

Dreaming Humanity's Path: *Visions of Guidance for Humanity*

Since 1982

Vol. 14 No. 3

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Dream Network



A Journal Exploring Dreams & Myth



Signs and Wonders in the Sky *Joy Gates*
Walking with my Shadow *Lorraine Grassano*
A Psychic Dream? Be Careful Who You Tell! *Stanley Krippner*

Subscriptions 1-800-861-3732



The Old Man, On Synchronicity

It is a gray, overcast day.

I am in a park, which seems fairly deserted, except for a park bench.

I go and sit on the bench. Beside me sits an old man, hunched over.

He has the appearance of a bum. We take no notice of each other.

I am feeling sad and wondering what life is all about.

Heaving a heavy sigh, I say to the vast, empty sky above me,

"What does it all mean?"

Suddenly, the old man beside me lurches forward and shouts,

"Life is bunch of hints! Goshdarn HINTS!" ☆



Statement of Purpose

Our purpose is to raise individual and cultural appreciation for the value of dreams and to disseminate information that will assist and empower us in taking responsibility for our cultural, emotional and spiritual well-being with the help of dreams & mythology. Our goals are to unite and serve those who respect dreams, to empower dreamers in demystifying dreamwork and to assist with the integration of dreamsharing into our culture . . . in whatever ways of integrity are 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 cultural.

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 nations, 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 that which is surfacing that is of interest to the readership.

The emphasis will change over time to allow for a wide range of ideas, opinions and areas of interest to be explored and expressed.

We invite you to indicate areas of interest and questions you would like to see explored in future issues.

Council of Advisors

M. Kelley Hunter, M.A.
Stanley Krippner, Ph.D.
Marcia S. Lauck
Ingrid M. Luke
William Phillips
Graywolf/Fred Swinney, M. A.

Editor/Publisher

H. Roberta Ossana, M.A.

Advertising Representative

Mary Barker (503) 267-0118
PO Box 599, Coos Bay, OR 97420

Front Cover Artist: Mary Saint-Marie

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Back Cover Artist: Joy Gates
"The Integrity of the Soul"

Book Review Editor

Suzanne Nadon

Contributing Artists, Editors & Poets

Chris Grassano
Lorraine Grassano
Deborah Koff-Chapin
Joy Gates
Mary Saint-Marie
Angela Mark
Will Phillips
Noelle A.C. Powell
Scot D. Ryerson
Graywolf Swinney
Michael Shores
David Sparenberg
Noreen Wessling

Editorial Assistance

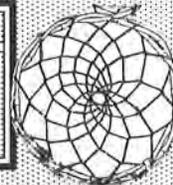
Barbara J. Anderson
Shona Brogden-Stirbl
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Phil Schuman

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Table of Contents

©DREAMING HUMANITY'S PATH

PART III

12 Listing of the Visions, Songs & Voices: Guidance for the Human Community

- 21 Signs and Wonders in the Sky
Unidentified Flying Objects, A Poem
by Joy Gates
- 24 City of Lights:
An Alchemical Journey Through Life
by Noreen Wessling
- 26 The Journey
A Story of Koree & She-Of-Many-Names
by Virginia DeBolt
- 27 Thumbalina
A Dream helps to guide the way to a new task
by Marianne M. Krimen
- 29 Walking with my Shadow
by Lorraine Grassano
- 34 Dream Chest
Adapted from a traditional East European Folktale
by David Sparenberg

The Art of Dreamsharing & Dream Education

- 31 Let There Be Dark:
Reflections on Insomniophobia
©1995 by Anita Doyle
- 32 "I dreamed of the lake bottom again last night...."
by Paul Rydeen
- 35 A Psychic Dream?
Be Careful Who You Tell!
by Stanley Krippner
- 37 Let the Little Girl Carry Her Own Bag
by Evelyn Duesbury
- 41 Unrealized Flight:
Fixing My Inheritance
by Ericka Slayer
- 43 Honor They Furniture
by Kathy Brown
- 46 Regional Networkers/Contact Persons

In Every Issue

- 7 Responses: Letters from our Readers ♡ ↔ ♡
- 38 Dream Inspired Poetry
- 40 Book Reviews
by Suzanne Nadon
- 48 Dream Groups/Classified

Theme/s for 1995

Dreaming Humanity's Path

*Exploring Archetypal Dreams
& Visions for the Community*

*In Volume 14 #4, we will explore
Visions of Seeing the Earth,
All Life Forms & Ourselves,
HEALED:*

*The WAY It WILL Be
Your Submission, Welcome!*

*Lifeline: Four Weeks after
receipt of this issue.*

Note regarding the Questions & Focus

Suggested for Upcoming Issues:

Individuals from all cultures and walks of life are encouraged to submit manuscripts and artwork. Since everything about dreams is unpredictable, 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, we need parameters. Yet another paradox. It is difficult to know which priority is primary and which secondary. Let it be agreed that if you are inspired, please be 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, your submission will undoubtedly complement the upcoming or some future issue.

Our sections on
The Art of DreamSharing and *The Mythic Dimension* are open-ended.

Editorial

Guidance comes to us daily in many forms.... through those lovely, blessed synchronicities, from nature and always, in our dreams.

The visionary dreams in this offering of *Dreaming Humanity's Path* guide us to respect and nurture the feminine energies present within each of us and to mine the depth of meaning in archetypal symbols from and in nature. As *The Old Man* counsels, we are to pay attention to the "Goshdarn Hints!" (p.3)

Predominantly, in this collection, we are directed to focus our attention toward the *natural*: to hear the messages in stones, in bodies of water, in the sky.

Have you even noticed the abundance of heart-forms in nature? Hearts take shape in the petals of many flowers and leaves, in heart-shaped clouds and stones. When dragonflies are mating, their joining creates the shape of a heart. Nature offers us a wealth of symbolic language and teachings!

"Love is the opening door. Love is what we came here for...."

Hint, hint.

In accord with a truth clearly articulated by C.G. Jung,

"In the final analysis, what is the fate of great nations but a summation of the psychic changes in the individual?" the articles presented provide sensitive and extraordinary examples of the guidance received in dreams, then incorporated, by individuals. In some instances, we have juxtaposed the "Big Dreams" alongside personal dream accounts, to demonstrate the interplay.

Overwhelmed as we often feel in these challenging times, it is true that what we each do can make a difference.... and is do-able.

Thank you dreams, dreamers, artists, poets, each of you who has subscribed, renewed, written or called with encouragement.... for making this sharing possible.

It *does* make a difference.

As a species, perhaps we can take....

Lessons From Geese

Fact 1: As each goose flaps its wings, it creates an "uplift" for the birds that follow. By flying in "V" formation, the whole flock adds 71% greater flying range than if each bird flew alone.

Lesson: People who share a common direction and sense of community can get where they are going quicker and easier, because they are traveling on the thrust of one another.

Fact 2: When a goose falls out of formation, it suddenly feels the drag and resistance of flying alone. It quickly moves back into formation to take advantage of the lifting power of the bird immediately in front of it.

Lesson: If we have as much sense as a goose, we stay in formation with those headed where we want to go. We are willing to accept their help and give our help to others.

Fact 3: When the lead goose tires, it rotates back into the formation and another goose flies to the point position.

Lesson: It pays to take turns doing the hard tasks and sharing leadership. As with geese, people are interdependent on each other's skills, capabilities and unique arrangements of gifts, talents or resources.

Fact 4: The geese flying in formation honk to encourage those in front to keep up their speed.

Lesson: We need to make sure our honking is encouraging. In groups, where there is encouragement, the production is greater. The power of encouragement (to stand by one's heart or core values and encourage the heart and core of others) is the quality of honking we seek.

Fact 5: When a goose gets sick, wounded or shot down, two geese drop out of formation and follow it down to help or protect it. They stay with it until it dies or is able to fly again.

Then they launch out with another formation or catch up with the flock.

Lesson: If we have as much sense as geese, we will stand by each other in difficult times as well as when we are strong. *

May the wind be always at your back
... where ever your flock may be. ☆

News & Notes!

You may remember about two years ago, some of this editorial column was devoted to taking strong objection to various attempts being made to activate 900# lines for the purpose of doing dreamwork (*Dream Network* Vol. 12 Number 2).

There was a general consensus that it would be nearly impossible to provide high quality dreamwork at a cost affordable for most individuals. The opinions expressed at that time, hold true.

Approximately three months ago, an unsolicited opportunity literally sought us out involving access to 2 900# lines. Unlike the efforts mentioned above, this would involve exclusively recorded dream-related information.

After consulting DN advisors, we came to realize that the lines could be put to very valuable use as dream education lines and agreed to make positive advantage of the opportunity.

I am proud, then, to announce that *Dream Network* has one line and we are working to develop a second Dream Community Dream Education and Information Line. See our ad, page 45.

If you have received this issue and are not a subscriber, this sample copy comes to you as a result of your recent inquiry/request for information about the *Dream Network*. This is the best possible way of sharing with you who we are and what we do. Hope you enjoy and choose to explore the mystery with us!

The very best PR is word of mouth. You can really HELP to keep this vital information going out into the world by 1) encouraging your friends, dream groups members, etc., to subscribe; 2) giving gift subs to someone you know who will benefit; 3) sharing DN with your local library and bookstores.

We now have a Home Page on the World Wide Web, for information purposes and for convenient subscription and back issue orders. Please visit the site. Our URL/address is:

<http://waking.com/waking/dream/>

Our email address is now:
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Moving forward.... with Love. ☆

Responses

Letters From Readers

UFO/ET Dreams

I enjoyed the article on UFO/ Extraterrestrial dreams (Vol. 13 No. 4, *Dream Network*) which got me pondering their fairly frequent occurrence in my own dreamlife. As a hypnotherapist who has interviewed abductees, I find that while most abductees report these dream-like experiences, all UFO dreamers are not repressed abductees, as some lists of "symptoms" presented in popular UFOlogy might imply.

However, that doesn't exclude the possibility of a mental "contact," though not in the classical sense of "contactee." Irregardless of the source of these dreams, they can be explored through a variety of process-oriented therapies, using metaphors of what the experience is like. This tends to avoid the pitfalls of typical regression, such as leading suggestions, re-traumatization, false memory syndrome and even telepathic transmission of the therapists own pet theories (experimenter bias). As in Gestalt therapy, one might "become" the UFO, or any related object, or being from the dream and experience its essential nature.

Nevertheless, without any form of processing into narrative, these dreams have great direct impact. If I can speculate, they remind me of current experiments in the new field of Virtual Therapy, where those with phobias are gradually exposed to a source of anxiety for systematic desensitization. For example, someone with a fear of heights takes a virtual journey further and further out on a bridge, stretching boundaries. The experience becomes more familiar and anxieties surrounding it are lower-

ed. The experience takes place in virtual reality but the emotional, attitudinal changes are real and translate to daily life.

Dream contact may function in much the same way, whether it is induced by ETs or is a phenomenon of our collective unconscious, softening the blow of culture shock. The psycho-social change is in full swing toward global and even galactic identification. Our personal and cultural self-image is undergoing radical revisioning. A seemingly external force is penetrating our society, culturally, symbolically and even sexually, if the abductees are to be believed.

Sightings, reports and even rumor are breaking down the restrictive "box" of official consensus reality, within which most of us function. Yet, according to the media, most people "believe" in UFOs and related phenomena. Our root metaphors, the images through which we perceive "reality," are changing—how we know what we know about ourselves and the universe.

As we encounter ways of dissolving our false boundaries (time, space and ego), we become more familiar, closer to that which has been perceived as alien without and within ourselves. In UFO lore, the borderline between "Them" and "Us" is symbolically dissolving as the anecdotal stories of alien hybridization grow in number. Other theories suggest ancient alien genetic manipulations of humanity. We've met the aliens.... and they are us!

Therapies exploring these UFO dreams help us comprehend what it is like to embrace that alien sense and way of being, in both frightening and benevolent forms. Embracing the essence of its nature, which is not essentially different from our nature, means growing empathy within us for yet another aspect of that larger consciousness whose name remains Mystery.

If we allow our imaginations free reign, it is possible to conceive of the big "Contact" point as a strange attractor in the history of mankind, pulling us toward a seeming inevitability. For some, that time is now. Perhaps they are the ones feeling that pull from the future — the precursors of the "Main Event." For some, contact is purely physical. Others may experience astral or emotional contact though the dreambody, or the inspiration of the mental faculty regarding related scientific ideas, such as hyperspace, or philosophical notions about the nature of deep reality.

I think I'll write Dean McClanahan re: the UFO dreams. It sounds like our "implants" are on the same wavelength.

Thanks for a great journal!

Iona Miller, Grants Pass, OR

Meets Highest Expectations!

I have anxiously awaited DNJ's *Dreaming Humanity's Path* since I first learned of the project in 1992. It lived up to my highest expectations! I commend all those involved, especially the dreamers who shared their gifts. I admire the "orchestration" of the music.

As you know, I have dedicated myself like a zealot to a very similar project since 1990. The various dreams reported from the DNJ project are startlingly similar to those in my own collection. I have found the very same symbols, sometimes the exact words, in my own project!

The "Big Dreams" are clearly speaking of very great changes involving a unity. This unity seems to be across scales, from aspects within the individual, to world harmony and perhaps to some kind of vast, cosmic change across dimensions of reality.

Worldwide myths and religions also speak of great changes

in cycles of time. Are the Big Dreams of today telling us that the old myths are true and near to completion?

No one can say for sure but in my view, such things should be studied and taken seriously. Even if we only learn something about human psychology, it is worthwhile. Personally, I am quite convinced that something unbelievably fantastic is on the horizon. These Big Dreams are major keys in understanding just what this will be.

My own research indicates strongly that other fields, such as mythology, visions, synchronicity, channeling, UFOs and crop circle/patterns are related to the messages of the Big Dreams. Dreams are the most clear and revealing of these fields. It's a daunting challenge trying to gather in and make sense of such things and it is my hope that research groups will form and work together on these matters. It's far too much for a single individual or small group.

One of the messages I keep seeing is a remembering, like a recovering from amnesia. One form of this is an awakening, sometimes symbolized by a sunrise or dawning. Another "awakening" symbol is coffee, which appeared in the "SERON is Coming" dream-vision on page 48 of DNJ, Vol. 14 Nos. 1&2. I found it incredibly revealing that the dreamer felt that the man in blue overalls behind the counter was God.

Is God trying to awaken us in our dreams and through other mediums? Most of the world does indeed seem to be asleep to these messages at the moment. I do think it would behoove us to listen!

I would like to see some opinions as to the interpretations of the dreams. I know this part is touchy and controversial and no one is an ultimate authority but it is a critical part of the dream message process. I do think we can help one another in this regard. I would also like to see communication established among the dreamers who are will-

ing. I respect the privacy of those who wish to remain anonymous but for those who wish contact from others, a listing of names, phone numbers and addresses would be helpful.

I look forward to the next issue of *Dreaming Humanity's Path* with great anticipation. Warm regards,
Joe Mason, Modesto, CA

High Praise for *Dream Network*!

Of all the spiritually relevant journals on the market today, surely *The Dream Network* is the most impressive. So much of what you offer in each issue is of value for a variety of purposes. Starting with the insightful articles and excellent graphics, I am continually pleased with the depth of the content of each piece. As a Ph.D. in cultural anthropology and a certified therapist, I rely heavily on examining dreams in my practice. Never have I found a journal that is of equal interest to myself and my clients. Always an important reference tool, I see that my office is always stocked with several copies of each new issue — since at least two seem to be missing by appreciative readers!

If I can offer a comment, I am really for the idea of "theme issues" you have been doing as of late. So much so, I am utilizing each issue as homework for my group therapy sessions. After each session, my clients seem to be more focused being able to work on a common theme together as a sort of "Dream Team"! Currently, we are using the last issue of *Dream Network* to explore common archetypes in our childhood dreams so eloquently discussed in the article by Joan Mitchell Reynolds. Utilizing relaxation techniques, we've been able to discover common threads of experience that have helped shape our psyches. Never have I experienced such a sense of accomplishment as

a therapist since I have been using what I have learned in *Dream Network*. To everyone on your wonderful staff, we wish you all long and fruitful success.

Dr. Frank Latham, New York, NY

Dreaming Humanity's Path Makes an Impact!

Congratulations and THANK YOU, THANK YOU, THANK YOU! *Dreaming Humanity's Path* (Vol. 14 Nos. 1&2) is very moving to me and I believe makes quite an impact.

The art is dynamic and riveting... the organization of the issue: All wonderful! I felt a delightful light sparkle all around and enfold me as I read the issue. Thank you for making the dream, real!

