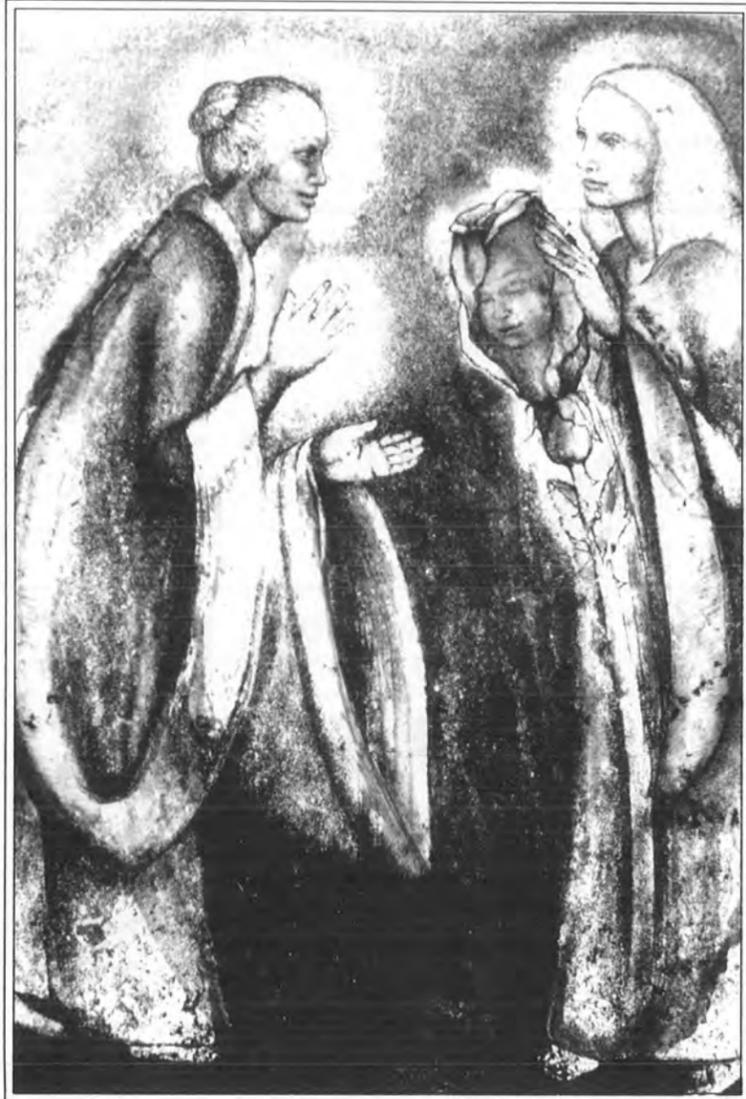
Could this be the real prince? ♀



(Author's afterword) This article is a simplified rendition of years of difficult, time consuming and painful work that was even dangerous at times. It's true that any kind of dreamwork will reap some kind of reward but it's also true that certain levels of inner work should not be approached unless one is willing and able to commit fully, for the laws of the inner world are more exacting and demanding than those which any society has ever put forth.

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Woman



Look into the Face of the Mother



*a pictorial essay
by
Deborah Koff-Chapin*

DreamTime in the Canyonlands:

Reflections on a Women's Healing Seminar

by Karen A. Mason

Four months before I left my home on the east coast to take part in a dream seminar in the southwest, I had a dream:

A woman, swimming in the ocean, comes ashore to a small sandy beach boarded by a steep rocky surface into which she climbs and reclines, as if getting into a sleeping berth. I realize this is unusual and wonder why she is doing it. The woman now goes back into the water and swims to a small submarine and knocks on it in order to be allowed in. The scene then changes and in the last segment of the dream there is a group of women traveling home from a journey.

At the time I had this dream what struck me most were the feelings of solitude, the graceful determination (as she moved on water and land)... and a slight annoyance at not understanding her crawling into the rock. Today my view of this dream is changing as I am beginning to understand this dream as a descriptive narrative of my southwest dream journey. I can now see parallels between the theme of the dream, the actual physical journeys I encountered and the inner processes involved in the dream seminar.

The seminar participants were a group of women, some of whom had never met before and who, after an evening of introductions and dinner, began the first full day of the seminar by hiking into Mill Creek Canyon. The canyon and the swollen creek running through it afforded us a spectacular spot to spend the entire day, yet not be terribly far away from the nearby town. The terrain was somewhat rough as we walked into the canyon carrying our day's necessities in our back packs. We had to cross the creek several times, navigate through thick quicksand-type mud and negotiate our way between sagebrush and other small trees. We found our spot for dream sharing on a huge flat rock overlooking the creek which was also near a dry tributary composed of a bed of sensuously rounded stones. Here we spent a large part of our day seeing only a handful of other people and a couple handfuls of others people's trash, but the workshop was about substance and healing and this seemed to be a reminder of the need for humankind to heal its relationship with nature. After all, as our co-leader suggested, the environment is the ultimate substance--the very substance that sustains us.

The day was divided by continuing our hike even deeper into the canyon. We passed Native Ameri-

can rock art panels and arrived at a delightful waterfall with a natural pool that was surrounded on two sides by steep red-rock walls. Here we relaxed, swam and ate our lunch embraced by the comfort of the canyon, afterward returning to our original spot on the large rock to continue sharing and exploring our individual dreams. The following day's location was just as magnificent, as we sat near the edge of the Colorado River on a sandy beach with blue sky above and tons of red in light and shadow on the huge rock faces on all sides.

The seminar followed a format that has become widely accepted with the various contemporary groups that do this type of dream processing. Each dreamer shares their dream uninterrupted and using the present tense; others are encouraged not to interrupt the dreamer but rather to listen attentively and pose questions in order to assist the dreamer's own exploration of the truth held within the dream for them. Except for a few tangents that took us away from our dreams and into other parallel concerns that ranged from death, to animal teachings and even included learning and singing an Earth chant in a round, we continued both days examining our dreams in this way. I learned that even though we tell personal dream stories, we also

make connections (on a deep dream level) that take us beyond our individual dreams and provide a glimpse of our commonalities.

