

Dream Network

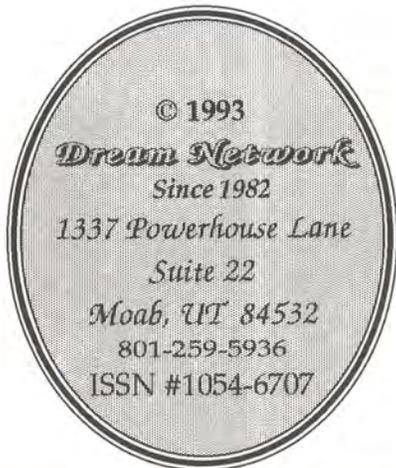
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A Quarterly Journal Exploring Dreams & Myth





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 empower dreamers, to demystify dreamwork and assist with the integration of dreamsharing into our culture in whatever way of integrity is shown and given 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. Recalling a dream is a signal that we are ready to understand the information that has been presented. *Enacting* the dream's hint can bring 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 invite you to indicate the areas they would like us to address in future issues.

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Theme for 1993

Mytakuye Oyasin
A Lakota word meaning
"All My Relations"

Focus for Spring Issue:

More Creatures . . .

. . . Insects, Birds, Fish in
our dreams. What messages
do they bring? What has
their appearance/ action in
your dreams meant to you?

Lifeline: Feb. 28, '93

**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 event, transformational dream experience, an inspiration, breakthrough or burning issue-- which you may DESIRE to share, draw, or commit 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, you are invited to share your experience or insight regardless of whether it fits within the suggested Questions or Focus. Given the overall synchronicity which guides this work for us as dreamers, it will undoubtedly complement the issue as a whole.

Individuals from all walks of life are invited to make submissions!

Deep Gratitude



Desert Round-Up © Charles Lynn Bragg

The New Year moves in with a mixture of joy (*knowing* we are entering a new and more hopeful era), caution (*realizing* we remain at a perilous threshold) and a recognition that we had best be preparing ourselves—and helping prepare others—for some radical shifts in our perceptions of reality. Joyfully, cautiously and always preparing, I wish each and every one of you a healing, productive and prosperous New Year/ Era and with many of you, share deep and quiet relief insofar as the outcome of the current elections.

Over the years, the creatures who have visited my dreams are many; they are, in fact, among the most significant and readily recalled in my experience. Those dreams keep surfacing . . . and have even more so since we began discussing *Animals in Dreams*. I'd like to share glimpses into several of them with you.

About ten years ago, in the midst of massive stress and physical disease in both my personal and professional life, I was visited by a virtual zoo full of animals. In that dream, a hippo first got my full attention, followed by zebras, elephants and other large animals who were wandering about uncaged in my dream-landscape; finally, a black panther came in chasing a lion. In the midst of their chase, the panther caught sight of me, lost interest in the lion, got me down on the ground with my (literally diseased) right foot in its mouth and psychically told me to "Hold Still". You can be certain that I promptly agreed to do so! The next day, I called my work to report that I would be taking a week off. Within 24 hours of having the dream, a physical condition (about which I had seen several doctors and for which I had spent over two hundred dollars on RX's) was completely healed. I remember well that I had attended, in quite unsightly condition, a lecture by Joseph Campbell the day before having that dream and to this day believe that JC helped shake loose that

particular dream from my psyche. Once, when I was in dilemma about where to be, a dream had me walking up a path made of red sandstone, while on my left was the landscape of the Pacific Northwest. To my right, I saw a large snakeskin, bent to pick it up and upon raising it to eye level, the snakeskin filled with life and terrified me. I threw it to my left and simultaneously felt another large snake winding up and around my right leg, entering my body, continuing to coil up my spine until it exited through the top of my skull. I felt incredibly energized and deeply empowered for some time afterward . . . and I have been in the Southwest and Northwest ever since. On the morning of a current birthday I was gifted with three dream images, the third of which was a Tiger, approaching me, calmly, non-threateningly. There are so many others . . . but let this brief sharing serve to affirm Animals are alive and well in me and I'm into Animals, in dreams and in waking life and here and now formally / firmly take a stand in their behalf.

As has Charles (Chick) Lynn Bragg, our internationally acclaimed featured artist. Always, I have wished for the capability to print many colors inside and outside this Journal . . . but never so *pantingly* as with the art he so generously contributes. Even in two color/black and white, the voice—and place—he gives to the creatures is thought-provoking and humorous: bitter-sweet. He has developed a company called Raging Arts Unlimited and his work takes the shape of clothing, gift cards, posters, puzzles, ad infinitum. Address, phone . . . are provided on page 19.

The articles that came pouring in to fill this—and future—issues, confirmed our readiness to begin an in-depth exploration of the many non-human life forms that visit our dreams and mythologies. To those of you whose submissions do not appear in this issue: gratitude and patience, please! They must be shared.

I would like to thank our Co-Editor for this issue, Tima Priess, whose contributions speak for themselves . . . and for Wolf, her special animal ally in the dream world (pgs. 8 and 12), and to Meredith Sabini, (*Just Over the City Limits: From Extinct to Instinct*) who by sharing three of her own dreams, also illuminates some of the key, primal, instinctual reasons for the appearance of animals in our dreams. Jeffery Lewis, a new contributing editor to DN, does unusual and courageous explorations into the (way) deep strata of psyche. His first article to be published here, *Lake of Grief: A Different Kind of Beast*, deserves reading again and again. For us, he touches into territory where...only angels dare to tread.

Continuing to dance around the timely yet critical question of certification, I urge you to contemplate the truth and paradox presented by two thoughtful and experienced women in our *Response* column (pgs. 6/7) and to enjoy the spinning of perspectives into a marvelous web of ideas, given voice by Will Phillips and Anne Sayre Wiseman (pgs. 25-28).

With this issue, Kelly Bulkley introduces a new column: *Dreaming Life; Waking Life*, a shift from his long appreciated contributions as book review editor. He begins with the important topic of *Dreams and Child Development* (pg. 23) and I would like to acknowledge our good fortune in having Kelly's unique combination of personal experience/commitment and scholarly knowledge of dreams. Soon to be occupying his space as book review

editor is Ingrid Melissa Luke, a reader of DN since its inception, a long time student of dreams, a prolific reader on the topic... and an extraordinary wife, mother, dreamer. Welcome, Ingrid! And a warm Welcome! also to William Phillips and Graywolf / Fred Swinney to our Council of Advisors, two individuals whom, within their domains, are contributing greatly to cultural acceptance for the value of dreams.

This issue dances with the life each of you has given it and the Creator as my witness, *you are deeply appreciated!* To each of you who read these words, realize that it is you, willing to share your experience via words, imagery and poetry, who are helping to prepare our culture for the aforementioned shifts in perception of reality... for the next steps in cultural evolution and maturity. Your thoughts, dreams and related insights/experiences are invited and welcomed.

Remember the Tiger in my birthday gift dream? What that meant to me was this: I have always referred to keeping the bills paid and/or concern about financial stability as *the tiger nipping at my tail*. Not long prior to having this dream, I had let go of a twenty year career in human and community



Alaska Autumn © Charles Lynn Bragg

services to pursue the meaning of dreams in my life and our culture; I risked nearly everything to do it... and subsequently to edit and publish this journal.

Since the tiger was *calmly* approaching in the dream, I have relied upon that image to help hold my fears in abeyance... and have continued to take risks. There is a photo of a tiger at my bedside, to remind. A good portion of my time and energy over the past three+ years has been devoted to raising cultural awareness for the value of dreams via this publication... always believing in this work, albeit in the midst of uninformed and/or fearful culture. Much of the time it's felt somewhat like being the female counterpart of David Sparenberg's *Disman* (pg. 9).

Help keep that tiger approaching, folks... not at the backside! Your renewals, new or gift subscriptions, encouraging your libraries to subscribe... support via out-front, down-right donations... are openly solicited. ♡

Roberta Ossana, Editor

From Our Co-Editor

Some time ago, I wrote a poem called *Earth Breathing*. It contained the line, "Dream speak, say wolf eyes waiting". I didn't know what it meant at the time but it sounded right so I kept it in. Six years later, Wolf began to appear in my dreams as a teacher and guide. Now I'm beginning to understand what that dream meant. In this time of earth changes and human destruction of the planet, the animals wait in the dream time to speak through us, to give voice to the soul of the world.

I was very excited when I was asked to co-edit this issue on animal dreams. I saw it as an opportunity to give voice... and to listen to what our fellow creatures are saying to us. As a counselor, a writer and a dreamer, communication is of primary importance to me. To commune is to converse intimately. To communicate is to exchange or share thoughts, feelings, or ideas. Analyzing dreams is only one part of the process. To truly communicate with our dream images, be they wolves or bears, eagles or trains, means not only to make sense of our dreams but to understand what sense they make to us.

From my point of view, dream figures act on us as we may choose to act on our dreams. When I look at a dream animal, I first try to understand it from my human experience with that animal. But when I listen to that animal, I try to understand it from its point of view, its Cat-ness, its Whale-ness, its Wolf-ness, its non-Humanness. To respect that animals have their own wisdom, their own knowingness, their own sense... is to respect their right to be. As humans, learning to honor the right of all beings to exist is crucial to the survival of us all.

Developing right relationship to the planet we inhabit together is to open the lines of communication—all of them. In the dreamtime, we have that opportunity. ♪

Tima Priess



Responses

Dreamwork is a Gift of the Spirit

I am only recently aware of your publication and am a delighted subscriber. I love the articles by people unknown in the workshop circuit. People who have gained strength from their experience, not from their "following." I have used your articles on dreamwork with children and dreamwork in the educational system to good advantage in promoting some of the volunteer work I am doing in my children's school.

Regarding Dreamworker certification, I agree with the experience of Ingrid Luke in correlating dreamworkers with fine artists. In the ancient traditions, dreamworkers or shamans were called into their vocation, not certified. Certification implies that an outer authority has the power to decide another's destiny. This is like the old paradigm: "God-out-there is mighty and terrible but He is the only one who can sanctify me" mindset. One-up-man-ship is an abbreviation of the same war game. Extrapolated to the whole of society, I can see the same pattern in domination of all sorts (manager-worker, teacher-student, doctor-patient, priest-congregation). I see it as the operative archetype in wife abuse, in intellectual debate and war of any kind. This is where accreditation systems come from. Do we want it? I don't.

In my opinion, all "either-or/right-wrong, graduated/not yet graduated" dichotomies are there to glorify the ones (usually men) who are already in so-called power. How arrogant to get to decide whether another person's kind of dreamwork is worthy of your name!

So I'm not surprised that some have their own way of wanting accreditation; if they get it, they will still get to decide for others. Accreditation systems will betray their student's inner authority. They make a lie out of the purpose of dreamwork which is to connect to the inner source of Life from whence comes work and love. People who "run" accreditation systems of any kind get to keep their power, their following, their name. It's a form of immortality, a form of Icarus-Babel arrogance. Jung himself would be appalled, I'm sure,

at all these little people who call themselves his students, who purportedly are studying individuation—learning to stand in their own creativity—yet call themselves Sons and Daughters of Jung or Jungians.

Ingrid Luke knows where it's at! Dreamwork is a gift of the Spirit, a vocation which God calls me in to. In the new paradigm, one learns to obey the inner authority without the patriarchal blessing. I thought that all the great teachers knew this. I know how painful it is to do what I believe I am being asked to do without apparent external approval. It is no small task. Building an empire, I'm sure, requires less effort and psychic travail.

So have courage, dreamers and dreamworkers, the next step is to do it because it feels right, not because anyone gave us permission. And that doesn't just apply to dreamwork either.

Fear of the feminine is what keeps people from adopting this so-called "new" way. Fear of the feminine, of snakes, of death, of healing, of what has been called satanic, of invisibility, of life, of love, of fire, of eroticism, of spirit. Yin/Yang. We need balance.

Inner authority was the way for the mystics and prophets of the Judeo-Christian scriptures, many of whom were dreamworkers, many of whom were 'counter-culture' and died at the hand of their society's biases. Jesus Christ was a good man, a man who knew he was the Son of God, not through graduation, or through mentorship, nor through accreditation by any institution. He paid for his inner authority by the fire of his death, rising from the ashes as Spirit (or in psychology as an archetype) for the individuated, the whole person. Hitler was a not-so-good man who also claimed that he spoke to God and got his direction from the Almighty. The difference between the two is that Hitler built himself a fan-club, an empire based on his man-made rules, whereas the historical Jesus worked in relative anonymity.

Suzanne Nadon, Ontario, Canada

Help Stop the Slaughter of Wolves in AK

The Alaska Game Board recently voted to reinstitute the slaughter of 80% of the wolf population in three management areas, using as their rationale a reduction in the number of caribou and moose that are hunted and killed by wolves. This, despite considerable research which has clearly disputed claims that wolves are the natural predators of these animals.

There are few in Alaska who oppose this madness. Our only hope is to raise awareness and outrage in the Lower 49. Please help us! Tell everyone what is happening. In order for our voices to be heard and effective, we must ACT NOW! A nationwide boycott of the Alaska tourist industry is currently underway. Please contact Tima Priess, PO Box 213, Ester, AK or Phone (907) 479-6553 for further information.