With love and admiration.

Bobbie Bowden, Schenectady, NY

Thank You! for *Dream Network*

Thank you for introducing me to the *Dream Network Journal*. Heartily enjoyed. BRAVO!!!! Here's a three year subscription.

Mara Fine, Berkeley, CA

We are simultaneously walking ancient terrain and charting unknown territory in these pages.

Act on the impulse!

Share *your* experience and insights with us.

Unless you indicate otherwise, we consider all letters for this column and do, of course, reserve the right to edit.

We welcome & invite *your* RESPONSES & QUESTIONS!

Address to Letters

%DN PO Box 1026

Moab, UT 84532

Crossing Between Worlds

Have you ever dreamed of lights as you find yourself nearing the end of a dreaming period? After dreaming a few of these dreams, I began to take note that I was dreaming a similar pattern over and over again. These dreams feel like a wonderful gift from dream land. In my dreams, these particular kinds of lights always appear in conjunction with some kind of a border space or crossing. The lights and the crossing appear to be a signal that I am about to enter back in to the waking world. As the lights fade or disappear, the dream has transformed from night to day time. Following are some examples of these dreams:

I have left the country retreat and am heading back to the city. As I drive along the road, I look up and see that the street lights are made out of huge glass displays of tulips and other flowers. The colors and lights are absolutely beautiful. As I reach the top of the hill, the night sky has receded.

With this last image, I wake up and find it is morning.

Another night in another dream, I once again find myself dreaming of lights:

I leave the theater and return to my car. It is still dark but dawn will soon be breaking. As I look up in the sky, I see an airplane pass overhead, pulling a pattern of multi-colored lights. It moves across the sky and then turns back toward me. As it passes overhead, it takes the night sky along with it. I open my eyes and find it is morning.

And yet again:

I sit on the shore, watching a group performing on a stage in the middle of the lake. As they sing, a woman waves her hand as if carrying a wand which sheds particles of silvery lights. She sprinkles the lights on herself and the other people in the band. She sprinkles the instruments and

lights up the entire stage. As she and the band leave the stage, they take the night along with them. Now it is time for me to swim across the water to the other side. To my surprise, the water isn't deep and when I reach the other shore it is morning.

As I surfaced from this last dream, the sun was streaming through my window, casting rainbow colors on the wall in front of me:

I am standing on a ferry dock, waiting for the ferry when someone grabs me and throws me into the water. To my surprise, I find myself flowing with the current which takes me to the far shore. As I climb out of the water and up on the embankment, I find that the rocks are translucent and lit from within. They look like they are made from beautiful hand blown glass.

Judith Picone, Edmonds, WA

Happy Mother's Day♥

My mail box was filled with the happiest mother's day present I could have received. Did you realize the Children's issue would arrive so close to that holiday? My son, Toby — Leimkeuhler, by the way — was also quite pleased.

I found it ironic that the poem, Pro Choice IS Pro Life, was placed next to my article. Toby's father pressured me to have an abortion. So did others. Look at what I would have wiped out of existence! Therefore, I submit Pro-Creation. People who have anything to do with abortions cannot be "saved" in this lifetime. The only thing that will help them is admitting their error and actively joining the pro-life movement. Supporting the idea is a mistake. It feeds the reality. Abortion is an avoidance of responsibility. It's time we dealt with issues concerning poverty and over-population. People live longer because of the same technology that aborts life and creates it in those

who are fertilely barren.

Regarding Andrew Ramer's *Warning Dreams for Humanity*, he may have been cleansed with the female ape's orgasm. Women's sexuality has been suppressed for centuries. There are hormones collected in the species because of it. Both genders would find fulfillment if female sexuality is allowed to evolve.... and not through lesbian-ship. Men will not be fulfilled sexually until women are. (It would be very cleansing.) It has much to do with the plight of the Spirit! There was nothing evil about what Eve did in the garden of Eden but she is certainly paying a price. I might be wrong concerning the interpretation. The apes have something to do with our denied natural heritage which includes inner knowledge, intuition and foresight.

Also, OJ's dream. We are always in a trance state! I believe people who commit crimes are in deep trances induced by themselves and their victims. Some go to a strange house and murder the occupants brutally; when asked why they did it? the reply is, "I don't know why." Considering the psychological state of OJ and the trance, he would have had to be in to do it, he may very well have blocked enough out so it did seem like a dream to him. He may have at times been unaware consciously of what he did. The knowledge is always there, however. And he is not absolved of his actions. Nicole wanted the nightmare to be over for her children. It was better they deal with her death than to live the death of her life with OJ. A greater good.

Keep up the wonderful work. I like your journal, the network and the way you meet the needs of your writers and readers. You covered all the angles. You are a no-nonsense, goal oriented organization that doesn't allow egos to run the show.

Linda Gail, Arnold, MO

More ➡

'Seeing a Murder' Inhibits Dreaming

I used to dream frequently and the dreams would come true within 2 or 3 days, until I witnessed a most gruesome murder in my dream and the newspaper in the morning repeated everything I had seen. Since then, I don't remember my dreams, except 2 or 3 that are still standing out.

I had the murder dream on November 1st, 1956 when I was in Salisbury, Rhodesia. I could have forgotten smaller details. I am writing to my sister to see if she can get a copy of the Herald's front page containing the story on this murder and/or to try and get confirmation from the police. Both newspaper and police are under African control and I don't know what they have done with old records.

The dream:

I was walking down a foot path from the park and heard a scuffling and smothered sounds.... sounds of lashing out. I turned around to see in the dim light a man beating and lashing with an object, a young girl. This brutality caused me to freeze in fear; my heart was pounding and I knew I couldn't run, because he would catch me before I got to the street. I closed my eyes so that I could not see. When the sounds stopped, I opened my eyes and saw him pick up the heap and swing it under an overhanging bush. Then he strode briskly toward me. I was terrified and even more frozen with a pounding heart. I was standing on the bend on the foot path and as he approached, I had a clear view of him. He was tall and fair skinned, with receding hair and a very high forehead. He had piercing blue-gray eyes that looked right through me and as he came face-to-face with me, I thought: "This is it!"

Then I awoke with the newspaper landing on my face and my husband saying, "Just look at the startling news in our paper this morning." It was 6 a.m. on Sunday morning. Our newspaper used to

be delivered then.

When I had read it, I asked my husband if he had said anything at all about the murder before he woke me, in case that might have caused the dream, but he assured me he had not said anything at all.

I thought often of telling the police, but I couldn't tell them anything they did not already know, except what the murderer looked like. I thought they would only ridicule me.

The murder was never solved. The girl was Swedish and had not been in the country (Africa) long. She was a radiologist. I could never make out why she walked through the park instead of along the street. She had been to a concert in the drill hall and afterward, walked along Baines Ave. with friends and then walked through the park to go to her own place.

She was murdered before I had the dream and I lived about 14 miles away. Who knows: If I had said something, I might have been hanged!

I hope this will be of help and I hope I can obtain some proof of the happening.

Sally Badenhorst,
Sahiplaas, Virginia, South Africa

(Editor's Note) Please compare the content of this letter with Stanley Krippner's article, Psychic Dreams? Be Careful Who You Tell! (p. 35). It seems apparent there are two outstanding needs: 1) To convince authorities that information gleaned from dreamers would best be taken into serious consideration; 2) A clearinghouse where dreamers feel safe to report this type of dream/information, staffed by individuals who have expertise in discriminating the 'revelation' (psychic/precognitive dream) from the personal dream event. This type of 'clearinghouse' could also be beneficial in instances where individual dreamers envision upcoming disasters, such as one young man who has been gifted/plagued with having foreseen the Challenger event, California earthquakes, etc. Do we possess the level of

sophistication, knowledge and discrimination and/or have the resources necessary to develop such a service center?

The 8 Year Old Dream

Throughout my life, I have had many experiences that have had outstanding impact on the way I view the world but the first (and perhaps the most incredible) incident happened to me when I was eight years old. My memories from that period of my life are somewhat vague; however, I can recall a bicycle accident and a recurring dream as though they happened yesterday.

I just knew that 1979 was going to be the best year of my life. It was October and I had just gotten a new Schwinn racing bike for my birthday. Nothing could stop me! I went everywhere and I got there faster than any of my friends could have thought possible. Ten days after I got my bike and felt as though I had been around the world twenty times over, I wrecked right in front of my house. I did not even wreck, I fell, but I hurt myself really badly. Simply put, an artery in my head burst when I hit the ground and a doctor had to carve open my skull to stop the bleeding. Thankfully, the whole procedure turned out fine but I did spend a month in the hospital.

The time period is slightly vague for me, so I cannot remember if I started having my recurring dream before or after I started riding my bicycle again. The accident startled me but nothing can keep me off my bike! I can only remember having the dream three wonderful nights and the memories are so clear that it is hard to believe that they were dreams at all. It is very difficult to describe a dream, so forgive me if I start to stray too far.

The first thing I can remember is being in a two story house and my bedroom is upstairs. The first night I

had the dream, I discovered in my 'dream bedroom' an area by my bed that I could jump on and teleport into a space pod. There, I had to play three video games. I do not remember what the games were like but I won all three of them and woke up. The second night, my dream took place in the same house but I was curious to know if the portal would still be there. So I went upstairs and as quickly as I realized it was still there, I found myself in the same pod as the night before and I had to play the games three times again. Wearing an attitude from winning the night before, I sat back, played my games and once again woke up, victorious! That day, it seemed that everything went great for me, so I laughed and played in the sunshine until I had to go home for the evening. Well, by this time, I was looking forward to the dream, so I went straight to sleep. I re-awakened in my 'dream house,' ran up the stairs and jumped with all my heart and soul into the portal and into my pod. However, before I started playing my video games, I heard (or felt) Someone communicating to my mind. The voice said very clearly, "By winning your games, you have saved the existence of distant planets. Tonight, you must save your own." When the first drop of sweat ran down my face and I realized the voice was no longer in my head, the game had already begun. In the period of time before I won the game and woke up, I relived every motion I had ever felt intensified to its fullest. I Felt Whole!

That morning, feeling extremely powerful, I went to school expecting everyone to congratulate me for saving the planet but they all had the same blank stares on their faces. Nobody knew what I had done the night before and until now, I had never told the complete story to anyone. What it all comes down to is that: Everything — whether a life-threatening bicycle accident, or quietly saving the planet — is worth every minute of it.

Julian Forest Avel

Tips on Attaining Lucidity

One of my most successful methods of remaining in a lucid dream is as follows: When I am dreaming and I notice the dream fading or distorting, I quickly grab or feel something with texture. Examples are the ground, a rock, my dream clothing.... anything in reach that has texture will do. I then focus my attention on the feeling the object brings to my hands and fingertips.

Every time I have done this, the dream has stabilized and I have been able to continue my experience. A more advanced method I use while lucid is to focus a part of my attention on what I call my "dream wind." While lucid, I always feel a warm breeze or wind unlike the wind in waking reality. This "dream wind" does not move or effect anything in the dream world except me. By focusing a part of my attention on this wind, I remind myself that I am dreaming without needing to think about it and the dream remains very stable until I choose to awaken and record my experience. Give these techniques a try. I hope they help you as much as they have helped me.

Note: I use my "dream wind" as a reliable way of realizing that I am dreaming as well.

Don Gaconnet, Vancouver, WA

Approach Your Dreams as You Would a Friend

Dreamtime is just like waking time: lucidity (awareness) requires responsibility. You can approach that responsibility by (a) being passive and observing the dream unfold before you, or (b) being active and manipulating or being creative with the dream, or (c) participating in the flow of the dream, interacting with it, dancing with it. At all times aware, you are neither controlling nor losing control... but resonating with the vibrations of it's teaching.

I take the advice "Approach your dreams as you would a friend."

Jan Janzen, Tofino, B.C.

The Wellspring

I was delighted to find my first issue of *Dream Network* when I arrived home after a two month absence. At last there is a publication that I could read from the first to the last page.

The poem I enclose is not dream inspired in the true sense of the word. I had it on my lips in the moment of awakening from one of the most extraordinary events of my dream experience: one of the few dreams in which I was aware of having a different identity from my own and was called by a different name.

As soon as I awoke, I tried to write down the poem, which was in German and impressed me as very long, but I could only remember the first and last paragraphs. However, they made sense together and they even rhymed in translation! My English version is less powerful than the original but here it is:

The Wellspring

*A well is open deep within
That never can go empty
Man in — man out, eternally
Life is its name
and God, its plenty.*

Although it responds to my feelings, I never published this poem because I don't consider that I wrote it. I submit it to your column, hoping that it may help others as it has helped me.

Thanks for a job well done and best regards.

Marianne M. Krimen, Westfield, NJ

Please send Responses to:

LETTERS % DN
PO BOX 1026,
MOAB, UT 84532

Dreaming Humanity's Path

Part III

The Visions, Voices & Songs.... of Guidance for Humanity

The Old Man, On Synchronicity Page 3

The Warriress Page 13

Intergalactic Voice Mail Page 14

The Gates Are Opening Page 15

The Wave is Visible on the Horizon Page 16

The New Wave Part II *The Second Wave:*

Ocean's Above/Symbols in the Sky Page 17

Skylab Page 18

Signs in the Sky Page 19

More Signs in the Sky: A Shared Dream Page 19

United and of One Mind Page 25

The Stone Page 28

Blue Stone Page 33

Dream Songs & Voices:

"I'm Your Friend Forever...." "Be Not Afraid...."

"In the Lair...." ".... a Freeing Breeze" Pages 38 & 39

The Warriress

I stand on an open plain before God.

The plain is empty of all things
save God and me. I am dressed in armor
which is not metal but fabric.

It is beige in color
and very dirty and ragged.
My face is also dirty and hurt.

I look like a warrior
defeated in a great battle.

My head is hung low as if in dejection.
God waits for me to speak. I raise my head
and begin to recite all the wrong things I
have done, the mistakes made,
the problems I have not solved.

Then I stop and wait for judgment.

I look at God and perceive
the image as female.

She sits on a white throne,
dressed in a long robe of white, gold,
silver, and other colors I could not define.

She appears human, but Her face is
so full of light I can not perceive any details.
I am not afraid, only expectant of judgment.

God speaks: "Your job is to make a list of
all the good you have done, all the
wonderful memories of your life, all the
love you gave, all you received



and all the laughter you caused in others
and in yourself."

God pauses then smiles, "Oh, by the way,"

She says and flips me a coin,
"go buy yourself some new armor."

I catch the coin and find it is as big as
the palm of my hand and made of gold.

I know this is a 'coin of the realm' and
worth more than I can imagine. ☆

Intergalactic Voice Mail

I am walking up a mountain road passing people who appear a little strange to me.

They are not at all like individuals I'm used to seeing on the street

but they seem friendly enough....

walking with purpose toward some destination.

We nod hello as we pass one another on the path.

I continue up the mountain, aware I am on my way

to meet with an important teacher,

considered to be a master in his field.

I am quite excited to have the opportunity to study

with this esteemed man and have dressed

for the occasion in my finest clothes.

When I reach the building at the top of the mountain, I go inside where there is a simple push-

button phone. Despite its mundane appearance,

I know this is an intergalactic telephone that can

reach anywhere in the cosmos. I nervously dial the

teacher's number, then — much to my dismay —

get his voice mail! The recorded voice sounds wise and familiar,

but like a harried professor who has too much to do.

"Hello, I understand you have been asking for my help. I know who you are and do want to work with you. But I have been receiving thousands and thousands of requests for help. I will have to put you on my waiting list. Don't worry, I will get back to you." ☆



The Gates Are Opening

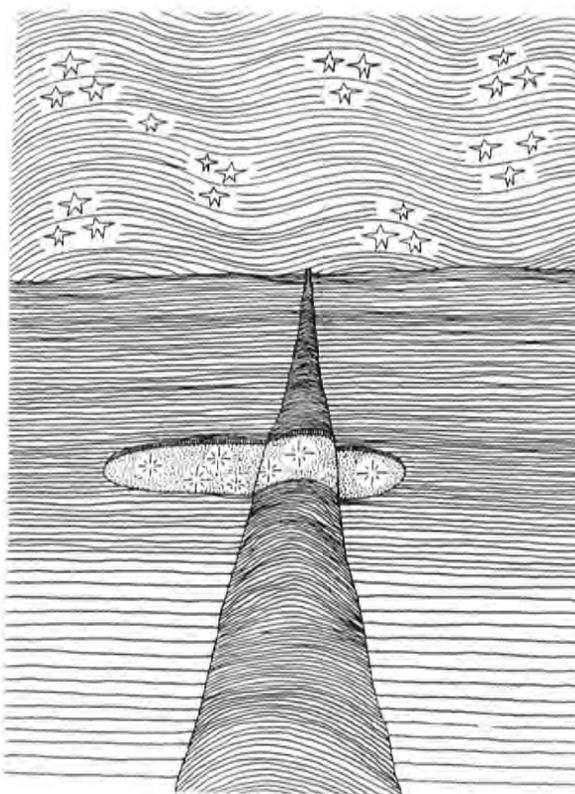
There is a hilltop and a slope below it. A high chain-link fence divides the two places. A group of people live on the hilltop and another group on the slope below.

