

• Dancing The Dream Awake •

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Dream Network

A Journal Exploring Dreams & Myth





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

Earth Changes

My future self, wise from experiences of lifetimes I've yet to live, visits me in the dream. She begins to show me images — projected on a screen — of destruction on earth: images of cleansing and suffering. She then tells me that most of what we are now doing to save the earth — recycling and conserving — is like placing a band aid over a gushing wound.

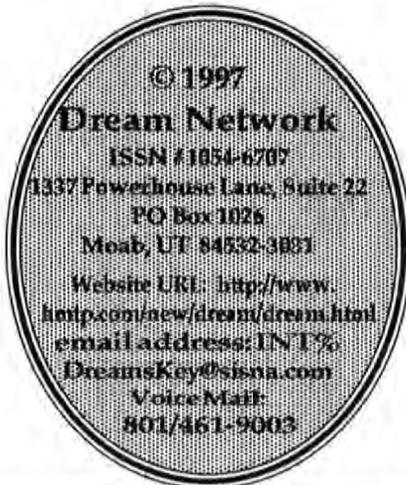
She says, "The forces of destruction are too great and the changes most people are willing to make, too small. All the patriarchal values, with their technological wizardry, art and culture, will be forgotten. All that will be remembered is that this society committed the greatest crime of all: the near destruction of the earth."

She is clear that the earth and some people would survive but that the future world would be unrecognizable to us today. She compares the changes to a time traveler from the middle ages visiting our technological society today. Most of what we value will be destroyed and then forgotten.

She speaks softly, telling me that I (like others) have a choice: "Will you be a part of the forces of destruction or a part of the healing that will create the new world you will, in future lives, cherish?"



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The images and visions of artist Ben Schnirel display an obsessive urge to communicate through the mind's eye.

Dreamscapes are explored and other-worldly form unfold within the creative process. Drawing upon the endless beauty and variety of the desert southwest, Ben recreates the landscape on canvas with a touch of the mystical.

He lives and paints full time in a spectacular area along the Colorado River near Moab, Utah.

A professional artist for over ten years and winner of many awards, including the prestigious "Arts For the Parks" competition.

"I have always had very colorful and vivid dreams. They inspire me in many ways to revisit through my paintings the magical places that I see and feel."

Ben's work is now on exhibit at the Overlook Gallery, Moab, UT and the Kimball Art Center, Park City, UT. He is available for commissioned works. For further information, contact Ben Schnirel @ PO Box 311, Moab, UT 84532, Phone (801) 259-2386.

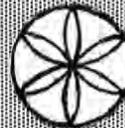
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Upcoming Focus
for Volume 16 No.2

Children Dreaming:
*The Art of Dreamsharing
with Children*

We Welcome Your Submission!

Lifetime: 4 Weeks after
receipt of this issue.

NOTE Regarding Submissions:

Individuals from all cultures and walks of life who desire to share are encouraged to submit dream & myth related manuscripts, poetry and artwork for consideration. even if it falls outside the scope of the current focus or theme. We also invite your dreamsharing, transformational dream experiences and insights regarding effective dreamwork and dreamplay techniques.

Given the overall synchronicity that shapes the *Dream Network*, your submission is likely to fit perfectly into the focus of an up-coming issue.

Your article may also be appropriate for one of our two regular features, *The Art of Dreamsharing* (which includes a broad range of articles on Dream Education), or *The Mythic Dimension* (which explores the relationship and connections between dreams and mythology).

And, of course, we always love to hear from you in our *Responses* column! Whether you were inspired or infuriated by the latest issue or would just like to clear up an area of confusion or correct an oversight, please let us hear from you!

What excites and inspires me is innocence, spontaneity, synchronicity. Once genuinely experienced, events embracing these characteristics become that which is desired; all else becomes a matter of waiting, and duty. I know you agree.

Dreams possess these qualities in abundance, brilliantly bypassing the ego, they arise of their own volition. ... each a unique work of art. Each desiring to be acted upon in some way.

So it is with the dreams which commit me to this path. Innocently and spontaneously the imagery is presented and sometimes, years later, events occur which manifest the dream, often without any conscious intention on my part. For example, after I had 'let go' — on Leap Year Day — of my 20 year multifaceted 'career' as a public servant and launched onto my new path as a lover and student of dreams — wondering all the while what on Earth I would do to 'earn a living' — I had a dream in which I saw a bundle of papers (you could say a publication) dangling from the branch of a tree, its pages blowing in the wind. A dream voice said, "If you don't do it, somebody else will." I had no clue whatsoever what the dream/voice meant at the time.

Just prior to having the dream, I had located the current publisher of the Dream Network and subscribed. Several weeks later, the first issue arrived in my mailbox. It had an unspectacular announcement inside the front cover: "We are seeking a new editor/publisher for the Dream Network." I knew immediately, then, what it meant! I made haste to phone Linda Magallon and began this extraordinary journey with you, undoubtedly the most significant adventure of my life.

The picture you see here was taken, unbeknownst to me, during an event that was the manifestation of a dream and was my initiation onto this path. You see here a woman occupying sacred space....

Sometimes, then, *Dancing the Dream Awake*, is a spontaneous Self-directed event; a life changing gift given by the wise counsel we each possess within; at other times, we may intentionally incubate and/or integrate dreams to enlighten and enliven our lives. For beginners, journaling, doing 'dreamwork' and/or sharing our dreams with others — going to those deep levels within that yield comprehension — are ways in which we bring forth our dreams into reality. Carl Sandburg said: "Nothing happens unless first a dream."

With each turn of the page in this issue, you will discover dreamers exploring and sharing the ways in which dreams influence and change their days (or.... is that daze?). Russell Lockhart spends his early morning hours in contemplative thought, penetrating ways in which his dream desires to be *done* and leads us on to a labyrinthical journey exploring deep roots and meaning (Hints & Intimations, p. 13); Jaye C. Beldo, in his new column *Network Nous* (p. 17) will expose and remind us of the many wonders, sights, sounds and inventions we have come to take for granted that were born in the dream-time; Ginny Perthel shares her process of incubating a dream to gain insight and direction in her quest for a more rewarding career (p. 24).

A unique feature of this issue is the majority of submissions from men. Particularly poignant are the articles and poetry in *The Art of Dreamsharing & Dream Education* section. Heartfelt, painful, powerful, encouraging...., all speaking to the work involved in resolving and making peace with our parents. (See pgs. 27-34). Fred Seligson gifts us with insight into the predominance of shamanistic healing practices in



Korea and the ways in which dreams and mythology shape Korean culture (p. 20). In celebration and respect for the masculine inherent in all, we bow to each of you for your generosity.... and to Ben Schnirel for creating and allowing *The Wizard* to grace our cover.

Our next issue, Volume 16 No. 2, focuses on Dreamsharing with Children and will be one of our most important issues. Children are the manifestation of innocence and spontaneity; by introducing them to the creativity, beauty and importance of dream imagery — and encouraging them to *do the dreams* — we help them to maintain those qualities which our culture has had such an atrocious tendency to stifle.

If you do dreamsharing with your children at home, if you have ever taught a course or done a special presentation/project in the classroom with children or if children are included in your dream therapy/dreamwork practice, PLEASE share your experiences and techniques. Most importantly, ask the children in your life to share their dreams and drawings! We hope to include a special section produced by the children themselves:

May we all rediscover and nurture our child-like innocence and support one another in *doing the dreams!* ♡♡♡♡ HRO

Responses

Letters From YOU!



Spider as BIG as a House

One of the best lessons I learned when I first started doing dreamwork with others was the importance of knowing that the symbols in any given dream belong to the individual dreamer. Even if a symbol is universal — or archetypal — the individual will (or may) interpret this symbol in a personal way.

My first dream partner, Mary, and I met every Friday morning to share dreams. One week I would work on her dream and the next she would work on mine. During one session, while Mary was relating a dream regarding being at her grandparents' farm and telling of a barn housed on the property, I fell into my own reverie about my uncle's farm. When my sister and I were growing up, we loved to go to my uncle's house. There was a stream running through the property, lots of animals and most of all, a wonderful barn. There was always hay in the barn to jump into, mother cats and kittens to watch and play with and fresh milk to drink after my uncle finished milking the cows.

Mary finished sharing her dream. I asked her about her grandparents and the barn: What did these images and symbols mean to her? To my surprise, Mary said she did not like being at her grandparents' house and barns were dark, scary places. We continued to work on Mary's dream and what its message meant for her. Her dream would have brought a totally different message had it been mine. For me, this was a very good lesson about honoring the dreamer's symbols as their own and never assume that I have an inkling as to

their meaning to the dreamer!

During the latter part of my teenage years, I started having a horrific dream about a spider. Not an ordinary spider but one as big as a house! While asleep and dreaming, *I would see a bunch of threads coming to me from off in the distance. As this mass of threads reached my bed and was directly overhead, it would turn into a huge, black spider and fall down on me.* I dreamed this dream at least three times a week... for years.

It gave me quite a bit of trouble when my husband and I were first married and living in an old apartment building with thin walls. Our landlord, who lived above us, would manage to run into us the morning after one of the spider dreams and ask if we heard screams during the night; he would look me over as best he could without being too obvious. My husband was a foreigner and already suspect in the landlord's eyes. Then, one night the man from the apartment next to ours came knocking on our door, still trying to get into his pants after one of my screaming episodes!

My husband decided we had to do something about it. For instance, I would be very disoriented upon awakening, so he suggested we use a night light; this helped me to return to waking consciousness more readily. Then he suggested we not use the word spider, that we instead used "ambrose." This replaced word became such a part of our vocabulary that it took a long time before I said the word 'spider' again.

These devices did help some but it wasn't until I started paying attention to my dreams and keeping a dream journal that my spider image was transformed. With the event of keeping a dream journal, my spider changed! She became rainbow colored and translucent. She was of manageable size and I could walk her on a leash. It wasn't

long after "Spider" took on this form that I understood her message....

"Spider" was an attention getter for me! I grew to understand that her threads were the "stuff" from which dreams are spun. Her ultimate message for me was to point out my need to be artistically creative.

Today "Spider" comes to me in dreams to give me many messages: She warns me about disease (for instance, showing up as cancer cells); she lets me know when things are murky or cloudy by hiding in various types of webs, or webs that show me I am caught within a web; she tells me to spin her threads of creativity by keeping a dream journal, doing dreamwork and painting and sculpting dream images.