Now, focusing back to my earlier dream of the woman swimming alone, I feel more complete - not only in my dream experience - but also in my experience of the Canyonlands dream seminar. The physical landscapes (the inner one in my dream and the outer one of the seminar) were set in and around water and also with land that rose straight up from its place near the water's edge. The scenarios of both dream and seminar involved a journey, a two-fold journey. As the woman swims alone in the creative unconscious (ocean) and through the depths of her emotions nature (water), I, too, as a participant in the seminar move through the feelings and creative forces experienced in my own personal dreams. And secondly, as I come together with other feminine parts of my self in my dream, I also bring my uniqueness to share with the other female participants in the group. My initial irritation over not understanding why the woman climbed into the rock crevice is now allayed. Rather than searching for a reason, the point for me here was to simply *be* with the Earth - both as the dream woman actually crawling into the Earth - and as a waking woman entering the sacredness of the Earth's canyons. ♪

(Author's note:) I would like to thank Valerie Meluskey and Roberta Ossana, the facilitators of the weekend seminar, for their expertise and commitment to all of our dreams.

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(LUKE: Cont'd from page 15)

Emotionally I was totally unable to face them. The fact that people often meet their disowned or damaged selves at this stage was immaterial; I distracted myself by following dream 'author(ities)' around, learning more intellectually than experientially. How quickly a guide can become a policeman has at times been a valuable reminder.

Other than recording the dream with a few notes, I was unable to do further dreamwork and set it aside. The joy and beauty vs. the surprise and horror were too emotionally intense. Intellectual efforts felt somehow damaging to the dream experience itself. Only later did I recognize the 'coincidence' of this dream and my subsequent attraction to literature about the Crone, about legends of matriarchal cultures, death and dying, women's cycles and health.... as well as feminine spirituality.

During my reading and dreamwork the next few years, various images from this dream came to mind and their personal significance became clearer. Mounting the staircase replayed itself in my imagination many times; each time I again fled..

One day while napping with the flu, the dream continued:

Climbing the staircase, I again meet with decayed bodies. I am overwhelmed with compassion, sadness and a need to comfort them.

Kneeling over them, my tears touch them as I reach out my hands.

Immediately they stir and return to life. They welcome me with radiant smiles. As we embrace, I feel information being transmitted non-verbally. They straighten their robes, stretch and prepare to accompany me up the remaining stairs. Waiting, I try to remember who they are. The golden one, the first to awaken, is Intuition. The second one has gleaming black hair and penetrating eyes; Kali seems appropriate. The third woman is very familiar, yet I can't remember. Her features keep changing, subtly. I awaken trying to recognize her.

Just to reach out and acknowledge these feminine parts was enough to revitalize and transform them, but took several years. Words are too linear and space too limited to describe the women.

Intuition - or more fittingly "She Who Speaks Through Intuition" - comes from a place of pure wisdom and love. She is infinitely patient and literally radiates these energies. Kali, beautiful and regal, emanates an incredible serene power. Although she presides over destruction and chaos, this is only a part of her essence, which encompasses the wonder and mystery of creation itself. She is to be honored. Kali has no need to explain and we fear what we do not understand. However, she will teach us in *her* way and in *her* time if we are willing to leave our prejudice and expectations behind.

Who, though, is this third woman....so strangely familiar? Eventually, I came to recognize her as the woman I can/will become, with a sense of femininity more elemental than my physical gender, deeper than my activities as wife and mother. Marion Woodman refers to the development of a "conscious feminine" and this is the best expression I have found that hints at what I feel is surfacing. She awakened only after intuition and Kali were aroused; her features were still in development and not stabilized, just as with my own inner feminine. These dream women are not just images but dynamic energies influencing who I am and am becoming. ♪

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Karen A. Signell,

Wisdom of the Heart:

Working with Women's Dreams

(New York: Bantam, 1990)

300 pages, \$12.95

by Kelly Bulkley

A striking but often overlooked fact about the contemporary dream study scene is the prominent role played at all levels by women. Many of the leading academic dream researchers are women, as are many of the most successful authors of general audience dream books.

It is not surprising, then, that there have been quite a few books written specifically on the topic of dreams and women. The most recent of these books is Karen Signell's *Wisdom of the Heart: Working with Women's Dreams*. Given that Signell's book is addressed primarily to women, it might seem odd to have a man reviewing it. But this is not simply a book about dreams for women; it is an important book on dreams that has value for all people, men and women. I think it would be a terrible injustice to Signell to suggest that her book is "for women only", and that men could not understand or learn anything from it.

Signell is a Jungian analyst who admits, in the admirably honest "Personal Preface" to her book that she is not a Jungian "type": she's a down-to-earth, practically-minded person who is not naturally inclined toward introspection. Only later in life, she says, did she begin exploring her inner world. It took her a long time to "learn this second language, [and to] become a craftswoman in a foreign land." (xxv) Signell is almost apologetic about this but I find her book's earthiness to be a great virtue. She emphasizes bringing dreams into our lives and shows how dreams speak to our practical, waking world emotional and relational concerns. At the same time, she always maintains a respect for the dreams themselves—that is, she does not just squeeze out all the "practical value" and then toss the dream aside.

Rather, she encourages us to develop a sensitivity to the interconnected realities of both inner and outer life.

Wisdom of the Heart is a very personal work, with a richly woven texture. Signell uses many dream examples to describe the various symbolic patterns and themes that she believes commonly emerge in women's dreams: themes such as conflicts with one's mother, dealing with love and relationships, experiencing the physical developments of the female body and reacting to our society's hostility toward women. Signell uses Jung's archetypes (primarily the archetypes of the Self, the Great Mother and the Shadow) to interpret these common dream themes.

The book is clearly presented, supported by plenty of citations to current dream research and to feminist theory and includes a number of graceful, lyrical passages. This is one that I especially enjoyed:

"A woman's journey is a moonlit way, a hazardous, rock-strewn path that winds along the ocean. We let ourselves be drawn into the vortex of dark and turbulent waters, committing ourselves to know our deepest emotions and instincts—passionate or delicate, angry or joyful, nurturing or selfish. Leading a life of involvement with another has terrible challenges and no sure reward except the involvement itself, our daring to be ourselves as women and living life wholeheartedly." (155)

The greatest strength of *Wisdom of the Heart* is what I would call its feminist reappropriation of Jung. Many feminists have condemned Jung for elevating culturally-specific characteristics of femininity into universal, eternal realities; in other words, Jung takes Western society's very distinctive (and very warped) view of women and turns it into the "Anima", the essential nature of women everywhere and at all times.