The hilltop people live in at-one-ment with cosmic law; the others do not. A man of the "higher" group — not the leader but one who had attained greatness — calls out to the "greatest" of the "lower" group and engages him in conversation to stimulate his thinking. As they talk, they go to a place in the fence where one of the sections of fence is open slightly, as a gate.

The 'higher' man suggests that they open this section wide; the 'lower' man agrees but said it should be just for a little while because he and his people have to go on with daily affairs. As they are opening the gate, the 'higher' man goes to the next section and opens it also.

At this, the 'lower' people begin to murmur disapprovingly, for the fence had always been there and it was wrong to change things.

The people on the hilltop began to encourage them, pointing out that now they could see the sky and mountains



without the fence obscuring their view.

They were encouraged and began to see other beauties that had been obscured.

A large white bird flew into the sky.

With mounting joy, they see more and more.... as more and more gates are opened.

The joy reaches levels of ecstasy as the

two groups of people join and became one. Together, they begin to ascend the hill and beyond.

They carry a huge flag of White, waving above them. ☆

The Wave is Visible on the Horizon

I am commandeering a group of people.

The end of the world, as we now know it, is imminent.

*I am telling them to get together only the bare essentials and tools
with which to work the land "after the cataclysm,"
for I fully believe we will be the last people left alive on the earth
and we are to start a new race.*

*I have a large, white paper sack in which is some kind of granular
stuff — like bran — and it is magical in some way. I am doling this
out, a little of it to each person, as it is to protect them in some way.*

*We're in a huge ship, like Noah's Ark. I can see the wide, smooth
polished wooden planks
of which it's made and I tell the people:*

*"Soon the Wave (of water??) will become visible on the horizon and
it will sweep down on us very rapidly. As soon as it's visible,
immediately seal the door shut!"*

Soon, we can see the Wave approaching and the door is sealed.

*I close my eyes and brace myself for the onslaught
and begin saying the Lord's Prayer.*

*"The wave hits the ship and we are thrown, helter-skelter,
around inside and the people are not crying out.*

I then pray the 23rd Psalm and feel the ship is all right.....

We are riding on the water, safely. ☆

The New Wave

Part II The Second Wave: Ocean's Above/Symbols in the Sky

Now, I stand among a street-full.... a crowd of people.

We look again to the East and stare in collective disbelief as yet another Wave, a Second Wave, begins to rise.

This one is nearer to town than was the last and from its sheer height, this wall of water has the capability of washing away the entire contents of Water Street, including each of us standing there staring.

Yet, no one is inclined to begin running for autos or scrambling up the cliff.

We all marvel as the Second Wave rises to the height of a 10 - 12 story building.... as though awaiting our demise.

By the time the Wave reaches its full height and is about to peak and break, the energy moving the Wave rises skyward and the foam — normally preceding waves as they hit the beach — begins to form together in the sky, like clouds, into various geometrical or symbolic shapes. These symbols are conveying messages intuited and perceived, yet not perceptible on the cognitive level, nor can they be conveyed in our language.

They are extraordinarily beautiful.... ancient, universal symbols. At this point, I close my eyes and am overwhelmed with a deep knowing.... a knowing that what we've all been waiting for is about to occur.

Sweet, joyful tears swell from my soul. . . and as I open my eyes, I see the foam-clouds remain suspended in the sky. The energy of the wave

d i s p e r s e s

in both East/West directions....
and is rendered by an unknown Source
non-destructive. ☆

Skylab



We enter a small community.

I look into the sky.

Cars are parked in clusters nearby and people in the cars are all looking into the sky.

It is a beautiful night and the sky is clear.

Hanging above is a giant cube with hundreds of different sides.

It has an orange-gold glow, so in contrast to the blue midnight, the sight is spectacular.

Hanging from one of the sides are thousands of strands of cilia.

From time to time, they tremble. It is the most peaceful feeling, watching this object.

Mountains loom nearby and this little community nestles inside them.

I am thinking how lucky I am to be able to witness Skylab.

As I am watching, the object moves to an outer, further point in the sky,

then explodes into starlike substances

that for a moment look like stars and galaxies taking their positions in the universe.

In that same moment, the object, as I had seen it, was no more.

It is phenomenal. I want to tell the world but I would not be believed.

The scene switches. I am standing by a tree.

I am being told why the object comes so near to earth.

The object is feminine: a She.

Millions of years ago, she was much like us but she has evolved into this structure. However, our bodies contain amino acids which are still found in traces within her.

She has very maternal instincts but she cannot see them realized unless she approaches a community by coming close to it.

And for those moments, the amino acids in all of our bodies connect to her

and she can "feel" by connecting to us. It is a wonderful moment for her, as well. ☆

Signs in the Sky

More Signs in the Sky

A Shared Dream

I am watching the sky with friends. It is like seeing a giant wheel turning, with constellations going around and around.

It is like time is turning but we are in a place of no time.

Not everyone can see what is happening. I know the identity of all the constellations by name, old and new and by "connected" names.

At one point, I can see everything in the sky going by: planes, satellites, hot air balloons, military equipment.

All sorts of sky traffic and "trash," and the sky keeps getting more and more congested.

With a friend, I look at the sky in total awe. I ask, "Do you see THAT?" and describe a sign in the sky. It is like the stars were making connections. ☆

With my friend, Marsha, I look at the sky in total awe.

I ask: "Do you see THAT?!?" and describe a sign in the sky.

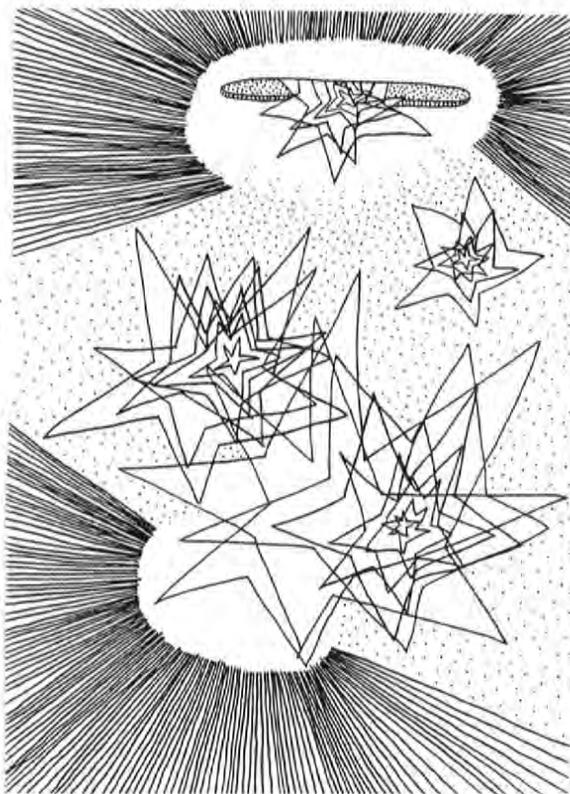
It is like the stars are making connections. I have a special name I describe it by, a sky ____? (I can't remember.) Watching the sky signs is awesome, vivid, colorful, mesmerizing and feels prophetic. Some people see exactly what I do; others watch-

ing didn't see anything.

The wheel turns in the sky showing all the seasons and cycles.

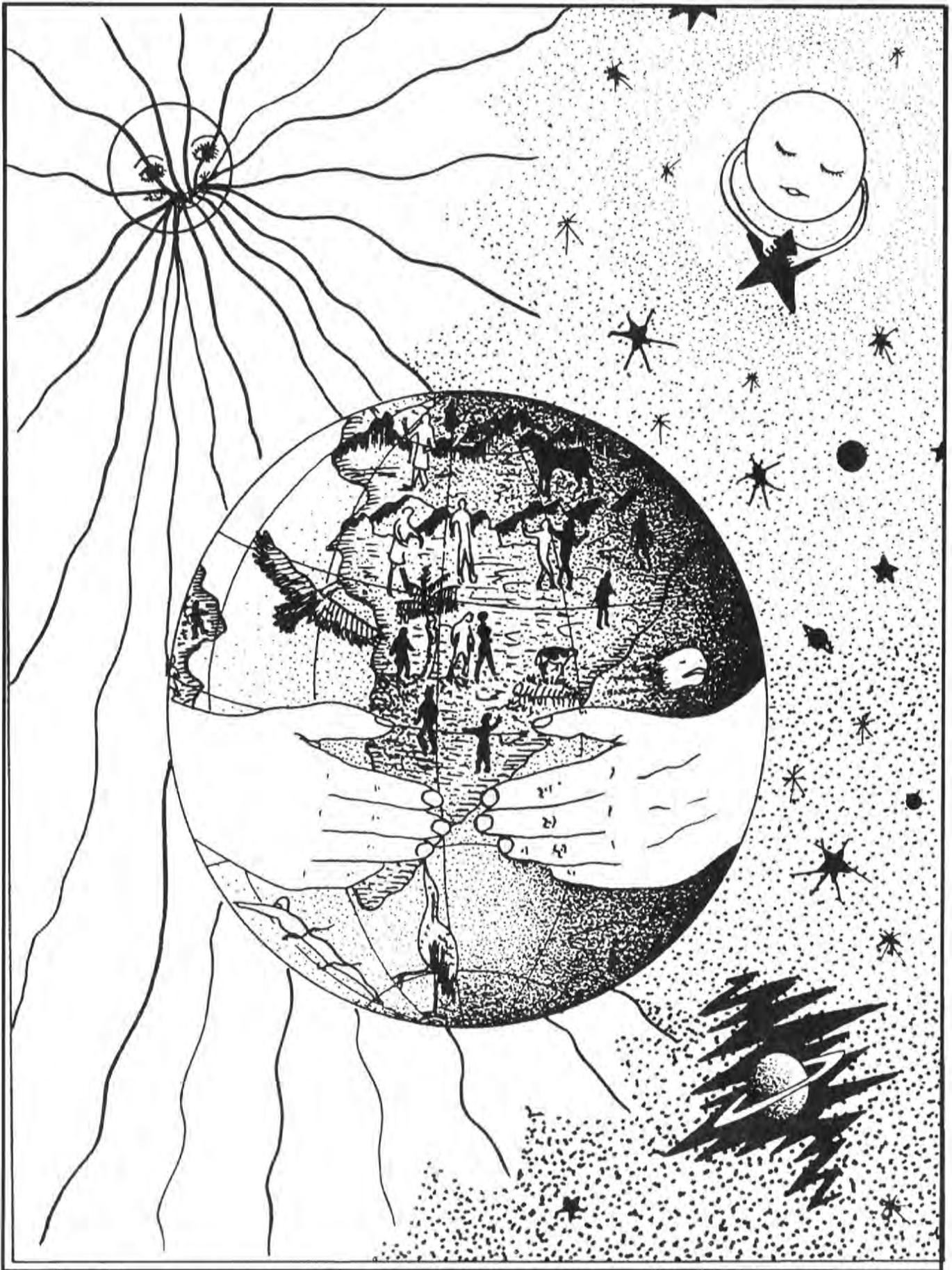
It is like looking through time, seeing past, present and portents to come. ☆

I saw my friend Marsha a few days after this vision and described it to her. She also had a similar vision, involving signs in the sky.



'An Explosion of Stars' by Joy Gates

Note: These two visions were submitted independently, one dreamer not being aware of the other's submission.





Signs

and

Wonders

in the Sky

by Joy Gates

As I have worked with the series of dreams in this article — all of which are “big” dreams, vivid and compelling — I have realized that my sky-dreams tend to signify and qualify periods of my life which can be counted in years. They do not relate to a brief, passing phase but to a major life-reorientation, what Chaos Theory would call a “bifurcation,” a whole new range of unfolding possibility. It is as though the sky signifies “taking a

long perspective, as if from a great height, encompassing a vast view.” It is clear that such a period is not easy but is, in fact, characterized by *crisis*.... yet a fecund kind of crisis which is ripe with opportunity, particularly when approached consciously and creatively.

In exploring these dreams I have also become aware that this series of sky-dreams can be regarded as an odd kind of brief autobiography, for such dreams seem to serve as markers for distinct chapters of my life, beginning with puberty.

The Sun is Going Nova

In the summer of 1954, when I am a 13 year old military dependent living on a Florida Air Force Base, I dream:

I am a woman, tenderly embracing my woman friend, in a skyscraper penthouse. It is the end of the world, for the sun is going nova very soon and will engulf our world in flames. We see the swollen fiery ball overhead and feel the increasing heat as we prepare to die. Our sadness is filled with our love for each other and a poignant regret that the end of everything is at hand.

This is the first dream I can vividly recall because of its powerful impact. The dream presages the meltdown of my conscious ego-self and a long period of chaos. Eventually I “get my feet on the ground” again (no longer “pent up” far above the world). I begin to turn outward from my self-focus and endeavor to strike a new balance, re-building and expanding my world.

The Dream is Real

In the summer of 1969, living in California at the age of 28 and realizing that I have not married wisely, I dream:

I am floating high in the sky, thinking, "It doesn't really matter what I do because life is just a dream anyway." A great Voice resounds from the heights of the sky, compelling my attention, ringing all through me. "Yes, life is a dream, and it is a real dream!" I understand from this that it does matter what I do, and I float down to earth.

This dream seems to reflect my continuing tendency to escape from problems by withdrawing from life, refusing responsible participation. The cosmic Voice carries the assurance of utter conviction. Life can be seen as a kind of dream, yet it is no less real for being like a dream. I need to "come down to earth" and deal with my situation.

Again the dream presages a period of chaos and challenge, of profound reorientation—a turning point in my life. I am never again so "flighty" as I was before the period this dream signifies. It is at this point that I begin keeping a journal, recording and working with my dreams.

Ring of Fire

In the summer of 1975, living in San Francisco when I am 34 and definitely quite unhappily married, I dream:

I stand near a country home in a clearing on a hilltop and watch the sun near the western horizon. The sun is eclipsed by the moon and a ring of fire surrounds the heavenly event. I am awed and filled with wonder as the ring of fire moves across the midheaven of the now-starry sky toward the east where it surrounds the constellation Orion. Then the fiery ring moves back to the zenith where it surrounds the Pleiades. I stand in wordless awe, transfixed by this sky-miracle. As the fiery ring encloses the Pleiades, a shimmering ethereal square emerges from one of the Pleiades and moves toward our planet, disappearing into the earth of the hilltop in front of me. Then another shimmering image moves toward me from the Pleiades—a bell. It hovers before me and enters my chest. I feel no particular sensation other than a vast, deep wonder and amazement. I do not understand what has happened, yet I am aware that this is a great release of transformative energy.

I turn toward the house, knowing that a great

event has occurred, and I enter a greenhouse which is attached to the left side of the house. A white-robed angel stands in the greenhouse, looking like a golden-haired 12 year old boy. I begin to question the angel about what happened outside, but he silences me, putting a folded piece of cloth in my mouth. I stand quiet, and the angel plunges his hands into my chest. Again I stand in awe, yet feel no particular sensation from this arcane entry.

When the angel removes his hands, I silently turn and leave the greenhouse, walking onto the deck at the back of the house. I remove the cloth from my mouth and see an old-fashioned floral design—it is one leg from a woman's trousers.

My five-year-old daughter then seeks my help and I send her inside, promising to come in one minute. First, I want to thank the angel, so I re-enter the greenhouse. Although I understand little of what has happened, I am aware that it is significant and wonderful and deserves acknowledgment and gratitude. I thank the angel as he meditates in preparation to de-materialize.

This dream stays with me as an encouragement and a puzzle. I don't think that I completely understand it yet, although I feel that the dream is saying, basically, that the physical universe is a good place and that help (even magical) is available. I do not have to fully understand my situation, only to be willing to trust and continue on—and to remember to acknowledge life's gifts with gratitude.

I am sustained through difficulty many times through the power of this dream. It helps to give me strength to end the marriage and sustains me through the readjustments afterwards. The dream also seems to refer to the opening of the heart center, which greatly "heartens" me, for dark times do, indeed, lie ahead and I need the strength this dream transmits and confers. In fact, it continues to transmit strength and open-hearted wonder.