More Thoughts on Dream Education

I'd like to begin by complimenting the editor on her outstanding job of developing and creating each issue of the *Dream Network*. It is always a joy to receive each new DN and I appreciate the 'Response' format we have available for sharing what various dreamers and dreamworkers are doing around the country.

To this end, I would like to share my perspectives about the question of Dream Education originally proposed by Jeremy Taylor. On the one hand, I agree with many of the comments that have been made that dreamwork is not of the ordinary and therefore can't appropriately be regulated, as are other forms of therapy. We must honor each dreamer's path for understanding their dreams and how their experiences can lead others to greater comprehension of their own dreams. However, I am very wary that this burgeoning field could fall prey to charlatans who would take advantage of innocent dreamers and lead them astray from any form of helpful understanding of dreams.

Last year I was privileged to be a guest on a national talk show which focused on understanding dreams. The main "dream expert" was an embarrassment to all professional dreamworkers. At one point, a member of the audience accused her of being "like a fortune teller" with no real basis for her analysis of this person's dream. The dreamworker would state her analysis in terms of "this means that" and "this symbol always represents this." She did not take into account any individual experiences or associations. This "expert" could not even explain the differences between Freud's and Jung's approach to dreams. I was appalled that she should be representing professional dreamworkers to the general public.

Recently, I had the experience of being contacted by a potential "900" dream phone line. In the course of exploring this possibility, it became very evident that those responsible for the 900 line were not interested in any level of expertise on the part of the "dream consultants" who would be answering the phone queries but only in their bottom line profit. In addition, these people would not consider payment to the "dream consultants" for their skill but only offered a very low level of compensation and no guarantee for the time committed by the consultant. I could not in clear conscience participate in such a project, where the level of experience and expertise was not a primary focus and where remuneration was unfair.

From these experiences, I would recommend some sort of regulation or certification in order to protect the general public from "fortune teller" dreamworkers or scam operations just seeking a profit. I'm not sure I have a clear understanding of what the solution for this might be but I am certain that this dialogue among dreamers and dreamworkers needs to continue. In no way do I want to belittle the work of those who aren't

specifically "trained or certified" but who are doing valuable work with others in groups and one-on-one.

I have worked hard, studied and trained for a long time in order to become an expert in my field. I have sought out dream specialists to train with and specific psychology programs that have dream experts on their faculty, in order to further my training and understanding of dreamwork. Striving hard to make dreamwork be accepted as a "legitimate" form of therapy and in my opinion the most vital type of personal therapy available. I would like to see this field protected in some way. I understand that intuition and psychic knowing, which are vital ways of working with dreams, are areas that cannot be easily regulated or offered for training but I believe we have a responsibility to maintain some sense of professional and ethical standards. I don't want dreamwork to fall prey to the same problems as those within the field of psychics and healers.

Rosemary Watts, St. Louis, MO

Thanks for Giving Voice to Dreamers

This morning my dream voice said:

"Thanks for giving us a chance to speak."

I felt it was talking about the whole Autumn issue of DN. It's hard to express all the feelings that went through me as I read and re-read the Journal and thought about it. My two-plus year journey has been filled with doubt and frustration. I had to fight the self doubts, the validity of what I was seeing, the fear of my own ego and self aggrandizement. I questioned my own sanity. I had to battle against the conventional wisdom that dreams/inspirations were simply our own psychology, or that God quit communicating with people 2,000 years ago. I had to have the sheer gall to believe that I could be receiving a kind of revelation. Yes! Me, Joe the electrician, your average work man. I hope I am to be an example to others. We can all grasp our share of the tree of life. We just have to believe it!

Thanks once again for giving voice to our dreams and having the guts to go with a controversial theory. I commend you and your staff for putting together a powerful dream-art message . . . and can't wait to see the responses.

Joe Mason, Oakdale, CA

(Editor's note: See Joe's article, Autumn, Vol. 11 No. 4.)

Re-Joining the Network

I regret that I have allowed some of the everyday pressures and responsibilities pull me away from the readership after my first subscription expired. Now that I have recently married and changed my field of study from psychology to law enforcement, I wish to re-join the fascinating explorations of DNJ. In the interim, I have kept a close relationship with my dreams and have continued to gain wisdom and strength from them. For that, I wish to thank DNJ!

Christopher M. Hicks, Toledo, OH

In Response to the Questions:

(Author's Preface: Before I went to a rally to protest the aerial hunting of wolves, I took a nap and asked for a wolf dream to inspire me. I woke less than an hour later, disoriented and not sure if I was inside or outside my cabin. Still foggy, I looked out my loft window and saw a cow moose and her calf in the snow. It was not until I was half-way down the road to the rally that I realized I had not asked for a dream about wolves, but a wolf dream. And what would wolves dream about, but moose.)

Wolf Dreams

Of what does Wolf dream?

Of the scent of moose carried by wind
Of moons white in winter skies
Of the rustle of grass frozen by January snow
Of the silent crunch of northern snows?

Of the pattern of light on aspen leaves
Of woods alive with bird-song
Of windswept tundra hillocks
Of rivers where silver salmon spawn and die?

Of sun-warm afternoons of summer
Of blizzard-raging nights of winter
Of red-electric mornings of autumn
Of lust-heavy evenings of spring?

Does wolf dream us as nightmares?
In dens thick with the warmth of musk-strong fur
Does wolf speak of us as evil, as the enemy?

Is the story passed down from wolf to wolf
That humans are to be feared,
That they have stepped outside of the circle of life,
That they take without respect,
without knowledge, without love?

When wolves sing on the wind
Do they sing of us with rage in their throats
Do they sing of us with sadness in their hearts
Do they sing of us with terror in their bellies?

Do they sing of a time when they will leave us
To our death and to our killing
When finally their voices will be stilled in our ears
And in spirit form they will watch us destroy what is left?

Do the elder ones teach their young that the end of the wolf
Is the end of the dream?

by Tima Priess



... seeing the wolf, epitome of grace, beauty, intelligence and wildness, compelled me to sit still and observe her closely, as she did me. This is the kind of drawing I enjoy doing ... it is always true. Sherry A. Bryant, 220 Eucalyptus Hill Dr., Santa Barbara, CA 93108

*What is the purpose & message of the appearance of Animals in your dreams?
Have you had dreams in which Animals were giving voice
to their own or other species, to the Earth?*



Native

animal that is me
 needs more dimension
 than civilization
 unfree
 in the mass confusion
 lion of the arid uplands
 redhawk
 over brindled woodlands
 wingpaint
 and the mythic
 pawprints
 not meant
 to be bat or mole

 mine if the beast
 tensing
 in the twilight
 silent
 as the breath behind you
 powerful
 like rolling thunder
 birthright
 of a native
 singer
 long flight
 of a spirit
 drum

mine is the dream
 that haunts wild mountains
 mine is the dancelife
 of winds and shadows
 silent
 as the breath behind you
 powerful
 like the voice

 of thunder

David Sparenberg



by David Sparenberg

Disman was hurting in his bones for change. Why? Because his eyes them quick, his ears sharp like dragon whiskers and there flow golden sunlight through his lips—thunderdrum and breath-soul dancing. All the people come together then and them say, "Disman not like us. Him think him better, good. Let us teach him life hard." But Disman have dream in spirit. Him throw off all them things, like wood and like stones, envious people put on him. Disman run away, out into the desert.

There it dry. There it calm. In daytime, hot, with red and purple rocks. In nighttime, cool, with cloudless, silver moon. Disman he start singing them: "I am phoenix, circling the ancient sand. I am cactus, storing bright water. I am a painter of truthful secrets. I am wild stallion, in the windchant on the mesa, in the sudden awe of summer."

Then, by and by, Disman come to a lizard skin. Nobody there. So Disman pick it up and put that skin on and quick, him a lizard-man. Fast he run, low he shuffle over earth, him shadow on him belly. And he cool in his heart and he free in his spirit. And all them powers of the paintings, that be on the skins, that be in the old time bones, come down like lightning and fill Disman with mysteries. Now him think him wise—his eyelids dreaming in this dreamtime.

But them people, who hug unhappiness, feel thorns about him, and them go out hunting. Faces them have now, with hatred. For death is on them like masks of vapor. Voices them have now, like zombies howling. But Disman not scared. The dreamtime, it inside him; a vision him keep shaping. So on this flat rock, with purple shadow, in good sunshine, lizardman starts dancing. He dances dance of deep-down living and it be called, "Where my feet land, beauty is spreading."

And them people, they stand all beside each other—and them amazed. Them deep with silence, till the malice come back on them and them throw them weapons.

Many times, lizardman be pierced. Many times, him bruised and broken. So he be sacrificed, that these people some wonderment remember. But on this flat rock, with purple shadow, in good sunshine, them find only broken arrows, them find empty lizard hide.

For Disman, him quick. He go like blue smoke trail in desert, on sand of powdered lightning. He cool. He free. He deep inside this dreamtime, good. ϕ

Just Over the City Limits:



City Limits by Charles Lynn Bragg ©1987

From Extinct to Instinct

by Meredith Sabini, Ph.D.

Of all the animal dreams, a type I find very intriguing are those about unknown or extinct species that come back to life. It is usually a good sign when animals come to life in dreams, especially if they are healthy and helpful. Before they are healthy, though, animals often show up wounded and in need of care. This corresponds to how damaged our instincts are in modern western culture. Most of us raised in this culture were taught to deny a fundamental truth: that we ourselves are animals. So it may very well be that our animal nature has become "extinct."

Curiously, the extinct animals that appear in dreams are often not wounded, but intact. My guess is that these represent instincts that were never allowed in the human arena in the first place, in contrast to those that were allowed in but then were beaten up, hurt, damaged, insulted and so forth. Here are three dreams about extinct species; the opening line of the first dream shows one place 'extinct' aspects of the psyche are kept.

I am in an attic that hasn't been cleaned for a long time. There are lots of creepy-crawly critters in here, whole families that have settled and grown here—worms, beetles, mice, bats, one huge spider and a few nondescript mammalian types. It is not pleasant here because it is dusty and dirty but it is not threatening. I am tempted to just clean it up and get rid of all these critters but there may be some old species that are now extinct—and I should save these; like antiques full of dust and mostly just old, perhaps some are of value.

The animals are found in the proverbial dream attic, a place where memories are stored. Among what I find are animals now extinct. It is tempting to 'clean up the mess' and throw everything out; that would be the easy route. But perhaps these animals have value and should be saved, so I do.

The word 'extinct' and the word 'extinguished' are related. The dream image points to aspects of our/my animal nature that has been denied and put "up in the attic" for generations, along with old furniture and family photos.

The second dream has more specific animals:

I am at a lake in the High Sierras, down at the dock arranging to rent a boat. To everyone's astonishment, marching down another dock come several large, lumbering animals. One is very tall, with legs like a horse's, but torso more like a cow or water buffalo. It is as tall as a giraffe, very gentle, even playful. It comes across a person in its path and simply picks the person up in its mouth and deposits him safely elsewhere.

We all laugh at this reversal: the animal treated the human as if it were a child, the way mother animals pick up their babies.

The setting in this dream is a lake I went to regularly throughout my childhood and youth; it has been a recurrent dream image, representing that place where I feel most myself, closest to my soul. It would be in a place like this that new life could be discovered, for it feels like a birthplace, like 'the source.' It is the wilderness, a 'wild' place far from what is ordinary, civilized.

In this dream, the animals are no longer in the house but out in nature. They are not at all familiar but of types never seen before. I had to use common animal features to even describe them, but the animals weren't mere composites. They were unique. What I love about this dream is how the animals simply enter the human realm—they march right into the area where people are and they interact without any hesitation or difficulty. The interaction takes place on the animal's terms—we are smaller than they and can be simply lifted up by the scruff of the neck! I think this portrayal corrects the common impression that our instincts are minor things, measly annoyances, or lesser qualities. Not so!

The third dream shows more about how and where extinct species are preserved:

I drive just over the county line into a rural area of chaparral canyon. A ways up the canyon is a store, so I stop. It is a combination store and museum, with statues of miniature animals on display. They are tiny versions of prehistoric animals. As I get closer, I see that they are alive! They were grown from seeds found in coprolites. I am astonished, in awe at these marvelous creatures, unlike anything I have ever seen. I gather they or the seeds are for sale and one can take them home. All this—and just a few blocks over the city limit.

This is my favorite of the dreams because the emotion is one of joy and marvel. The reticence about extinct species is gone; I can get closer, even take them home to cultivate on my own. Coprolites are desiccated human turds found at archaeological sites. They are essential for determining what ancient people ate and thus, what their food supply and agriculture were. Coprolites do preserve seeds.

The dream suggests a magical process akin to alchemy: dung, or *prima materia*, contains the seeds of what can be transformed. By cultivating and composting and digging into 'prehistoric' aspects of ourselves, into the lesser known areas in the shadows, we might find archaic but valuable aspects. For me, the exciting thing about this dream is that it verifies that archaic aspects of human nature do lie dormant; they do not entirely die off but can be germinated and brought back to life.

We live at a time when actual animal species are dying off and becoming extinct at a horrendous rate. How might this phenomenon connect with the appearance of extinct species in the dream world? My impression is that the ecological crises are due, in part, to our having forgotten that we are animals and, as such, need to live in harmony with natural rhythms. There is no natural rhythm when one gets up with an alarm clock, eats because it is time, works at a meaningless job and drives around in a vehicle that pollutes the air and isolates its occupants from human contact. Our instincts have indeed become extinct.