Thus, according to Jung, women are "archetypally" more receptive, passive, nurturing, emotional, etc. Feminist critics complain that Jung makes it harder for us to see where our society's views of women are wrong, are demeaning and oppressive and should be changed.

Signell agrees with this criticism but like other Jungian feminists (such as Carol Rupprecht and Demaris Wehr) she also calls attention to the feminist virtues of Jung's theory: its recognition of the powers of the unconscious, of the tendency to split masculine and feminine qualities and of the need to balance these qualities in a whole, integrated personality. Signell uses Jung's principles to go beyond Jung's personal and cultural failings. She thus is able to rediscover unconscious energies that can empower women.

My biggest concern with the book is that, ironically enough, Signell occasionally runs into the same problem that Jung does. The primary source for her reflections are her therapy clients, all of whom are members of late 20th century North American culture. Her comments are entirely valid, I think, for people in that same cultural context. But there are times when she slips from talking about women in our culture to talking about women in general, in any culture. This can make it more difficult for us to recognize the possible differences of women's experiences in other cultures. All of us, not just Jungians, could benefit from more awareness of the variety of dream experiences in different cultures.

One of the great contributions of feminism to modern thought is the idea that meaning is always rooted in a context—in bodies, in relationships, in communities, in physical and cultural environments. Signell shows us how the meanings of dreams are also always rooted in a practical, earth-bound context. Her excellent book reveals the many implications of this crucial insight and helps to empower and enrich our lives—

women's and men's. ♀

The Potato Stigmata of Afghanistan

My Methods for Unraveling Important Dream Mysteries

by Noreen Wessling

Every once in a while a dream emerges which pleads to be discovered in many lights. The dream I call *The Potato Stigmata of Afghanistan* is one such dream. In my two decades of enthused dream questing, which by now have birthed over two thousand journaled 'dream babies,' this dream stands alone.

No single dream has inspired me to approach it in such a myriad of ways. True, I'm blessed with a rich dream life, yet this dream outdoes them all with the sheer absurdity of it's images. That, of course, entices and dares me to unravel its secret depths.

1) RECORD DREAM

The Potato Stigmata of Afghanistan (May 23, 1989)

Mum tells me that she was really born in Afghanistan but could not tell me before because she had to protect her sister. Now she has no need to protect her because she is dead.

This is all somehow connected with a medium-sized potato which mum has kept all these years (it's just like new!), a potato which she had not told anyone.

Now she cuts the potato in half and after she does this, I see a deep pink substance ooze from areas of the inner potato.

It reminds me of blood and stigmata.

2) RECENT EVENTS

What was going on in my everyday life when I had this dream? I had just returned from an intense weekend workshop on Creative Visualization where my major emphasis was on better integration of my male/female self.

3) MAJOR THEME

The major theme (my one sentence content summary) of this dream says that *something does not have to be protected anymore and the truth can be revealed.* This neatly relates to my letting go of some out-of-date protecting patterns at the workshop, the release of which allowed greater access to my own power.

4) SYMBOLIC IMAGES

Playing around with the symbolic images revealed the following:

Mum: Since she recently died, she now comes into my dreams as guidance from my Higher Self

Born: Some birth of new consciousness in me

Died: Necessary before new consciousness can occur

Afghanistan: Initially this stumped me for I knew NOTHING about the place....then I let the images come. It is a place remote from my knowledge; unexpected and has an exotic feel to it. I feel drawn to learn more

Could Not Tell Me: My feeling of separation

Protect Sister: Relating to the protecting of my feminine energy and emotions

Potato: Of the earth/basic sustenance/sustaining life energy/grounding

Deep Pink: Of the heart/ like blood = life energy

Cut in Half: Life energy released after all these years and looks like two identical "seeds" (male/female)

Stigmata: Evidence of the Christ consciousness



At this point I decided to use Henry Reed's *Dream Workout Video* and following his exercises, I came up with the following insights.

5) SOME POSSIBLE MEANINGS

My Higher Self or intuitive guidance (Mum) is leading me to explore some remote, exotic and unexpected places in myself (Afghanistan). Sometimes this can feel uncomfortable but that is O.K.

I am well grounded (Potato) and can handle it as I search deeper inside myself. The more I open up to the Higher Power within (Stigmata), the more I can be an instrument...a medium (Medium-sized) through which the life power (Blood) can be transmitted to many others and to the extent I stay centered, I ooze love and enthusiasm (Deep Pink) to others in all I do.

So far so good, but I felt there was more in this dream and it was just begging for a *dream re-write*. Here it is.

6) DREAM RE-WRITE

THE MESSAGE FROM MY HIGHER SELF IS CLEAR. (mum) I AM AT A NEW BEGINNING: A PLACE REMOTE TO ME AND YET EXOTICALLY MYSTERIOUS AND INVITING. (Afghanistan) IT HAS TO DO WITH MY FEMININE ENERGY, (sister) WHICH HAS BEEN KEPT SECRET (could not tell) EVEN FROM MYSELF FOR A LONG TIME BUT IS NOT OPENING UP TO ME (cut in half) AS THIS FEMININE ASPECT OF ME HAS BEEN TRANSFORMED (death and rebirth) TO A NEW LEVEL OF CONSCIOUSNESS.

THIS IS ALL CONNECTED WITH MY BUDDHA-TYPE QUEST FOR MODERATION (medium sized) AND FOR BALANCING MY MALE/FEMALE ENERGIES. (potato cut in half) I SEE NOT THAT A SOLID ROOTING IN THE EARTH IS A PREREQUISITE. (potato) EVEN THOUGH THIS UNDERSTANDING HAS BEEN WAITING A LONG TIME TO COME FORTH, IT IS STILL AS FRESH AND FULL OF LIFE AS EVER. (potato like new) BY BEING SOLIDLY GROUNDED (potato), I CAN FEEL MORE CONNECTED WITH MY LIFE ENERGY ON ALL LEVELS (blood). MY FEELINGS OF SEPARATENESS (could not tell me) DISAPPEAR. IT IS ONLY WHEN I'M FEELING CONNECTED WITH THE ONENESS OF LIFE (stigmata) THAT MY DEEPEST HEART CONNECTION (deep pink) CAN COME FORTH GENTLY AND CONTINUOUSLY (ooze) FROM THIS INNER STABILITY.

Now I have a handy outward gauge to tell me how well I'm allowing my Higher Intuitive Self to surge through me from the Universe. The gauge is to be sensitive to how much life energy I feel at this moment.