This sky-dream also concerns crisis and chaos yet the inner work I have done, resulting in subjective growth and greater maturity, is revealed by the supportive and helpful tone of the dream.

The Great Bear

In the spring of 1986, in the Ozarks at the age of 45, I am re-married and my new husband and I are preparing to buy a house in the country. I dream:

I stand at night by the deck of our country home, looking up at the star-spangled sky. Orion, the Pleiades, and Ursa Major stand out, living, radiant and vivid, glittering and three-dimensional. I gape in wonder, recognizing Ursa Major as a newcomer to my subjective celestial scene.

When we experience difficulty in financing the mortgage I rather think that we will win out in the end because of that dream—and we do. The presence of Ursa Major is more understandable when I adopt a spiritual philosophy which considers the stars to be living beings, and particularly recognizes the power of Ursa Major. When we are considering a move so that I can engage more meaningfully in my vocation, the appearance (not in a dream) of a huge black bear—who ravages our bird feeders and stares into the house at us—has all the earmarks of a sign from heavenly powers that the time has, indeed, come to move on. We do.

At this point, after 17 years of working with my dreams I am accustomed to looking to them for nuances of feedback. My dreams are now like friends—they can often convey unsettling news in supportive ways.

Into the Future

In the summer of 1994, when I am 53 years old, living with my husband and working at my vocation in Manhattan, another celestial dream fills my inner sky:

It is a few years into the future and I am a man living in a partly underground dome-house in the country. The noontime is bright and green fields and trees surround the dome. I am talking with a man-friend in the living room as we arrange a large circle of comfortable chairs. My friend tells me of the nearing arrival of UFOs, that this is good—they want to make positive contact. I am going to the underground kitchen to tell my wife, but first I step outside on the deck to look at the sky. I see a great bank of roiling, seething clouds overhead. It dissolves at the center to reveal ten or so UFOs, swiftly soaring, banking, turning. They are round silver discs with a square marking the center. The color of the dissolved area of sky is otherworldly—luminous green mingled with brilliant black coruscations. A defense-system airplane zooms up to attack a UFO and is exploded. I understand that the UFOs will defend themselves but will not initiate hostility. Even so, I know that a dicey time is ahead. I turn to go to my wife just as she arrives on the deck. I suggest that we go inside till things calm down.

I think that I'm a man in this dream because it relates so strongly to the realm of ideas, thought, initiative. It seems to reflect the stability and strength I have gained as I have learned to function in the practical world. The UFOs seem to represent the potential wholeness resulting from the energetic input of new ideas (probably about the dreamwork community, since I've newly discovered *Dream Network Journal*). This, being so powerful, meets virtually reflex resistance from my cautious survival-based self. I need to be patient until that aspect realizes that the new energy doesn't



Unidentified Flying Objects

Out of the chaotic void they come—
out of the opening churning clouds
like scattered drops spill silver ships.

Pouring through the dayside zenith
they come—
wheeling and darting in angles and arcs,
hanging and hovering
like mouths, like eyes.



Uttering mystery in symbol and glyph
they cleave the known
like dry flesh from the bone,
like lightning splitting the sky.

Windows of light and mirrors of magic,
silver discs are shining my name—
I see with every cell of my skin
and my soul is coding an answer.

My heart turns swift to the void
in wonder
like a child gulping water
to quench her deep thirst,
or a whippoorwill calling
when twilight is come.



come to violate. This period of my life is not a time to press forward, but to go within and observe alertly.

The UFOs' intention to land is symbolized by the square within the circle—the grounding of ideas on the physical plane. The circle of chairs awaits the UFO-aspects and the survival-based aspects to sit together and communicate. My daring and progressive (masculine, sky-oriented) nature can encounter my cautious and protective (feminine, earth-based) nature in a meaningful dialogue and energy exchange. Greater wholeness and increased subjective integration can result.

I am aware that this dream—like all of my sky-dreams—presages a coming time of challenge, possibly several years. I am encouraged by the positive symbolism as well as alerted, and I am seasoned by my quarter-century of dialogue with my familiarly strange dreaming self. And so I move into my future, both strengthened and cautioned. I also feel that the circle of chairs which I have established in the last dream refers additionally to the dialogue and participation available in *Dream Network Journal*—forum for the larger dreamsharing community. With this article I now take my place in the circle of chairs, joining the group process. ☆

Joy Gates is a staff member of an esoteric correspondence school and has an eclectic background, ranging through Tarot, astrology, palmistry, Kabala, alchemy, farming, homemaking, art and writing. She lives with her husband at 145 East 27th Street, Apt. #5M, New York, NY 10016-9046.



City of Lights:

An Alchemical Journey Through Life

by Noreen Wessling

We are at 15 degrees southern hemisphere and this is the only part of the world that very unusual and special crabs can be found by the ocean.

I am to see them as soon as I get my degrees lined up. I'm almost there and know I'll see them on this trip. Now I'm on my way to meet my good friend, Janet. She went on ahead of me but now I'm catching up with her.

I am outdoors, walking along this beautiful path, unlike any I've even been on before.

There are others coming my way. Some that I pass and some who pass me but I am essentially journeying alone.

I feel fine as I walk with purpose along this sometimes narrow path. All around me are luxurious, unusual green foliage and graceful trees. Quite extraordinary!

Now I get anxious as I approach where I have to walk an elevated narrow grassy ridge because on either side is this hot, steamy vapor rising from what I know to be hot sulfur beds used for healing and regeneration.

My only anxiety comes in wondering how I'll make the journey back safely over this ridge when it's dark ... as it will be fairly soon. Right now there is no problem, because it's light and I can easily see where I'm going.

"What an enchanting place," I think to myself, "and how neat to experience this in it's natural form."

So saying, I go closer and stick my pointer finger in the bubbling sulfur water then quickly pull it out ...too hot for me! Another unusual thing: This sulfur has no smell and the vapors contain the greatest healing power, rather than direct contact with the hot liquid sulfur (in the water) although that too is healing if I could tolerate the heat somehow.

But I'm not able to do that yet. This is a strange land and I'm taking it on faith that I'll get to my destination and it's a wee bit scary at times, wondering if I'll find the place and how I'll get safely back in the dark.

Finally, I reach the town. It's a quaint town, full of brightly lit shops ... THE CITY OF LIGHTS.

These shops are full of artistic wares. I meet my Mexican friend, Yudi, outside one of the shops and we're happy to see one another. She says,

"Don't worry about trying to find your way back in the dark. We're all going back together by a continuation of what is a circular route. We will not have to retrace our steps. You are safe." I feel relieved and appreciative.

Yudi goes on to tell me that there are two architects here and all the other people are different kinds of artists.

I knew instantly that this was a Big Dream ... undoubtedly an *alchemical dream*, holding such images as sulfur, art, grand mix, architects, etc. I've not been able to forget the images.

Most importantly, the dream feels to me like a life-map about how all of us have to metaphorically 'go back together' even though much of the 'work' has to be accomplished alone. Nonetheless, I'm finding there's usually a paradox lurking beside anything really meaningful, so even though it's true that our Opus, as Jung termed 'our work,' can only be done by us ... friends are very important on our journey as well as those 'above' us helping us up and those 'below' us that we help up.

To me The City of Lights represents that 'place of enlightenment' within each of us, or to use alchemical language ... that place in our psyche where we have managed to turn our lead into gold. This dream is very hopeful in that it suggests we CAN get there, as long as we're willing to go through some scary stuff and 'walk the path' on faith that we are ultimately going in the right direction. Since the path is circular, this suggests that there may be never-ending cycles similar in essence to the one described in this dream. It's not a

one-time affair my friends, but a spiral ever upwards.

I remember when I was at Findhorn hearing a tape of Eileen Caddy (the founder of this spiritual retreat in Scotland) in which she was telling a lot of stories about her life's struggles and joys. Then she finished with the encouraging awareness that as she got older, the Dark Night Of The Soul cycles in her life actually came less often and were over quicker ... even though the intensity may have been as strong as ever.

How much of what we worry about is unfounded? Most of it, if this dream message is correct. There I was all anxious about how I was going to get back (future projection) instead of fully enjoying the beautiful, exciting adventure I was presently on. And, of course, it turns out in the dream that I didn't have to go back after all. All that worry for nothing! It was even better than I could have anticipated: We all went back together safely! But this could only happen after we made it to a high enough level of conscious awareness (City of Lights).

Is this one version of a *Big Dream Roadmap* for our collective journey home? If so, I'm looking forward to seeing you there. In the meantime, let's enjoy every step along the way. ☆

...Dreaming Humanity's Path....

*United
and Of One Mind*

*I am at a gathering of people at
which everyone is at odds.*

*No agreements can be reached
and we are all milling around.*

Suddenly, I begin singing

"We Shall Overcome,"

but I can't remember all the

words and sing

only the first three lines,

then hesitate.

Everyone is stunned

and turns to look at me

*and then another woman's
voice takes up the song.*

Suddenly, everyone is holding

hands and swaying to the

left and the right,

in unison.

We are all singing

and I know there is hope

of our all being

united and of one mind. ☆



The Journey

A Story of Koree & She-Of-Many-Names

by Virginia DeBolt

Koree lived on a rocky plateau on the talus flank of a high, cloud-obscured mountain. She wandered the stony paths of her small environment each day. Eyes downcast, she searched out each footstep with great care. Koree had to tread carefully. Her sight was blurred by the constant fog surrounding her. The way was strewn with uneven, sharp shards of rock. The mountain dropped new stones down its flanks and into her path each day.

One fall day, a day far and recent, Koree found herself standing at the edge of a precipice. Day after day she returned to its edge to stare into the canyon below her. A great muddy river coursed through the rocks far beneath her feet.

As the numbing cold of November approached, Koree took a step. One step. One step off the precipice.

She fell down, down, deep into the dark bowels of the canyon. She flopped into the river, arms out-thrown, legs akimbo, awkward and unpracticed at diving deep without control. Koree sank under the rushing, silty waters. She held her breath, briefly, then gave herself over to a peaceful intake of water.

Koree felt hands lift her above the water. A woman with long gray hair cradled Koree against her breast. Her hair hung in the murky water.

"Who are you?" Koree asked.

"I am She-of-many-names," the woman said.

"Am I dying, am I dead?"

"No," the wrinkled old woman answered. "You are merely lost. We will search for your way together."

Koree clasped her arms around the neck of the ancient woman. They drifted into a slow current this way, a current which carried them downstream with no effort. The long hair of the old one dangled in the water, sifting through it like the net of a fisherman. For month-long days Koree and the withered crone journeyed. When the November moon was full, She-of-Many-Names pulled

Koree onto a boulder where the water caressed the rocks with transparent light. They sat close together, hip to hip, in the moonlight. The old woman reached out to touch Koree's breast, just there, in the center, where a scar puckered in the shadowy light.

"What is this, my child?"

Koree told of her scars, her rocky existence on the plateau with its dangerous bruises and hurts. She spoke for a night of turning moons. With each tale told, each secret revealed, Koree's scars smoothed themselves. Koree could see the wounded places, knew their location, but the festering beneath them dissolved into words and star-lit air.

With the dawn, She-of-Many-Names stood. Like webs, the drooping wrinkles of her face and the silvery tangle of her hair wrapped Koree with great strength. She-of-Many-Names gathered her hair and placed it in the water.

"We go," said the old woman.

Koree followed, back into the current.

They drifted without struggle into the powerful path of the river. Koree floated on her back, relaxed, savoring the silky slide of clear water over the smooth new skin of her scars.

Without warning, the old one jerked her under, down into water hazardous and dark. She pushed Koree into a subterranean cavern. Scrambling to back out of the narrow mouth of the cave, Koree was nevertheless forced inside by the relentless push of She-of-Many-Names.

Crouched and alert, Koree looked around the cave. Demons, dragons, and a shadowy figure revealed themselves one by one. The demons screamed a challenge, their voices tinged with the music of hell. Dragons slithered toward her with hot, flicking tongues and eyes of fire. Koree turned to flee, but the woman behind her pushed and pushed, never yielding.

Pushed beyond choice, Koree turned to fight. She fought with inept wasted energy, with tears and moanings, with useless feints and false starts. But she fought. She tamed the demons, conquered the dragons. Her battles lasted a day of many nights. At last, the shadowy figure who had watched and

waited for her battle to end stepped into a shaft of pale light. It was a man. He shimmered with sensuous, glittering allure. He smelled of musk and sweat, of heat and damp. His scent pulled Koree like the aroma of lilacs might draw a wasp. She approached him unguarded. She ran her fingers gently down his face, across his shoulder. He embraced her, his grasp skillful and sure. She molded herself against him and closed her eyes.

Koree felt a twinge deep in her gut. Not a sensation of desire, as she might have expected to accompany the embrace, but a sensation of panic. Long conversations with She-of-Many-Names rose fresh in Koree's mind like a cry of danger. She opened her eyes and looked for the old one who had pushed her here.

The crone stood at the entrance to the cave on trembling legs. She appeared more than ancient, older than time. Koree stepped out of the stranger's embrace and rushed to the woman. She lifted the old one and splashed out of the cave.

Outside Koree saw that they were high above the river. The sky was clear, full with thousands of stars. Radiant moonlight spilled in silver pools along a grassy path. Koree followed the path and placed She-of-Many-Names on a grassy slope in the shelter of an oak tree.

She-of-Many-Names transformed into a swirling wind of shimmering energy. When the whirlwind slowed and stopped, a child, a female child, lay kicking on the grass where the old one had lain. Koree gathered the child to her breast and began to breathe. She sucked at the air with the power of the wind. She drew in a swirl of air, a spiraling torrent of warm energy that a tiny-immense moment before had been the female child. The wind flew into her throat, her lungs, her blood—her cells were filled, nourished, reborn.

From atop her mountain, Koree looked down. Far below a young woman stood at the edge of a great precipice. Koree extended her hand. She reached to the murky water below the distant woman. She held her hand there, patient, waiting. ☆

Address correspondence to Virginia DeBolt, 508 E. Dessau #403, Austin, TX 78753

Thumbalina

by Marianne M. Krimen

I have had telepathic, clairvoyant and precognitive dreams since adolescence, which awakened in me early the desire to study my dreams in order to find some handle that would enable me to recognize the psychic dreams, particularly the precognitive ones, those that could not possibly be the result of the most astute introspection nor the realization of my own desires (self fulfilling prophecies).

I was over forty when my life had stabilized to the point where I could afford the time to write a regular dream journal. Over the years, the psychic dreams have become less frequent and in their place, the dreams with guiding and healing intention are becoming ever more insistent as if to say: "Clean up your act, wake up! You don't have that much time anymore!"

A year ago I decided to write my memoirs for the benefit of the younger members of my family and started with the history of my maternal and paternal ancestors as far as I had knowledge of their circumstances. The night before I was ready to bring myself into the picture, I had the following dream:

A young boy was in a question and answer competition, the kind often seen on television. He was asked to give the title of a certain tale by H.C. Anderson which he did not seem to remember.

He mentioned several titles, all of which were wrong. I whispered forcefully: "Thumbalina - Thümbalina - Thumbalina," but he did not hear me.