With the appearance of extinct animals, we witness what Freud called the return of the repressed; and what Jung called our ancestral soul, the million-year old creature inside us. The animals may have bizarre features and be frightening at first, we may want to tidy them up quickly. They may be hard to find, live in remote places and be uncomfortable to relate to. But with time, what they represent can be integrated. When they appear, we have a chance to establish a new connection with our animal nature, giving us access to a fuller and deeper range of affect—gentle, playful, passionate, fierce.

It may be crucial to our survival as a species that we welcome the animals! ♪

We Come Silent; We Speak In Dreams

by Tima Priess, M.A.

On March 24, 1989, the Exxon Valdez ran aground on Bligh Reef 25 miles south of Valdez, in Alaska's Prince William Sound. More than 11 million gallons of North Slope crude oil gushed into what had been one of the most pristine and ecologically rich marine areas of Alaska.

One month later, I went to see a slide presentation on the oil spill disaster in Prince William Sound. A photographer, introducing his images of dying wildlife, said, "This is for the ones who cannot speak." That night I dreamed I was being chased by an animal. The animal became a bear who transformed into a black wolf who transformed into a wolverine. Each time the animals were about to reach me, they were caught by ropes made of oil booms wrapped around their necks and dragged down to oil-soaked rocks. I knew they were choking because they couldn't speak. I wasn't afraid of being killed, but somehow feared the contact with their powerful energy. When I awoke, I felt the dream as an urgent message from the animals to do something.

All day, the wolf's eyes followed me. I felt as though I was being asked to do something with the dream other than to just integrate it on a personal level. That afternoon, I was listening to Alaska Public Radio. The newscaster said that oil was beginning to blacken the beaches of Katmai National Park along the Kenai Peninsula. Officials were becoming concerned because animals were coming out of hibernation, coming down to the beaches to look for food, but finding oil-tainted carcasses instead. The reporter specifically mentioned bear, wolf, and wolverine. I felt a sudden shock of understanding and alignment. Bear and wolf have personal meaning to me, but wolverine, up to then, was unknown. To have them linked in that trinity the day after the dream made me realize that I needed to honor the connection these animals were making with me. Their dream visit was their effort to find a voice by speaking through my dreams.

As I drove home from work that day, I heard an insistent voice: "We speak in dreams. We speak in dreams." Sitting at my computer the following emerged:

We come silent

We speak in whispers to your sleeping ears.
We know no language but our own, And yours,
When you still the mind that cries and moans
With words and thoughts.

We stand blackened and dripping in bedrooms at
night

We tap at the windows at midnight.

We carry the speech of rocks and rooted trees
That wear the black skirts of mourning.

We scream quietly as we sink, as we sleep, as we die.

We carry the scent of air tainted with poison fumes.

We leave footprints on your bedsheets.

We ask you to listen, to listen, to listen.

We speak in dreams.

I put the poem and the dream on a flyer and distributed it all over the country. In response, I received letters, dreams, and visions from people touched by the oil spill and the photographs of dead and dying animals that were plastered all over the news. What began as a response to a night visitation from Wolf, Bear, and Wolverine, eventually developed into a thesis, *Dreams and Disaster* in Prince William Sound, for my master's degree in community psychology. It also initiated a major change in the direction of my life.

My experience of the traumatic events of the oil spill expanded into a study of collective and individual trauma. With Wolf nipping at my heels, I wrote a grant proposal for a project working with the trauma victims of my generation - Vietnam veterans and their families. Wolf's guidance in waking and sleeping dreams has continued to assist me in the work of transformation and healing. For the first time in my life, I am doing exactly what I need to be doing and getting paid for it.

Most importantly, I have become acutely aware that animals are speaking to many of us in dreams with an urgency and insistence that we must listen to. They are offering messages of guidance, transformation and healing. It is crucial that we pay attention and do what we can to manifest this wisdom. "A man who has a vision is not able to use the power of it until after he has performed the vision on earth for the people to see" (Black Elk).

This is not to say that dream animals don't also appear as personal, transpersonal, or collective symbols. But there are certain dream entities that need to be listened to from their place of wisdom, not ours. All levels of dreamwork are relevant, but listening to the voices of animals now, at this time of planetary crisis, seems especially important. To many aboriginal peoples, this is part of the old wisdom. Many contemporary dreamworkers envision a world soul, *anima mundi*, or World Unconscious that may manifest in dreams through the presence of animals (Hillman, Aizenstadt, et.al.). But to hear these voices, we need to listen with a set of ears many of us have forgotten we possess.

"By climbing up into his head and shutting out every voice but his own, 'Civilized Man' has gone deaf. He can't hear the wolf calling him brother — not Master, but brother. He can't hear the earth calling him child - not Father, but son. He hears only his own words making up the world. He can't hear the animals, they have nothing to say. Children babble, and have to be taught how to climb up into their heads and shut the doors of perceptions. Only when the Man listens, and attends, O best Beloved, and hears, and understands, will the Cat return to the Cat's true silence."

-Ursula Le Guin

Animals, as emissaries from the Earth Mother, are carrying important messages. My personal experience with the oil spill animals shifted my life from a frozen place of feeling helpless and overwhelmed by the pain in the world to become actively involved with healing and the transformation of war. I began to see the relationship between the personal trauma of the combat soldier and the collective trauma of environmental disasters.

A traumatic event turns the world upside down. It is an event outside the range of the familiar or known. Trust in the expected nature of things is shattered. Terror, shame, and grief takes over and rips apart the veil of safety. Combat soldiers, rape victims, sexually abused children enter a shadow world of shock and disbelief, loss and helplessness, isolation and abandonment.

An environmental disaster implies a traumatic break in the supportive, interconnected, and self-healing framework of the natural, planetary Earth community. Balance is disrupted and integrity or sense of unity ruptured. After the Prince William Sound oil spill, the mayor of the Native village of Chugach said, "It is too shocking to understand. Never in the millennium of our tradition have we thought it possible for the water to die. But it is true" (Meganack). "Many could not believe that the natural environment, which had nurtured them both spiritually and materially could suddenly betray them. To accept the fact that their 'River of Life' had turned into a river of poison meant to lose forever their faith in nature and in the source of life itself" (Shklynik).

Once the alienation and disconnection is identified, how is the break to be repaired, the aftermath of trauma to be healed, the next disaster and its trauma prevented? One path lies in the expansion of our sense of community to include All Beings and the re-learning of how to 'commune' with that larger community. "Even when we recognize our intimacy, our family relations with all the forms of existence about us, we cannot speak to those forms. We have forgotten the language needed for such communication. We cannot hear voices or speak in response" (T. Berry).

One of the ways we can understand and communicate with these voices is in our dreams. Dream time transcends the waking and sleeping world, weaving and melding the elements of both wounding and healing. The Greek healing temples of Asclepius, the god of healing, were arranged to allow the afflicted to receive the cure from Asclepius himself in their dreams. Asclepius, the divine healer, was identified as the sickness, and therefore the cure. "He who wounds, also heals" (Asclepius). This is the basis of homeopathy and a focus of trauma work in which healing occurs by going back into the wound, confronting the pain, and releasing it in safety.

If we are sick and afflicted through alienation, perhaps by acknowledging and confronting our disease and recognizing our individual responsibilities in creating the alienation (the wounding), we can find the remedy. In the midst of a disaster like the oil spill, the remedy can be sought in the center of the suffering through empathy and the awareness of the lost connections with Nature and her creatures.

Listening to the dream voices emerging from the spill was an opportunity for making sense of the suffering and loss, and for reconciliation with the home planet.

We can dress their physical wounds, provide food and shelter and clothing, console them for their losses, ease their grief, find ways to calm their anxieties. But until we restore the communal surround that was so vital to their sense of health and security, they will remain like refugees in their own land, damaged in spirit long after they have been put together again in body, and feeling a long way from home. (Erikson, 1985, p. xvii).

The responses to the collective trauma of the disaster not only crossed geographical boundaries, but spiritual and species boundaries as well. As the events of the oil spill were responded to emotionally, intellectually, physically, and somatically, they were also responded to psychically, through dreams and meditations. And as healing from trauma involves validation of emotions, making intellectual sense of the event, putting one's life and environment back together again, and binding one's wounds, so it also includes re-connecting to a collective sense of Unity, the source of healing.

Dream animals can serve as guides on that journey back home. In the nighttime darkness, if we just listen, we can hear the roar, the growl, the hiss, the purr, the air bubbles, the buzz, the silence of the animal voices whispering the way.

Listen, We speak in Dreams. ☽



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A Call to the Night Sea Journey

by Judith Picone

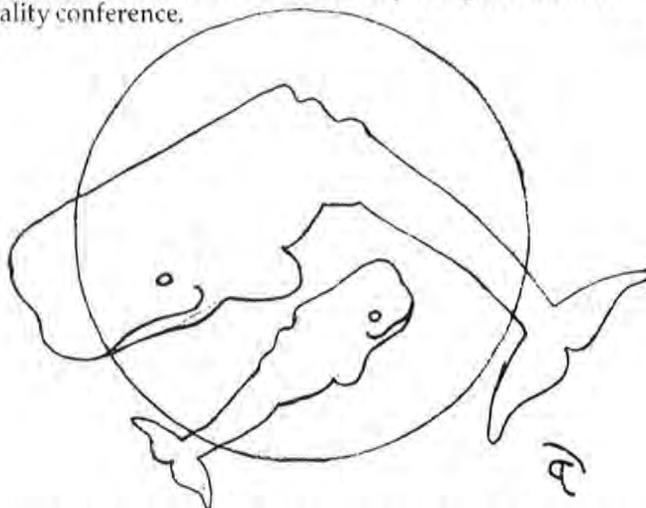
About three weeks after I started keeping my dream journal, I had this dream:

I am outside in my back yard on a very sunny day. The phone rings and my son tells me that I am wanted on the phone. When I answer, a voice on the other end says, "Hello, Judy, this is Jonah calling." I reply, "Yes, I have been expecting you."

Then an image of a whale and a worm appear before me.

I believe it was a call from my unconscious mind to awaken me to the creativity and spirit within. The dream message was an inspiration and a warning to accept my gift of dreaming and to nourish it.

Once again, I dreamt about a whale when I was contemplating whether or not to take time away from my family to attend a spirituality conference.



I am flying over the earth. It is inundated with water. I am (one of a few) left in the world. I have a mission. There are weapons of destruction being built and I am to steal and destroy them. I steal the weapons and find that no one is angry with me for doing so. Then I find myself flying over the earth again. I see a small sea below surrounded by a vast desert. I see a large male whale (almost as large as the lake) hovering over it. He is crying for his mate. Finally, she comes to the surface. She is smaller than he, but brilliantly colored. The male whale snuggles up to her. She is so bright and loving. They are happy together.

I understood this dream on a very deep level. It reminded me of my struggle to find the "proper" place for spirituality in my life. It was at this point that I named my dream whale "Mattie." She told me of my purpose. It was my "mission" to live a spiritual life and I could balance it to include both my spiritual quest and have time for my family. In fact, my life would be barren without this interest. After this dream I no longer questioned time spent with dreamwork. This was my quest for wholeness. Inner awareness and outer reality were beginning to fit very nicely together. With this realization, I was rewarded with another dream of Mattie:

I find myself walking down a country road into the forest. The moon is bright when I come to the lake. There in the water, beckoning me to join her, is my dream whale Mattie and two giant gold fish. I strip off my clothes and plunge joyously into the moonlit lake where we swim and play together.

I have had many dreams with Mattie. She was my first dream guide introducing me to dreamtime. She has been an inspiration to me as I have painted her swimming through the realms of imagination. As I dream of her and then paint her colorful image, she connects my inner and outer worlds. Mattie has become a symbol of the deep spiritual nature within . . . the depth of my dreaming. ♪

Mattie™ by Judith Picone

My dreamscape menagerie includes horse, dog, dolphin, whale, spider, gnat. Birds, however, are the most frequent and intense messengers: owl, pelican, parrot, parakeet, finch, dove, hawk . . . appearing mostly injured or trapped, obvious allusions to my terrified and wounded inner child who is in the process of healing from sexual abuse. However, in the dream I would like to share here, the star animal is a canine. Golden Retriever and I intervened to protect the endangered birds. The meaning of this dream was not so readily apparent to me but thanks to the perceptive analysis of a friend, I was granted a gift of hope in the difficult work I am doing.

Golden Retriever

It's July 4th, I'm working in Golden Gate Park. The lakes are filled with marine mammals. There are two small whales spouting in Middle Lake and dozens of dolphins performing in North Lake with hundreds of people cheering in delight. Then I see a big animal dashing through the water disturbing the ducks. It is a dog—part Golden Retriever, with tags hanging off its collar. I shout at the top of my lungs, asking if the dog belongs to anyone but my voice is drowned out by the loud speaker and all the other noise. So, I go up to people—all women—and ask them one by one if they own the dog, but nobody claims the animal. I say I will cite the owner for allowing the dog to run wild and to possibly injure the ducks and that Animal Care Control will be called in to charge the owner with neglect and other violations. I tie the dog up to a bench and return to the Park Patrol office to call the numbers on the dog's tags but I cannot read the tags very well; the printing is minuscule and faded. The owner is apparently from out of town and is staying in a Seminary in Marin. I return to North Lake and grow very fond of the Golden Retriever. I inform the women with whom I had talked before of the latest developments with the dog. One woman, a shining redhead, is sitting off by herself and when I attempt to converse with her, she is no longer friendly like she was before. This encounter makes me feel nervous and weird. I try and put the dog into the patrol car. At first it growls and I fear it will bite me but I decide to take a chance on continuing because the animal has been gentle up to this point. I open the door and the Golden Retriever jumps right in. I feel happy that I have a companion to ride along with me.