When I'm energetic and enthused, the Universal flow is strong. When I'm feeling depleted or down, the flow is blocked and I need to adjust accordingly.

Yeah! This felt right to me. Looming on the heels of this revelation, of course, came the perennial dream question:

"What are you going to do with this information, Noreen?"

"This dream was still not finished, as it cajoled me to express it in some tangible form. It wanted to be *REAL*."

7) ACTION

1. Explore further my creative powers—the feminine energy secrets which are now unfolding in me, exotically mysterious and inviting.

2. Keep rooted and in touch with the earth. Actually work more in the garden and commune more with the trees, flowers and animals in my back yard.

3. When I feel depleted, unenthused or that life is just no fun, remember this is the sign that my creative flow is blocked. My needs are not being met.

Simply be aware of this and...

4.then proceed to unblock myself and meet my needs using any or all of the following methods: meditate, work in the garden, do something helpful and kind of another, do something extra nice for myself, do something to trigger my right brain: play music, dance, tai chi, art work, etc.

* * * *

My Dream self was on a roll now and insisted playfully that I list *key phrases* inspired by the dream for quick "mind triggers." Here are some of my favorites:

8) KEY PHRASES

Risk It...Go Deeper
Life From My Heart
"Over-Nurturing" Is Out
New Life Power Is Born In Me
Creative Power Is the Greatest
Power There Is
Free to Explore My Exotic,
Feminine, Mysterious Power

In that magical way which dreamwork allows, these key phrases gestalted in my mind to form an *ideal* for me to aspire toward:

9) IDEAL

By Spontaneously Appreciating
Others, I Overcome All Feeling
Of Separateness And
Am Completely Fulfilled

10) SOME TANGIBLE CREATION

This dream was still not finished, as it cajoled me to express it in some tangible form. It wanted to be *REAL* for me: a poem; an art piece; a factual research on Afghanistan's culture from the main library (a branch would not do!). Well, I knew my dreams better than to balk.

In the stacks at the Cincinnati main library I accrued piles of fascinating information on the art and culture of early Afghanistan and found to my amazement and delight that much of it fit like an old, friendly glove. Many of the art styles, spiritual philosophies of the Mullas and their appreciation of the natural, rather stark beauty of their land by the peasants, gripped my attention. I vibrated with it—even to the extent of feeling I may have had past lives there.

What a far cry from my first thought upon having the dream! The library visit resulted in my compiling a 43 page journal on "Memories of My Life in Afghanistan," with many pictures that attracted me due to the connection I felt with them. I continue to be inspired artistically and spiritually as time goes on.

Naturally, I made some paintings and drawing that captured the feeling essence of Afghanistan; I am going to make a necklace for the design on this drawing.

And so, I think...I feel, that I have finally worked this dream. But perhaps tomorrow, or next year, I'll discover another layer to explore. All the dream asks of me now is that I live it.

Afghanistan, here I come! ♪

Dream Categories

Part One

by Rosemary Watts



Dreams are a very important aspect of our daily lives that need more conscious attention and consideration. Whether we dream in vague snippets or full-blown epic movies, the information your sleeping mind is sharing should not be overlooked. With more focus and value given to your dreams, you will remember more dreams and learn incomparable lessons.

I have found that dreams can fall into ten different categories. When approaching dreams, know that several categories may apply to one dream. The deeper you explore, the more levels of meaning you can find. I present these categories so that you may begin to look at your own dreams to discover the multidimensional aspects within these nightly scenarios.

1. Daily Wash or Review Dreams.

These are the most common of dreams and, unfortunately, are often easily dismissed. An example might be: you have dinner with a friend and that night you dream about having dinner with this friend. In the dream, you have all the food on your side of the table as your friend sits there watching you eat. Suddenly, she begins crying uncontrollably. Then, as you watch, she turns into a small, wounded bird fluttering on the chair, seeming to cry out for attention. You are then changed into a colorful parrot talking a mile a minute. There are several possible reasons for having this type of dream: a.) The dream might be showing you explicitly the choices you made. With the food on your side of the table, you become aware that you were the one nour-

ished through your encounter with your friend. b.) The dream might be sharing reactions you overlooked. Your subconscious picks up on subtle emotional nuances and presents them to you in the dream. Your friend was upset and you were not consciously aware of this, thus your dream presents her emotional state in a dramatic version so that you will listen. c.) A third reason for this type of dream might be to act as a character study. Through these bird symbols, you clearly understand each of your roles from the previous evening. In a waking state you can now correct the imbalances from your dinner by calling to listen, support and nourish your friend. Rather than quickly tossing these dream images aside, look more closely into the messages behind dreams. Please don't dismiss any dream fragments or "obvious" messages; dreams are more complex and deserve your attention.

2. Character Review Dreams.

Most characters presented in dreams are an aspect of yourself. When you dream about your mother she is likely to be personifying an aspect of yourself of which you may not be aware. When friends from the past pop up in a dream, you should look back either to your relationship with them or the time period you knew them to see what messages they present. The "character review" category can serve several functions: a.) It can highlight your own strengths. Perhaps your dream shows positive aspects about yourself that you are presently overlooking. For example, you dream about a beautiful dancer

being showered with roses upon her curtain call. She then presents the roses to you backstage. The dream is showing your potential for sharing creativity with others and being rewarded. However, consciously you have put these talents "backstage" and the dream is showing you the rewards of bringing them "on stage". b.) It can point out weaknesses. You dream about standing in line, then you get stuck in traffic and then your date is late. When you awaken, you see the comedy in this frustrating dream and understand your own need to be patient with circumstances that are out of your control. c.) It can also give suggestions for balancing. You dream about being chained to your desk with mounds of work in front of you. Meanwhile, outside the window, you see people playing. You wake up knowing that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and you vow to take more time for yourself.