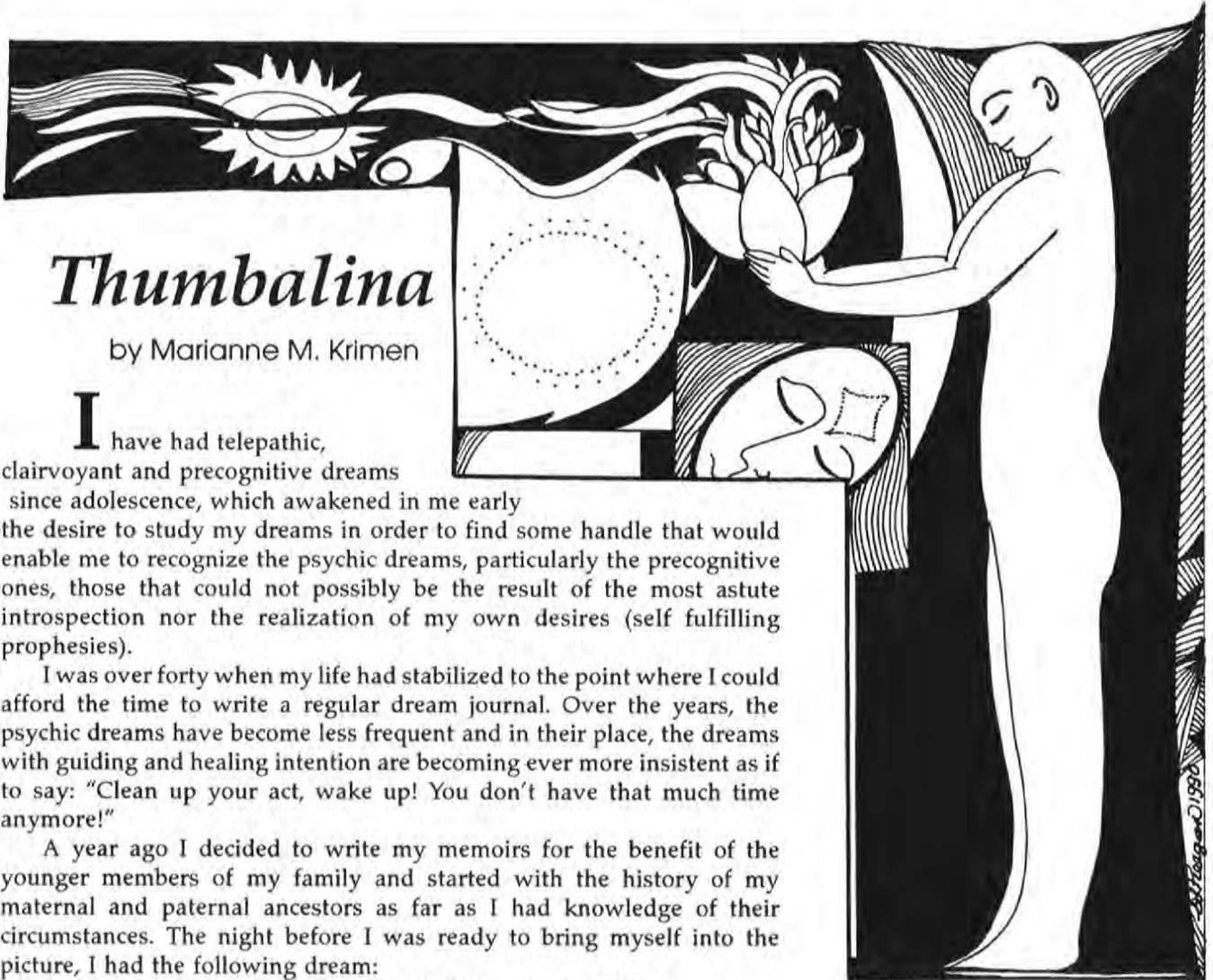
Here I awakened. I understood immediately that I was advised to read this story, of which I only recalled the title and the picture that graced the page of my illustrated version of Anderson tales: A little girl sitting on a flower.

As I re-encountered the story after over 50 years, it was a revelation. I suddenly understood not only the meaning of the myth but also the meaning of my own life and it enabled me for the first time to see my struggles and failures without guilt nor resentments.

I recognized in Thumbalina's minute stature the powerlessness and vulnerability of the fatherless girl. The harsh treatment she experienced after she lost her mother's protection was not due to her own mistakes nor to other people's evil intention; only to a thoughtless and careless environment into which she did not belong.

Even the care of the goodfieldmouse and the well meaning mole who sheltered her through the winter made her feel imprisoned. But she secretly nursed a sick bird to health (she developed the spirituality despised by herearthbound protectors) and when the time was right it lifted her out of her dark confinement and carried her to her peers where she met the elf prince who married her and gave her a new name. In other words, the different aspects of her evolving personality united to form one well defined individuality and she found her place in life.

This is one of the few Anderson stories that have a happy ending even after my interpretation and I am grateful to the dream for helping me on the way to a new task. At this time of my life I almost expect to receive these little nudges when they are needed and I am greedy for every little bit of dream that I may get. ☆



The Stone

I am walking in a forest when I come upon a babbling brook. I see a small, shiny stone-like object lying in the grass beside the brook. I pick the object up in order to examine it. It has a smooth, mirror-like surface.



I gaze at my reflection. At first, I just see my face as it is in my waking life. Suddenly, the expression on my face begins to change. I see myself as a child, then as an old man. I see my face etched with sadness and then joy. The changes continue and I am alternately enchanted and repelled, depending on how my face is reflected: saint, murderer, father, crazed maniac and so on and so on. It seems that for each positive image of myself, I see an equally negative image of myself.

The fluctuations between the poles of light and darkness continue, mounting in speed and tension until I am gazing upon a completely horrific image of myself.

Terrified, I decide to fling the object away. Just as I'm getting ready to toss the object away, I hear a calming voice, coming out of nowhere.

The voice tells me that the image of myself is always changing and that if I throw away the stone, I will be doing so out of fear of what I saw and that I will be giving that image of myself power.

The voice assures me that power and freedom are to be found in holding onto the stone.

I experience a sense of profound peace and joy. ✧

Walking with my Shadow

by Lorraine Grassano

The warning came from the Waking Dream: "Make an attempt to get along with him better," my supervisor said after yet another flare-up between me and a co-worker whose moral fiber I judged to be dubious. I felt like responding, "he's the one who's the problem!

He lies, he steals, he won't communicate. Why the hell are you reprimanding me?"

But I swallowed my rage and agreed to make a renewed effort. I realized that this ongoing feud had less to do with my co-worker than it had to do with an inner struggle with my shadow-side, with aspects of myself from the past and present of which I disapproved and was trying to change or disown. This realization, however, was on the intellectual level only and I continued to be consumed by negative emotions and fantasies of justice and revenge concerning the behavior of my co-worker. I was reacting all out of proportion to his different values and petty "crimes" and taking everything too personally. I knew I had to let go, but I could not.



Then *The Dream* had me:

Myself, Tee (my shadowside) and another male co-worker, MH, park the patrol car and walk many blocks to a men's bathroom.

MH addresses Tee: "Did you use your equipment too hard on somebody last night? She's claiming rape." Tee is visibly upset.

We're all quiet. Then Tee attacks me — knocks me down, has his hands on my throat, yelling, "You framed me!" I scream, "He's going to kill me!" MH pulls Tee off of me. All at once, I am no longer afraid. I don't really believe that he is going to kill me. I roll over on top of him and shake him. "I just want to talk to you." His body is limp, harmless; he's very sad and scared. I feel a lot of compassion for him.

Then a group of men and women come into the bathroom. I get up quickly, as it probably looks like we're having sex. I am perplexed as to why both males and females are using the men's room. MH is advising Tee to hide out at his aunt's house until things blow over. I realize that Tee will lose his job, something I had been wishing for intensely. However, there is no longer any joy in this for me. I feel his pain and want to help. I tell him, "It's your word against hers but the trial can get ugly."

MH jokes, "You'll be on TV now, Ms. Lorraine." But I have no appetite for being under oath and giving Tee a bad wrap.

Tee motions me to follow him back to the patrol car. An easiness is in the air between us, a realness. He talks about financial pressures, problems at home. I say, "I hope this doesn't make you mad.... but it seems to me that your life-style (extra marital affairs) can't help matters any." He says, "You're probably not going to believe this but they actually give me money." I laugh, "You know, I always fantasized this to be true. Why not?"

You give them pleasure.

Everyone is so unhappy these days."

Then, we are strolling through a wooded area. I am feeling close to Tee, non-judgmental. Then he starts throwing rocks at ducks in a pond. He is upset and frustrated, not really trying to harm the animals. I sit under a big

tree on a grassy knoll created by the tree's burgeoning roots. He wades through the pond, which is thick with cherry blossom petals. The scene is incredibly beautiful, bathed in a soft, white light. Somehow, my feet get wet, too. It is still a very long way back to the car. Tee has no intention of hiding out or running away.

This time, he follows me!

The levels of this dream are as thick as the cherry blossoms in the pond. I cannot even begin to grasp all the implications. What I do know is that since the Dream had me, I have not overreacted nor been overwhelmed by the kinds of situations with my co-worker which used to make me crazy. My behavior began to change naturally. I truly began to understand the reasons behind certain of his actions (as well as my own!) that previously had seemed cut-and-dry, morally repugnant. I realized that many of our differences are cultural and that I was not as free of bigotry as I had led myself to believe. I let go of trying to force him to fit into my vision of a perfect job, a perfect world, a perfect person. I began to focus on and appreciate his more positive qualities, as well as my own. And he seems to be more trustful and communicative toward me, also. I no longer dread the prospect of working with him.

However, the Dream had a profound effect that goes way beyond the work situation. I was given the opportunity to *see* the pain and confusion behind anger and violence, to *see* how compassion defeats fear and fosters communication and change. I learned that understanding, rather than judging, brings peace. All this I knew intellectually but the Dream made me *know* it, soulfully. I engaged in a life and death struggle with my shadowside and we ended up becoming one. When his feet got wet, my feet got wet!

In dreams, it is acceptable for feelings and opinions and even physical form to alter instantaneously. I think in the Waking Dream we must also embrace this kind of flexibility as strength rather than weakness.... if we are to promote healing between neighbors, nations and Nature. We must learn to *see* that we are all connected. When one of us gets wet, we all get wet. There is no escape from walking this path. Sometimes our shadow beckons and we follow; sometimes we take the lead. It is a long journey. ☆

Your comments and feedback, welcome! Please address correspondence to Lorraine@1167 Bush #507, San Francisco, CA 94109

Let There Be Dark:

Reflections on Insomniphobia

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*Heavenly as flashing stars
In each vastness
Appear the infinite eyes
Which night opens in us*

- Novalis

*...mystery and manifestations
arise from the same source.*

This source is called darkness.

The gateway to all understanding.

- Tao Te Ching

I have faith in the night.

- Rilke

Over the years, in my work as a psychotherapist whose focus is the dream, I have heard the complaint voiced not infrequently that one is having trouble sleeping. "I lay awake for hours," someone will typically say, "and all I could think about was how tired I was going to be the next day at work." This self-generated anxiety about not-sleeping (*insomniphobia*) will sometimes lead the person to ingest a pharmaceutical sleeping aid of some kind, which, regrettably, may then interfere with dreaming, and perhaps even produce a dulling of consciousness in the morning hours, such that the goal - to be alert for work - is inefficiently met anyway. My counsel in this situation has been to try letting go of all of the internal self-talk that goes on in these times, and to simply notice Night.

What is this anxiety about? Why should a few hours of sleeplessness produce such consternation? What does it mean to "notice Night"?

Many ancient cosmogonies describe Night as the primal element, the mother of the gods, with all creation proceeding from her. Night and darkness were understood as the very source of creation, of creativity. How vastly different that is from our contemporary attitude toward night, that it's simply the useless, leftover part of the day.

The invention of artificial light has abetted the particular hubris of our age. In its capacity to obliterate the experience of darkness, and, thus, to disrupt the natural rhythm of activity and rest, of Day and Night, artificial light has turned a healthy zest for productivity into a mania. It has become a nearly intolerable condition to be awake and not "productive". At the collective level, most of what does not actively subserve the addiction to production is devalued and ignored, and we measure our success as a society in terms of the Gross National Product. Within this frame of reference, there is the begrudging recognition that the human body, imperfect machine that it is, must, unfortunately, have some rest in order to continue producing. For that we are willing to turn off the light. And those of us who have gone the next step and have come to regard the Dream as an

indispensable font of wisdom - we may even turn off the light with eagerness. But to lie awake in the night without sleeping? What a waste! What could be the value in that?

Such a question could not have been formulated by our ancestors. Up through the Middle Ages, ordinary people lived in an imagination of Time very different from our own. The Greeks knew the Hours (*Horai*) as divine beings, each one distinct from the others; each, perhaps, to be propitiated in its own way. In medieval monastic tradition, the twenty-four hour cycle was marked by seven canonical hours, each of which was noted explicitly by the cessation of work or the interruption of sleep, so that the particular praises of that hour could be sung by the community. Within Buddhist monasteries today, monks and retreatants arise in the 4 a.m. darkness to meditate together, experiencing the focalizing power of that dense darkness that precedes the dawn of a new day.

Our productive, solar-consciousness sees disease in wakefulness at night and names it "insomnia", something to be cured. But when we let go of wanting to fix this condition, what we are freed to notice is that lunar-consciousness is a dark, fertile field of creative inspiration. Lying in the dark, called to wakefulness by something knocking at the doors of consciousness, we can choose to release the compulsion to toss and turn or to reach for the reading lamp, and to remain, instead, a vessel emptied of the day's ambitions, ready to receive the creative *spiritus* that seeks to enter us. The quality of insight that is available to us in the still, dark hours is paradoxically lucid and bright, like a star glistening in the night sky. And like a star, it is diaphanous; when the sun rises, it disappears from view. Yet, if creative insight is germinated in the Night, how very important it is to nurture the receptivity of soul that will allow those creative seeds to take root. Ironically, but not surprisingly, it has been my experience that when a person is able to give up the struggle against nighttime awakenings, and to be present to what is in a state of receptive repose, fatigue the following day ceases to be a problem.

In the best of all possible worlds, the world we would hope to grow into, productivity will not be an end in itself, mindlessly and relentlessly driving us. Rather, it will more closely resemble a flowering plant, with its taproot sunk deep into the wisdom of the Night. Then the rhythmic consciousness that supports all life will be reestablished. Then Light will remember that its origins are in the Dark, that Day is the child of Night. ☆

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Address correspondence to: Temenos PO Box 7185, Missoula, MT 59807 Ph: (406) 542-1475

I dreamed of the lake bottom again last night....

by Paul Rydeen

I dreamed of the lake bottom again last night. *I stood at the edge of what used to be John Martin Reservoir, gazing across the trickle that the Arkansas River had become. Gasping fish flopped helplessly in the few remaining puddles, the full moon shining off of their glistening scales like a thousand jewels. The Milky Way above was reflected in the narrow stream below, and a cool breeze moved through the newly-exposed chasm. The outlines of abandoned streets and forgotten building foundations protruded here and there from the silt-covered bottom, their worn edges covered in seaweed green like an ancient beard. Pajama-clad, I stood and watched, totally at peace. The dream finally faded, and I awoke with a nostalgic sadness. How often had I dreamed this dream? Many, many times over the last five decades. Too many times to count.*

I was born in the small town of Caddoa, Colorado. Right after the War, the Army Corps of Engineers embarked upon several civilian projects. One such project was the John Martin Dam. After surveying several possible sites, they selected one just east of our town. Because Caddoa lay right on the river, we had to be relocated. The Corps moved approximately fifty buildings, mostly homes, to their present site on the hill. The owners were compensated, and the dam was built. I was about seven or eight years old at the time. It made a big impression.

I spent many an afternoon at the water's edge, gazing into the murky depths and wondering about the city below. What was down there now, I often wondered. Was the city still there, occupied by fishy counterparts of the neighbors I knew? Did submarines now travel the underwater roads?

In dreams I often found myself standing in the same spot, gazing into the reservoir. Now the bottom was visible, the water having mysteriously drained out past the dam. Sometimes I would just stand at the edge and stare out into the muddy abyss. Other times I would walk out into the exposed lakebed, poking in the silt for treasure.

I always regretted having forgotten my rock collection. I had kept it in an old tacklebox given to me by my grandfather, hidden away from prying eyes in the dark safety of the crawlspace under our house. Anytime I wanted to look at my collection or add to it, I crawled up under the porch and retrieved the old metal box. When it came time to move, I completely forgot about it in the

excitement. By the time I remembered, it was too late. It lay beneath fifty feet of cold water, just inside the concrete perimeter of what used to be the foundation of our house. As I grew older, I forgot about the collection. It no longer seemed as valuable or important as it once had. Yet whenever I would have that dream, I would think of it once again. Many of the rocks I could still see in my mind's eye, their colors and shapes and textures uniquely etched upon my memory.

I haven't been back in years. My parents' have been dead for some time now, and my life here in the Springs keeps me pretty busy. It was with some surprise that I saw Caddoa mentioned in yesterday's paper, on the page marked News Elsewhere In The State. John Martin Dam, it said, was now fifty years old, and the foundation was in need of repairs. For the first time since its construction, the dam was to be fully opened and the reservoir temporarily drained to provide access for the workers whose job it was to repair such things. I knew at once what I would do.

It took several days for the reservoir to empty, even with all the floodgates wide open. I didn't mind the wait. Islands emerged where hills once stood, as the waters slowly receded. A dark scum coated the exposed bottom, and the stench of decaying organic matter made me move upwind more than once.

At night I slept in a small tent on the Lake Hasty side of the dam. This was a partially developed campsite, but no other campers were there. Perhaps it was the wrong time of the year. The sound of water rushing through the dam sang me to sleep. The cold stars shone high overhead, beautiful but aloof.