I had been three months into my work recovering memories through dreams and was used to experiencing blatant reenactments of the abuse, of raw feelings and body sensations which rendered analysis of context or symbols unnecessary. Often, I was in a lucid state and exerting some control over the scenes, at times even commenting upon the events and emotions as they were unfolding. The connection between my recovery work and "Golden Retriever"

Golden Retriever

by Lorraine Grassano



Artwork by Chris Grassano

eluded me. My friend, Rita, however, immediately connected Golden with the allegedly "golden years" of childhood which I was attempting to "retrieve." She also pointed out three references to the male phallus: the "spouting whales," the "shining redhead" and the "Seminary." She opened the door, I reenter the dream.

"Golden Retriever" is the unfolding story of my recovery. Becoming aware is the first step in becoming free. The dream opens up on Independence Day, a day of celebrating. But freedom has its price. At first, the retriever brings chaos and danger. I get angry and demand to know who is responsible. Then I experience frustration because the guilty party is not so easy to locate. The most disturbing part of the dream is my encounter with the "shining redhead," who is at first amicable, then turns cold. This signifies the essence of my abuse: the betrayal of the older boys who, after befriending me, violated and abandoned me. Finally, I risk taking responsibility for the care and control of the golden retriever, who is both gentle and growling, for the sun and the shadow parts of myself and my history.

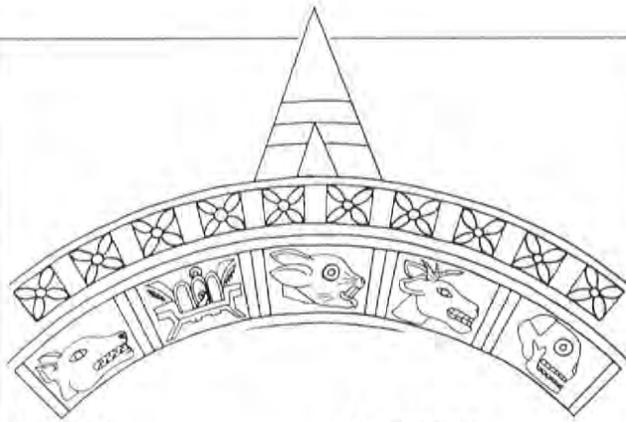
In waking life, I am still being growled at and bitten by memories. However, I have hope that one day, as in the dream's finale, I will master the fear and continue my journey with a faithful friend by my side. ♪

Sweet Medicine Animals

The People Native to this country spent considerable time observing the Two & Four Legged creatures, recognizing them as great teachers of various traits, behaviours and instincts that we might benefit from integrating into our lives. The following is a list of Animals and the Attributes most distinctly ascribed to them. This list was generated at a seminar called Sweet Medicine Animals at the Ojai Foundation in CA. The letters in paranthesis, where noted, indicate the direction with which each animal is associated.

<u>Animal</u>	<u>Attributes</u>
Antelope:	Messenger of magic (W)
Asp, Viper:	Awakeners of when we have gone wrong
Badger:	Keeper of sacred roots/herbs/nutritionist
Bear:	Keeper of the Earthly dream
Bear, Panda:	Teachers of deep sleep
Bear, Polar:	Keeper of the Earthly & magical dream
Beaver:	Keeper of sweat lodge; Protector of woman
Blue Jay:	Heyoka
Bob Cat & Lynx:	Carriers of messages of trees/trails
Buffalo:	Keeper of pure, absolute knowledge
Bull:	Keeper & protector of female energies
Butterfly:	Metamorphic teachers of Changes
Buzzard:	Teacher of patience
Camel:	Carriers of burden
Canary:	Gossip
Cardinal:	Keeper of trust & innocence; Wakes us to the folly of our trust and innocence
Caribou & Reindeer:	Keepers of water and Earth
Cheetah:	Keeper of speed & change of direction
Chicken:	Giver to humans
Chipmunk:	Storer
Cobra:	Keeper & Protector of powers of woman
Condor:	Old Eagle of Peace
Cougar:	Balancers of the Canyons (E)
Coyote:	Trickster; Protector of Children
Crane & Heron:	Teacher of meditation, contemplation and deep thought
Crow:	Keeper of all natural law & holder of the count
Deer:	Keeper of all Magic on Earth (W)
Dog:	Keeper of philosophies
Dolphin:	Keeper & protector of sacred wheels & of human knowledge (N)
Dragons:	Guards of gateways
Ducks, Loons:	Keepers of mirrors, or reflections of your inner self (Pond)
Eagle:	Messenger of Wokan Tanka, Spirit (E)
Elk:	Carriers, keepers & senders of lightning & thunder; Teacher of teachers
Ermine:	Balances the heart (lodge of the emotions)
Flamingo, crane & heron:	Deep thought, teach patience, how to be alone without being lonely
Flicker:	Bringer of gift
Fox:	Teacher of tribes of clans

<u>Animal</u>	<u>Attributes</u>
Frog:	Shield Jumpers; Show us how to change
Goose:	Interpreter & protector of dreams & reflections of the self
Hanuman:	Shows how to keep out of our pitfalls
Hares:	Teacher of enjoyment & keeping fertility
Hawk:	Organizer & go-between to Eagle (N)
Heron & Crane:	Teacher of meditation, contemplation and deep thought
Horse:	Carriers of philosophies & messages of humans
Hummingbird:	Master of movement, flight & dance
Jackle:	Gentle trickster; Peace-bringer, laughter
Jaguar:	Keeper of memory & the ancestors
Leopard:	Keeper of subconscious
Lion:	Holder, keeper & protector of Nagual; Dream benefactor of family
Little Birds:	Helps us put things together; organizers
Lizard:	Divination & precognition
Llamas:	Carriers of burden
Loons, Ducks:	Keepers of mirrors, or reflections of your inner self (Pond)
Magpie:	Keeper of both natural and magical law
Marmot:	Keeper of white crystal
Mole:	Carrier of subconscious messages; Earth's "underground hawk" (W)
Monkeys:	Mimics & teachers of our frailties
Moose:	Keeper & Teacher of laws of water plants
Moth:	Protector of power spots & brings messages from Nagual
Mountain Goat:	Guardian of mountain & wild spirits; Kings & Queens of mountain trails
Mourning Dove:	Awakener of Peace (SE)
Mouse:	Keeper of trust & innocence & knowledge of all seeds
Nighthawk:	Mediator of magic and change
Otter:	Cleanser, balancer & protector of sacred rivers, clean blood (S/SW)
Owl:	Bringer of the dream
Pack-rat:	Medicine for storage & categorization of information
Parrot:	Teacher of movement/mimics of medicine
Peacock:	Beautifier & protector of temples
Pegasus:	Winged messenger of the Spirit
Pelican:	Carrier from Air to Water, from mind to emotions
Penguins:	Heyokas of knowing how we stopped movement on wheel
Pheasant:	Mediator between dolphin & deer; between natural & magical law
Phoenix:	Firehawk; Brings messages of spirit & change to the Dream
Pigeon:	Keeper of endurance
Pigs:	Bringer of roots, cleansers
Possum:	Openers of symbols & images



Animal

Attributes

- Prairie dog:** Teaches about your own shadow
Quail: Dancers; teaches how to dance within the family
Quetzacoatl: "As above, so below";
 Rainbow-feathered serpent, flying dragons
Rabbits: Teachers/keepers of fertility
Raccoon: Bandit; Shows us dark side of ourselves
Rattlesnake: Keeper & Protector of all sacred &
 teaching plants; Awakeners of knowledge
 & what to prescribe in herbs
Raven: Keeper of Magical law
Roadrunners: Carriers of messages from
 sorcerer to sorcerer
Robin: Gift bringer of music, arts & crafts (NE/E)
Sea Lion: Grandfather - Keeper of the Seas
Seagulls: Mediator of changes of emotions
Seal: Playful youngster
Shark: Cleanser of waters (Sea)
Sheep: Followers of the Path
Skunks: Keeper of senses; Protector of family
Squirrel: Keeper of survival of humans
 (Crops, storage of food)
Swan: Combo of duck and goose. Helps teach them
Tiger: Protector of sacred places, temples
Trout: Carrier of rainbows of the streams, lakes, rivers
Turkey: Ground eagle; everyday tonal
Turtle: Little shield carrier; helps hold messages of
 world peace (S)
Unicorn: Openers of gateways
Vulture: Teacher of patience and intermediary
 between buzzard & condor
Walrus: Great Grandfather; Knowledge of emotions
Water turtle: Little shield carrier; helps hold
 messages of world peace (S) and emotions
Weasel: Mischievous, trickster; gift bringer; helps us
 dance out of chaos
Whale & Elephant: Keeper of Memory and longevity
Wolf: Path Finder; leads people to path with a heart
Wolverine: Warrior/Protector of all things;
 will murder (N)
Woodpecker: Balancer, especially of nutrition; also,
 discoveries of what you need
Yeti: (Abominable snowman)
 Holds records of our history, akashic records ☽

Book Review

Abulafia

part
of
my
heart

DreamSongs

by Diane Wolkstein

Published by and Available from:
 Cloudstone, 10 Patchin Place, NY, NY 10011

Reviewed by Kelly Hunter, M. A.

On the cover of this special little book is the author's painting entitled, "Heart Breaking Open," swirling clouds of red and black like blood pumping, rushing through the dark, mysterious heart. In the upper corner is a place of pink and gold, shining peace into the wildness of the journey. In *DreamSongs*, Diane Wolkstein, a widely published storyteller, has created a new kind of work, leading us on an intimate journey into the heart of dreamtime. From dreams that came over a number of years, she has shared those that seemed to her to be more than personal and woven them with original poem-songs into a story, a dream story.

Abulafia, a thirteenth century Spanish kabbalist . .
*. . walked through my locked hotel door
 into my mirror
 and onto my bed. . .*

He becomes the psychopomp, leading the dreamer and reader into the heart of the mystery of the soul. Many powerful images, familiar to us all, appear to remind us of our own dreams, like a revelation from within our own hearts that pierces the heart at the same time.

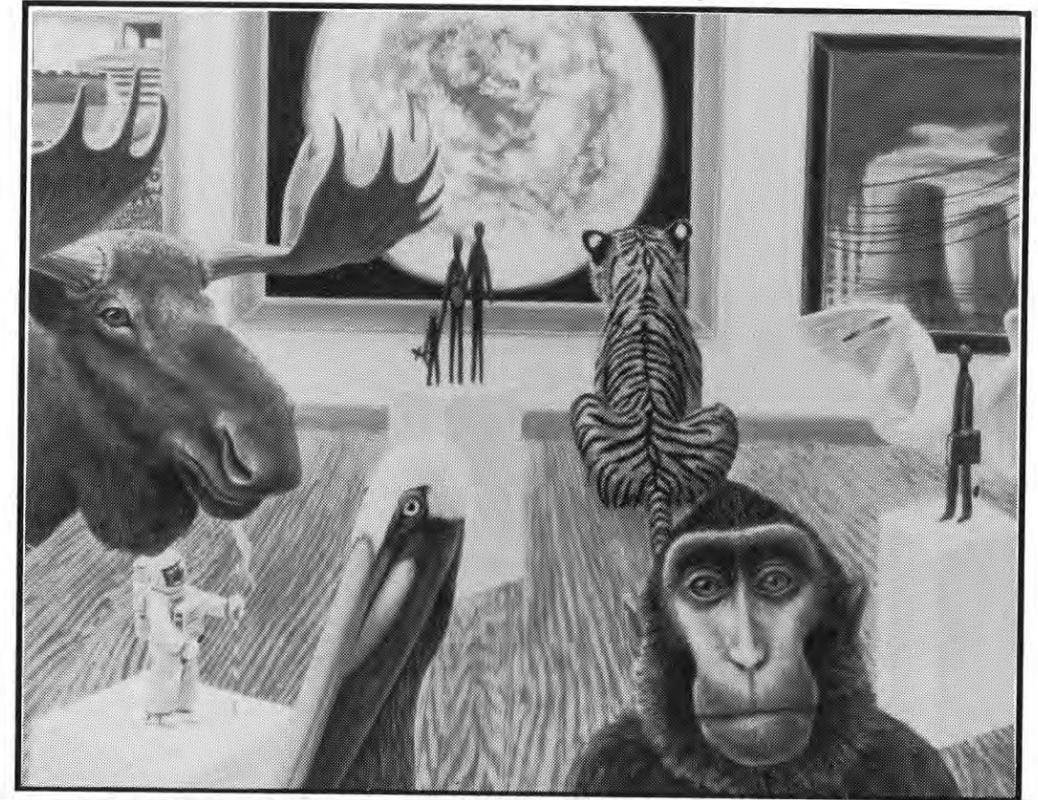
*The young men gave me a bow and a quiver of arrows.
 The bear was waiting for me.
 I started up the mountain and stopped.
 My eyes pierced her breast.
 I pulled the string. The arrow flew. It entered her heart.
 They skinned her and put the bearskin on me, including
 the head.*

This is a love story; this is the journey of the soul becoming whole; this is a familiar story. For dreamers, it is True and a special joy that such a gifted storyteller can find a way to write such a piece.