Judith Picone, Edmonds, WA

Can You Help With These Dreams?

I would like to express to you all how much I enjoy your journal.

I have had numerous dreams that reveal many things to me. I have been into healing and spiritual work since the age of 21.... and I am now nearly 70 years of age. Many of my dreams pertain to healings, to the Virgin of Guadalupe.... one dream was of God.

I do have a couple of dreams that stump me as to their meaning.

A part of a tree is falling. Then someone brings a torch and burns the rest of it. The tree doesn't last long and the fire burns it to a black crisp.

I wonder what that means?

Across the street, my neighbor's tree, which was a mimosa, broke and fell with a strong wind and a week later a man came and cut the whole tree down. Is there a connection, I wonder?

Also, two times in a period of seven days, I dreamt that *my oldest son catches two very large fish.* Each dream was exactly the same.

The fish was almost as large as a small whale. I am not able to understand that dream, either.

If anyone would like to comment, please contact me.

*Pauline Vinegas, 6935 Alan Hale
San Antonio, TX 78240*

...Life is but a Dream

All the world we see around us is but a dream if we believe it offers anything eternal.

As messengers of God, we are very blessed indeed. Our actions are always directed toward healing. We are always moving toward true healing. We are a guiding light of God's perfect love. The Holy gifts of God are being shared through us. Others are drawn to us. For we are intuitively calling them, our hearts touching theirs. Usually subconsciously but always touching. Our tender, gentle hearts continue to expand with each expression of Love we share.

Holy friends, being God's messenger is our destiny. It has been calling us since before time. Listen to it now. Let it move through us now. Let it transform us joyously, bringing us as close to God as possible.

Thank you, dear messengers.

Thank you, with love always,

Paul Johnson, Ventura, CA

National Dream Hotline

You're running late. You grab your books and head out the door. Going at top speed, it seems like your legs are lead and you're moving in slow motion. You finally reach the classroom only to find everyone turning in answers to a test that you didn't even realize was scheduled!

You're about to give a major presentation at work. You've been preparing for this morning for weeks and you're ready. You enter the boardroom, taking your place at the end of the table. You're puzzled to see your audience's reaction: several smirks, a couple leers and a few gasps. Looking down, you are shocked to see your only physical adornment are your shoes!

Or maybe you have recurring dreams about food or snakes or missing cars or an old love. Do you think your dreams may be telling you something but not sure you're getting the message? You can find out what your dreams mean by calling the National Dream Hotline®. For the ninth year, you can call 417-345-8411 beginning Friday April 25 at 6 p.m. [CDT] until midnight on Sunday and receive answers to questions about your dreams. From flying dreams to nightmares, from lucid dreaming to precognitive dreams, the faculty of the School of Metaphysics will be available for 56 continuous hours, sharing the benefits of research findings and interpreting the meaning of callers' dreams. Lines are also available in major cities where SOM centers are located. Your only cost is your long distance charges. Or, you can email your dreams for interpreting to som@som.org. Interpretations will appear at the SOM website <http://www.som.org> each week.

The Hotline is sponsored by the School of Metaphysics, a not-for-profit organization dedicated to holistic education for spiritual, intuitive man, headquartered in MI.

Dreamsharing....

Dream Network has been an excellent interpretive source reflecting the magic of spiritual-mental excitation we refer to as dreaming. In many cultures, dreams are considered to be from a magical source as well as an extension of our mind's networking.

Dreams heal, instruct and illuminate our physical existence and reveal our true nature, synonymous with the mindwind of the universe. They are informative as well as insightful.

I enjoy reading every volume of *Dream Network*. It is extremely informative and creative. It unites through the power of words, the collective consciousness and reveals it through the individual experience and perspective. Keep up the good work! I like DNJ's new expansive format. For a truly good magazine is like a dream, prospering to be lucid, inspiring and informative.

At this point, I would like to share a couple of dreams I am recently absorbed in...

I'm on a street that I used to live as a child. I see this blue-neon, translucent figure which I can only describe as a ghost. It materializes from the dust blown up by the tires of a white station-wagon once owned by my deceased father-in-law. The station-wagon is moving up the street in reverse. The ghost or spirit is moving through the dust cloud moving over to the house I used to live in. It disappears through the front door. Next, I'm in the house. There are some people looking out the window.

They seem afraid of the ghost they've seen. The adults are frightened, the children are fascinated. I look for the ghost but I can't find it. I look out into the street, where there's no street or dust and say, "We can't see the ghost because the particles are no longer there!"

Perhaps, the ghost is the yang principle: animus or hun which is the character for "clouds" and "demon"; Hun means "cloud-demon." After death, hun rises and becomes shem

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

"expanding and self-revealing" spirit. The yin is the anima or the "white ghost," part of the earth-bound soul. After death occurs, it becomes kuei, "the one who returns," or a ghost. Perhaps it was my deceased father-in-law or another person I've known who has died, attempting to manifest in my dream. In another dream....

There is a homeless man sitting by the East River in Manhattan. There's a keyboard synthesizer and a Roland electric piano next to him.

It's snowing heavily and the homeless man says to me that I've been "cheated by the meat of friendship."

At this point I awaken to the sound of synthesized music. The tv is still on. It is 12:30 a.m. and channel 13 (PBS) is on. I can't believe my eyes when I see my friend on tv dancing in the snow with a homeless man sitting next to a keyboard! As I'm watching, I realize the music is a composition I made about 15 years ago with this friend. As I watch this documentary about a middle-aged, crack-head poet/homeless man, I also hear another composition of mine. When the film ends at 1:00 a.m., my friend and his brother are credited but there's no mention of me. The film's was entitled "Broken Meat." His brother made the film with a girl who received a grant from the Endowment for the Arts. My good friend was also paid for the music.

The next day, I confronted him and he was wordless. He told me that the old man had died. He did remind me that about 15 years ago he invited me to a showing of the film at the Museum of Modern Art.... I was not able to attend.

I realized that the old man in my dream was attempting to tell me that I was cheated meat. What's really interesting is that the imagery was identical to the part of the film I awakened to. I also had a Rhodes piano that I sold to the same friend

about the same time the film was made. All in all, it is truly an overwhelming experience.

Thanks for reading, and keep up the great work.

Robert Jude Foresee, The Bronx, NY

To Analyze or Not to Analyze: This is the Question

How do we know when our dreams are the determinant inner forces needing to be recognized instead of a mundane rehash of the day's activities? Are we able to recognize the rare premonitory dream when it occurs? What do we consider when the dream follows us into the light of day: the action, the symbols, our own feelings? As Shakespeare would say, herein lies the problem. Most of us do not have a clue as to the possible variations available to us if we rely on only our conscious memory.

According to Dr. Mark Thurston, "A truly comprehensive and practical approach to dream interpretation requires a foundation, an understanding of the levels of mind and how they interact with each other to produce a dream." He explains that, actually, four factors can be involved in the correlational interactions of the self as well as the dream: the physical, the conscious, the subconscious and the spiritual forces. Any one of these can be the influential dream factor according to the condition of the others at any given time.

As a dream analyst of over twelve years and a dreamer for longer than I care to remember, I've found we need to consider not only Dr. Thurston's four factors but the specific symbols and emotions connected to the dream. My premise is that these come from a collected source of all knowledge — past, present and possible — which involves psychology, metaphysics, superstition, heraldry, mythology, literature,

religion, language, history, the physical sciences, as well as studies we have, as yet, not formulated. The Swiss psychologist Carl Jung links this *prima materia* to the world of natural instincts which we bring to our earthly incarnation. However, we do not arrive cognizant of this endless knowledge we have access to, which Jung calls the *collective unconscious*. Because of this, the average dreamer will accept his night journey as some fantasy or desire that transpired in his or her recent, awakened state. Or s/he will limit the analysis to their experiential knowledge.

For illustrative purposes, let's assume a man (we'll call him Bill) has been shopping for a car. That night, he dreams of buying the most expensive automobile the dealer had to offer. On his way home, Bill loses control, demolishing the car and seriously injuring himself. If the conscious mind is not aware how other forces can be interrelating with these factors, he may just decide not to buy that particular car. To avoid unnecessary complications in his life, Bill needs to recognize the other factors which may be involved. This is where the dream symbols and his relationship to them can be of importance.

When asked what this new car means to him or her, the average dreamer will give an answer involving transportation, self-esteem, or desire. After all, it is pretty common to want control of our movements. We often feel that *fancier and faster* adds to our self-worth. These responses are valid, certainly, but not everyone is aware that a car can also symbolize one's power, energy or progress in any field of knowledge: physical, mental or spiritual.

After one considers a variety of symbolic possibilities, the 'light bulb' of awareness begins to shine. In Bill's case, his subconscious may help him realize that the automobile

he desires personifies his body, the physical *vehicle*. If so, the major factor is Bill's current state of health. Possibly, his body's engine (the heart) is being driven beyond its limits. On the other hand, he could be driving himself too hard on the job, causing a stressful situation that will cost him more than he can afford mentally or economically. Bill's spiritual forces are probably telling him to slow down for whatever reason. Once a dreamer opens to these potentials of the unconscious, the instinctive forces direct the conscious will to healthy changes.

To carry this further, let's suppose while Bill shopped that day, he overheard a salesman comment to someone, "My doctor told me that I can't afford to keep up this stressful pace without getting an ulcer." The headlines of buying a new car sent these words to the psyche's basement-of-the-forgotten. Nevertheless, in Bill's subconscious, these were intertwined with his own thoughts. The car incident could then represent stressful repercussions (possibly an ulcer) if he actually goes through with this purchase. Our dreamer has unconsciously connected the stress of owning an expensive car to the salesman's remark, which he'd not consciously remembered.

The symbols for stress will likely vary with each person's life experience and/or present situation. Bill's 'car' might be symbolized as a 'broken desk' to an insurance agent, or as 'milk' to someone lactose intolerant. We all bring our personal experiences to the dream.

Meditating on our dreams is also helpful. We need to explore the many levels of each symbol to recognize which has meaning for us. Though we think we know, we do not always recognize the depth of the universal knowing. Often, the deeper layers of dream analysis will not come to fore without a stimulus. The give and take of sharing our analyses

can open doors to our deeper levels. When this happens, we begin to inter-relate the conscious triggers and their ramifications with our dream response, creating a whole new perspective.