In the morning I awoke to find that the reservoir had finished draining. Workmen were already in place on the upstream side of the dam, inspecting its revealed base. This being before the wet season, the Arkansas River was a shallow brook, easily crossed on foot in many locations. I put on my boots and descended.

Guided by an old USGS map, I could make out where a few of the old roads used to be. None were paved, so it was hard to distinguish them from the rocky terrain. Several concrete foundations were visible; one of them had been the home of my youth. The remains of a couple sunken boats were near the dam, as was the rusted hulk of an automobile. Crushed beer cans dotted the landscape like the stranded fish of my dreams. How much junk had fishermen tossed overboard in fifty years, I wondered. How many watches and wedding rings and billfolds had dropped to the bottom as well? Covered as it was by silt, it was impossible to say. How many car keys could I find down here with a metal detector? More than a few, I would imagine. I plodded on toward the site I had targeted as most likely being where I had lived as a child.

It took some looking, but I finally uncovered the rusty old box that held my prized collection. It lay under a foot of black mud, but the old foundation was easy enough to

....Dreaming Humanity's Path....

spot. I retrieved the box and proceeded out of the lakebed, back to my tent.

I didn't open it right away. I sat staring at it for hours, or made short trips up the bare rugged hills to gaze into the hole. I savored my victory. I was in no hurry to open my treasure, now that I had it.

When the sun went down and the stars came out, I built a small fire and sat down beside it. With a hammer and a screwdriver I easily jimmied the lock, and beheld my rock collection. A little silt had penetrated the lid, but most of the rocks were easily identified. I removed them one by one, studying each in the flickering fire light. There were Lake Superior agates, gathered on a trip to Minnesota's North Shore. There was petrified wood from the Badlands of South Dakota and Arizona's Petrified Forest. There was a piece of slag I felt sure was a meteorite when I found it. There was a piece of lava which floated on water.

There were the fossils - a dozen or more fossils. Fossilized shells, fossilized bone fragments, a fossilized tooth. There was a partial trilobite which I had bought at a museum gift shop. There were unidentified pieces of other things, captured in the living rock. All were as I remembered them. All were as in my dreams. I fell asleep that night, a deep dreamless sleep. My rocks were arranged in little piles around me as I slept under the open sky. The fire slowly burned out as I lay there beside it, not moving. A quiet breeze caressed the ground.

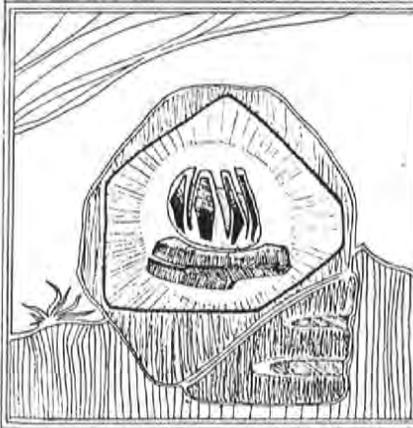
As I made the several hour drive home the next morning, I was glad I had come. I reflected upon the previous days' events, knowing that I had made the right decision. Even now that empty basin was filling once again with water. The workers had completed their repairs. The flood-gates had been closed once again. The waters of the deep were rising, rising, covering the dry, cracked mud, obscuring the unneeded foundations and roads of the original Caddoa. Water flowed over the hard ground, up to the concrete and into the

Blue Stone

Sean brings me a stone he got at school. Blue. As I turn it, the flat surfaces reflect all the colors there are.

*Inside, I can see everything in the universe:
the plants, animals, atoms, patterns of space and time
.... all more alive than Life itself.*

*There is a big bird living in there,
with a wing span so wide I can hardly see it all.
It gives me a glimpse of what the ancient shamans
see in their sacred crystals. ☆*



crawlspace, hiding the silt of fifty years, covering my rock collection until fifty more would pass. I had carefully gathered each of them and had placed them back into the old tacklebox. Then I had returned them to their resting spot of the last half century, burying them in the same hole before I had headed back home. There they would remain, beneath the cold, dark water of John Martin Reservoir, until some future generation should see fit to repair the dam.

I dreamed of the lake bottom again last night. ☆

Please address correspondence to Paul Rydeen P.O. Box 1371, Kerrville, TX 78029-1371



Galactic Shamanism

by
Mary Saint-Marie/
Sheoekah

Mary Saint-Marie's book may serve as an invitation into the collective ONE-dream of who we

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Dream Chest

*Adapted from a traditional
East European Folktale*

by David Sparenberg

Dreams can tell us more about ourselves than we sometimes care to know. Occasionally, they also lead us to our destiny. And what is the final equation between destiny and identity?

Once there was an ordinary, hard working man whom we shall call Josef. He lived in a quiet township in Central Europe. One evening, Josef dreamed a voice-dream. From somewhere out of the shadows, a sort of mesmeric whisper called his name and told him: "*Josef, Josef, stop lingering in this life of collapsing designs. Go to the Capital. Under the Emperor's Bridge, on the near bank of the river, is a treasure buried for your sake.*"

Of course, when morning came, Josef told himself matter-of-factly, "My life is not so fragile and lacking. Nor am I about to make a fool of myself chasing after hidden treasure on the authority of a whispering dream."

When reason has had its day, however, the potencies of shadows yet remain to claim the night.

Again, on a second occasion, the dream. Again, on a second awakening, the refutation. And so on, into the profundity of another speaking sleep.

This third time, Josef dream-beheld himself falling beneath a prodigious wheel of torments, embarrassments, frustrations and failures. The cruel iron rim, with its graceless heaviness, rolled through the years of his life. And, as he struggled from under its weight, seeing himself a mere clod, wrapped in the bruised and tattered skin of disintegral experience.... again the dream voice called his name and whispered: "*Josef, Josef... the treasure is buried for you. That which you most fear and that which you most hunger for awaits you. Quickly, to the Capital! Quickly, to the bank of the river!*"

Thus, the man awoke from his restless sleep finally convinced of the power of the mystery addressing him. Or, at least, he was now willing to "go and take a look."

As speedily as possible, Josef traveled the hundred kilometers from his home to the great city. He found his way to the Emperor's Bridge and stood, hour after hour, gazing at the water's bank, shrouded in the shadows of the bridge's arching stones. Alas, there on the curving span, with the regularity and seriousness of a clock, moved an imperial guard. A truly Kafkaesque sort of watchman with a tartar's beard and hard, uncompromising eyes.

The figure of dread was steadfast; the way was blocked. So it stayed from day to day. Until, on the evening of the third day — a twilight hour of desperate mood possessing the seeker's heart and mind, even as the river and city slid into a dull cubism of encroaching darkness — Josef ran forward and dropped to his knees. Bending low over the wet and slippery bank, he dug feverishly with his fingers, all the while trying his best to remain concealed.

The imperial guard, seeing the stranger digging, called down to him harshly: "You there, stop! What do you think you are doing?"

Josef, caught and cringing, elevated his shoulders and prostrated his muddled palms in a silent plea. "Please, your honor," he managed to make audible, "I'm not a criminal. I have an explanation."

"If you have one, you had best spit it out," the guard replied, moving steadily nearer, his right hand dropping to the hilt of his sword.

"A dream, sir, a dream. Hidden treasure. An innocent mistake." Josef began chattering, made more nervous by the gesture and the growing proximity of the royal soldier.

"Stop talking nonsense," the guard threatened. "What do you want here? Are you a madman?"

"It was a dream, that's all," the traveler added, speaking now as calmly as he could muster through his

dubious courage. It kept coming into my head, sir, night after night. A voice saying, '*Go to the Capital and dig under the Emperor's Bridge. There you will find a treasure.*' So, ah, well, here I am and...." Josef looked at his dirtied hands and trousers. His mouth was dry and sticky white foam had collected at the corners of his lips. "And, and, I'm sorry," he muttered, dropping his head, as feelings of fatigue and hunger and stupidity overwhelmed him.

The guard, who by now was quite near, examined the vagrant with his hard, unfriendly eyes, twisting his mouth a little as he did so. But the next instant he laughed. "You are a fool!" the warrior chided. "Don't you know the world isn't made like this? If people could follow their dreams and have them fulfilled, I would myself be far away from the tedious duty and a happier man because of it. Why, I've dreamed the past three nights of a township a hundred kilometers to the west and there, under the floorboards of the house of a fellow named Josef, lies buried a great and ancient treasure. But who can trust in such ridiculous illusions?" So saying, the imperial guard shook his head contemptuously and added, "Now get out from this place before you spend the night in jail."

Having heard everything there was to hear and being awestruck by it, Josef once more apologized and hastened away. As speedily as he could travel, he retraced the hundred kilometers to his home.

Smiling to himself, he began to unnailed his floorboards. Then, to his amazement, there was indeed a treasure chest! Josef, shaking like a man in a fever, lifted it out and cracked the age tightened lid. Next, however, he hesitated. What was there to be found from such a dark and ancient cask, he wondered? And the former question of destiny and identity recoiled with its paralytic fear.

For the treasures we are led to in our dreams may not in ordinary ways resemble the gold and diamonds of the world.... but something both cursed and blessed before which we shine and tremble. ☆

A Psychic Dream?

Be Careful Who You Tell!

by Stanley Krippner, Ph.D.



On the morning of 4 October 1980, Steve Linscott woke up and recalled the following dream:

"I saw a man face on... the was in his early 30s... short blond hair... light features, not muscular, but sort of square chested.... I was a little taller than he... he was about 5'5" to 5'7".... He was very friendly... at least... not... distressed with whoever he was talking to... There was a light on behind him to his left... kind of a soft glow in the room... a little ways into the dream he started to change... in his attitude... becoming more evil in intent... he produced an object... he got it from behind his back... metallic, dark-type instrument... blunt and rather thick and tapered down toward one end... I got the impression he was talking to a girl... in her mid-20s... he was showing this object to her and starting to smile... I got the impression this is something... not all that healthy... so I woke up and tried to shake it."

Linscott recalls checking the time on his watch, noting "it was 2 A.M." He fell back to sleep and the dream continued:

"I then dreamed this person had this object and was beating this [other] person downward, that this person... being beaten was below his waist and... knees... he was beating her on the

Psychic Dreams are reports of nighttime mentation, emotions and/or imagery that involve anomalous (i.e., unexplained) interchanges of information or influence that appears to exist apart from those mechanisms identified by mainstream science."
Stanley Krippner, Ph.D.

head... quite a bit...she was on her hands and knees...and didn't resist...rapid stroke...blood flying everywhere...and that is when I woke up a second time." (Police Department, 1980)

That afternoon, police officers questioned people in the area, asking them if they had observed anything unusual during the early morning. A young woman had been beaten and murdered at about 1:00 AM. Linscott thought that his dream was a premonition. His wife and two coworkers encouraged him to report the dream to the police, which he did a few days later. On 12 October 1980, he was charged with murder.

The police had no direct evidence against Linscott. There was no motive, there were no fingerprints, there were no witnesses. However, a tire iron was used to murder the woman, who was young and had been savagely beaten on the head, dying on her living room floor. The jury agreed with the police who declared, "This is not a dream. This is a murder" (Wagner-Pacifici & Bershad, 1993, p. 134).

In 1985, an Appeals Court ordered Linscott released from jail, stating, "Murder conviction reversed in absence of any direct evidence of guilt notwithstanding State's attempt to elevate defendant's declaration of dream about murder to status of confession" (ibid., p. 135). The Illinois Supreme Court sent the case back to the Appeals Court which remanded it for a new trial. Cook County canceled the retrial in 1990 because they deemed the evidence was inadequate to obtain a conviction; nevertheless, a subsequent appeal by the State of Illinois occurred in 1991 and the litigation may continue.

Linscott, a young Euro-American male, married, the father of two children and a "born-again" counselor at a Christian halfway house, frequently asserted his belief that the dream was part of "God's personal plan for my life" (ibid., p. 137).

This case has been featured on several television shows which pointed out that Linscott was a conscientious family man who had top-secret clearance during his time in the U.S. Navy. He also had considerable arm strength and had experienced near-suicidal depression and bitterness toward God before his conversion. I was asked to appear on one of these programs, the "Today Show," because of my work with "psychic" dreams at a sleep laboratory in the 1960s (Ullman, Krippner, & Vaughan, 1988). Our research team obtained data strongly suggesting that, under controlled conditions, some dreamers were able to obtain information about future events (i.e., precognition), distant events (i.e., clairvoyance), or other people's cognitive processes (i.e., telepathy). On the show, I disagreed with a psychologist who insisted that the clarity of Linscott's dream was unusual because "Dreams are always distorted" (Wagner-Pacifici & Bershad, 1993, p. 136). In fact, I pointed out, some dreams are remarkably clear and life-like (Hunt, 1989).

Although Linscott's report {might} have been a precognitive, clairvoyant, or telepathic dream, it may also have reflected a somnambulistic episode in which he murdered the young woman. Telling the police about his dream may have been an unconscious way of "confessing" and expiating his guilt. A case could be made for each of these possibilities, but I made the point that the evidence was not strong enough to convict Linscott of murder and send him to prison. Instead, I pointed out that dreams about violence and aggression are not uncommon (e.g., Rubinstein & Krippner, 1991) and that the congruence might have been coincidental. There is a tendency to underestimate the role of chance and coincidence in human affairs and with the hundreds of dreams occurring in a given neighborhood on any particular night, it would not be unlikely that at least one of them

would resemble a dramatic event (Neher, 1990, pp. 48-49).

There have been other instances in which a well-meaning offer to the police, based on information obtained through "psychic" means, has resulted in the informant's arrest. In 1980, Etta Louise Smith told the Los Angeles Police Department about her "psychic vision" of a murder. She had "seen" the canyon where a missing nurse's body lay and pointed it out on a map. Smith's "vision" happened to have been correct, and she was booked for murder. Smith had also correctly described the circumstances of the crime, saying that the nurse had been raped and killed with a blow to her head. After three men were arrested and convicted, Smith successfully sued the city for her treatment, which had included four days of detention (Lyon & Truzzi, 1991, p. 4).

The lesson one carries away from these episodes can be simply stated, "If you think you have a psychic or intuitive hunch about an important event, be careful who you tell!" As Foucault (1980) pointed out, powerful institutions construct the experiences of people under their domain. Private experiences, such as dreams, if shared, can lead to imprisonment in one culture and to an elevation in social status in another. There are native cultures in which Linscott's dream would have demonstrated his suitability for shamanic or priestly status (e.g., Krippner, 1990).

Wagner-Pacifici and Bershad (1993) have produced a brilliant analysis of the Linscott case pointing out that he had spoken about an intimate event to the police, with whom he was not on intimate terms. Whether this was a tacit confession or an error in judgment can not be decided at this point but it does point out that there were multiple, coexisting paradigms of Linscott's dream. This multiplicity is true not only of dreams but operates generally in the ways people make sense of their experiences.

Wagner-Pacifici and Bershad conclude, "Interpretive authority is diverse and also situationally activated. Authority is always hierarchical.... Our understanding of authority — which is a crucial element of our interpretative paradigms — needs to be situationally framed" (p. 141). An error in this understanding, as was the case with Linscott, can be calamitous.

Once again, be careful who you tell! ☆

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Let the Little Girl Carry Her Own Bag

by Evelyn Duesbury

I am an accounting professor. I am also a dreamer. Now that I've discovered the *link* between these two "professions," my waking and sleeping lives are vastly enriched. In this article I share a dream with you which demonstrates the link between the two worlds as well as tell you how I used the following dream.

Setting of the Dream: A former student of mine, Becca, came to my office one day and gave me an update of her life since she graduated and then we discussed her growing up years. She told me how she misses her mom, who passed away a few years ago. She told how she learned to read at three years old after her mom said she couldn't "ride the big yellow bus" with her brother until she learned to read.

She told about her continuing commitment to the church and concerns for the church. She told how she really would like to have time off work to take a trip to a national church youth meeting. She told me how she delights in her work as an accountant and the joy it was when she passed the CPA examinations. The school in the dream is the school I attended from first through twelfth grade.

Let the Little Girl Carry Her Own Bag

Someone is talking to Dolores Mays about a little girl who has an opportunity to go someplace. It seems like the little girl wasn't going to go, but when someone asks Dolores Mays about it, Dolores says all she knows is that the little girl has her bag packed.

Either I see the bag, a pure yellow bag, sitting in the Morley school house hallway between the superintendent's office and the third and fourth grade room, or Dolores says it is there.