*One: One is divinely manifested to the ego.
 Two: If they ask if she writes, say yes. She lives, she
 breathes, she feels, she makes love,
 go ahead, say yes, yes, she writes.
 Three: She learned the instructions for dying and kept
 them by her bedside. ☽*



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My Dream About Monty

Last night I dreamed of my Monty horse.
I thought I was riding him once again.
We came tearing down a treacherous sidehill
And went racing out across the plain.

Once more we hit the creek trail.
We always took it with a rush.

I never knew his step to fail
When jumping logs or leaping brush.

I don't know why I dreamed about Monty...

Why, he's been gone for many years,
But when I think of my old pal,
My eyes are blurred with sudden tears.

I thought we climbed up Dairy Trail
The way we used to do;

I even recognized the place
Where Monty one time lost a shoe.

And then we came to the little park,
And once again we stopped to rest;

I used to wait till almost dark
'Cause Monty liked the graze there best.

I'd pull saddle and bridle off from him,
And lay them on the ground;

Sometimes I'd even go to sleep—
I knew he'd always stay around.

And Monty used to come and wake me
When he had rolled and grazed enough.
He'd nip my sleeve and even shake me;
Sometimes his 'nips' were kind of rough.

Last night, I thought I'd slept a week.
I thought the hour was just before dawn;
A whiskery lip was nuzzling my cheek;
Then I woke up, but Monty was gone.



by Frank D. Lemon, Moab, UT
Born 1900, Written in 1968

Common Dream Symbols & Stimulating Associations

From *The Mystical Magical Marvelous World of Dreams*,

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Share Your Ideas on Dream Symbols With Other Dream Questers!

PREFACE: While it is generally agreed that dreams of a personal nature, which seem to constitute many of our dreams, are unique to the dreamer and produce symbols and imagery which have meaning specific to the dreamer's life and personal history, we often need help unraveling the mystery and message of our dreams. Some of us choose dream therapy or have a friend with whom to share our dreams; others belong to dream groups. But, in reality, we can't work with someone else on every dream we have and need to call upon the resources available.

To assist in the process, we offer samplings of common dream symbols/metaphors and stimulating associations, intended to be a starting point only. We invite any input you might have for understanding symbolic language.

It must be noted that most of the ideas presented are suggestive of a *subjective*, or gestalt, interpretation, which does not allow for precognitive, ESP or warning, etc., type dreams; these would warrant an *objective* approach for interpretation/action. Ultimately, it is left to the dreamer to discern how to perceive and act upon their dreams.

ANIMALS IN DREAMS

ALLIGATOR: Tough hide. Treachery.

BADGER: Can be pun on badgering people, aggravating, being persistent to the point of annoyance and frustration. Insisting on one's way or of being vicious.

BEAR: Represents great strength and power. Can be overBEARing, pushy, one who uses his power to frighten others into submission or who crushes others with words or actions. Can be very destructive, irate, cross and menacing OR playful, protective and loving. Known for bad breath, bad temper and habit of hibernating. Could mean bare facts or forbearance. Bear may also symbolize Russian or pun on "rushing"

BEAST: Usually represents your fears, animal instincts, temper, beastliness, the beast in you, uncontrolled power.

BEAVER: Good worker, ambitious, intelligent, skillful, persevering, cooperative and, when work is done, playful.

BIRDS: In general, are symbols of joy, song, light heartedness, freedom, flexibility, a state of love, joy, ecstasy, music, or harmony. They may also symbolize the spirit or the spiritual part of us and may symbolize the soul and its ability to soar to great heights.

BUCKS: Big bucks may be a pun on big money.

Many bucks, much money. Bucks may also refer to bucking the system, a person or idea. Might also indi-

cate males, maleness, strength, agility, "passing the buck" or "the buck stops here."

BULL: Can symbolize a lie or exaggeration, great strength, determination, stubbornness, bullheadedness, unyielding attitudes that hurt one's progress or that of others. Tendency to old habits, staying in a rut, refusal to change, bend, or cooperate. May infer a great ability to see things through to the end when others would have given up. Good stability and holding power. Love of beauty. Zodiacal sign of Taurus.

COW: Generally peaceful, passive, obedient to authority without questioning. Good provider of milk, lives close to the earth, placid nature, tendency to herd or go along with the rest.

CRAB: Can mean crabby nature, irritable, moving with the tides of emotion, pincers that can hurt, tendency to hold on to things, possessiveness, perseverance.

CROCODILE: Falsity, false fears or emotions, untrustworthy. Hidden danger. Maybe a warning sign.

DEER: May represent nature, beauty, grace, gentleness, peace or can mean "dinner," trophy or a pun on something that is "dear" to you. Two deer could be a pun on something being too dear.

DONKEY: Symbol for stubbornness, lack of cooperation, a beast of burden, hardy but not very bright.

DRAGON: A mythical animal, a product of the imagination. Often represents your fears and the fact that they are not REAL, but imaginary ones. It is a religious symbol of false beliefs and resistance to truth or your beastly aspects and urges. This is also an ancient Chinese symbol of power, a beneficial rain-bringer and a sign of good fortune. Could be a pun on DRAGGIN' behind, dragging your feet, being "a drag" or a dragon! In mystical literature, a dragon signifies the lower nature which must be slain! See "Serpent."

ELEPHANT: Excellence of memory, greatness, power, knowledge, intelligence and ponderousness. May represent karma (Not forgotten).

FOX: Symbolizes that which is sly, clever, quick, tricky, unpredictable and a predator.

FROG: Ancient symbol for the unclean but may be a prince in disguise, a symbol of magic, fairy tales and witchcraft, or represent the potential to change, to do the unexpected. Can be a pun on being a little frog in a big pond (or feeling that way), could infer jumping from one thing to another, or moving in leaps and bounds.

GOAT: Could be old pun on someone "getting your goat," antagonism; yours or another's, locking horns with another, opposition, sometimes without reason, using one's head for a battering ram, ramming a point home, clash of ideas, or may even depict a BUT-IN-sky. May represent the sure-footed mountain climber who likes to get to the top.

GREEN-EYED MONSTER: Jealousy and/or greed.

HORNS: Represent hardened thought projections, thought forms, the shape or tenure of long-held ideas.

JACKASS: Could be a pun on how you see yourself or how you are judging yourself.

KANGAROO: Could represent making quantum leaps into the unknown. Or possibly heavy footed. Big foot?

LAMB: Innocence, defenselessness, helplessness, gentleness. May indicate vulnerability or possibility of sacrifice and slaughter. You may need to sacrifice yourself in some way or may feel you are being sacrificed.

Check dream content for clues. Could be a warning.

LION: Symbol of the tribe of Judah and of kingly qualities of strength, courage, power, leadership, will power and dominion. These are good qualities as long as they are put to good use. Look at dream action. To tame a lion would show your ability to conquer all the lower instincts in you.

MONKEY: Mimicking, mime, imitation, fooling around, monkey business, not taking life seriously, being a copy-cat, using ideas & directions of others instead of your own.

MONSTERS: These represent fears you don't want to face or confront, yet the fact they are there, usually in a nightmare type scene, shows a strong need for you to face and deal with the problem openly.

MULE: Usually symbolizes stubborn qualities but can be your burden bearing capacities, your long-sufferingness or even how you see yourself.

PANTHER: Same as cat, only larger, wild and undomesticated.

PIG: Strongly associated with selfishness, greed, gluttony, bad manners, hogging the show or spotlight, habit of over stuffing mentally or physically. Lack of consideration.

RABBIT: Can be quiet, peaceful, gentle and nature-loving but may also represent a fast turn-over, quick multiplication and fast production or reproduction. Rabbit is a well known symbol for sexual prowess and quick change of partners. It may also symbolize the quiet, undetected nibbling away at your resources, especially if it is in your garden patch.

RACCOON: Often represents robber, bandit, one who takes but does not give.

RAM: Symbolizes astrological sign of Aries, also strong drive to achieve, animal instinct of ramming things through, butting into things or conversations, forcing matters, fighting, pushing, general aggressiveness and lack of finesse.

A ram also signifies Mars, male, power, war, leadership, strife and Aries.

RAT: Strongly associated with dirt, filth, underhanded habits, stealing, disease, poverty and squalor. Also one who "squeals" or tattles on another. Unscrupulousness.

RHINOCEROS: Well known for unpredictability, aggressiveness, ungovernable temper and small intellect.

SEAL: These delightful animals are highly intelligent and well known for their ability to play and to applaud themselves. They may represent your need to be a bit more playful and to give yourself fun, credit and praise

more often. These may be a pun on "seal of approval" or of sealing something.

SERPENT: Symbol of mind power, wisdom, the creative force, mysticism, clairvoyance, spiritual awareness, or kundalini when dream feelings are positive. Can denote subtlety, lies and deception, penis, semen, sex, desires, temptations, good and/or evil. Much depends on the serpent action and dreamers' feelings.

SHEEP: Peaceful, docile, gentle, can be "fleeced," or can be easily led this way or that. Often unable to care for their own needs. See Lamb.

SKUNK: Can be a real "stinker," peaceful but smelly, repulsive, driving people away, turning people off.

SQUIRREL: Business, quickness, hustle-bustle, thrifty, saving, hard working.

SNAKES: Generally represent fears, sex play, temptation, sex. Playing with a snake may depict "playing around" with sex or toying with the idea. See serpent.

TIGER: Go-getter, fast cat, pussy-footing around. Great strength and power of overcoming. See cat for additional meanings.

PAPER TIGER: False or ungrounded fear.

TURTLE: Slow but sure progress. Slow pace. May be suggestive of a need to slow down or may suggest that you have to stick your neck out in order to get ahead. Turtles have a tendency to hide or withdraw into their shell when trouble threatens.

WILD BEASTS: Violent emotional aspects or animal instincts which are totally uncontrolled, untrained, unpredictable.

WOLF: Associated with traits which are sneaky, crafty, greedy, wiley, vicious, deceptive and untrustworthy.

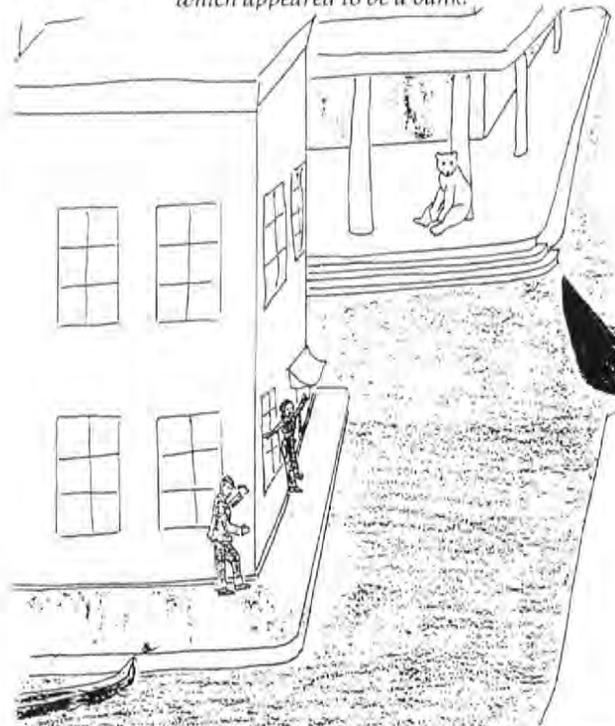
UNICORN: Represents one-pointedness, purity, high ideals, mysticism, virginity, purity, and the higher level of Capricorn. ♀

The Polar Bear, A Dream with Drawings

by Ruth Near

I was in a light colored, very barren and sterile city. It appeared to be abandoned. The buildings were one or two story with simple, clean, modernistic design. The streets were canals which had to be navigated by canoe, kayak or somewhat larger vessels.

We came into the city by canoe and got out to explore. No sooner were we on foot than I looked around a corner and about a block away, I could see a polar bear sitting spread legged, lolling against the columns of a building, which appeared to be a bank.



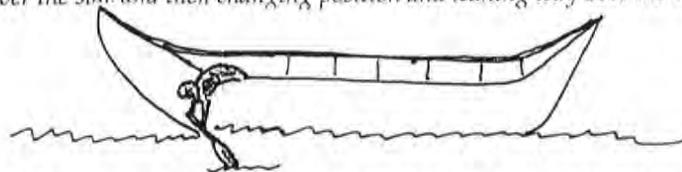
The bear spotted us almost immediately and ambled toward us.

We were too far from our canoe to escape.

In the next dream scene, I had found a large, clumsy, dark wooden craft.

I stepped into it and it immediately floated away from shore.

There was a very short paddle in the bow of the boat. I was in panic mode by now because the bear was very close and my partner (husband Al?) was still on shore and unaware of the danger. I discovered that I could paddle, by leaning way over the side and then changing position and leaning way over the other side.



I was just turning the craft to go back to shore, to the bear and my companion. The boat was much easier to handle than I had feared.