3. Problem Solving Dreams.

Dreams are very helpful, like a good friend trying to relay messages to you ... all you have to do is ask. There are several ways these problem solving tools can be used. a.) Dreams can present business or study advice. One night, I gave myself a pre-sleep suggestion about whether to take a job I was considering. That night, I dreamt that I was walking a close, unidentified friend to the elevator in a high rise apartment building. I turned to go back down the hall to my apartment. Suddenly, the elevator cable snapped and I heard the elevator crash to the bottom, my friend

screaming. I woke up and immediately knew I shouldn't take this particular job because it could "crash" to the ground and in the process I would lose something close to me. b.) Dreams can aid in interpersonal clarification. You are having some misunderstandings with your spouse and you go to bed upset. That night, your dream shows you some key to this conflict, and you awaken with a resolution and a better understanding of your partners feelings. c.) They can give clues for the best choice to be made. Perhaps you are considering moving and have narrowed your choice down to several locations. Still undecided, you go to sleep and you dream about the most appropriate location for you. Dreams may not be presented in a literal scenario, but when working with the symbols of the dream, the deeper meaning becomes much more evident. Listen to your own inner voice or "heart" to validate your impressions. As the dreamer, you will know when you've "gotten" the message from your dream. d.) Finally, dreams can share suppressed emotions about a situation. In college, my sister and I had many misunderstandings. I dreamt shortly before she was getting married that her best friend and I completely missed the wedding. We showed up without our bridesmaids' dresses on, embarrassed to be so late. My dream warned me about my negative feelings and how they could potentially sabotage my sister's wedding.

4. Body & Health Awareness Dreams.

Dreams can a.) show imbalances, b.) give health-aid suggestions, and c.) share mental or emotional effects on the body. Perhaps you dream about a vicious dog attacking your stomach and ripping out your intestines. Your doctor (or someone you don't actually know in waking life, but this person reminds you of your doctor) appears, leading a cow. You awaken, aware that this stomach pain could be a serious problem, perhaps an ulcer. Your dream shows the importance of making an appointment to see your doctor and that you should drink more milk to soothe your ulceric problems. The dog is

showing how your uncontrollable anger, even if suppressed, is the cause of this attack on your stomach and intestines. Dreams are not always presented so simplistically as these examples, and you may not be aware of their meaning upon waking; however, if given attention, dreams will make their meaning clear and relay their individually unique message.

5. Inspiration Dreams.

a.) Dreams can give specific answers to questions. My brother, a computer scientist, has told me of going to bed exhausted from working on an unsolved issue. In the morning, the solution to the problem is clear! Dreams used for problem solving and inspiration have been greatly noted by a variety of people such as scientists, writers and other artists, and business people.

b.) Dreams can show creativity in action. During college, I was taking a choreography class. I took a short nap before rehearsal one day. In my dream, I woke up at 6:10 pm., although the meeting was to begin at 5:00. I dashed over to the studio and everyone had already been working for over an hour. In the dream, we completed the dance and felt very creative. When I woke up, it was indeed 6:10 pm. AGH! My partners had left by then without working on our project. The next day, I shared the dance ideas presented in my dream and many of these ideas were incorporated into our final dance project! So my dreams were working on my dance project even though my body was sleeping.

c.) Dreams can provide motivation to continue in a specific creative endeavor. As an actress, there are times when I lose sight of my goals. Usually during this time, I will dream of being cast in a great role and I wake up with renewed determination. ♪

(Editor's note: In the next issue, Rosemary will describe the remaining five dream categories she has identified.)

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first on the trail and exhibit physical prowess.

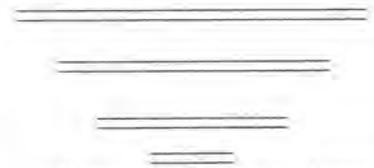
And despite my pleasant company, I *needed* to spend time alone.

At the first opportunity I walked into the end of our newly-named Horse Canyon². There - among other splendors - was an endless spring of water surrounded by deep green, spongy moss.. ...pouring forth from the face of the redrock wall. A twenty-four hour-a-day orgasm! This canyon's edge was a source-place which allowed the expression of wonder and gratitude for the ever-reproducing and evolving stream of life provided by this blessed, mysterious planet we are so fortunate live upon. I *remembered* that, like my indigenous friend and her people, the Earth, too, has undergone relentless, unconscious abuse at our hands. And despite this mistreatment, she has patiently and unquestionably proven her resilience, her ultimately unchallengeable Power.

I *did* renew my vows.

My dream mentor *reminded* me that it is the Earth Mother to whom I may now look for [maternal] companionship and guidance. Her words were: "Look into the Face of the Mother." She did not say look into the face of *your* Mother. Therefore, I desire to share this dream message with you for your enhancement and to benefit She who provides nurturance for all living forms.

To you, beloved friend Mary, I remain always *ready* to learn. ♡



¹ Geomancer is one who *is* able to read or *divine* the Earth. I had never heard the word, nor did I know its' definition, prior to receiving that dream message.

² We agreed on this name because of a very specific horse-shaped shadow cast on the canyon wall: by moonlight.

The Soviet Coup: Dream, Myth & Reality

by Kelly Bulkley

I left Chicago on Sunday evening, August 18, for the "Dreaming in Russia" conference in Moscow. I was very excited, expecting that the first-ever gathering of Western and Soviet dream explorers would be a fascinating experience. I did not, however, expect that we would suddenly be caught up in a shocking political revolution—for we happened to arrive in Moscow on August 19, *the day the military coup began*. As we drove out of the Moscow airport on Monday afternoon, tanks and armored personnel carriers (APCs) were streaming into the city. What followed was a roller coaster week of terror, confusion, amazement and, ultimately, joyfulness and hope.

When I returned to the U.S. from the conference, my family and friends said we must not have learned anything about dreams, given all the incredible political events. But when I thought about it, I realized that I did learn a lot about dreams—the Soviet coup itself revealed entirely new dimensions of the dream world to me. For the space of that magical week there was a profound merging of reality, myth and dream. It might sound strange but I believe it was a truly sacred time, in the fullest sense of the word. Ordinary reality was suspended and the most powerful fears, desires and hopes of the human soul emerged, struggling among the desperately constructed barricades and the intimidating lines of huge steel tanks. I've never been in any church or sanctuary that was as overflowing with sacred power as were the cold, wet streets of Moscow during that week.

Myths express sacred power through vivid stories and symbols, dreams reveal that power into our social reality. True political revolu-

tions are the rarest expression of sacred power but also the most explosive. They force us, even more directly than myths and dreams do, to admit that human life is ultimately shaped by powers our rational consciousness does not (yet) fathom.

Now to be honest, these lofty reflections only came to me much later. My first reaction, when we arrived at our conference center just outside the city and heard about the coup, was cool! Totally, totally cool! We're right in the middle of the greatest historical event of the 20th century! Part of me was scared, of course, but part of me was exhilarated. I've been to plenty of dream conferences in my time *but never to a military coup*! I felt a strong desire to go into Moscow so I could see - and feel - what was happening there. So I joined a small group of people who also wanted to sneak into the city (our Russian organizers had forbidden us from leaving the conference center), and we finally managed to reach the center of Moscow on Wednesday morning, the third day of the coup.