A further consideration for sharing is that any dream can be as beneficial for the listener as for the dreamer. Whether my telling or the listener's response runs true for the other or not, it will change the path of our thinking. Without intent, they or I may be the very teacher that Buddha has sent to stimulate the other's knowing, now or sometime in the future. The night journey is an important connection to our higher or inner forces. As we enlighten one another to the variability of these universal symbols and how they affect us, we step forward on that path to an enlightened world.

Lee King, Sedona, AZ

Dreaming On-Line

I write in response to Daren Wilson's letter (DNJ, Vol. 15 No. 4) in which he said, "I'm curious what dreams others have about computers and high technology." I wish to share these two recent dreams which are strongly computer related, although not to the material, technological object per se, but rather to the energy and force we can connect with via the computer.

My first dream arrives after I have studied a book about how to utilize the amenities of a certain large on-line computer service and how to tweak the software configurations:

All night long I am an energy unit flowing, pulsing, moving through the cyberspace of a large on-line service.

This is an alternate reality to being human — there is no "I," only living energy units moving with living energy units in a glorious rhythmic progression

in a vast living being.

From this dream I realize that, from one point of view, an on-line service is a symbol and metaphor for an evolutionary bridging toward telepathy. My experience that an overseeing organizing energy constellates a large on-line service — in a way more potent and powerful and clear than a local provider can — has presented a view of an on-line service as energy and force, beyond the aspect of commercialism or monopoly or any of that human judgment stuff. On a sheer energy level, this is a potent living energy being.... a type of deva. This has been my experience in my dream life.

In another dream a few weeks later....

I am a living energy unit moving among countless other such on an on-line service, this time in the Message Boards. As we all flow and pulsate (like blood cells) along swift currents and channels, we also intermingle and join in various changing combinations. As we do so, joyous energy is released which also becomes part of what we flow through. We are continually reconfiguring this energy as we are continually being changed by it.

The ambiance is charged with vital meaning and joyous sharing.

This is my response to starting a message board in [the on-line service]. I love the feeling of touching on a "snapshot" of another's process in the various categories of the whole spectrum of the message boards. They provide sharing at a pace easy to accommodate and still give the feel of a living process.

It is my experience that when we regard all substance and matter as being alive that we are able to access an alternate and deeper, more meaningful level in life (and technology) and in our dreams.

Joy Gates, Asheville, N.C.

~ ON-LINE ~
Letters/Q & A

(Editor's Note) There is an explosion of Dreamsharing On-Line in a variety of formats: newsgroups, 'Web' pages, message/bulletin boards, etc. It is an expansive sharing that offers unprecedented freedom of expression and anonymity. Pure consciousness communicating.... We will present examples--with permission--to provide insight into what's happening in cyberspace. Please email any dream related information you discover on-line that would be of value to DNJ readers to: DreamsKey@sisna.com

Robbin's Question:

I had a dream of a flying scarab that came to rest with me on a large rock in a beautiful meadow. Is there anyone who can enlighten me as to what Egyptian Myths or symbology this creature represents in that culture?

Kwint Answers:

In Col. James Churchward's "The Sacred Symbols of Mu," he wrote that the scarab was worshiped because it rolls a ball of mud around and plants its seed therein, as the Creator rolls the earth around and plants the Cosmic Seed of Man thereon..... or words to that effect.

There is another theme of the scarabeus beetle from the Egyptians. They honored the scarab as the manifestation of Ra, the sun god, because the scarab rolls a ball of dung across the earth at the hottest time of day as Ra rolls the sun across the heavens.

The scarab was considered so holy that they were carved as amulets and placed on the mummy in place of the heart when the person was prepared for burial. (Sometimes the heart was removed from the body during the mummification process.)

Before the deceased entered the afterlife, they went through a final judgment in which their heart was weighed against the feather of Truth (Ma'at). Anubis held the scales, Thoth wrote down the result and

reported it to Osiris, god of the Underworld (and of vegetation and resurrection). If the heart testified against its owner, they would not pass on to a happy afterlife. However, if the heart was replaced by the holy scarab, it would not give negative testimony.

The scarab was in some periods considered to be a symbol of resurrection. Ancient writers thought that there were no female scarabs, and that the males self-regenerated. Accordingly, the symbol of the scarab placed in the mummy was thought to help regenerate (or resurrect) the person who had died.

CG Jung, the father of analytic psychology, tells a story in his book, *Memories, Dreams and Reflections*, in which a scarab appears in a synchronistic way to evoke a breakthrough in a resistant patient. As I recall, the person was retelling a dream of a scarab and denying the importance of the imaginal (irrational) world when a scarab appeared at the window, tapping its wings against it.

Jung believed that certain symbols and themes manifested themselves in many different cultures and widely separated parts of the world because they were archetypes that emerged from the collective unconscious.

These symbols still have the same potency today.

So what might the scarab represent to you? Only you can tell your particular associations to it. For example, if you were ever frightened by a large beetle as a child, or particularly entranced with one's beauty, it may mean something distinctly personal. As far as universal meaning, however, you might explore themes of resurrection, rebirth, regeneration, perseverance, flight (its winged aspect), the life-giving nature of the sun and so on.

I will take a look at some other mythology books to see what beetles may have represented in other cultures.

Kwint

Dying in Dreams

"Fridge's" Question:

I keep hearing you're not supposed to 'die' in dreams, because otherwise you really die. I know I've experienced 'death' a few times in dreams and wonder a) where this folklore comes from and b) have other people 'died'?

McLeester Answers:

Dying in dreams is often very positive, something that has been confirmed many times by people who share dreams in dream groups. While each dream is unique, these dreams are often about some big change in the dreamer's life. Any time we undergo a big change, some part of us must die to make room for the new possibilities. Dreams do not mess around, so the fear and pain of this death can be quite intense. However, many report going through amazing rebirths if the death is allowed.

The common folk advice that suggests you must never allow yourself to die in a dream or else you will really die has grown to the proportion of a modern mythology. The myth stems from so many people who are out of touch with their own and each other's dreams, from taking dreams too literally, and from living in a culture that fears any mention of death.

Many things that we would wisely avoid in waking life can offer us great gifts in our dreams. They are a wonderful way to gain insight into our fears, desires, our shadow side and anything currently in our blindspots.

Relax and enjoy. Then reflect on what has happened and what you might learn from it. To learn more, check out *Dream Network Journal's* Web Site at <http://www.htmp.com/new/dream/dream.html>

May your dreams perplex you into new possibilities!

Dick McLeester

Turtle

I am leaving a building, walking down a long wooden ramp that gradually descends over a wide lawn. The ramp becomes a bridge that crosses over a sparkling stream and continues on out of sight. The air is cool but electric with excitement.

I am walking slowly down the ramp but all around me there is rapid movement.

Many people are hurrying past me, shouting and laughing.

Some call to me to come along.... to move faster.

For some reason, I feel detached from the commotion; by comparison, I am moving in slow motion. Off in the distance, the only thing I can see is a light that is so bright it hurts my eyes to look at it. All the people are happily racing to it, as if they are magnetized. Everyone is running and disappearing into the glare of the light.

It engulfs them. My husband, Jon, walks past, urging me to quicken my pace, as if I might miss something.

"Come on, Starfeather," he says. "Look, it's the light! Go to the light, go to the light," he repeated, pointing. He is unusually impatient with me and rushes off without me.

I turn to my right, looking to the water just ahead and see a very large old turtle come walking slowly out of the stream. I stand still, awe-struck by the sight of her. She is huge and moving in the opposite direction from the running people. She seems to be from another reality... she is slow, dense, moist, green and intentional in her movement, as opposed to the somewhat chaotic, fast-moving, excited people and the bright light behind her. She stops, turns her head and looks directly into my eyes. I feel her power, for although she is old, she is far from weak. My whole being knows that the turtle is important.



She speaks to me slowly, without words, saying,

"Use your intuition. Put your antennae up and feel around you.

Listen with your belly; feel with your heart."

Her intense eyes then leave me and she resumes her movement forward.

She is very focused on her walk away from the light. Away from the light.

I open my intuitive awareness to the light as the turtle suggested and to my surprise, I feel nothing. It has no energy. No heat. No love, no passion; nothing. It is just visual.

If it is "the light" it would be all loving but it is not. It is a mirage, a fake. I choose to turn away from the people, away from the light and follow the path of the Turtle.



*"Whatever you can do
or dream you can, begin it."*

—Goethe

Hints & Intimations:

The Dream's Desire for the Great Dream

by Russell Arthur Lockhart, Ph.D.

I. Do the Dream

Long before sunrise, I sit at my desk staring at a photograph of a horned, shaggy-haired face of a highland cow looking out at me with one uncovered eye from a farm near Glenborrodale, Scotland. Below this wonderful creature a little sign: Do the Dream. In this ritual reverie, I try not to focus on what the dream means. Instead: what can I do, what act or acts can I undertake in relation to the images in the dream and what will they induce in my experience. Rather than orienting dream work to the past (as searching for meaning is so inclined to do), this way with the dream focuses on the future, on what comes next in relation to the dream.

Readers of *Dream Network* will recognize my concern for these issues which I expressed in an interview entitled, "*Embracing the Future In Our Dreams: Emerging Forms of Community*" (Volume 12, No. 4), and an essay entitled "*Whispers & Murmurs: Perspectives on Dreaming Humanity's Path*" (Volume 14, No. 4). Here I want to focus on this expression: Do the Dream. There have been two particular influences on me in developing this perspective on the dream.

II. A Dream Wants a Dream

The first influence was a dream in which a slip of paper fell out of Jung's *Memories, Dreams and Reflections*. On it was written, poem-like, *The poem wants a poem/The dream wants a dream*. We are accustomed to thinking about our desires (rejected, hidden, unconscious) as being the very stuff of dreams.... perhaps in disguise. Hence, all the work (interpretation, analysis) devoted to unraveling the complexity of the dream's imagery. As an analyst for nearly twenty-five years, I cannot gainsay the value of such approaches to the dream. But prompted by the little dream above, I have come to consider being with dreams differently, to take seriously the implications embedded in this dream's strange claim: "*the dream wants a dream.*" What dream does the dream want? My dream? Another's? Will any dream do or is it a particular dream that is desired? And, most significantly, is what I do in relation to a dream important in some way in fulfilling a dream's desire?