I was amazed at the way the craft responded . . . and then I awakened. ♀

Preface to a New Feature Column by Kelly Bulkley: "Dreaming Life, Waking Life"

This is the first column in what will be a new regular feature of Dream Network Journal. "Dreaming Life, Waking Life" will explore the interactions between the world of our dreams and the world of our society. I believe that people who have learned to understand the wisdom of their dreams can make extremely valuable contributions to the creative transformation of the troubled society in which we live. Our dreaming lives give us powerful insights into our social world—into politics, art, economics, religion, communal relations—and help us work towards the healing of our social ills. This column will be devoted to discussing the various ways that our individual dreaming lives can promote the growth and well-being of our collective waking lives.

To many modern Westerners, this is a very strange claim. We're just getting used to the idea that dreams have meaning, period; we're barely comfortable with the notion that dreams are important for personal healing. But social healing? How, I'm often asked, can dreams help in that?

The fact is, people in many non-Western cultures regularly draw upon their dreams for guidance in dealing with the problems of their communities. These people understand that dreams speak about both personal and social concerns. The time has come for us to understand this, too. The time has come for us to heed the social wisdom of our dreams.

What follows is the text of a presentation I made this summer on the subject of "Dreams and Child Development." The presentation was a benefit event for "Grant A Wish," a local social service organization run by a remarkable woman named Anne Blair. I first met Anne at the seventh annual conference of the Association for the Study of Dreams, which was held here in Chicago in 1990. Anne was working as a reporter for *The Chicago Crusader*, a newspaper primarily serving Chicago's African-American community, and she was writing a story on the conference. What began as an ordinary interviewer-interviewee discussion quickly became a very exciting dialogue on the potential values of dreaming for child development.

Anne described to me her work with Grant A Wish and her passionate desire to help the poor children of Chicago develop a sense of hope for the future. She believes that one of the worst problems in these children's lives is their inability to hope, to dream of a better life. These children's horrible living conditions have robbed them of the simple ability to imagine a different, better world. Anne said she founded Grant A Wish to try and restore hope to these children. The mission of Grant A Wish is to identify the special needs of individual children—say, a pair of eyeglasses to help them read, a heavy jacket to help them brave the cold Chicago winter—and then to find a donor who can "grant the wish." The guiding idea, Anne told me, is that if children find that one of their wishes has come true, they may slowly develop the confidence to hope and dream of other things as well.

Needless to say, I was more interested in this conversation than in any of the conference presentations, and Anne and I spoke for almost two hours about the power of dreams to transform society. We have kept in touch since the conference, sharing with each other our very different, yet very similar efforts to nurture the ability of children to dream. This past fall I gave a presentation on dreams as a benefit event for Grant A Wish. Following are the concluding comments of my presentation. *K. Bulkley*

Dreams & Child Development

by Kelly Bulkley, Ph.D.

I'd like to finish with a word about the role of dreams in child development—and, in the process, I'd like to say something about why I believe the work of organizations like Grant A Wish is so vitally important.

Sleep laboratory research has shown that infants and young children experience much more REM sleep and dreaming than do adults. The reason is that children are going through incredible changes in the first years of their lives, changes that we adults can only dimly comprehend. Children have vast amounts of new experience to process and make sense of; their whole central nervous systems are developing; the very first outlines of their personalities are taking shape. Dreaming helps children through these massive developmental changes. Research studies have provided very strong evidence that REM sleep and dreaming play a key role in children's psychological and physiological growth.

Research studies have also demonstrated that dreaming plays an important role in another aspect of child development: dreaming helps to cultivate the powers of a child's imagination.

Along with all the physical and mental development of their first years of life, children are also learning how to imagine: they are learning how to envision the future, how to explore the world of possibility, how to express their hopes and their fears, and how to create new solutions to difficult problems. In a very important sense, the ability to imagine is what makes us human; our imaginations free us from the

limits of our immediate, material reality, enabling us to begin the process of creating new and better realities.

The play activities of children are one major area where they learn how to imagine, freely and creatively. And, as a great deal of research has shown, dreaming is another important area where children discover and develop the nearly infinite powers of their imaginations.

In many non-Western cultures (for example, in certain tribal cultures in South America and Africa), the adults encourage their children to respect, value, and learn from their dreams. They teach their children that dreams are a vital source of insight and creativity, and that dreams can be especially helpful in guiding us through times of great change, conflict, or turmoil.

Unfortunately, in our culture many people believe that dreams are foolish nonsense, best forgotten as soon as we wake up in the morning. As a result, we tell our children to pay no attention to their dreams. "Oh, that was just a dream," we dismissively say when they share a particularly strange or scary dream with us, "It wasn't real. Just go back to sleep."

This attitude is not simply wrong; it is also terribly, terribly dangerous. We live in a world where many children are not learning how to imagine at all: we live in a world where many children are so poor that they cannot think of anything besides trying to fill their stomachs and cover themselves from the cold; where movies and TV shows relentlessly pound images of graphic violence into their heads; where public schools are so run-down that many children spend their days marching mechanically from one room to another, like robots in a factory. In such a world, there are many forces blocking the healthy growth of children's imaginations, and very few forces helping to nurture that growth. How, then, can we possibly

afford to ignore any means of cultivating children's imaginations, no matter how foolish or nonsensical it appears?

" . . . dreaming is another important area where children discover and develop the nearly infinite powers of their imaginations."

The crucial role of dreaming in child development helps us appreciate all the more the valuable work of an organization like Grant A Wish. Grant A Wish works like dreams do. Grant A Wish provides children with possibilities; it encourages them to hope, to imagine a better future for themselves. It proves to them that their wishes are important, that their wishes can come true. The motto of Grant A Wish, "Because every child needs dreams," is true—in fact, it may be the truest thing you'll ever hear. Children need good food, they need clothes, they need a safe and secure home; but they also need to dream, to be able to dream.

My guess is that Anne Blair, the executive director of Grant A Wish, knows all too well how much the organization is like a dream—she wakes up each morning and wonders, is it still there? Is Grant A Wish still there, or is it going to float away into nothingness as so many dreams do? Just like dreams, Grant A Wish and similar organizations do not get nearly the attention, and the support, that they deserve.

My hope is that more politicians, civic leaders, media reporters, and ordinary citizens will realize how vitally important it is to nurture children's imaginations; and then, that these people will realize that they must begin supporting previously unsupported organizations (like Grant A Wish), and drawing upon previously unused resources (like dreams).

One way to guide people towards these realizations is to ask them to consider the future challenges facing our society. How, for example, will we heal the devastating damage we have done to the global environment? How, for example, will we help the people of Third World nations like Somalia overcome the twin evils of famine and political oppression? These are incredibly complex, incredibly difficult problems; there are no easy, simple solutions to them.

Our society is trying, of course, to develop new technologies, to make new laws and international agreements, to rearrange budgetary priorities. Those are important efforts and we should certainly keep at them. But there's something else we should try, too. We should try, much harder than we have been recently, to help our children develop lively, flexible, creative imaginations. We can do this, as I have suggested this evening, by encouraging children to value their dreams and by generously supporting organizations like Grant A Wish. For our children will inherit these terribly difficult problems from us; and if we cannot help leaving them with our problems, we can at least give them the abilities to solve them. ☺

(Note: For further information on Grant A Wish, contact Anne Blair at 833 N. Orleans, #3D, Chicago, IL 60610.)

Kelly Bulkeley is a Lecturer at the University of Chicago and Chair of the Education Committee of the Association for the Study of Dreams.

Is the Certification of Dreamworkers Inevitable?

A stimulating dialogue between Will Phillips & Ann Sayre Wiseman

(The following is a discussion between Ann Sayre Wiseman of Cambridge, Massachusetts and Will Phillips of Altamonte Springs, Florida. The talk took place last Spring, 1992 at Will's home in Florida and concluded while canoeing down the nearby Wekiva River.)

Will: I remember attending an organizational meeting for the Dream Educator's Network at one of the early ASD conferences... I think it was Charlottesville in 1985. We were starting to toss around proposals for the function of the DEN, including doing a series of workshops at the ASD conferences to present various approaches to dreamwork. I felt growing enthusiasm in the group... like bread that was just beginning to leaven. Then a representative from the ASD Board of Directors came to tell us of growing concerns they had about allowing people to do workshops unless they had specific credentials and qualifications. One of their worries was the possibility of lawsuits directed at the ASD by conference attendees who might claim to have been mistreated by people who they felt were not qualified to be doing workshops. I remember feeling like someone had just opened a door and let in a cold wind that caused the bread to collapse. Now the issue is coming up again as people are beginning to talk about certifying dreamworkers and I still have mixed feelings about it.

Ann: It's true that the bigger the dream movement gets the more responsibility we will need to cope with. I can see that legal concerns are potential problems, and you don't want a lot of eager dream people just doing their thing and

then expecting the organization to be responsible. I can see that that could be a real issue as we grow and become more important and have more authority in the field. So that, I think, is perfectly reasonable.

Will: I agree. But I remember going to a conference in Canada where there were more workshops than I'd seen at any previous conferences. I attended an informal dream workshop out on a patio. The guy leading the workshop was sitting at the head of a table with a young man who had volunteered a dream... actually he seemed more like a 'victim' than a volunteer... with everyone else gathered around. As I started to listen, my first thought was, 'Boy, this guy [the psychotherapist] is really being invasive.' The longer I listened, the more thoroughly offended I was by what was going on.

Ann: . . . It's like certifying artists. How do you certify the creative process?

Will: Here's the difference to me. An artist is not directly dealing with another human being. You can choose to view the artwork or read the book or not, without actually having to confront the artist.

Ann: So you're saying it's more like a doctor or a teacher. I was obviously not alone, because several other observers began getting up and leaving until after just a short while there was only a small handful of people remaining. I don't know how it turned out because I finally walked out as well. Now here is my concern: I checked out the workshop leader's credentials in the conference program and found that he had been a licensed, practicing psychotherapist in New York City for twenty-some years with a Ph.D. and all the credentials in the

world. Yet it was one of the most blatant instances of dream rape I think I've ever seen.

Ann: So you're asking who deserves to do this work and by what standards will we certify people. That's a good question. I don't think doctors are very often the best people to intuit healing because they're trained in understanding disease and not health.

Will: Well, the reason I'm bringing the certification question up now is because of Jeremy Taylor's article on The Nagging Question of Dream Education. Being able to promote oneself as a board-certified dreamworker would have the advantage of boosting one's credibility when dealing with potential clients and institutions. It would also bring dreamwork one step closer to being recognized as a valid and respectable occupation. On the other hand, my hair bristles at the thought of any group being given the power to decide which approaches to dreamwork are authorized and which are not. The main appeal of dreamwork, to me, has always been its resistance to quantification and pigeon-holing and the fact that it proudly proclaims itself an art and not a science. I was listening to the radio the other day while I was remodeling my office and a real estate program came on. I was about to change stations when they started talking about the difference between a licensed real estate agent and a board-certified Realtor. It reminded me of the situation with the certification of dreamworkers, so I listened...

Ann: And they described what the difference is?

Will: Right. So I called the number they gave out and got a wealth of information on what it takes to become a board-certified Realtor. What impressed me most was that the factors determining board certification were exclusively concerned with professionalism and adherence to a Code

of Ethics, rather than with formal education and degrees. Realtors have to meet the basic requirements that are required in order for anyone to sell real estate, of course, such as being at least eighteen years old, having a high school diploma, successfully completing the 63 hour salesman license course required by the state and passing the real estate exam. But Board certification restricts itself solely to maintaining standards of professional behavior through voluntary submission to an agreed-upon Code of Ethics. I think that this is something that could easily be translated into guidelines for the certification of dreamworkers.

Ann: Who establishes ethics and professionalism?

Will: In the case of the Realtors, the members of the professional community agree to certain basic standards of conduct. The Board of Realtors also provides a forum for complaints. That gives clients the security of knowing that there is an authority which can issue a reprimand or terminate the membership of any Realtor who doesn't live up to the Code of Ethics. The way it works is, you voluntarily request board certification because there are certain advantages to being able to say that you are board-certified. And in doing so, you are swearing an allegiance to go by an agreed-upon set of ethics. And if you fail to live up to that set of ethics, you can lose your certification. Again, I see this as something that could very easily be translated into similar terms for dreamworkers. We could list a very basic Code of Ethics such as: "I pledge that I will not betray the confidence of my clients; I will not abuse my position to take sexual or financial advantage of my clients; I will not force an interpretation onto my

client; I will not lie to or deceive my client..." you know, certain ethics that everyone agrees to be professional behavior.

Ann: So that's the difference between a licensed real estate agent and a Realtor...? I didn't know that.

Will: I didn't either. That's why I found the information so interesting. Especially because I once contacted the Department of Professional Regulations to find out what the requirements were

talking about. That's true.

Will: So to me, it's not a matter of degrees or schooling or whether you take a Jungian approach, a Freudian approach, an eclectic approach or whatever. It's not what you do but how you do it.

Ann: That's the truth. That's where it's at, really.

Will: I guess what got me fired up was Jeremy Taylor's article. He mentioned that several people in the Dream Educator's Network had expressed an interest in



to have a private counseling practice in Florida. They responded with a dozen pages of requirements that had entirely to do with formal education, advanced degrees, number of years of internships and the like... which I feel would be the worst way to go about certifying dreamworkers.

Ann: I agree with you. I think the people with degrees very often don't have the heart or the intuition or the sensitivity of a lot of unlicensed people...

Will: And yet I'm sure you would also agree that there are also a lot of very enthusiastic non-degreeed people who really...