Our first goal was Red Square, the heart of the Soviet government and the control center of the coup leaders. As we rode the Moscow subways, we noticed people clustered around handbills posted on the walls. These were notices from the grassroots resistance movement providing information not available on the heavily censored TV and radio reports. When we left the subways and returned to the street level, we found tanks and APCs everywhere. We tried to reach Red Square, but a line of APCs and soldiers blocked off the intersection in front of us, so we started turning back. But one of our Lithuanian friends (there were three psychology students from the Uni-

versity of Vilnius in our little group) somehow convinced a Red Army soldier to escort us through the APC barrier and over to the other side of the intersection.

It's hard to describe how eerie it felt walking across that big, empty intersection, ominously ringed by heavily-armed military vehicles. The only thing that comes to mind is that it was like walking inside a ritual circle created by a black magician—a sacred space in the sense that it was filled with spiritual power—but a space consecrated to violence, destruction and death. I was very glad to reach the other side of the intersection, squeeze between the APCs, walk through the line of troops and reenter the "normal" space of Moscow's streets.

After getting as close to Red Square as we could, we went to the U.S. Embassy. As we approached the embassy, we saw dozens of crushed, burned-out city buses, surrounded by crowds of people. We learned that the resistance had used the buses to block off the military; however, early that morning tanks had come and smashed through the buses, killing at least three people. We could see the crowd circling around a couple of particular spots. I eased my way in toward one and found it to be a spontaneously created shrine, with icons, prayer candles and a growing pile of fresh flowers. This was the spot where one of the people had been killed. Right nearby the street curb was all broken up, crushed by the grinding weight of the tanks.

We asked the Embassy staff to send messages to our families in the U.S., who we knew could only be imagining the worst about our welfare. When we left, we walked down the hill toward the "White House", the Russian Parliament building where Boris Yeltsin and other Russian national leaders were organizing the resistance to the coup. The scene was one of barely-ordered chaos: the White House was surrounded by huge piles of steel pipes and wood planks, strategically placed clusters of overturned trucks and

hundreds of thousands of people waving the Russian national flag. As we stood among the ever-growing crowds at the barricades, we realized that the situation was reaching a crisis point and that perhaps this was a good time for us to beat our retreat.

We rode the train back in awed silence, overwhelmed by everything we'd just seen. But when we reached our conference center, we were met by yet another shock: the coup was over! The military leaders had given up, the tanks and APCs were leaving the city and people were literally dancing on the barricades! The Soviet people at the conference were ecstatic, especially those from Lithuania and Armenia. Their cultures had been violently conquered by U.S.S.R. decades ago and suddenly they were on the road to true independence. I felt very lucky to be with them during such an amazing festival of joy, pride and hope.

Once the coup ended, we were eager to get the dream conference going. There were four main kinds of activities: common lectures, small dream discussion groups, all-group discussion sessions and workshops on dreams and creativity (e.g. dance, theater, sandplay). At each activity there were translators to help bridge the language barriers. The common lectures were OK; I thought the best were by Russian and Armenian scholars who tried to interpret the failed coup in terms of unconscious and archetypal dynamics. The dream discussion groups were a lot of fun! When we share dreams with people from totally different cultures, we realize how important it is to explore what *their* words, images and concepts mean in *their* world. The all-group discussion sessions were not well-received. There were frequent conflicts between the two discussion leaders and the group, and progressively fewer people attended the sessions as the conference went on.

The dreams and creativity workshops were all very interesting. I was in John Lipsky's dream theater workshop and we had a great time creating little dramatic productions

from our dreams. It was a perfect activity because it did not require verbal language; instead, we used sounds, motions and facial gestures to share our dreams.

The most joyful and memorable experiences, however, had nothing to do with these formal activities. By far the best part of the conference were the informal conversations in the hallways, at mealtimes, between scheduled activities and after hours at the "magic house" bar. During these more personal encounters we really got to know the Soviet people, to learn about their lives, to share our ideas about dreams and to form new friendships.

The success of the conference was in the way it brought together people from cultures that have demonized each other for most of this century. Speaking for myself, I've had many dreams over the years in which I've fought against evil, violent Soviet soldiers. It was an incredibly positive experience to meet these people and realize that not only are they warm, caring human beings but also that they share my passion for the world of dreams. My sense was that many people, both Westerners and Soviets, also found the conference to be a powerful experience of healing and integration.

The conference's shortcoming, I thought, was its Jungian bias (the conference was primarily organized by Western Jungian analysts). Jung's dream theories are immensely important, of course, but there's a lot more to contemporary dream studies than Jung. At times I felt like the conference was a Jungian proselytizing mission--like we Westerners were bringing the sacred light of Jungian truth to the dark heathen lands of the Soviet Union. As a result, I fear we may not have shared with the Soviets the full range and diversity of Western approaches to dreams; I also fear we may not have learned as much from the Soviets as we might have.

An interesting aspect of the conference was how the waking world events of the failed coup influenced people's dreaming worlds.

Many people said they didn't dream at all during the three days of the coup. A Lithuanian man in my dream discussion group said the waking world was so strange and fantastic that he felt he was dreaming while awake! Others did have dreams that related directly to the coup, for example an American woman - also in my dream group - dreamed during those three days of a disembodied female voice hovering over the resistance movement's barricades in Moscow, encouraging them to struggle on.

I am sure that everyone who attended the conference has different thoughts, feelings and dreams about what went on—all this is nothing more than my own very personal reactions to an incredibly powerful experience. If you want to share others' perspectives, you may want to contact others who attended, like Rita Dwyer, Jane White Lewis, Fred Olson and Dierdre Barrett. You may also contact some of the Soviets as well; many of them asked me to share their addresses, as they are eager to make connections with Westerners interested in dreams. (See pg. 32)

If I took any lesson away from the "Dreaming in Russia" conference, it is this: an idea, shared with the right person at the right time, can create amazingly wonderful, positive, life-affirming effects. There are many Soviet people (or, to be more accurate, ex-Soviet people) who are hungering for ideas about dreams—for letters, stories, articles, books, anything we in the West can provide. They have survived a cultural dark age and are now joyously entering a new era of hope and vitality. Each of us can join them in that exciting journey simply by sharing our dreams with them. ♪

(A more personal sequel to this article may appear in our Spring issue.)