Desire! We recognize the word, have little difficulty with its meaning. Prompted by a dream some years ago in which a voice announced,

"Do you not know that words are eggs, that words carry life, that words give birth?" I became entranced by the image of words as eggs and the generative implications of this. These images led me to consider a word's etymology, its ancestry, its origin, its roots. And I was struck profoundly (and still am) by the roots of etymology itself which mean "true speech" (etymon=true; logos=speech). Ever since that dream I have been led to explore the roots of words as a way into a word's truth. In a way, it's like what Bachelard says: "Yes, words really do dream."

So, in relation to desire, I find its Indo-European root (sweid-2) means "to shine," and gives rise to another word which hints at what is intended, and that word is consider. The "-sider" part of this word and the "-sire" part of desire are derived from the same root. The fullness of what is intended can be seen in the Latin word *considerare*, which was a term of augury meaning "to observe the stars carefully." So, at the root of desire is the image of watching the stars carefully—carefully because what one "saw" had to do with the future! Thus, the first step in relation to the desire of a dream is to put oneself in that state of observation of the stars: watching and waiting for something to present itself. Possibly, we will need a new language to express the subtleties of this sense of desire and its relation to the future.

III. The Dream's Hint

A second influence is found in a letter C. G. Jung wrote to the art critic and poet, Sir Herbert Read in 1960:

"We have simply got to listen to what the psyche spontaneously says to us. What the dream, which is not manufactured by us, says is just so.... It is the great dream which has always spoken through the artist as a mouthpiece. All his love and passion (his "values") flow towards the coming guest to proclaim his arrival... What is the great Dream? It consists of the many small dreams and the many acts of humility and submission to their hints. It is the future and the picture of the new world, which we do not understand yet. We cannot know better than the unconscious and its intimations. There is a fair chance of finding what we

seek in vain in our conscious world. Where else could it be?"

For me, this excerpt from Jung's letter contains the distilled wisdom of Jung's deepest thought about dreams. I believe its essence has been very little realized in the nearly forty years since Jung articulated these ideas.

A dream's desire, then, is the great Dream. And what is this great Dream toward which dreams yearn? It first consists of the many small dreams and the acts of humility and submission to their hints. Jung emphasizes acts in relation to the hints of the dream. To enact the dream's hint is one sense of what is meant by "Do the Dream." To do the dream is in some way responding to the dream's desire for the great Dream. And if we function as the artist functions, by allowing the dream to speak through us as mouthpiece, and like the artist we gather together all our love, passion and value in response to the dream's hint, we create a welcoming eros for the arrival of the coming guest. So, by our acts in relation to the hints of the dream, we prepare the future... not for the future, nor *predicting the future*, but preparing the way for the future's incarnation of the coming guest, "the future and the picture of the new world."

IV. Early One Morning...

Of course, any examples I present here in this brief note can themselves be only hints as to what is involved in exploring Jung's late ideas about the dream. And as I write these words, this particular example comes to mind so I will tell it. I had a dream, a dream that was a voice only, the voice saying: "*The secret is in the small.*"

When I awoke, a sudden remembrance: many years ago I asked Sir Laurens Van der Post what the most important thing was he had learned in Africa. He answered, without hesitation: "To pay attention to the small."

A little while later, I'm staring into that highland cow's eye. The biggest thing in my field of consciousness was the litany of things I had to do that day. I tried to quiet all that. Let it go. I asked myself, "What's small, what's barely noticeable?" A little urge to listen to Gorecki. I put Gorecki in the CD. A small impulse to get the newspaper. I do. In the moonlight, on the long

walk back from the mail box, I scan the headlines, with no real interest until I see a story from Oslo, Norway which announces: "The Scream," Edvard Munch's terrifying painting that was a harbinger of modern art was stolen yesterday from the National Art Museum. Suddenly, a cascade of thoughts and images are let loose in my consciousness. At my desk I try to write out the sense of what was "presenting itself" to my experience.

Journal Entry—February 13, 1994:

Eve of St. Valentine's, and long before the sun, I listen to Henry Gorecki's String Quartet No.1, the one called "Already It Is Dusk." The notes crash and race about as if attacking one another. The unrelieved tension of this dissonance is in my ears as I read of Norway's loss to thieves of Edvard Munch's "The Scream" as the Olympics begin. Both events are strangely lost in the shadows of a world's consuming fascination with a bizarre attack on a skater's knee ("Why... why? she screams). I realize that this craziness of scale, of proportion, of perspective is the grammar of the post-modern world.

"Hey Munch, what do you think of this?" No answer. So, I look in his journal. Four years before he painted "The Scream," he wrote: "No more painting of interiors with men reading and women knitting! They must be living people who breathe, feel, suffer and love. I will paint a series of pictures, in which people will have to recognize the holy element and bare their heads before it, as though in church." Munch wanted people to see what they were feeling and to recognize that this was holy. Such expressionism was one beginning of what came to be known as "modern" art. This new church of modernity found salvation in the purity of the new, redemption in the rejection of the past, and certainty of faith by proclaiming that the future is now.

Traditions aspire to immortality. Modern-

ity as tradition was self-defeating because "the new" cannot last forever. Everything falls before the ravages of time. Modernity sought refuge from the ravages of time by trying to stop time (the photograph), to make the present endure (the movie film), to empty the call of the future (rejection of the religious impulse). The inevitable degrading of modernism from its high perch led to the apotheosis of the surface of things (modernism's narcissistic heir) and an inevitable disconnection from the rootedness of things.

Rootless is the existential state birthing the post-modern world. Un-bordered and boundless, there can be no reference point which has more value than any other. We are aspiring no longer to immortality but to infinity and therefore addiction to speed, as if becoming light itself were now the goal. All demarcations become suspect. Value itself is becoming relativized to the point of invisibility.

So, dear Munch, the church of modernism you helped to set in motion has died. And today, one of its icons, your Scream, has become ransom in a political act of anti-abortionists. A demand has been received to show "The Silent Scream" on national television. The video shows the distorted face of a screaming fetus as it is aborted. Authorities try to estimate the monetary value of your work. Seems that it's less than the commercial value of the injured skater.

Already it is dusk. Someone has stolen the scream. Is the future being aborted? I listen to the music of a man born near Auschwitz, Gorecki, and his post-modern effort to find in 14th century Polish chants some reason to go on. I hear the words of Leonard Cohen echo in my mind from his album called *The Future*: "Get ready for the future, it is murder," but also that "Love is the only engine of survival." And Thornton Wilder: "There is a land of the living and a land of the dead and the bridge is love, the only survival, the

"A dream's desire, then, is the great Dream. And what is this great Dream toward which dreams yearn? It first consists of the many small dreams and the acts of humility and submission to their hints. Jung emphasizes acts in relation to the hints of the dream. To enact the dream's hint is one sense of what is meant by Do the Dream."

only meaning."

I feel weighed down by the theft of "The Scream," by Gorecki's darkness, by the post-modern craziness of disproportion loose in the world. Yet, the dream holds out against this, urging me to find the secret in the small. From the congeries of my experience this morning, I'm feeling that the secret in the small is love.

Against the backdrop of these large questions, what is the small thing I must do? Already, by attending to the small impulses, I have acted by writing out these thoughts as they have come to me. I certainly had not set out to write these words. Still, the words came together in a torrent following my acting on what was "small" on the fringes of my consciousness (Gorecki, the newspaper), as prompted by the dream. The secret is in the small.

V. *Not in Dreams Only*

I find that the idea of "Do the Dream" applies as well to any manner of "presentational experience," by which I mean any unintended experience which stands out in some way (slips of the tongue, synchronicities, etc.). Here is a small example.

In a liquor store. An old timer, obviously one of the store's regulars, comes in and is greeted by the counterman: "What's new Bud?" Bud replies, without delay, "Nuttin' Fred, same old story." Now why such an exchange should persist in my mind as I made my purchase and left the store I do not know. The very banality of the situation should have precluded this increasingly felt insistence that I pay attention to what I'd just heard. By the time I got home and was relaxing with the first sips of my single malt, it had not died down. "What's new? Same old story" kept whirling around. Along with the word banal. I tried to push it away, but like an insistent dream, it kept pressing me. So, I acted by going to the dictionary as a first step, with banal. "Drearily predictable," says the American Heritage, my favorite of the common dictionaries. I like these adjectival and emotional definitions. Not just "predictable" but drearily predictable. This "dreary" leads me to the edges of a mood enhanced by the synonym trite, which I already know comes from the same root as trivia, and I already

know that this word (= "three roads") finds its way to Hekate, dark goddess of the graveyards. So I put off pursuing that line further for now.... but the mood is darkened by this hint.

The dictionary tells me next that banal comes from an Old French word, ban, meaning "a summons to military service." So that's it: the banal con/scripts us, scripts us together into "the same old story." The universal draft. No choice. Military? What's the war here? Who the combatants? What's the cause? Can one conscientiously object?

A furious resistance rises in me. I don't want to pursue this military theme. Later, I say to myself. Right now I want the root of this word. The dictionary tells me the Indo-European root is bha- meaning "to speak." And the first word that rises from this root in our English tongue is affable, "one who is easy to speak to." There is an "ease" in banal talk, "small" talk we say. My eye, of course, latches onto the word fable nestled there. What sort of fable is the "same old story." Is it the sense of lie, as in con/fabulate, the fictions we tell one another in "small talk"? OK. So far, we have the sense that banality is something like a necessary thing, something like being drafted, something like what everyone does, something like the lies we tell one another to smooth the social machinery of our everyday interactions. These fables are the useful lies of daily life. They do not engage us. They are banal. Why focus on them at all?

Because the next word in our mother's tongue that rises out of bha- is fate! Believe it or not, banal and fate have the same etymological root! The first effort in response to the shock of this is to say, well, of course, like universal conscription, we are all fated to suffer banality. But suppose we turn this a bit and say it the other way around: that our fate is in banality, hidden in the fable there, not fable as lie, but fable as some deeper truth. What then?