Ann: ...don't know what they're

getting certified as "trained dreamworkers" and seemed to feel that the Dream Network Journal and the ASD both have important roles to play in achieving our shared goals. And I suspect that certification of dreamworkers will become necessary at some point, whether we like it or not, so it's important for all of us who are doing dreamwork to join in on the discussion.

Ann: That's the freedom that this kind of an organization can give us. Because we're so eclectic we can share these different points of view all in the same package, such as *Dream Network Journal*.

Will: Even if people don't like

the idea of a board that has the authority to certify dreamworkers, I think it's important to get people talking and thinking about it.

Ann: Well, while we're at it then, I'd like to say something about one approach which a lot of people are latching onto: the "If it were my dream" approach. It's a real parlor game and it ends up with everybody painting on the canvas of the dreamer. And I think it's really destructive and interruptive and distracts the dreamer from the direction the dream

their complaint. Then the board would initiate an inquiry, giving the dreamworker an opportunity to respond and after hearing both sides it would decide if there had been a violation of the Code of Ethics. So if people come to a group and no one complains, then fine. Let them do that. But if someone feels that they were totally trounced upon in that or any dream group and felt that no one in that group would acknowledge their objections, then they would have another avenue to pursue.

the consequences of that? As this [dream] movement grows, problem situations will inevitably arise where people say, "I went to a dream group and it was a terrible experience." I don't want that happening, because that's going to affect the reputations of all dreamworkers. Then, next thing you know you'll pick up a newspaper and read an article about how dreamworkers are completely unregulated and people are complaining and so on. So I can foresee some potential problems that certification of dream-workers might solve.

Ann: But how can you "certify" a dreamworker? It's like certifying a writer. How can you certify something that's based on creative thinking and intuitive understanding? This is very similar to the pornography situation in art. At what point do you draw the line at what should be shown in museums? I don't know. I think we just pass the ball back and forth and I don't think we make any decisions about it. If you have somebody who thinks they have a new idea about how to work with dreams and they propose this, they're going to get their audience because we have freedom of speech here,

you know?

Will: So are you saying that you think it would be better not to address the issue of certifying dreamworkers?

Ann: I haven't thought this through. It's like certifying artists. How do you certify the creative process?

Will: Here's the difference to me. An artist is not directly dealing with another human being. You can choose to view the artwork or read the book or not, without actually having to confront the artist.

Ann: So you're saying it's more like a doctor or a teacher.

Will: Yeah, or maybe even more



might have taken them if they had stayed in a more pure place with their own imagery. I'm wondering why there isn't some discussion about it. I believe it's a technique that's not safe in the hands of all the popular followers. To me, this practice of everybody projecting as if it were their dream is unethical.

Will: Well, if dreamworkers did have the option of becoming certified, and if one of the roles of the board was to provide a forum for complaints, then anyone who felt they had a complaint against any board-certified dreamworker would have an impartial vehicle through which they could lodge

Ann: But who's going to give their time to this? I mean, you're suggesting something that lots of people don't want to put the time, money, energy or responsibility into. And the minute you set up this kind of an organization you've got to have people who will accept the responsibility of running it without pay.

Will: Maybe so, but if certification comes, it's going to involve this stuff. It's sort of like arguing back in the late 1800s whether the railroad should go out West. Odds are with this certification thing, it's going to go out West whether we want it to or not. So the question is, how are we going to deal with

like the Realtor-client relationship. Because we still certify doctors and teachers based on the belief that their most important qualifications are degrees, internships and so forth. And now people are beginning to say, "Wait a minute... doctors have gotten out of touch with being healers. They've become diagnosticians who only deal with alleviating symptoms." That's why I'd like to see any certification of dreamworkers focus exclusively on questions of ethics and integrity that have been agreed upon by the larger body of dreamworkers as a whole.

Ann: This is an interesting point that I haven't heard our group discuss. So let's put it out and see what kind of response it gets. We're trying to sort out a problem that's not yet formulated.

Will: Maybe so, but I don't want to be sitting back and suddenly hear that in order to become certified as a dreamworker you have to have your Ph.D. and two additional years of direct study under the direct supervision of the following list of authorized dreamworkers.

Ann: Think if we had all stopped with Freud. We would not have advanced to Jung. And if we had stopped with Jung we wouldn't have advanced to where we are now, seeing dreams really as the wisdom of the person who's dreaming and not coming from God, Freud or Jung. If we're going to talk about certification, I think that anyone working with dreams, which are really hotbeds for powerful emotional stuff, any dreamworker should be aware of the responsibility that opening up these problems can make. They should know that people can turn that help against the helper in ways that the helper may not imagine. And I think it might be useful to have some kind of a course that lets people know just what terrible things can happen when you try to help people. It's

like stopping to help a victim on the street and then being sued for having moved them when they had a head injury that shouldn't have been moved. You did it out of the kindness of your heart and the emergency of the moment, but you may be in more trouble for having helped. These are the kind of things that strike me as more important than degrees. I've seen a lot of degreed people that I think are very insensitive and have very little understanding of human nature or of the delicate places that help people empower themselves. And women's thinking is often very different than men's.

Will: One thing about a degree is that it is very black and white. It's easy to see if someone has a degree or not. You can just say, "Show me the paper... where's it from? Is it an accredited institution?" But the question is whether that is the best way to identify dreamworkers who are helpful to their clients.

Ann: Perhaps one needs to demonstrate a session in front of people.

Will: But who's going to watch you do a session and decide whether or not you're doing it well?

Ann: A jury of people who we think are good dreamworkers. We're instinctively drawn to certain kinds of people we think are good and we value their integrity. Integrity is a terribly important thing in this work as well as values.

Will: Maybe it's my sense of rebelliousness or distrust of establishments that causes me to feel this way, but I am very wary of having specific dreamwork approaches sanctioned...to present a videotape of a dream session that I did with someone or just sit in front of the board and say, "Okay, who's got a dream they'd like to work with?" and then to have someone decide that my approach is either appropriate or

inappropriate. I don't know anyone that I trust enough to do that. Of course, on the other hand, some approaches that I personally might not think are very good approaches...

Ann: ...still work.

Will: Yeah, although whether they work or not is also relative. There was an instance of a doctor here in Central Florida who was discovered to have forged credentials. So the Department of Professional Regulations started calling up all his patients and asking them to file a complaint against the phony doctor. But what they found was that nobody wanted to file a complaint! They all loved the guy. They thought he was the best doctor they'd ever been to. In other words, there may be a dreamworker who is using an approach that I don't think is worth two shakes of a stick, but the people they're working with might be getting a lot out of it.

Ann: Okay, but that's true with anything. That's like faith healing and medicine...

Will: Exactly. So who is authorized to say who can do dreamwork and who can't? That's why I think the only option is to say, "Listen, we're not going to evaluate your dreamwork at all. All we're going to do is say that there are certain basic ethics that you must honor in order to be considered a Board Certified dreamworker."

Ann: I think that dreamwork in many ways is more midwifery than medical doctoring. And midwifery, I think in many cases, is more important in childbirth than doctoring.

Will: That's a good point. Maybe we should find out what kind of certification is required for midwives.

Ann: Maybe we should. §

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The Lake of Grief:

A Different Kind of Beast

by Jeffery Lewis

On Snowbank Lake

August, 1991

Snowbank Lake is a large, 4500 acre, 150' deep lake which lies half-in-half-out of the Boundary Waters canoe Area about 18 miles east of Ely, MN. Snowbank is a rough translation of the Ojibway name which means "snow blown up in heaps laying about here and there." The lake is approximately heart-shaped, with a large island, Harry's Island, dividing it in half, into right and left ventricles and atriums. The point or bottom of the heart, however, is largely upside-down, pointing as it does to the northeast toward the depths of the Boundary Waters as well as Ontario's immense Quetico. Perhaps this upside-down alignment helps to explain a powerful vision I had of the lake before we camped on it this summer. In that dream, the "water" of the lake consisted of...thousands, millions of agonized souls or consciousnesses...an immense reservoir of frigid, cut-off beings swirling and silently screaming like a William Blake drawing. I wondered then at what could be the reason for such a titanic body of sorrow, of grief.

Several years ago my family and I stayed at a resort on Snowbank, on the part of it outside the Boundary Waters. At that time, I was impressed with the power of the lake, a power partially expressed by the dream of its being, consciousness. So, when my wife's two sisters expressed an interest in camping in the Boundary Waters on their visit this summer, I encouraged the choice of Snowbank as our entry point, both because I wished to fish it both literally and in the dream depths and because we could use my little six-horsepower motorboat to help in establishing a base camp for the large party which included a one-year-old. After cruising most of the lake, we finally chose

a camp site on the NE tip of Harry's Island, an island dividing the halves of the snowbank "heart."

The Ejaculation of the Charioteer

Pretty light night for dreams. A Mark Harmon ejaculation dream is the only way to describe it. (Harmon—see Herman. Herman—Old German: Herimann. "Army-man; warrior," or Latin: *Herminius*, "High-ranking person.") Some sort of sex film apparently, involving Harmon, in a dilapidated car with no hood, engine, fenders or top, being pulled by a couple of gay men who are hitched to the car like horses down in the wheel wells. Image looks like the #7 Tarot card, The Chariot which depicts a chariot drawn by two sphinxes. Harmon is nude, standing on the front seat of this vehicle which is *nothing but a frame*—uncircumcised though not erect—as though he is what is about to be...ejaculated? (Ejaculate—L. *ejaculatus*, pp. of *ejaculari*, to cast out, throw out.) The chariot drawn by the two nude guys is moving up an embankment. As Harmon played Ted Bundy in a made-for-TV-movie, this semi-naïve scene takes on a potentially sinister light. Unlike the driver of The Chariot in the Tarot card, Harmon is not holding the reins or steering this vehicle; he appears in fact, to be drawn rather than driving—drawn or driven against his will.

Then images of breasts, breasts being mocked, meaning they're so exaggerated they mock and demean women as sexual beings. My feeling is, however, that this is intentional and in this case is being done by certain women to diminish men's interest in them as sexual beings. To demean and diminish the sexual Mysteries so they remain impenetrable, unexplored...the political-religious reasons for the Mysteries

unexplored. There would appear then to be a connection suggested here to Bundy's interest in pornography, which he claims was part of the mechanism of desire which drove him to his crimes. Is this that vehicle? The Chariot of the Beast? If so, there is little wonder the "bank" of the lake is filled with agonized, terrified soul beings!

The Rape on Disappointment Lake

I am writing these dreams down outdoors on top of a large island in Disappointment Lake, a large lake shaped somewhat like a flattened "N" or "M," a 140 rod portage to the east of Snowbank. I paddled over here this morning with Miriam, who came without her husband, as he had to stay behind in Colorado for business reasons. I agreed to explore Disappointment Lake with Miriam while the rest of our party took a hike from the outlet along Snowbank Trail. As I describe the creepy Bundy connections to the "ejaculation," the throwing-out-of-Herman-dream, my feelings about that scene, what I suspect it means—the creation of a Beast, a real whizz-bang of a Beast—I connect to feelings I have almost overwhelmingly strongly on this island right now. I just finished a nap during which I had several visions carrying, raising a cargo, body of grief combined with fear that seems to be... here, part of this rock, the conscious meaning of its "disappointment." As soon as I lay down beneath the stunted jackpines in a small needle-filled crevice atop the rock, I began to have powerful flashes coming up from beneath me, from the rock, from layers of my consciousness corresponding to the rock, the lake. The visions were of something being raised and then the identity of something, of being raped. The rape

memory brings accompanying long-buried feelings with it, of fear, rage, grief and primarily...of violation.

The War Scroll in the Creature's Claw

The visions began with one of Snowbank Lake, the portion of it Miriam and I had just crossed, of the hand of a creature, a scaled, webbed paw of a hand much like that of the famous Creature from the Black Lagoon reaching up above the surface from the 150 foot deep abyss of the lake to hand me a scroll, perhaps even the tightly congealed remnants of one of the Dead Sea Scrolls fresh from its ceramic jar in a Qumran cave from the bottom of a dead zone. I *had* been in such a cave a night or so ago with just such a creature down in the abysmal dark of the trench off the north shore of the island. A creature resembling the creature from the Black Lagoon came to the shore of the cave-grotto to greet me saying "you have it *much worse* than me!" Now, this same piscatorial Virgil Brigman who raised the city of the abyss in the film, *The Abyss*, seemed to have raised an entirely different content, an entirely different ending from the Mnemosyne, the submerged Titanic of Memory. The War Scroll sword from the Frankenstein of the Lake proving the use of the unconscious creation bank to create.....beasts?

Raising the Titanic

Grief. Grief is what I felt. Not grief as the way down into the deep structures of the male psyche submerged in the lake of the unconscious, as Robert Bly would have it in Iron John.¹ Rather this, what I was feeling, was the grief *I had once felt when* those deep structures, those archetypes and powers were first submerged—sunk?—and the grief of those structures, parts of our being that were hacked off like the genitals of Uranus and sunk in the lake of the unconscious mind. Now, lying on the island in Disappointment, the same creature from the grotto seemed to be handing me the record of how the "male" archetypes, the deep structures of the psyche in general, came to be submerged in the first place? Yes, but more. Not only how, but why they were so submerged, as such structures and powers no longer un-

der conscious human control would be easily manipulatable by any one or any power capable of manipulating the human unconscious. The terrifying thing is any individual or society so manipulated would have no memory, no way of knowing that it was being secretly governed—much as my ejaculation dream depicted Mark Harmon being drawn or driven in a sexual vehicle over which he had, has, no control. Perhaps that is the way Ted Bundy felt in the grip of his demon: ruled by impulses over which he had little if any control, but which someone or something else, other than Bundy, did have access to, control over...precisely for the purpose of creating such a beast. Terrible! Such manipulation, violation would cause terrible grief, rage!