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How Mythology Got Personal

Part Three: Conclusion

by David Feinstein

THE RATIONAL EPOCH

Wilber describes the next stage of evolution in terms of a "final differentiation and crystallization of the mind out of the body". In the earlier stages, responsibility for one's fate was lodged primarily in the external world and its objects, which Gebser interprets as "a sure sign of egolessness." Now the separate ego, the sense of a personal self that is the core of the modern individual's identity, had emerged from its previous embeddedness in nature. Based upon a provocative analysis of the historical record, the psychologist Julian Jaynes concluded that prior to the second millennium B.C., humanity had not yet developed the self-reflecting ego that characterizes modern consciousness. Surveying the use of linguistic metaphors, Jaynes speculated that only between the second and first millennia B.C. in the Western World had an "I" developed that could form inner narratives and consider alternative actions. This shift corresponds to the writing of the *New Testament*, where the relationship with God had become personal rather than to the *Old Testament*, where God's covenant was with the people of Israel. Whether or not Jaynes' dates and thesis regarding the implications of his source documents are correct, the development of an independent sense of self operating as a self-reflecting agent has been one of the crowning achievements of evolution.

L.L. Whyte noted that as individuals became more self-conscious, their decisions were increasingly dominated and controlled by the particular form of their own thought processes rather than "primarily by instinctive responses to external

stimuli and by mimicry of the forms of a stable social tradition". Instinctive and traditional reactions to the outer world were no longer the only available guides for behavior and the internal structures we are calling "personal myths" increasingly became the basis of decision-making. Wilber suggests that close examination of the collective mythologies at the beginning of the "egoic" period unequivocally reveals that an entirely different form of myth began to appear—the "Hero Myth." He notes "the true hero myths do not emerge before this period because there were no egos before this period" (p. 184). Joseph Campbell observed that the principle "represented by the freely willing, historically effective hero not only gained but held the field and has retained it to the present. Moreover, this victory of the principle of free will, together with its moral corollary of individual responsibility, establishes the first distinguishing characteristic of specifically Occidental myth" (p. 24).

A distinction between the mythic-magical qualities of primitive thought and the mythic nature of all thought should be emphasized here. While thought in the *Mythic Epoch* was more advanced than the "primary process thinking" of earlier eras, the logical qualities that allow one's assumptions to be tested through deductive reasoning had not yet been developed. Thus for the primitive, all experience had to be interpreted in terms of the dominating myth; the culture's mythology created the lived reality. The cognitive abilities required to challenge its appropriateness had not been developed.

As consciousness evolved, however, so did the ability to reflect, to step out of the myth and consider the way the myth structures experience. While stepping out of a particular myth is neither easy nor instinctive, the capacity to do so marks the birth of psychological freedom. This monumental and far-reaching development, which led to the evolution of modern science, makes it conceivable that a people can speed the process by which they free themselves from the inadequacies of their mythic inheritance, a particularly critical matter in a rapidly changing world.

Piaget's stage of "formal operational thought," which develops during adolescence, is parallel to the type of thinking that emerged in the *Rational Epoch*. With the advent of this period both in psychological development and in the historical epoch, reasoning *about* reasoning became possible. The mind becomes capable of turning back upon itself and reflecting on what it perceives. With the maturation of the ego, self-awareness reached the point that individuals were capable of making decisions with some measure of objectivity.

The four stages of cognitive development portrayed to this point have a pyramidal relationship [to one another. Advanced cultural and personal myths rest upon earlier myths that came to terms with the life of the body and the separation of self from the environment. The essential tenets of each subsequent stage must be integrated into previous stages and each emerging stage may disrupt mythic explanations worked out in earlier stages.

THE DAWNING ERA OF A POST-CARTESIAN MYTHOLOGY

Unlike the pre-Cartesian mythologies of earlier periods, the Western individual's identity was not founded upon the schism produced by the Cartesian mind-body split that came to dominate Newtonian thought (Berman, 1984). The functions once

served by classical mythology were neglected and belittled as instinct was devalued in favor of rationality and community was devalued in favor of individualism. The inability of the newly emergent ego to integrate its activities with the prior realms of instinct, emotion and "body-self" is, in Wilber's eyes, the culture's essential dilemma. He points out that "Even [Erich] Neumann, arch-champion of the Hero Myth, clearly recognized that the heroic thrust went way too far and 'with this, the great re-evaluation of the feminine begins, its conversion into the negative, thereafter carried to extremes in the patriarchal religions of the West'" (Wilber, 1981 p.189).

Preoccupation with the self as an entity separate from both body and reference group, necessary for the development of rational thought and individuality, became exaggerated. These separations, which were painstakingly achieved, are not easily transcended. The conquering hero of the contemporary era has ripped himself away from Mother Nature, spearheaded by a belligerent personal ego and supported by increasingly sophisticated technology. Wilber explains the dilemma in terms of the relationship of humanity to its biological nature, the mythical "Great Mother":

The ego, in the necessary course of its emergence, had to break free of the Great Mother or biological nature embeddedness. That is all well and good—the ego, in fact, did manage to break free of its attachment and subservience and establish itself as an independent, willful and constellated center of consciousness, a feat represented in the Hero Myths. But in its zeal to assert its independence, it not only *transcended* the Great Mother, which was desirable; it *repressed* the Great Mother, which was disastrous. And there the ego—the Western ego—demonstrated not just an awakened assertiveness, but a blind arrogance...no longer harmony with the Heavens...but a technological assault on Nature. It is one thing to gain a freedom from the fluctuations of nature, emotions, instincts and environment—it is quite another to alienate them. (pp. 187-188)

The personal costs of this emphasis on individuality have been tallied in terms of anxiety, uncertainty and a lack of rootedness, commitment and community. The forces of history, however, seem to be pushing toward an integration of the dualism, toward an era of what might be termed a "post Cartesian mythology," where the individual ego and the primordial nature from which it emerged will be re-united at a higher level of integration. Such holistic thinking involved the "dialectical operations" that Riegel has proposed as the final stage of cognitive development, following Piaget's "formal operation thought."