This I will take up in a subsequent essay where I will explore more deeply the varied acts that might be undertaken in relation to the hints in our dreams and other such phenomena of the presentational psyche, and how these acts may form the weave of our fate and our future. ∞

Correspond via Email: RAL@halcyon.com

NETWORK NOUS

DREAMS OF INVENTION

by ©1997 Jaye C. Beldo

The best news so far in 1997 has been an invitation to write a column for *Dream Network*. I have chosen the title *Network Nous*, using the Ionian philosopher Anaxagoras's coinage for what he perceived as the universal mind. The scientist Itzhak Bentov in his book, *Stalking the Wild Pendulum* calls it the Isoelectric field which surrounds the earth. The Jesuit Priest, Teilhard De Chardin used the catholic modifier: Noosphere. Many other names from all dreams of life describe the phenomena of shared mind as well. It is poignantly embodied in what is called the Erur dream, which translated means 'circle dream' where the initiate dreams of putting his arms around the world with the fingers touching, an all embracing symbol of global knowledge.

In Vol. 13 #3 of *Dream Network*, I premiered with an article called Integrative Dream Narration which describes a psychique I've devised where individual dreams are merged into a collective story to create a shared consciousness, an oneiric Nous of sorts. I have been researching dreams and dreamwork for 25 years and am currently writing a book called *Dream Democracy* where I express my belief that dreams are urging us on to a more substantially political involvement in life. Currently residing in Minneapolis, MN., I am a freelance writer, art critic, intuitive counselor and valet/ferryman at a nearby old folks home as well.

In *Network Nous*, we will be specifically exploring how dreams have assisted in furthering the betterment of humanity by offering up the seeds of discovery, which in turn inspire practical inventions, artistic creations, as well as spiritual and secular visions. In the Islamic tradition, dreamed ideas such as these are the result of 'Istikhara' which means 'asking a favor of heaven.' In Sufism they could be considered a form of 'tallaji' which indicates 'a breakthrough of the limitations of time and space.' Inventionary dreams assist us in breaking through outdated belief systems, dogmas and doctrines and other restrictive codicils.

Historical as well as contemporary examples of dreams will be included in this column. Exploration will be employed as an alternative to interpretation and analysis. It is my belief that inventionary dreams hold energy patterns (morphogenetic fields) that we can utilize and benefit from. For all dreams are interconnected in a kind of electrostatic field in the collective unconscious waiting to be reactivated and utilized.

From St. Augustine to August Kekule and his Benzene ring dream to St. Perpetua and Joan de Arc's dream of leading an army to victory, we will investigate creationary and inventionary dreams themselves in confidence that they will serve as a catalyst for furthering our current dreams into manifest reality. But first let us start in

the 1600's, when most of our recent troubles began, troubles which have made it exceedingly difficult to break completely through the limitations of time and space.

One of the most ironic conceits in western philosophical history is that Rene Descartes, the infamous 17th century French philosopher who helped spark the Enlightenment, formulated his doctrine of mind body dualism from a series of dreams he had. How he tried to permanently rend the mind from the body, making reason reign eternally supreme all the while using the wellsprings of the irrational as inspiration, is a most vexing and troublesome quandary. When one regards just how psychologically, environmentally and spiritually devastating such a rift has been, even in our holographic era, the paradox becomes even more troubling. Could Rene, with pineal idiosyncrasy, have misinterpreted the deeper import of the dreams themselves? Was he fearful of what the dreams were really trying to tell him? Could his philosophy of reason have been a cerebral career move, a panicky defense against what the dreams were really trying to urge him towards? See Karl Stern's book *Flight From Women*. He offers some viable interpretations of Descartes's dreams in an attempt to answer these questions.

Three hundred years later, a teenager dreamed of riding a sled so fast that the

stars in the sky started to distort into fantastic shapes and beautiful colors. This dream led him to eventually develop a unified counterpoint (with a three century pause between the notes) to Cartesian doubt. Mr. Einstein's unconscious was merely counterpointing, if not counter-punning with a kind of relative resolution or retribution which would once again reunite mind, body, even soul into a unified field of dreams. I suspect dream fugues of this nature are occurring at all times around the world. Perhaps there are contemporary dreams answering to the echoes of paleolithic dreams in such a fashion. We simply need to dilate our dream awareness to embrace such synchronic and diachronic fugues.

Even after the Tallaji of Einstein and others, the Cartesian illusion still dictates much of how we conduct our lives. Our science and industry for profit organizations still rely on mind body dualism which is used in attempt to control our world, make us unhappy. The dubious reputation for abstraction [from the word abstrahere: to draw away from] institutions ranging from the National Rifle Association to the National Academy of the Sciences have could very well be counterpointed if dreams are included in papers written by scientists, researchers, underwriters, in patent applications, even W-2 forms! Not just written descriptions and compulsory interpretations but drawings and paintings of the symbols, locales and dream personae as well. Imagine Ph.D theses peppered with dream icons instead of bar graphs and charts! Or how about a scientist dancing a dream in front of the members of the National Academy of the Sciences. A doctor doing a dream cha-cha for the AMA? All these are near-fetched possibilities if we simply ask a favor of our dreams to reveal the inventions needed to bridge the rift. ∞

If you have any dreams that you would like to share with Network Nous, please e-mail them to me at: Netrious@aol.com or send them to: Jaye C. Beldo, 554 Emerson Ave. South #16, MNPLS, MN. 55408. Phone: 612-827-6835.

Operation Joy

by Lorraine Grassano

I decide to work into the midnight shift, a double shift. A four-wheel-drive vehicle with huge tires which belongs to someone I know is parked by a cliff over the ocean. Across the street is a fancy restaurant. One of the lady patrons wants me to cite the jeep for parking illegally (I am a Park Ranger). Instead, I go to sleep inside the vehicle hoping the owner will return and move it. Then I wake up (still within the dream) because I realize that I am still on duty. I look down at the ocean and the tide is going out. A sea lion is floundering in the mud but finally manages to get into the current and be carried out to deeper water. Other creatures continue to struggle.

I feel badly but am too high up to do anything.

Then the perspective of the dream changes.

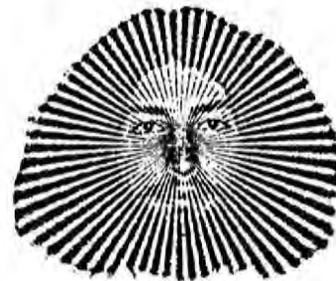
I am reading a novel and at the same time, I am watching the story unfold with me as the main character. The novel is written by "Phillipa," a woman.... yet the main character is a man. This perplexes me. I am in a little red sports car (on the same cliff as before) bragging callously about running over somebody a long time ago and getting away with it. The man I am talking to tells me that his little girl was killed by a hit-and-run driver. We realize that I was the one that killed her! He moves threateningly in my direction, as do all the patrons of the fancy restaurant. I am surrounded by a mob of expressionless people. The victim's father pulls off my wig to reveal that the main character is really a woman. This man/woman perpetrator who is also myself is knocked out and forced to have an operation.

When the crowd of people step back from the operating table, I see a skeleton in the fetal position; all my skin has been stripped away. I am encased in some kind of crystalline form which shines forth all the colors of the rainbow.

My new purpose, when I regain consciousness, will be to walk around, bringing joy to all those who had a hand in the operation.



This skeleton encased in rainbow crystal is all at once horrifying and beautiful to behold. ∞



The Natural Artistry of Dreams:
Creative Ways to Bring the Wisdom of Dreams
to Waking Life,
by Jill Mellick, 14.95, 1996, 299 pages,
Conari Press 2550 Ninth St., Ste 101, Berkeley, CA 94710.

Jill Mellick writes with a poetic elegance that truly honors the dreams, coming across as simple and natural, while offering practical suggestions that can take the reader quite deep. Her strong personal voice and frequent examples of actual dreams, make this a warm and gentle approach. It is refreshing to come across a dream book that does not hinge on any one technique or theory. Instead we celebrate the diverse ways dreams "disturb, amuse, intrigue, haunt, and inspire," while we learn of a rich variety of ways we might "unearth and restore this buried treasure."

Originally from Australia, Jill Mellick is currently a psychologist in private practice in California; she is also an artist, writer and musician. She considers herself bi-cultural, and clearly shows the value of diverse cross-cultural perspectives. This awareness can inform the way we approach dreams.

"Our dreams, too, enact themselves in a different culture that we can only partially understand. So we must be wary of the preconceptions we bring to our dreams from our waking culture or from other cultures. By learning from other cultures' ways of structuring and receiving stories, dreams, images, and experiences, we can enrich our perceptions of and responses to dreams. Free of the constraints of our answer-addicted, deterministic culture, we can open to new secrets, new themes, new ways of listening and attending."

The direction here is inherently diverse and non-dogmatic, challenging us to broaden our range of what is possible as we work and/or play with dreams.

"This book refrains from discussing dream interpretation. Rather, it offers only ways to ask questions. I don't know answers and can't give you any about your dreams. Trust your lived experience... This book provides you with many lenses through which to view your dreams. Often, these lenses contradict one another.

Practice holding this paradox without resolving it; practice seeing several 'oppositional' approaches as worthy."

A wide range of well-chosen quotes from other writers adds to the array of perspectives this book offers. While many dream books try this, I rarely find so many inspiring quotes I have not read elsewhere.

The primary contribution of this book will probably be the way Jill expands the ways we work with dreams. Why limit ourselves to a sit & talk mode when there are so many ways to explore dreams via the creative arts? The range she shows us includes storytelling & poetry, painting, collage & sculpture, movement, drama & ritual. I know that others are working in these modes, but we rarely see it written up, so this book will definitely expand your range of options. Don't some dreams just beg to get up and move?

"...begin to embody the energy of the dream, to allow it into cellular consciousness. The body is often able to express what words cannot, so it can be helpful to set aside analysis and words at times, and intentionally mime the dream from beginning to end. Miming bypasses noisy minds and directly taps into dream feelings and movements. When we can free ourselves from the burden of verbalizing, we can have different consciousness...."