The Rape of Mesabi

And fear. The fear, the dread I feel as I take the scroll from the hand of the creature is explained by the next images I see. After taking the scroll, I watch as a rusted, bloody looking hulk of a ship floats up to the surface in the same position where it bobs heavily upside-down. As it slogs to the surface, a deep draft of fear, dread accompanies it. The emotions are explained by the next flashes of an eye. I am unclear because what I see appears to be (either) a sort of

anus in a strata of rock or the socket of an eye being raped, stabbed by a crystalline shaft. The crystalline point penetrates deep into the eye socket or anus while blood pours down around the spinning shaft. Eventually, the shaft pulls free but a crystalline fish ...program impressed into the point has been left inside, deep inside the brain, or the memory of this strata, apparently for the purpose of reprogramming, altering the memory.

I have great difficulty watching this awful violence. I have the distinct and uncomfortable feeling I am witnessing something which occurred to me. Even as I watch, I am aware there are multiple connections here to Bly's Iron John, his reading of the Grimm fairy tale of the same name. The Iron John of the title is a hairy wildman raised from a pool or spring. My opinion about Bly's analysis is that it was done *without metaphysical vision*; perhaps then it is Bly's/our left eye that has been put out? The "Iron" is suggested by the reddish, iron ore color of the rock. The hairy wildman suggested by Harry's Island, plus the wildman-creature who inhabits the Snowbank grotto. But, most importantly, the red rock suggests Mesabi, the sleeping giant of Indian legend. Mesabi, is the name for the entire Iron Range of Northeastern Minnesota where Snowbank is located. According to that legend, Mesabi, the Titan, is sleeping in the iron deposits beneath the surface of the land here, sort of like the Lord "resting" on the seventh day of creation.

The Blinding of Mesabi

In dream terms then, Mesabi could be viewed as "Mesabi Consciousness," an entire strata of consciousness which underlies daily reality and our waking minds, access to which would make us Titans, as in the Titans of Human Government, in tears beneath Mt. Ida on Crete in Dante's Inferno. If this is Mesabi consciousness, our very access to it is being blinded; a new vision program is being implanted into it without our knowledge, or even any ability to see it, so that "invisible forces" can govern us. Does this violation of our being, our unconscious selves, explain the feelings, the grief and other "negative" emotions I have felt seeing

and experiencing this information? What if you cannot see this level of reality at all? Never know that your deepest centers, ability to govern reality/creation, are being assaulted, raped, reprogrammed all the time while we walk, talk, work and sleep? Where do these feelings, resulting from this violation, go? Do they simply dissipate? Are they not there simply because we cannot see or feel them? Because they are "unconscious"?

According to Dante, the Titan of Human Government's tears are the source of all the rivers of Hell, the rivers which wind down to the deepest pit where Satan is half-encased in ice carrying their loads, their freight, sediment of awful grief, fear, dread, rage, hatred. The Styx full of black hate, the Phlegathon full of burning rage: what if one of these rivers was flowing right into your brain? What if the Styx was channeled into the configuration of your genes at birth? What if the Phlegathon full of harrowing, blazing rage poured through your veins every time you looked at a pornographic image of a woman? To "ride in the ark of Faith," to "walk on the waters" means *never* to see, feel or remember what is happening beneath the surface of sleep where the possessed "swine" went, never to see the creation of the Beast beneath the sleep of Beauty. Never *know* evil.

The Invisible Bullet

After my "nap" on the island, I set about doing my notebook work while Miriam explored. After the Harmon ejaculation dream was one that now made more sense. In it, I saw a *dream version* of the Zapruder film of the Kennedy assassination. I saw in extreme close-up the actual blasting of Kennedy's head: the violent impact of the bullet; the head thrown forward and back; the cloud of blood and brain. Except in this dream version, there's no wound, no blood, no flap of skull, no brain matter spattering the trunk of the Continental, no bullet: the mechanism of this assassination (of our Mesabi consciousness) is invisible. But even though invisible, the dream Kennedy I see assassinated is just as dead.

What I read here now after the rape visions, is that I am seeing the invisible process by which an immensely gifted political figure, a potential "Titan" or our collective ability to

metaphysically govern the planet *without religion*, is assassinated; the assassination is "written", scripted into the human heart, the human unconscious, as is the covenant of the New Testament...in order to program and control history. If this reading is correct, then it can be asserted that this assassination and subsequent emotional subversion is the primary source of the grief and other negative emotions in the lake, in the deep structures of the psyche. The ability of human males, in particular, to govern themselves emotionally is being assassinated, subverted on the Mesabi, the Titan levels. What I am seeing appears to be the *curse* structure which turns the poor Prince, in the legend of Beauty and the Beast, into a Beast in the first place. That I am seeing this information *now*, not only as a memory, but also as an ongoing reality beneath *my day, the daily news*, is scary; portending, perhaps, an encounter with precisely this curse structure in operation.

Disappointment Lake

Disappoint: To remove from office.

So, this Kennedy, our Kennedy, our Titan levels of power and ability to govern creation, is *dis-appointed*, removed from his/her office...as what? As president, head officer of the Mesabi or Atlas consciousness, of a world government based upon knowledge of and control over the metaphysical realms, much as was Osiris before his murder by his brother, Seth; much as was the Isis / Osiris combination/marriage. When Osiris is dis-appointed, his body dismembered, Isis is never able to completely resurrect (re-member) him and he becomes the King and Judge of the Dead, permanently separated from life, his organs of generation/Creation still lost at the *unconscious* bottom of the Nile. This murderous dis-appointment of human government in the metaphysical and its replacement by a "divine" and invisible Kingdom and Will ruled by God is the true source of awful grief, experienced by both female and male, which Bly makes so much of in his Iron John analysis. Grief is the "royal emotional road" to these submerged structures because it is a dismembered self which is being recovered.

The Evil Spirit

I experience a terrific attack of fatigue after our visit and paddle up and back down Disappointment Lake. The day has been long, perhaps six or eight miles of paddling plus the two trips back and forth on the long portage but none of this superficial physical activity accounts for the depth and severity of the fatigue. Nor does any friction with Miriam account for it as we work relatively well together and have a modest amount of interest in one another. I wrote these dreams and visions down on the nice point on the island in Disappointment, but it all seems incidental to the terrible fatigue-becoming-depression following the trip.

I nap after falling partway into the lake trying to get into the motor boat from slippery rocks. I quickly associate this plummeting mood with the material that surfaced from Snowbank and Disappointment . . . but what if I hadn't seen this information? Had no idea where these feelings were coming from, other than the trip with Miriam or the weird conversation the other night about dreams? In fact, I seem to have a chance to see how the "Spear of Destiny," ala Trevor Ravenscroft's book by the name—regarding the occult underpinnings of Hitler's rise to power—actually works. If I had not seen my Mesabi body being stabbed by the spear with its crystalline point, I would have no idea how this "evil spirit" of a mood came to assault me; no more idea than Saul when he was similarly assaulted by the Evil Spirit the Lord sent to destroy him.

I give up at about 9:30 p.m. and go to bed. Lie there on top of the sleeping bag and allow the feelings free rein, let them go, go as deep as they wish. My final sense, *what I come up with*, is that a Beast, a Bundy, even a Hitler, all are "created" by this form of secret, invisible, emotional-metaphysical stabbing or rape by the Spear of Destiny, which implants the crystalline semen of a Beast role into the unsuspecting, unknowing side of a Promethean, an Atlas, a potential Titan liberator. I have, in fact, just suffered a "dose of the Beast." And survived to tell about it, with the sword intact! ρ

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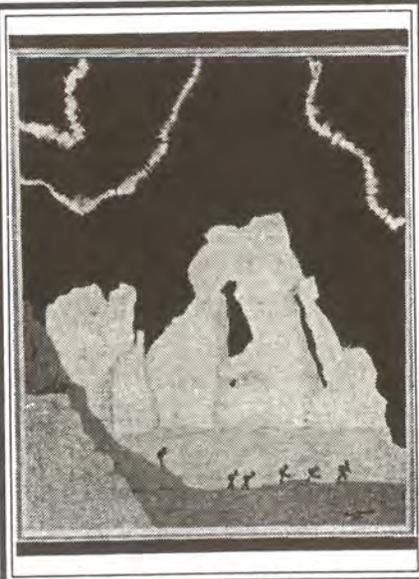


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Richard Ross is researching dreams
and altered states of consciousness on
extra-terrestrial abduction experiences
and other dreams of related phenom-
ena. Write: 5800 Sedgfield Dr.,
Austin, TX 78746

Kelly Bulkley is researching dreams that
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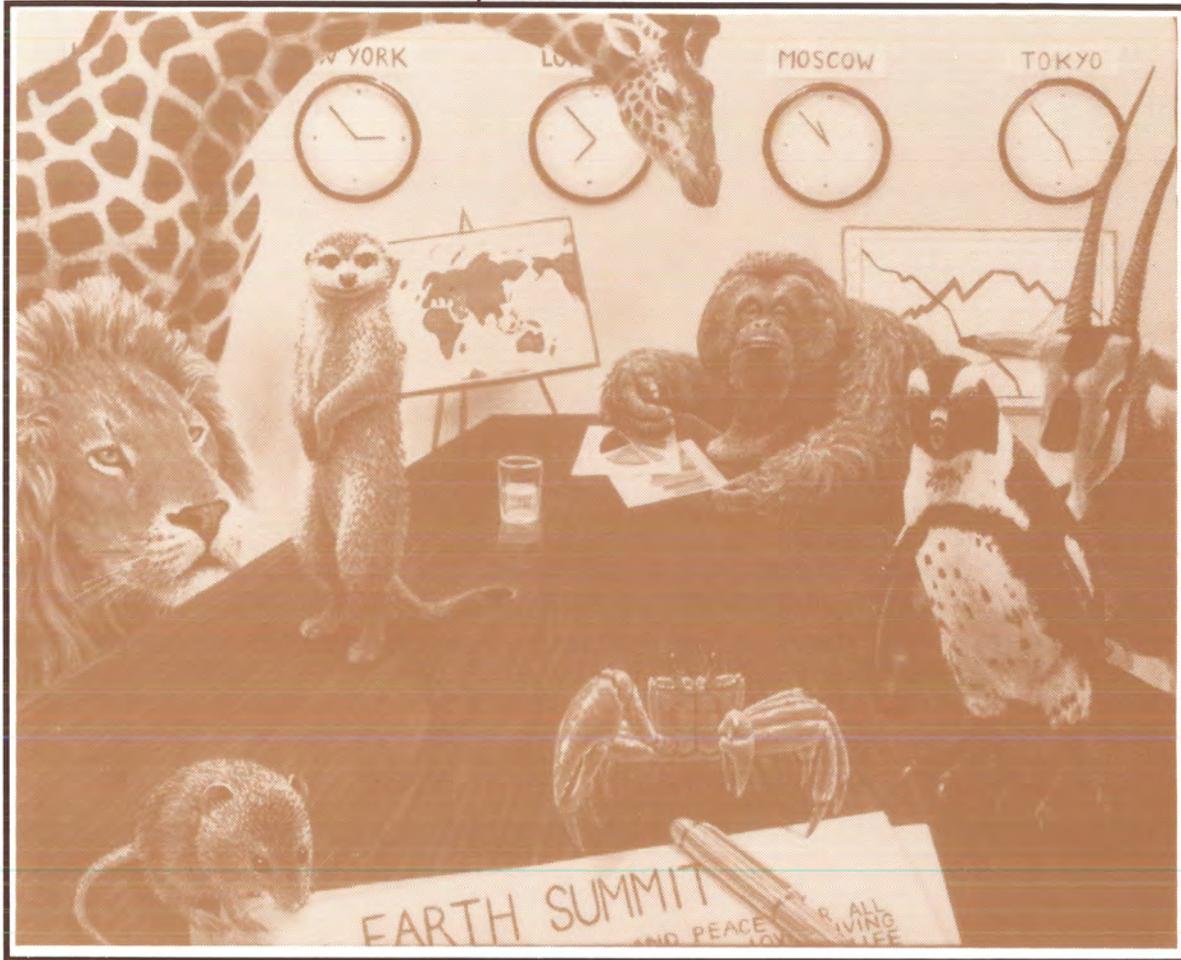
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Joe Mason is researching the relation-
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I would like to correspond with anyone
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ation, do some "mapping," trade techni-
ques, etc.? Write to **Jan Janzen, Box
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Karen Surman Paley is seeking
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Researcher seeks White people's
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Art by Charles Lynn Bragg

"The one thing that has kept me from being overly depressed and resigned, the one thing that seems to me hopeful in these apocalyptic visions from the unconscious, is a simultaneous and increasing appearance of animals:

animals coming, animals watching, animals speaking, animals wanting to lead us, animals undergoing all manner of transformation.

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

Russell Lockhart, *Psyche Speaks*

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