Dolores is standing in the hallway while she is talking. Dolores says to the effect she has no decision in the matter. It is entirely the little girl's decision. It is up to the little girl who is a capable, independent-thinking little girl.

Commentary: I told the dream to my husband at the breakfast table. Then I told him about Becca's visit with me the day before. The telling of Becca's visit just intensified my desire to help her in some way in "lightening her load" of missing her mom and being concerned for the church.

Then I thought the dream was somehow connected with that desire to help. Since Becca told of her interest in reading, I immediately thought to send a book to help her. I thought of a appropriate book and wrote an order for the book to send to her. As I was ready to seal the envelope, a quick knowing flashed through my mind: The independent thinking little girl in my dream is Becca, my former student.

My interpretation of the dream: The description of the little girl in the dream, capable, independent-thinking, is descriptive of Becca. The dream is saying the little girl can handle her life. Don't come rushing in with "help." The decisions are Becca's. Like Dolores, I "have no say" in the matter: The "little girl" has complete say.

Dolores Mays was a "backbone" of a church in my past. She always dedicated herself to the Sunday School and guiding little children according to her own strong standards. As a professor I often find myself with students who are experiencing difficult times. And, I, like Dolores May have a great desire to relieve suffering when I perceive it.

When, at three years old, Becca, learned how to read so she could "ride the big yellow bus," she proved she is most capable of using her own resources in her journey through life. The little yellow bag may be some "baggage" she still has to unload from the missing her mom and the times with her mom such as the nine months of asking "Mom, why can't I ride the big yellow bus now that I can read?"

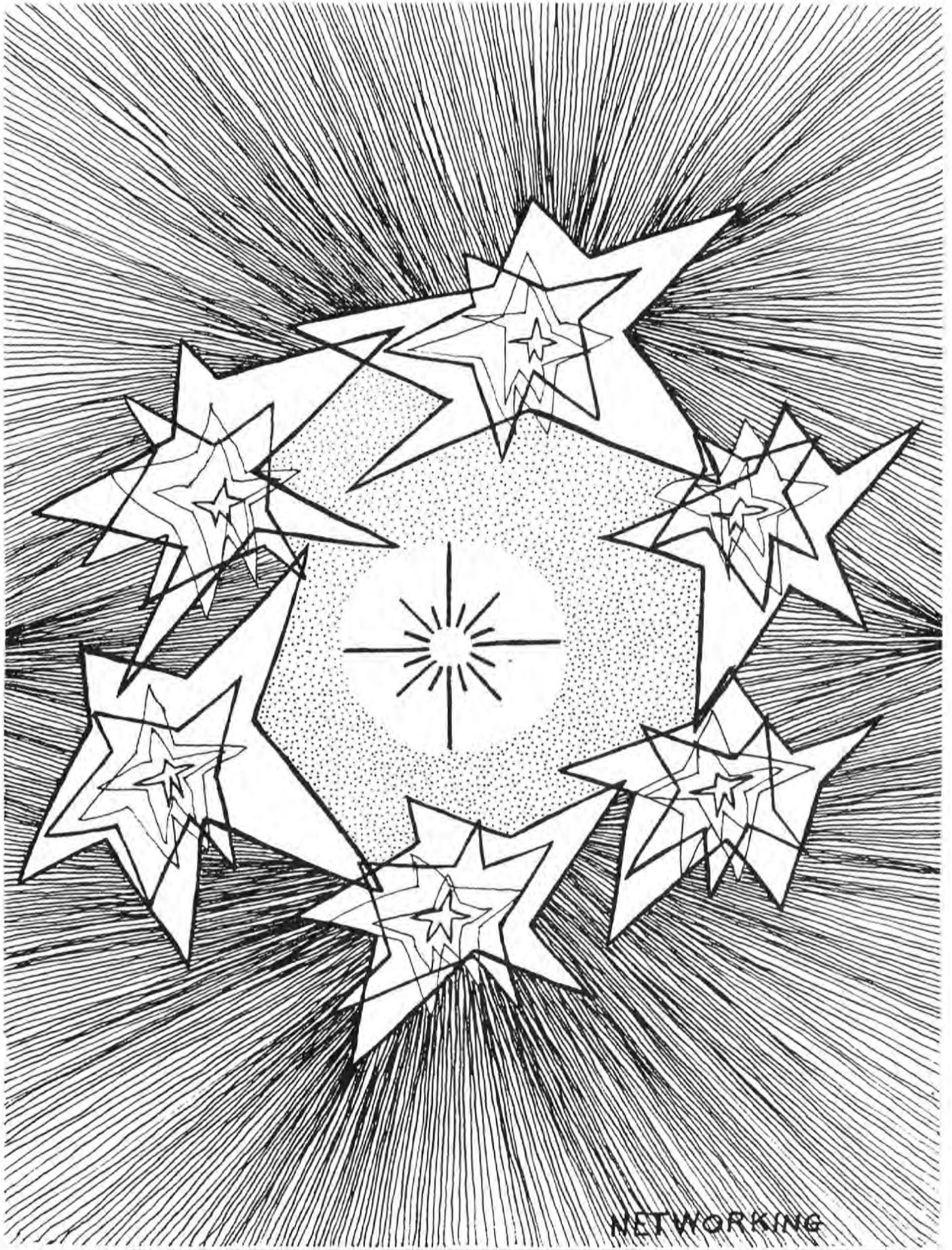
On the other hand, the little yellow bag may be Becca's preparation for her life's journey ahead, now that she has made the decision to "go someplace."

The color of the bag, a deep pure yellow in my mind's eye, is a "color directed toward the future and its designation is change." (from *The Dream Dictionary*, JoJean Boushahla and Virginia Reidel-Geubtner).

The setting of the dream is in a school house. It represents that Becca is progressing on the journey. Here she did make it to school.

On the level of dream characters representing different aspects of the dreamer, the dream may be telling me there is progress being made in the balancing of the *controlling* self of me with the *child* of me. (Dolores is resigned that the little girl has made the decision on her own.) In that event, the little girl of me and the packed bag may represent my detaching from my school days to move forward to the future to take that "opportunity to go someplace."

How I used the dream: As a result of the dream, I did NOT order the book. I sent a letter of congratulations to my young friend on passing the CPA examinations and asked her to keep in touch. ☆



Dream Inspired Poetry

Eden's Gate

I walked into a lake of fire
the flames lept all around me
then commanded by a woman's voice
I stepped where the blaze grew higher
I expected people wailing
but not a sound was heard
I expected hints of searing flesh
but no human limbs were flailing
The voice continued guiding me
further into the fire
and like a child I followed in
and stood in a bubbling mire
The blaze, like curtains, opened wide
and before me stood the woman
ghostly white in a buffalo hide
she looked at me and smiled
Her hand reached out and took my arm
then pulled me through the passage
and where she stepped the fire withdrew
so I felt a sense of calm
She turned again to look at me
with eyes of piercing light
and with a sweep of a magic hand
the earth became clear to see
Fire had cleansed the world of hate
once more destroyed the evil
She spared a few, with faith, like me
and led us all to Eden's Gate.

David Ritchie

Autumn

Inland, dream turtles
swim slowly across the
summer yard of my youth,
gain the shade of the
ancient maple and stop
to snooze; above them, through
rich green leaves, blue sky
promises a century.
Meanwhile, on a distant shore,
sea turtles inch out of the
ocean onto land, life
delivering life, only to make
an individual loop and crawl
back to the sea; the sand gives up
their impressions
with each wave.
Inland, I wake. The leaves
flash brilliance,
curl and die.

Sylvia Merrill Beaupre

Night People

How they roll in, the dead,
crowding my night...
My father once told me:
"If you dream about someone
you've never met, it means
that person just died."
But Father, my dreams
swarm with strangers
I'd never consider mourning,
I'm too busy making
their odd acquaintance
under those fragile conditions.
Familiar forms — dead
parents, lovers and friends —
also people my sleep.
Each night a new film.
They float about, converse
in phrases ephemeral as petals
flutter their hearts
like torn kites on wintery twigs
beyond that slippery wall.
I try to preserve them, insects in amber,
beg them: Stay, you told me so little
or I was too hurried to hear you out —
The sun cuts the silver nitrite of sleep.
Figures blurr, slip to one side, disappear
just as they did before.

Elisavietta Ritchie

[To be in *The Arc of the Storm*, Signal Books,
© 1996 Elisavietta Ritchie] 18-B Summerhill Gardens
Toronto CANADA M4T 1B4

Dream Song:

"I'm your friend forever,
if you will only
follow me."

Guidelines

Be just, bring light
help make the faces shine.
Do not too fondly
embrace the darkness
or seek to kill it.
Fear nothing in man
nor give license to hatred.
Quiver inside
before the great ordinary, guiding
us through time and space.
Savor hot tremors
undressing before
demure and powerful secrets.
Enjoy freely, Maintain
a runner's body.
And train your eyes to see
the fingerprints, the footsteps
of mysteries
on all the circles
on all the spirals.
And in the dreams.
David Sparenberg

Unscheduled Flight

The airport is burning its way through my dream
where we stand on runways eating tiny packets of peanuts,
washing them down with undersized cans of juice —
orange, apple, tomato — and sodas warm from the fires.
Planes move from hangars as if the pilots
lay slumped on the brakes bathed in molasses.
Cold coffee leaks into panels bristling with spinning knobs.
Dials shiver, lights flash, sirens spin lariats of warning —
Swallows dart from the tower enveloped in feathers of flame.
All controls OFF, everything slowly explodes —
lounges, ticket counters, news stands,
security gates, X-ray machines, wash basins —
Only the carousels with lost baggage
continue around and around, waiting.

Elisavietta Ritchie

[to be in *IC.R.E.A.T.E: Journal of Creative Therapy*, May 1995]

by Suzanne Nadon

In Search of Harmony Body, Dreams and Soul

Medicine Heart Press, 1995
(416) 653-2774

H. Thomas Eldridge, PhD

88 pages, typewritten, saddle stitched.

In Search of Harmony is a brief and concise teaching on the value of living a soul-filled life. Thomas Eldridge himself a spiritual teacher, counsellor and dream worker seems to have put gems of the spiritual journey together in one small book. He explores the link between the somatic and the psychic, and implores those on a spiritual journey, and those about to take one, that more awareness can be gleaned from a life lived naturally, with quiet, stillness and natural surroundings than with coffee, pills and technology. I particularly enjoyed the wisdom at the beginning of each one page chapter, which he quotes from well-known mystics and philosophers throughout time. Summarized, Thomas's philosophy is that when an illness manifests, look for the link to the emotional - spiritual or lifestyle issue that sourced the problem. This book will be of interest to any who wish to work with Eldridge and who want to know where he stands on issues of psyche-somatic links.

From Thomas' book: "There is great healing in silence as it is the natural haunt of the soul."

KING, WARRIOR, MAGICIAN, LOVER

Rediscovering the Archetypes of the Mature Masculine
by Robert Moore and Douglas Gillette
Harper Collins, 1990, 160 pages, \$9.95

A brilliant book about the various aspects that make up a whole mature man. Rediscover the positive King, the man who makes the transition from boyhood possible, and who looks over his life with the attitude of fertility and blessing. Consider the Warrior who knows how to defend his community's territory - whether that be intellectual or physical, the mature man who draws order from chaos. Learn about the Magician who can tap into deep unconscious resources, he who draws out the best in himself and in others. And then the Lover, not the addicted Don Juan, who flits uncommitted from one flower to the next, but the deeply passionate, alive and enthusiastic man who brings joy and sensual appreciation to all aspects of his life.

Gillette and Moore suggest that it is the immaturity of the masculine archetypes which has wreaked havoc on our planet. We've suffered under a puerarchy, not a true patriarchy. They outline in laymen's language all the positive and shadow aspects of the four patterns. In search of a renewed image of masculinity, say the authors, many men have allowed themselves to become overwhelmed by the feminine, instead of drawing upon their own resources lying deep within the repressed mature masculine.

The book is a must for women seeking to understand and appreciate the positive aspects of masculinity, and for men who want to be reminded how "manhood" indeed is a potent and positive energy required on our planet today.

Freedom Cries

Shawn Galloway

CD 53 min.

1995 Initiation Records/P.O. Box 158672
Nashville Tennessee 37215

Bravo Shawn! Freedom Cries is a wonderful example of soul in action. Shawn shares his own spiritual journey in song, through the intermediary of drums, powerful lyrics, excellent harmony and satisfying instrumentals. The CD shows this musician's versatility with musical form. A wonderful companion for men's groups, a resource for men working with men, or for any individuals seeking to resonate with the renewed, liberated male psyche. I was left feeling I knew Shawn after listening to the music a few times. Though the vocals were sometimes a bit strident, I found that many of the songs left a lasting impression, playing themselves over and over in my head long after the stereo had gone silent. The title song - Freedom Cries is my personal favorite: "I feel a change, comin' stronger than a storm, Rising on the winds of our time, Freedom, Freedom, echoes in our skies, I feel those freedom cries."

Angels and Man

Relationships & Responsibilities

Mark-Age, 1974

P.O. Box 290368, Ft Lauderdale, Florida 33329 USA

Taken in the context of having been written in the early 70's this book is about getting man to recognize the spiritual dimension of his life, and to heed the messages that come "as if from above", from the light, from God-consciousness, from whom the authors call "angels" and the sophisticated 90's reader might call an "archetype". If you can get past the hierarchical language, and the "This is the way it is" presentation style, the book offers simple, profound wisdom. For me though, its wisdom is buried deep within masculine imagery which I find hard to translate. Like many works of its time, it suggests a flight from the earthly, into the more pure, light, airy spiritual realm. All that is good is above, and in power, and absolutely true without a shadow. Consider this paragraph: "So be it. So be it. So it is. For I have spoken it, and represent myself in angelic form as Lord Michael, titular head of this entire solar system and all celestial forces as they express throughout this galaxy and universe." Who would dare question such self-inducted authority? I do.

The gems in the book are many. However the book's language makes it unpalatable to the common reader. A book to be mined, translated and then republished, in my opinion.

Unrealized Flight:

by Ericka Slayer

A familiar voice tells me I must go and fix my inheritance. Suddenly I am there, perceiving a landscape that is barren without being threatening.

The sky is thick with gray and the distant black mountains are dwarfed by the structure I see before me.

There is a quiet crowd around the base of a rickety scaffold, a structure at once weaker and higher than any possible in waking life.

My inheritance is at the top. I am not aware of actually climbing it; I simply arrive there, at the top, accompanied by the guiding voice whom I know is also myself, the deeper part of me who knows all the truths my waking self hides from me. My inheritance is a massive antique sofa, much like a chair from my great-grandmother's house that used to sit in my childhood bedroom. The sofa does not have major damage but the screws at its joints are loosened and some have fallen out. Hence, although its parts are intact,

it will support nothing. I am conscious of the significance of these repairs, so conscious of them that I am nervous. Someone, presumably my companion whom I cannot see, has given me a screwdriver. Concentrating intensely, I dive into the work and quickly tighten all the screws along the front of the sofa. The crowd below is silent, watching every move I make. I think that when fixed, my inheritance will be either be sold or given away. I know that my contact with it is only in order to repair it.

I move to the side and see that the sofa is on the very edge of the scaffold. Only a wobbling rail stands between the sofa and a terrifying drop. I want to make the final repairs but a fierce wind begins to blow. I know that if I go out to fix the few remaining screws that the powerful wind will carry me away. I am terrified and cannot move.

I refuse to take the risk.



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The dream does not end. I awaken myself from it.

I wake thinking of my husband's flying dreams. He has often told me what fun he has in these dreams, how much he loves to fly. I realize that if I had completed the repairs on my inheritance, I would have glided blissfully along the very wind that frightened me. I think it likely that my husband would have come to me in my dream, that we would have flown together. This is a goal we have shared since the first time we shared our dreams. Flying to us represents freedom, growth, strength and a joyful outpouring of love. In the statements we wrote separately and read to one another during our wedding, we both invoked the image of flight. I said, "I am flying into you," while he declared, "The better angels of my nature are in full flight."

We view our jobs as secondary to our spiritual growth, both as a couple and as individuals. This view is one of the vital centers of our life. We have few possessions and are often worried at the end of the month. Yet our daily wants and needs are so well satisfied that we have the luxury of devoting the majority of our time to one another and to the growth we seek. For us, my inheritance dreams has incredible significance.