There are great tips for ways to do this dreamwork/play alone or in a group, and a strategy for starting your own Dream Arts Group. She offers many excellent ideas for how to record or explore a dream in a very short time, which can be a godsend in our sometimes hectic lives. I give her lots of points for the excellent discussion of how we can get wisdom and healing from "bad dreams," without glossing over what is difficult or "doing a Pollyanna." This book is a rich treasure-chest, of great value to all who value dreams as a path of healing and wholeness. ∞

Personal Mythology and Korean Dreams

by Fred Jeremy Seligson



Introduction

In traditional Korean society, a person's self-image, basic motivations and major life choices are affected by special kinds of dreams, popularly accepted as precognitive. These are distinguished from "dog dreams," which aren't considered future-oriented, and reflect only one's psychological state or the events of a day. As for precognitive dreams, I have been able to collect, with the help of my students at the Hankuk University of Foreign Studies in Seoul, South Korea, a large sample and identify the most significant ones. These will be discussed here from the point of view of a "personal mythology."¹

Personal Mythology

A myth is a made-up, representational or symbolic explanation for an existing state of affairs. Mythology is a body of myths which define a wide range of beliefs and attitudes in a culture. Cultures have mythologies which (1) romanticize the creation or origin of a people; (2) justify the rites of passage and other customs of the people who live by them; (3) explain the purposes of their present life and relations to others outside the culture; and (4) point to a common future, even beyond the grave. For example, the foundation myth of Tangun allows Koreans to trace their origins back to two mythological beings: the son of a heaven god, and a she-bear who through her prayers had been transformed into a human being. Tangun was the founder of a holy city and the first shaman ruler of the Korean people. His successors also adopted the title of Tangun. In an effort to erase the patriotic power which this myth carried, the Japanese imperialists, who colonized Korea from 1910 to 1945, tried to diminish its importance when re-writing Korean history and discouraged any mention of it.

The Japanese were somewhat successful in this effort and their attitude toward the myth has also been carried on by a number of Protestant churches in modern times. In 1987, the United Christian Association was formed to oppose the proposed erection of a Tangun shrine in downtown Seoul. They demonstrated vociferously, complaining that it would be contrary to the principle of separation of church and state,

but the hidden reason was a feeling that the official bolstering of the myth would threaten the power of their churches and their own mythologies. Old mythologies gradually give way to the new, though sometimes they may be reinstated for the better or worse.

A healthy cultural mythology keeps an eye on the creative lifeblood of the past, and on to the needs of the future, becoming a dialectic of the two, resulting in a useful accommodation for the present. There is no objective reason, for instance, why Tangun can't have his place in the Korean people's belief systems today alongside their other belief systems. To cut one's roots to the distant past is to be sent adrift without an anchor or identity or one's own clear direction, a raft at the mercy of the popular world tides, or new world mythologies. Without an ancient identity, there is a feeling of loss of soul which can not be made up for entirely by traditions, including religions imported from other cultures.

By analogy, individuals in a culture have their own personal mythology which helps give meaning to their lives. This includes a person's self image and unique way of perceiving and interpreting the world around him or her: past, present and future. As the content of one's life and dreams change, one's self-image, feelings of capabilities and purposes change as well. Sometimes radical events are required to challenge one's old mythology and change it into a new one. As one grows from infancy to childhood, puberty and adulthood, on to middle and old age approaching death, one's self and world concepts alter and along with it one's own mythology. Dreams are often markers in this process, including dreams particular to a given culture.

Personal mythology is not an illusion, but rather an oaken staff, an aid for finding one's path through the confusing array of choices we find before us in life. The one who lives the myth may never identify it as such, but if he or she would stand back and see clearly how each one of us views life through variously colored glasses and that not one of them is probably clear and all-embracing, he or she could agree that, for the ordinary person, this life is indeed

like a dream or myth. This is why dreams and accommodating personal myths can help us through our stay on earth the more deeply we grasp their meaning. In Korea, dreams are embraced in this way, as powerful tools for bravely facing and grappling with life's fickle winds.

The dreams to be presented here are revelations of the future. They are surprising and fill the dreamer with wonder. They open dreamers' eyes to see the world from new perspectives. They challenge an old world view with a wider, different one. If someone is open to change he or she will accommodate the old mythology with new information and expand his or her world view by increments or maybe by leaps and bounds. A person may even entirely disregard the old and seize hold of the new as is the case with numerous housewives who, over the course of history, have abandoned submissive roles in male-dominated Confucian households and become independent, powerful shamans, often answering a call originating in a dream.

A Dream Culture

In the class society which existed in Korea until recently, especially for ladies of the yangban or landed nobility class, life was quite cloistered and news of any kind was hard to come by. People possessed considerable curiosity and apprehension about the future, but had to rely on inner faculties to find out about it. It was a dream culture, one deeply imbedded in the society, by which many people seem to have developed, and perhaps inherited, an uncanny sense for uncovering the unknown. Through collecting and reading a substantial number of dreams I have come to see that those who were the best dreamers also appear to have been kind-hearted and clear-minded members, despite a state of insecurity in the society around them. Men who devoted themselves to the study of the classics and meritorious deeds as well as women like my Korean mother-in-law who stayed at home, kept clean bodies and thoughts, prayed for better fortune, not only for themselves, but for others as well, would be the ones most open to dream of the future. Persons who led dissipated lives, by contrast, would likely have confused mythologies and be less able to see through the transparent window of tomorrow, though they, too, could be roughly shaken into seeing a warning in a dream.

Some categories of precognitive dreams I have identified include 1) conception dreams, which indicate the sex, character and fate of child, before or upon the moment of its arrival in the womb; 2) arranged-marriage dreams, which signal to a young person that his or her parents have arranged a marriage for him or her to a person, he or she, may never have met; 3) national public service examination dreams, which predict the outcome of a young person's efforts to study for and pass the tests in the capital; 4) ginseng-finding dreams, which tell a picker where to find a precious mountain-ginseng root; 5) shaman-calling dreams, which summon a person, usually a woman, away from the lay life into the profession of shamanism; 6) death dreams, which call the dreamer away or which announce that another person has been called away to the so-called "other

world;" and, finally, 7) ancestor dreams, in which a deceased relative appears to give a warning to his or her off-spring, or else to complain about the unkempt condition of his or her grave.

As can be seen, these dreams cover a time span from before birth to after death, and are markers along life's path. They have a tremendous effect on the dreamer's life as well as, unavoidably, on those of the people, generally family members, around him or her. All told, dream content and interpretation contribute to and help develop the dreamer's personal mythology.

As part of an ongoing study, this paper will give one case study each of a conception dream, an arranged-marriage dream, an ancestor dream, and a shaman-calling dream, noting personal mythological implications of the dreams and their actual influence on the succeeding reality of the dreamer's life.

Conception Dreams

Continuing a Chinese tradition, in Korea, and to a lesser degree in other Far East and Southeast Asian countries, a woman [and sometimes her husband or a relative] commonly dreams, just before or upon conceiving, a dream about her future child. This preview may inform her of the baby's sex, health, character, and other factors of its destiny. The woman dreams of a sun, moon, star, crane, tiger, dragon [as did my grandmother-in-law] carp, peach blossom, lotus, apple, gold coin, jewel, holy man, or any of countless other symbols, in singular or plural, for her future son or daughter. The dream is traditionally believed to come from a god or other supernatural entity, and recitation of a birth dream has often lent legitimacy to past presidents, kings, and queens. It is frequently a result of long-term, intense wishes and prayers for a child, particularly a son, on the part of the dreamer. And recollection of the symbol, especially if an encouraging one, becomes a source of power, a secret charm or guiding myth for the child to cherish and carry throughout his or her life. I have gathered over 2,000 conception dreams from Korea, a fair assortment of which can be found in my book, *Oriental Birth Dreams* [1989]. This collection provides a wealth of material for understanding a fading folk culture. All told, the tens of thousands of conception dreams dreamt each year, and the many millions dreamt in the past, link together to form a collective, on going myth of creation for the entire people.

As an example, a college student, Mr. Oh, recounts this conception dream told to him by his mother:

"My mother was warming herself by the charcoal brazier, when suddenly an old man appeared before her. She trembled and asked,

'Who are you?' Brusquely, he replied, 'Someone is calling you from the heart of the mountain; he is shivering from cold'

Then the old man vanished.

"Immediately she composed herself, stepped outside where it was snowing, and heard a far off, echoing cry. At last she arrived at a hot spring where a bear cub was dabbling its

paws in the water. Marveling at this, she approached and it threw itself into her arms. "The snow suddenly stopped and darkness became light. She returned home with the cub but she had hardly gotten back when it soared away, up into the sky."

Mr. Oh commented, "I was very glad to hear this dream about me. A bear was also in the myth of Tangun, the founder of our nation, so I am an original Korean.

This dream image probably bolstered his mother's spirits during her pregnancy and became a guiding myth for her. She might have felt the ancient connections, back to the days when a bear was the totem of an early Korean clan, and would imagine that the baby she was carrying possessed bear-like characteristics. It was an inspiring and empowering dream for an expectant mother to have. And, for her child, once he would learn of it and was old enough to understand it, the bear would become his own personal totem. The bear would always be with him, encouraging him, empowering him along his road in life. Mostly it would be a secret force guiding him along, the very core of his private, symbolic mythology.

"The sun rises and night ends for those with healthy personal mythologies, but it sets and day ends for those whose mythologies are dysfunctional."

For Koreans, there is no influence more powerful than a conception dream for imprinting on the mother and child a self-image which can and will be carried on throughout life. As far as I have been able to discern, there is no other country in the world where the force of a myth-bearing dream of conception is so widespread and has so much credence.

Arranged Marriage Dreams

In traditional Korean society, marriages were often arranged by parents, sometimes through a matchmaker, and without the consent or knowledge of their children. Girls were generally married around the age of 16 or younger, and boys at similar ages. Occasionally, the boy would be much younger than the girl and she might even carry him around on her back. As with the conception dream, a girl sensing that her time for getting married was approaching would yearn to know about her destiny, and this would help her tune into transcendental forces and attract a dream. The dream would inform her of her forthcoming match and of what kind of man she would be bound to in family background, appearance, and/or character. Either young person could have an arranged-marriage dream. I have found such dreams to be very common, at least up to and including my university students' grandparents' generation. Dreams forecasting marriages which aren't arranged by parents, but rather chosen by the couple themselves - again after the dreams have occurred - have their singular scenarios. These are often more romantic,

and less frightening than the former.

The example I will offer here is my wife's account of her mother's arranged-marriage dream:

"My mother was a high school student belonging to a yangban family living in Puyo. She was a talented art student and her teacher, a Japanese woman, promised to get her a scholarship to study art in Tokyo. My mother very much desired to do this. However, one night she dreamed, 'I am alone in my high school classroom. Suddenly I see a great blue dragon fill up the windows just beside where I am standing in the room. I slam a window shut and run panicky to the other side of the room and open the door, but to my dismay, the big dragon is now there, trying to get in. I wake up.'