New guiding myths that transcend the emphasis on individualism which characterized the present era are unfolding. Moving from the pre-rational, pre-personal, pre-Cartesian myths of Wilber's *Mythic Epoch* and past the self-centered, Cartesian thought structures of the *Rational Epoch*, the myths that are now beginning to appear possess a distinctly post-Cartesian or post-personal or trans-personal character. That is, while individuality remains a prominent feature in these guiding myths, they reincorporate community values which transcend the personal ego and they achieve a re-attunement with nature and the life of the spirit. Sampson has emphasized the distinction between a one-sided *self-contained individualism* and an *enssembled individualism* that completes the circle by promoting community values.

The influences forging such a post-personal mythology range from our discontented isolation as individual egos to the stringent demands of the global crisis. Wilber believes that we can identify people who are already living according to the mythology of the coming era. He emphasizes that he described the first four epochs in the evolution of consciousness in terms of the average person's experiences and level of awareness. But he also notes that there are individuals whose lives reflect "the growing tip of human con-

sciousness," the most advanced level of their time. The individuality that has become widespread in our culture was first restricted to sanctioned leaders. Wilber speaks of the first ones to live out the next major structure of consciousness as the shamans, the sages, and the saints who serve as prototypes of the advancing higher levels of consciousness. If Wilber is correct, then the self-actualizing subjects studied by Abraham Maslow may be examples of what is to come. They tended to evidence greater creativity, autonomy and ability to resolve polarities than their fellows, had more democratic (as contrasted with authoritarian) character structures and were more able to transcend the ego boundaries of a narrow sense of self. In addition, certain universal values, such as truth, beauty and justice were stronger in their personal motivational schemes.

Such qualities may prove to be vital features of the expanded mythic visions we are collectively challenged to pursue. Rollo May (in press) believes that three new myths are necessary for our survival: the "*green myth*," which would show our proper relation with nature; *women's liberation*, which would insure the rights and draw upon the talents of all people; and *planetism*, which would show the world as a place that transcends political boundaries. All three of these themes can be seen as correctives pushing to change the direction of the contemporary her's journey.

The emphasis of our work has been on developing a system that teaches people to turn inward and bring greater awareness to the submerged mythology that lives through their thoughts, feelings and behavior (Feinstein and Krippner, 1988). In the process, individuals increase their capacity to stretch their personal myths beyond the limitations of their culture's mythology and beyond confining beliefs and images that are rooted in their unique history. Gaining a measure of autonomy from the limiting images of culture and other early influences increases one's sense of psych-

ological freedom and strengthens one's ability to cope within a rapidly changing world. Because personal and cultural myths evolve in tandem, beginning to understand the mythic processes that operate within their own psyches also strengthens in people the capacity to more mindfully and effectively participate in the inescapable collective mythological changes that are shaping the future of their world. ☽

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Dream Cards

Strephon Kaplan-Williams
 Illustrated by Linda and Roger Garland
 Fireside Books, 1991.
 Simon & Schuster, Bldg.
 1230 Avenue of the Americas,
 New York, NY 10020.
 157 pages. 66 Dream Cards. 66 Wisdom
 Cards. \$24.95

by Will Phillips

Strephon Kaplan-Williams' *Dream Cards* is a beautifully packaged set of colorful Dream Cards, accompanying Wisdom Cards and an extensively detailed instruction manual. Although Kaplan-Williams discourages the comparison, it's hard not to think of Tarot cards while thumbing through the deck. I was excited at the prospect of a dream-working system that promised to be fun as well as insightful. But as I began working my way through the complex instructions, it occurred to me that this was going to be a lot more work than I had anticipated.

The introduction was thought-provoking and informative. I was especially impressed with his emphasis on integrating dream consciousness into waking life. But from the first page of the first chapter, the book screamed JUNG. It was replete with intimidating references to such things as "major archetypal dynamics," "Ego Suites," and "Ego Dynamics Profiles." Despite being put off by the unfamiliar terms, I approached Kaplan-Williams' *Dream Cards* as I do any dream method, with an open heart and a fresh dream.

I did my best to follow the step-by-step instructions but had difficulty right from the start. Have you ever tried to shuffle cards that are over five inches square? After finally getting them off the living room floor and into random order, I tried laying out the suggested Three Card Spread. As I searched through the deck for the three cards that most closely resembled my dream, I found myself distracted by the intriguing illustrations on the cards. It was like trying

to recall a haunting dream melody while sixty-six selections of classical music are being played on the stereo. I never did find any images that resonated with my dream, so I resorted to the alphabetical index in the back of the book. That supplied me with a potential card or two but the illustrations conjured up feelings that were vastly different from those in my dream.

Despite my frustrations, I stuck it out. Finally, the book instructed me to close my eyes, think of my dream and draw a "synchronistic card" at random. This would supposedly bring together the various aspects of my dream in a new and meaningful way. I was already resenting the Dream Cards' imposition upon my own dream images and feelings but that was just too much. If I want a psychic reading, I'll stick with the I Ching or the Book of Runes. At least they don't tread on my dreams.

Someone with a stronger Jungian background than I might find Kaplan-Williams' book easier to comprehend and the cards themselves are unquestionably intriguing. I would be delighted to see someone market an effective, visually appealing, hands-on method of dream understanding. Unfortunately, *Dream Cards*, in my opinion, is a mis-deal. ☽

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For information on this or individual
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Research * Projects

Karen Surman Paley is seeking
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Topsfield, MA 01983

J.C. Barzo-Reinke is currently
researching young widows whose
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well as beloved animals who return to
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Please contact at Rt. 1 Box 1150
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Roberta Ossana desires to establish a
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The Myth-makers. What piece of the
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Joanne Hobbs is seeking animal
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species for her book on the animal/
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Anonymity in book guaranteed. Write:
1148 El Abra Way, **San Jose, CA 95125**

Collecting examples for the practical
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sources 4727-8TH Ave. NE
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Kelly Bulkley is seeking dream reports for
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Keelin 2437 Chestnut Street SF CA 94123

WANTED: Dream experiences involving
initiation into a new sense of vocation or
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1139 Addison #4, **Berkeley, CA 94710**
Ph: 415.845.3247



Art by Alice Rigan

*“...if a woman does a useless thing, none reproves her;
if she does a harmful thing, few seek to restrain her;
but if she seeks to imitate the goddess and to encourage others,
all those in authority accuse her of corruption.
So it is more dangerous to teach truth
than to enter a powder magazine
with a lighted torch.”*

*Tsiang Sandup
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