After discussing the dreams and sharing the poems I wrote about it, we concluded that the dreams has dual significance, the major components being the repairs and the unrealized flight. The term "inheritance" is symbolic of the prejudices I inherited in my childhood and the work of the dream, the "repairs," is the work of overcoming them. I grew up in the town we now live in: a rural, conservative community. I have no bitterness toward my family, nor toward my

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community. But I do realize that some of the attitudes I "inherited" are damaging to me. They are inconsistent with my free-thinking, spiritually-centered way of life.

The unrealized flight is symbolic of both the freedom I will achieve when I complete the repairs and of our long-term goal to move. Although my husband has traveled around the world, I have always lived in this small town. We are very happy here but we do hunger to travel. Through other dreams as well as through my intuition, I have come to believe that we are here because there are still things we need to do here. Our presence in this town has meaning, in that there are projects of spiritual growth we need to accomplish here. I believe that in "repairing my inheritance," I am undertaking those tasks of growth.

I am enacting this dream by meditating on and attempting to overcome those prejudices I act out without really believing them. They are prejudices I learned by rote, before I developed discrimination as an individual. As is natural in a white, working-class, male-dominated society, they are prejudices against wealthy people, prejudices against people of other races and even prejudices against women. For me, the most harmful of these is the prejudice against the 'outsider' class of "Hippie/Beatniks," and simply creative people who live outside the standards of the average middle-class family. I am only now realizing the paradox of this prejudice and how very hurtful it is. For years now I have considered myself and my husband a part of this class. Although I am very proud of who we are and what we believe, I have acted out this prejudice all my life, never knowing that I was actually hurting myself.

The quest to overcome these prejudices has inspired such a wealth of growth in me that I am refreshed, filled with a new vigor toward all aspects of our life. I enjoy going to work, because it means I can make that special effort to be nice to people. I am building my husband a bird house for his birthday and plan to paint it in all the wild colors and symbols of the Sixties.

In fact, I consider this essay one of my repairs. When I first read *Dream Network*, I stopped a few pages into the journal, deciding it was just a bunch of hippies talking about peace and love. This attitude is completely inconsistent with the way I try and live my life. I condemned the journal without giving it a chance. In re-reading it, I discovered that this prejudged opinion was entirely wrong. The *Dream Network* reflects many of my own and my husband's values. Although we don't share our dreams with a group, we share them with each other... a practice that makes our waking moments a very special time. This writing is symbolic of a repair because I am writing for and learning from a publication that I had previously treated with prejudice.

I always thought of myself as an unprejudiced person but since my inheritance dream, I have learned much about my own prejudice. I have learned how very hurtful it is, not only to others but to oneself. I am aware now of the pure pleasure of being *into* who we are, who I am. I am learning new things and exploring new facets of our life, now truly proud of the outsiders we are, of the woman I am. This is the real tragedy of prejudice: the experience we miss out on, the parts of ourselves and others we condemn unfairly, the paths of growth we cut off by our ignorance. In my case, the prejudices were hidden. It took careful meditation to draw them out and even more meditation to reveal their true nature of insecurity. Yet now I am lucky, for I am able to open the paths I had previously cut off.

My favorite part of the dream is the unrealized flight with my husband. We are as hungry for adventure as we are for growth and in the moving forward along our path, I know we are approaching our goals. Although I don't consider the dream an iron-clad premonition, I know that I will be freer when I complete the repairs. Best of all, I will be even more able to love him. Eventually, we will fly together... both in our dreams and in our waking lives. ☆

Please address correspondence to 577
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Honor Thy Furniture

by Kathy Brown

Last summer I was fortunate to become a part of a metaphysically oriented spiritual study group. Finally and for the first time, I found I had a forum for exploring insights, validating visions, and demystifying dreams. Like this one...

"See if this means anything to you." Nancy scribbled something on the back of her personal space chart and began passing it around the room.

"Honore el sofo." John read aloud. "Honor your couch?"

"That's what Steve said."

"Well, what does it mean?"

"I don't know. It came to me in a dream."

She then proceeded to tell us the rest of the dream. It was filled with symbols for information repositories: museums, library cards, graduate school. At some point she was given this message to bring back to consciousness with her.

"Honore el sofo."

In the dim light shed by this context, John reevaluated the paper and came up with a new interpretation. "Honor your Self."

"Sounds more like it," said Steve. "No one needs to tell Nancy to honor the sofa. She already spends quality time with it. Maybe it was even a warning not to be a couch potato."

"No," Nancy quickly countered. "It said, 'Honor the sofa,' not 'Don't honor the sofa.'"

Ed examined the paper. "It reminds me of something I was just reading about a woman poet. All of her poetry was composed to praise the unpraised. She wrote to honor the ordinary in everyday life."

"So you think it should have said, 'Honor the So-So?'"

"Maybe."

"Self." Sherrie decided with John. "The larger self. The higher self. The one."

"As in, you and the couch are one?" asked Steve. "That would certainly apply."

"Maybe you should ask for an explanation in tonight's dream," Lee suggested.

Steve agreed. "Then if you get a message that says 'Honore el Lazy Boy,' you'll know I was right."

"The Zen of Naugahyde." John added with a sigh.

The answer came, not in a dream, but on blue lined notebook paper written (and carried) in Lee's hand. It came because we as group members couldn't bear to let it evaporate as dreams will when they're not nurtured or written down before caffeine hits the bloodstream. The spelling was a little different but the sounding was the same. Sophos, the ancient Greek word meaning wisdom. Honor thy wisdom. Honor the inner places where museum quality treasures are stored. Honor the integrity of the higher self, that psychic graduate school of all-knowing.

Maybe the message was sent to get us thinking, thinking of all we should be honoring: the ordinary, the extraordinary, our friends, our selves, and yes, even our furniture.

"That's it," we agreed, wrapping up last week's dream in a lovely moon motif gift paper and typing it with a silver cord.

"Nee-ext..."

Sherrie banged her spoon on crystal (the diving, not the drinking kind). "Last night I dreamed I was wallpapering with Chinese people."

"You mean they were helping you or you were putting them on the wall?"

The ever constant search for enlightenment continues. ☆

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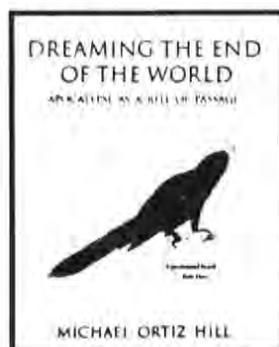
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Ph: 614.885.0823

Ongoing Groups

(Continued)

We share dreams, learn symbolism & interpretation and techniques for remembering. **Theosophical Society, Deerfield Beach, FL.** 305.420.0908
Wed. 12 Noon/weekly (ongoing)
Facilitators: Sy Ginsburg & others

CREATIVE DREAM GROUPS & WORKSHOPS
Utilizing Jungian, expressive and integrative dreamwork methods.
Contact **Marlene King, M.A.**, 2630 S.E. Schiller St., **Portland, OR 97202**
Ph: 503.234.6885

DR. ANN RICHARDS
Weekly Dream Class in Portland & ongoing dream bulletin: "Dreams, Jung AND Art"
SASE to to 1717 SW Park
Portland, OR 97201
Ph: 503.222.0533

Dreamers Still Dreaming
Format: Open-ended concept presentation & interpretation. Bimonthly meeting near downtown **Portland, OR.**
No fee, no leader. Contact:
Kate Hammond, Ph: 503.241.0950

DREAM STREAMS - Meets 1st Tues. of the month from 7 - 9p.m.
@Discovery Bookshop,
808 W. Second St., **Lansdale, PA 19446** Ph: 215.822.5951
Contact: Linda Rosenthal
Bucks/Montco area

METRO D.C. COMMUNITY.
Open To All who share an interest in dreams. 1st Sat. each month, 1-5pm
Patrick Henry Library 101 Maple Ave. E
Vienna, VA. Info: contact Rita Dwyer Ph: 703.281.3639 No fee

Explore Your Dreams
Dream Group meets every other Tuesday 10am - Noon. No fee
Contact Judith Picone,
Edmonds, WA 206.745.3545

Bulletin! Bulletin! Bulletin! Bulletin! Bulletin! Bulletin! Bulletin!

Building the Network

"If You Build It, They Will Come."

We have created a listing of committed and resourceful *Contact Persons* who are willing to make quality dream-related information and reliable contacts more readily available to dream questors (see pg. 35). **If you are interested in becoming active -- and listed -- as a contact for your city, state or region, please send letter/resume.**

In this way we become a *more viable, visible and vital* network of autonomous individuals and groups, making ourselves available to provide quality guidance & resources to individuals pursuing information about dreams and to those who are interested in joining or starting dream groups. You may even choose to coordinate conferences & events in your area!

Bulletin! Bulletin! Bulletin! Bulletin! Bulletin! Bulletin! Bulletin!

Affiliated Dream Related Organizations

ASCLEPIADS, A.H.O.A.

The oldest dream counseling group in the world!"
PO Box 95, Calumet City, IL 60409
Ph: 708.862.1196

ASSOCIATION for the STUDY OF DREAMS

For Membership information
ASD PO Box 1600 **Vienna, VA 22183**
Ph: 703.242.8888

CENTER FOR THE STUDY OF DREAMS

For Membership & Information:
ORIENTE 172 No. 243
COL. Moctezuma Mexico 9 D.F. 15500 **MEXICO**

LUCIDITY ASSOCIATION

8703 109TH ST **Edmonton, Alberta T6G 2L5 CA**

LUCIDITY INSTITUTE

Box 2364 **Stanford, CA 94309**

MONTREAL CENTER for the STUDY OF DREAMS

For Membership & Newsletter Info:
PO Box 69 Outremont, **QC Canada**

ONIROS

French Association for the Study of Dreams
Publishes a Quarterly Journal
BP 30, 93451 Ile St. Denis decex, **France** Phone: 48.20.21.36

Display & Classified Ads in the Dream Network

DISPLAY ADS: Contact our Advertising Representative, Mary Barker

Phone 503/267-0118 or write to PO Box 599, Coos Bay, OR 97420

CLASSIFIED ADS: All Sale Items, Groups, Events and Services requesting fees: \$15 per Issue, \$50 per year (4 Issues); limited to 20 words. \$.75 per word beyond 20 words.

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Main Office: Dream Network, PO Box 1026, Moab, UT 84532 Ph: 801/461-9003

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& Items for Sale**

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A 44 page Booklet
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\$5 each (+ \$1 P&H)
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Deborah Hillman, Ph.D. is a cultural anthropologist offering individual sessions for exploring the inner world through dreams and waking imagination.

Located in **New York City**.

For information or appointment
Call (718) 397-1530

Dream Interpretation

Is a dream puzzling you? I have the same origin as Joseph of old for the interpretations I receive on your behalf. Send contribution to defray costs to: PROPHETICINTERPRETATIONS PO Box 54964, Lexington, KY 40555

Carol DeWolff Psychic Readings via telephone: 201.703-1163 VISA/MC or 1-900-773-1114 \$3.95 per min. Director of the Psychic Guild. Not a 24 hour service.

Making Sleep Tapes Report: \$10,
Brainwashing Expose': \$10,
Triple Your Intelligence: \$8.

Fry's 200 title catalog \$1. Box 2207-D
Garden Valley, ID 83622

Research * Projects**

Dr. Ann Richards is researching for an article on DESIGNS and FORMATS of DREAM CLASSES. Teachers/Leaders of dream classes/groups, please send your experiences and suggestions about facilitating dream groups. You will be credited in follow up article to be provided to DREAM NETWORK. SASE to 1717 SW Park Ave. #815 Portland, OR 97201

Anthony Sykes would like to correspond with anyone who has had dreams, visions or psychic impressions about anything relating to **HIV** and **AIDS**. Information will be greatly appreciated. Send to: 156-20 Riverside Dr. W. #9C, New York, NY 10032 Ph: 212.928.3343

Carol Schreier Rupprecht seeks information and experiences involving dreaming and the legal system, for example dreams used in trials, for a project with an attorney, on dreams as proofs. Please write: 37397 Riverside Drive, Pleasant Hill, OR 97455

Janine Blaeloch is seeking dreams by **women** about **bears**, as well as any ideas about what the dream(s) meant to you. Stories of encounters in the outdoors are also sought. Anonymity respected, if requested. Please write: PO Box 95545, Seattle, WA. 98145

**Services, Books
& Items for Sale**

Dream Voyager - Lucid Dream Mask Programmable features. \$249 + \$5/S&H VISA/MC accepted.

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106 Calendar Court, Suite 112,
LaGrange, IL 60525
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Research * * * Projects

Walt Stover is now writing a book to be published by A.R.E. press on **precognitive** dreams, dreams that have later become manifest. Subject matter of all types will be considered; dreams need not be of the "mountain top" variety. Indicate if you are willing to have your dreams published; your confidentiality will be honored. Please send your precognitive dreams (preferably typed) to 4124 Fawn Court, Marietta, GA 30068 Ph: 404.565.6215

Marc Barasch, author of *The Healing Path* and *Remarkable Recovery* is researching a book on **dreams and healing**. Anyone who has had a key dream which seemed to presage, diagnose, provide key insight into, or even cause a healing experience is welcome to contact him at 1750 30th St. Suite 541, Boulder, CO 80301. Info re: historical, contemporary, or cross-cultural research on this subject also gratefully accepted.

Marlene King, M.A. is collecting dreams and visionary accounts from **people who are diagnosed as terminally ill, particularly from those in the latter stages of their illness**. Also seeking dreams of people who have recorded/told a dream just prior to their death, sudden or otherwise. Please include any additional info illuminating the dream context. Confidentiality is assured. Please send to **2630 SE Schiller St., Portland, OR 97202**

Barbara Shor is researching a book on **angels and dreaming**. She's looking for dreams or visions of any length about angels, or with mysterious presences that may have been angels. Please send dreams, as well as any unusual waking experiences related to the dreams. Anonymity is guaranteed. %: 400 Central Park West, NY, NY 10025.

Anyone doing conscious explorations of the dreamscape and/or hypnagogic states related to the **Tibetan method of lucid dreaming, please respond**. Can we exchange information, do some "mapping," trade techniques, etc.? Write to **Jan Janzen, Box 437, Tofino, B.C., Canada V0R 2Z0**

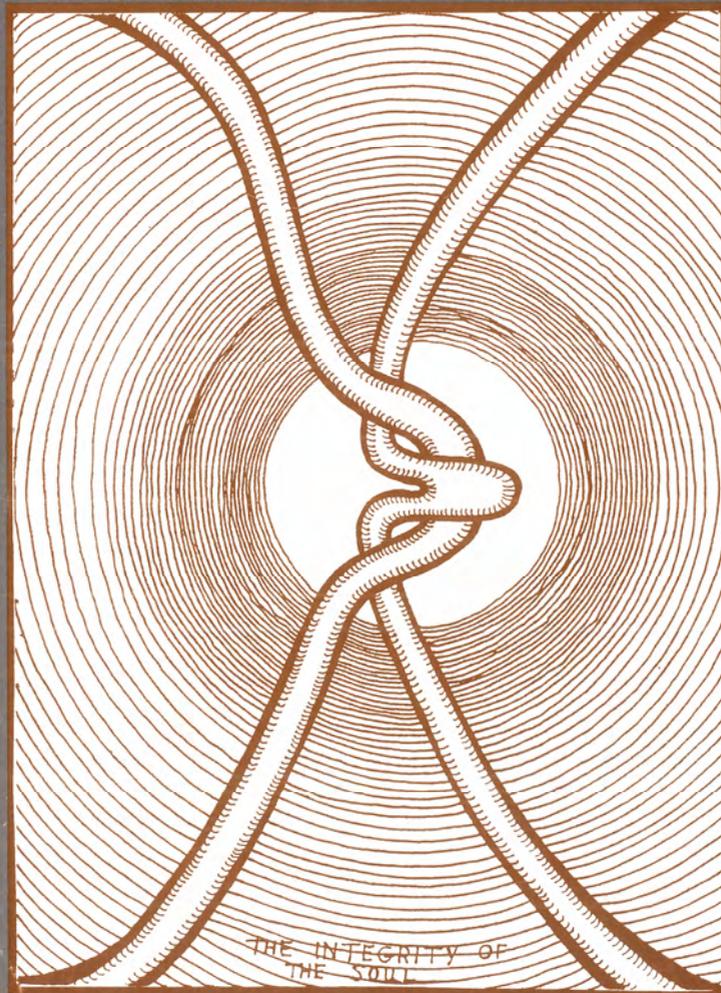
....Dreaming Humanity's Path.... Dream Song

"Be Not Afraid."

I hear the singing of a song:

"Be not afraid. I go before you always.

Come, follow me and I will give you rest."



"The Integrity of the Soul" by Joy Gates

Dream Network Journal

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