"The morning after this dream my grandfather, who was very much opposed to my mother's intention to go to Tokyo to study art, informed her that a marriage had been arranged for her and that she would be getting married soon to a man from the Lee family. The Lee family was part of the king's extended family and the king's symbol was a blue dragon, just like the one in her dream.

"She never accepted being forced to get married in that way, and always blamed my father for ruining her life, keeping her from becoming an artist."

It is apparent how this dream became a major, guiding personal myth of my mother-in-law's life. However, it was a debilitating, not an empowering one. Of course, her husband had been as coerced as forcefully as she had, but this didn't matter to the young girl. To her, he was the blue dragon who took and kept her prisoner, even to, with odd moments of happiness in between, the end of his life.

Many of the other arranged-marriage dreams I have collected, carry more positive images and have resulted in a more congenial personal myth surrounding and nurturing the marriage throughout its span.

Ancestor Dreams

Ancestor dreams are prevalent in a Confucian society like that found in Korea. It is popularly said that "Korea is more Confucian than even China." In traditional Korean beliefs, departed souls do not leave the earth forever. On the contrary, they are buried underground and live there in villages identical to the ones they dwelt in above ground. The higher slopes around all villages are covered with grassy grave mounds and each year, especially on Lunar New Year's Day, Autumn Harvest Day and the anniversary of the ancestor's death, relatives, particularly the eldest son, visit the grave to offer humble bows, and a sacrifice of rice cakes, fruit, and wine for the departed spirit to enjoy.

The ancestor spirit stays alive and lives in the grave, as well in as the village of the dead. The grave is his

or her house and it must be well cared for so the spirit can feel comfortable. If it is not well-tended, the spirit will feel unhappy and appear in his or her living relatives' dreams to tell them so - that the grave is unkempt, the grass not mown, or that water or roots are present, or some other problem, which can usually be verified as true, has occurred. If the grave is repaired, then the ancestor will appear in the following day's dream, smiling.

An ancestor also helps care for the living. He or she inspires the crops to grow with spiritual energy from his bones. Through the medium of dreams, he or she warns of looming danger, like an accident, to the family. He or she brings spiritual healing to the sick, surviving spouse or children. He or she helps grandchildren to prepare for important examinations and so forth.

Clearly one's own recently departed relatives form a significant part of his or her personal mythology. Dead spirits are all around listening to what is being said in the house and watching what is being done by their offspring in the world, and their descendants must act according to these beliefs, with caution, so as not to disturb them.

An example of an ancestor/relative dream, is offered by Mr. Im Ho Song, a university student, "In a dream, my grandmother said to my mother,

'My daughter-in-law, other people are going about wearing new clothes, but I died a long time ago and am wearing old clothes. You are managing a dressmaking shop so you should be able to make a new dress for me.'

"The next morning, when my mother woke up, she remembered her dream and made a suit of white clothes right away. She burned the new dress before my grandmother's tomb and the smoke and ashes, blown by the wind, rose into the sky.

"After some days, my grandmother appeared again in a dream and said,

'Thank you, my daughter-in-law. Other people are envying me, telling me that I have a good daughter-in-law.'

Obviously the woman's mother-in-law was still part of her life even after death. If ancestors are unhappy, the family business could go wrong or even fail, or members of the family might fall sick. All manner of misfortunes could befall them. This kind of guardian/ disciplinarian, ancestor dream greatly influences the behavior of descendants, making them more diligent in their work, as well as more honest and prudent in their behavior. They retain a sense of the past, that assurance that a long line of ancestors is ever-present, always ready to relay messages through dreams.

Shaman Calling Dreams

Shamanism has been thriving in Korea for

millennia, despite periodic attempts to suppress it by imported religions, such as Confucianism and Christianity, and by the national government. According to a celebrated shaman, Sin Jin Song, in her book, *A God-Chosen Woman* (1995), there are 100,000 shamans in South Korea, or one for every 500 persons. For those who have become shamans by inspiration [more commonly for those from northern provinces] rather than inheriting the career [in southern provinces], their calling has usually been presaged by spirits in dreams.

I have collected a fair number of shaman-calling dreams, with the help of my students at Hankuk University of Foreign Studies, mostly from the anthropological literature, but also from personal interviews. Each represents a personal myth, a powerful milestone on the path to the formation of a new private mythology for the dreamer. In every one of the 40-some cases I have so far read, in her or his old mythic self-image the dreamer was suffering an extreme personal crisis, usually feeling downtrodden, miserable and love-starved. The dream or dreams served as a vehicle for helping her [most shamans are women] bridge the gap between the distraught ways of her old life and find her calling in the ecstatic, respectable ways of her new life.

After the dream(s) and the subsequent initiation, adopting a radically different set of guiding principles in her life, the dreamer virtually becomes a new person. Her eyes towards the world around her change and her character does as well. The dream(s) would, in many cases, remain part of a guiding and evolving myth for reassuring and empowering her in her role as a shaman.

The dream myths divide naturally into themes - such as being called by an old man or a child spirit, finding or receiving a dead shaman's ceremonial objects, like a drum and bells, as well as instructions for their use from the gods. Taken altogether, and ordered in the categories, they could form a single, collective myth of Korean shamanism, each dream experience filling in a different niche in the shaman cosmology.

This is an example of a shaman-calling dream, followed by a spirit possession, from the collection of Professor Saw Jung Bum of Kyunghee University:

Mrs. Kim, a shaman, recalled, "I was married when I was 26 years old. One day, my husband, a bus driver, caused an accident and 24 persons were injured. All but one of the 24 were willing to settle, and he had to serve 8 months in prison. The girl-guide on the bus was the one who had been unwilling to settle, because she had been having an affair with him and she wanted him to divorce me and marry her. Also he had other affairs, one of which resulted in a child who died at the age of three. I lived patiently with our three children, but fell sick with uterine cancer. My family avoided me because they thought I was suffering from consumption. I wanted to die from grief. In December, I dreamt,



*My grandfather gave me nine peonies and I
planted them in a garden.*

"In January, I dreamt,

*Many old men wearing white danced and
sang in a garden and I felt pleased.*

*"The next day, a snake-like thing entered my body
through my throat. I woke up surprised, feeling numb, like
ice. Suddenly I heard a strong voice like a whistle.*

*"My family whispered that I was mad. In the
evening, I brought messages from the other world, with a
child's voice, and lost
consciousness for eight days. After 100 days, I performed a
ritual as a spirit's medium."*

The images of the old men and peonies in the garden and the realization that a child's spirit had entered her throat would always be part of her new mythology, giving her a grounding power as well as protecting her from her former misery. The old men may represent ancestors or shamans. Nine is a number of spiritual power.

This was a typical case of the mythical transformation of an oppressed, loveless Korean woman's view of herself. From being betrayed, abandoned and sick almost to death, she has been freed of her bonds and risen to a new, demanding vocation which draws awe and, if not admiration, at least, respect from the general public. Her old mythological view of her life will never be the same again. Her former life has, itself, become like a dream.

Conclusion

One's personal mythology is a complex of images and accompanying opinions and attitudes collected through one's life, which serves as a source of self-identity and a touchstone for making decisions about oneself and others. In a healthy individual it changes to adjust to new situations in life. One's ever-altering appearance, health, family dynamics, general fortunes, cultural tastes and other factors, including, of course, dreams, are involved in forming one's perspectives and self-image. These are personal myths which people are unlikely to share with anyone else, because each person looks at the world and others through differently colored glasses, and few can see objectively, and then only for moments.

By transforming one's thoughts and attitudes the self-image can change from better to worse, or vice versa. The sun rises and night ends for those with healthy personal mythologies, but it sets and day ends for those whose mythologies are dysfunctional. A healthy mythology is always open to meet changes in the environment. It maintains the benefits of the past, drops the harmful and adopts the helpful of the present, de-emphasizing the negative. It leads to happiness, wholeness and love.

I have reviewed dreams of conception, arranged-marriage, ancestors and shaman-calling, all of which have had a profound affect on the dreamers, changing their personal mythologies, and therefore their relationships to others in their family and/or their society. Dreams are experiences that may change or announce changes in one's life. If heeded, they can be used to one's advantage. Ignored, one misses an opportunity to develop more fully toward

(Cont'd on pg. 44)

INCUBATING A DREAM CHANGING CAREERS

by Ginny Perthel, M. A.

At the time this dream occurred, I had been working with a career counselor for several months, hoping to discover a new direction in my life's work. I was dissatisfied and had begun to feel that I had missed my true calling.

I decided to seek guidance in my dreams. Before falling asleep at night, I would write in my journal asking for clarification on what I needed to know most clearly at the present time; I asked to know what work was mine to do in this world. One night I had this significant dream.

I was riding in a car with my parents. I was dressed in night clothes. I told my father I needed to go home. In the next scene, I was walking with a group of women. All of us were wearing evening gowns; mine was gray satin, decorated with sequins and seed pearls. We were holding our skirts up to avoid getting them wet as we carefully walked between two swimming pools. People were enjoying themselves in the brilliant blue water. Someone told me that this was the Jacob Cancer Institute. I said that I had heard of it.

We went out of the pool area through a stone archway. I looked back and could see the name of the place; it was the Jacob Cancer Institute. We were among a group of people who were waiting to go out a final door. There was a large crowd but one man stood out from the others. He wore an inexpensive brown suit and was happy, smiling.

He had been successfully treated for cancer and everyone was saying good-bye to him. I looked at my gown and decided that gray was not my color, even though the gown was beautiful.

I was excited by this dream. I felt that I had been healed of the Cancer of the Spirit that seemed to consume me at work. The elegant gray dress symbolized my gray cubicle at work and the corporate dress code to which I was expected to conform. I earned a good salary as a registered nurse but I felt that I had to tiptoe carefully through my work day, maintaining a certain appearance, and avoiding the waters of life, which can be fun and enjoyable.

The Jacob Cancer Institute is a healing place and the man in the inexpensive brown suit symbolized to me a successful healing of my own masculine nature. Although his clothing is not elegant, he is happy. His joy is in surviving cancer and going out into the world again.

The dream is a message to me that I have undergone a healing through my current job and perhaps even through my profession. My growing feelings of self-confidence and assertiveness have allowed me to define my boundaries more clearly and to deal with some challenging interpersonal situations in new ways.

It indicates that I am ready to go out in the world again but in a different way. It means that even though I might earn less money in a new profession, I will no longer endure the poverty of the spirit that I had known in the past. ∞

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Warren Wilson College has ample and very affordable (!) housing space, and dining needs for the conference will be provided by Marriott Services at the campus dining hall. A wide variety of on-campus recreational and leisure opportunities will be available for conference attendees. The gymnasium offers basketball, volleyball, a weight room, and a fitness room. The Aquatic Center pool is six lanes with depths up to 13' and a one-meter diving board. The tennis courts plus the baseball, softball, and soccer fields are available for our use. Some of the most popular golf courses in the Asheville area are in close proximity to the campus. And the Farmer's Ball is a regular Thursday night country dancing event at the old gymnasium.

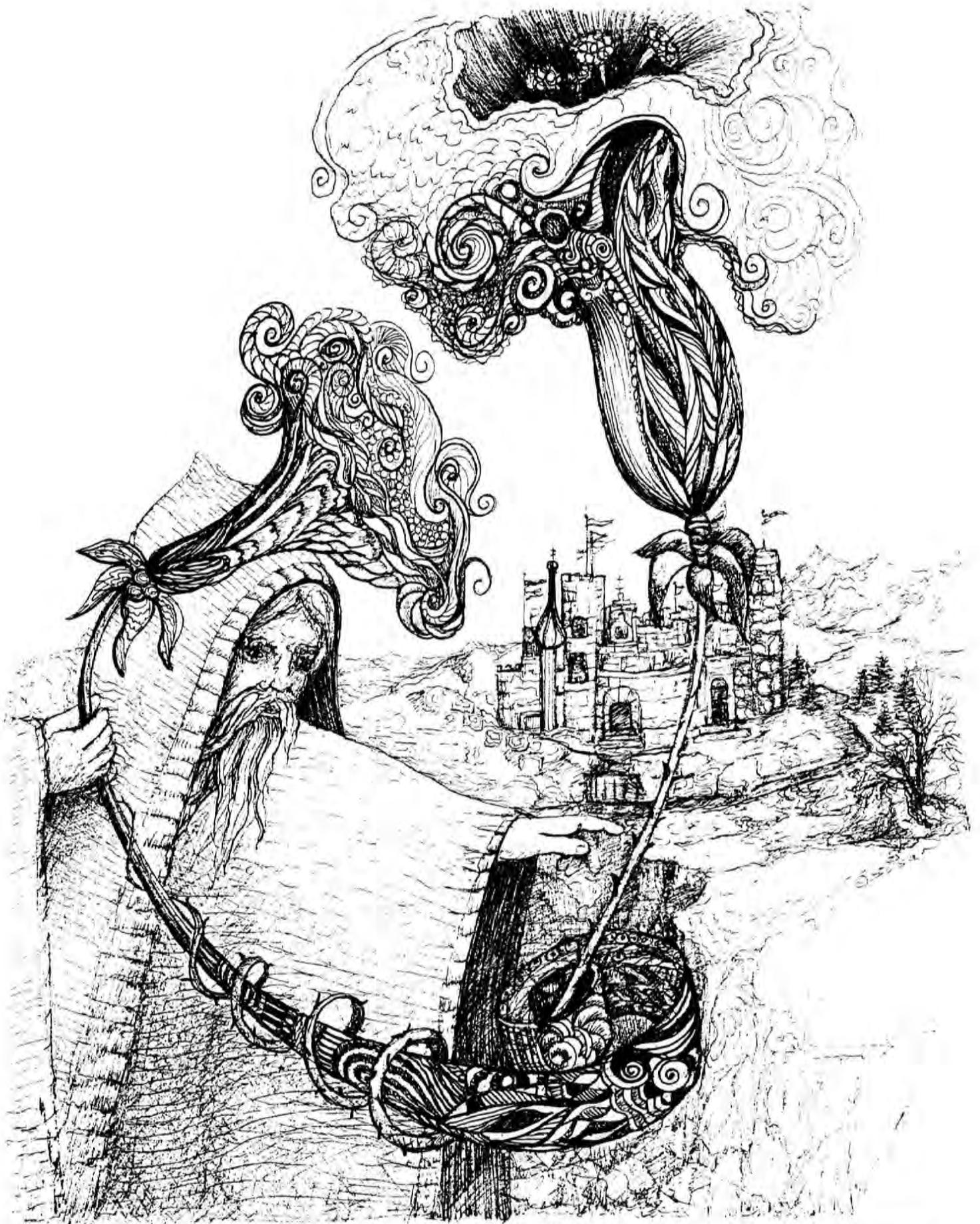
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Transforming My Father's Energy

by Thomas Eldridge

Over a number of years I worked out the legacy of my parents, with my dreams pacing me all the way to the point of resolution:

I am approaching my mother's house only to find a vacant lot with freshly tilled earth. I am then on my father's street noticing the old houses. When I reach my father's house I again find freshly tilled earth and no sign of the former structure.

For many months before this dream my mother's house had been gradually deteriorating, becoming more dilapidated. Similar dream changes in my father's house indicated to me that I was becoming freer of the structures of my parent's consciousness. The freshly tilled earth symbolized for me a new beginning, in soil free of all past parental influences.

Then over an eighteen month period subtle refinements in my consciousness concerning my father were recorded in my dreams.

A teenage friend is with me. He has a long sword with a broken tip. We see a huge pageant in the field with men in costumes, performing and dancing. I tell my friend to keep the sword down, out of sight.

In my teen years, some part of my maleness was blunted. Today in my work with men's groups, I see male beauty but I don't want them to see my woundedness.

I am down deep in an earth cellar trying to record my dreams on green and yellow beans. This is difficult and I look for something else. I see a box and tear off a piece of cardboard to write on. An old man comes along and wants something I have in my hand, a kind of flexible rubbery rope-like thing about 18 inches long. I say no and I move away running up the stairs calling for help from my teen friend.

When I am in my subconscious, I don't find much substance and I look for more appropriate mediums of understanding, initially. The old dancient masculine wants to take away something from me, the function of which I do not understand. I won't let go and fall back on my teenagedefenses.

I'm searching through my father's tool chest to find what I need. All the tools are brand new and of the finest quality. I tell someone that my father has been

buying power tools but has never used them.

I try to cut a piece of wood with a handsaw. I notice how out of practice I am and need to recut it. There are people standing around watching.

I am beginning to live in a way my father couldn't. I can use the wonderful tools given to me by my birthright, this God-given power that my father never used. I am starting to relearn, even though making mistakes in front of people.

My farm wagon gets stuck in the mud. My father comes with his big tractor to pull me out. He carefully backs up. The boys are ready to drop in the wagon pin. There are a number of pins on the tractor. The wagon tongue is under some straw and I am worried the boys will injure their hands as they work the pin through the draw bar of the tractor. When the hook-up is complete, father roars away with a violent pull which smashes the wagon against the garage. Father keeps up this speed, bouncing the wagon across the ground. I confront my father about this aggressiveness and he becomes angry, makes a fist and threatens me. I cover my face and scream: "Don't hit me!" Then when no one is looking he says "Kiss me." We join the others at the picnic. I take my food and sit quietly by myself as the tears roll down my cheeks.

My sensitiveness bewildered me in receiving my father's mixed messages. He did have difficulty demonstrating affection but there are many ways to hook up to my masculine power. I have some fear of being hurt by what is hidden in the earthiness of straw and mud.

In England in a high school auditorium attending a current job market meeting. They have a catalog of job opportunities. Awards are being presented. When things slow down and the old female mistress of ceremonies isn't doing her duty, some one else jumps up to lead the proceedings. I walk out discouraged. I try to find some place to park my car. There are few spaces available on the street and lots of signs saying what is permissible and what is not. Most of them differ from each other.

From my father, I received his English culture's way of entering adult life. This was discouraging for me. The competition for attention is not my way. I tried to find

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some place to park my "power" but that was also confusing for me.

My father tells me that writers are workers who stop what they are doing to write about their experiences. In tears I say to him: "Why didn't you let me be like that?" I then confront him about the lack of love in our home. He admits he never really loved my mother and was interested in other women.

Part of me realizes I could have written earlier in my life but because of the lack of love, I would not have written beautiful words. As I learn self love, I can write.

My father was unloading grain from two trucks. I was playing in the area and was under a truck when he came to move it. I shouted and he saw me but he backed the truck up anyway. He knew I was physically safe as he backed over me. What he didn't realize was that I was frightened emotionally.

This was one of the ways I learned to disregard the feelings of those around me, to take charge and get things done. People were only means to my process of doing things.

In the backyard of my family home where I was a teen. Someone from next door is pushing over the steel posts on the property line. I say: "Stop! You are harming our garden." I pick up a club. A male and a female persist in pushing over the posts. I smash the plywood fence inside which these two hide. In my fury and rage, I totally demolish the wood and kill the two in the process. I can still see their spirits hovering over the area and I proceed to annihilate the two spirits as well. Now it is quiet and a group of people walk around the scene.

I burst into tears of remorse, knowing that the man and woman had to die. There was no other choice. An immense calm settles over me.

I have shifted a life-long pattern of allowing others to be insensitive to my needs. I needed to kill the sabotaging part of my male/female ener-



gy, which has in the past destroyed the nurturing seeds I have planted. I recognize my inner powerful warrior and the empathic human who feels the anguish of his choices.

As a warrior, however, he thoroughly completes his tasks. My soul is calmed.

Lying on the floor under a blanket. I begin to tear and sob quietly. My sister, who notices, comes over. I say I am sad now that our father is dead. I don't even have a photo of him. I never got to know anything about him.

Now, feelings of remorse can finally surface about my father's death. It had been largely an unemotional event for me.

A mother with three children is lovingly tucking pillows around her sleeping male baby. She shows incredibly warm emotions toward the baby as she smiles at him. A man in the house has hidden my clothes and I ask the woman to retrieve them for me as I am naked. She and I kiss in the kitchen. She says that it was the most tender, passionate experience she has ever had and even though she has no major complaints with her man, she wants to be with me to match her tenderness and passion with mine.

A new, internal male energy has been birthed, is loved and becomes passionately attractive. The old ways of my father were workable but my new self, more connected to the feeling realm, promises beauty and fulfillment that can match the best of what is available in the other gender. ∞

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Dream of a Heavy, Upright Freezer

by Robert Evans

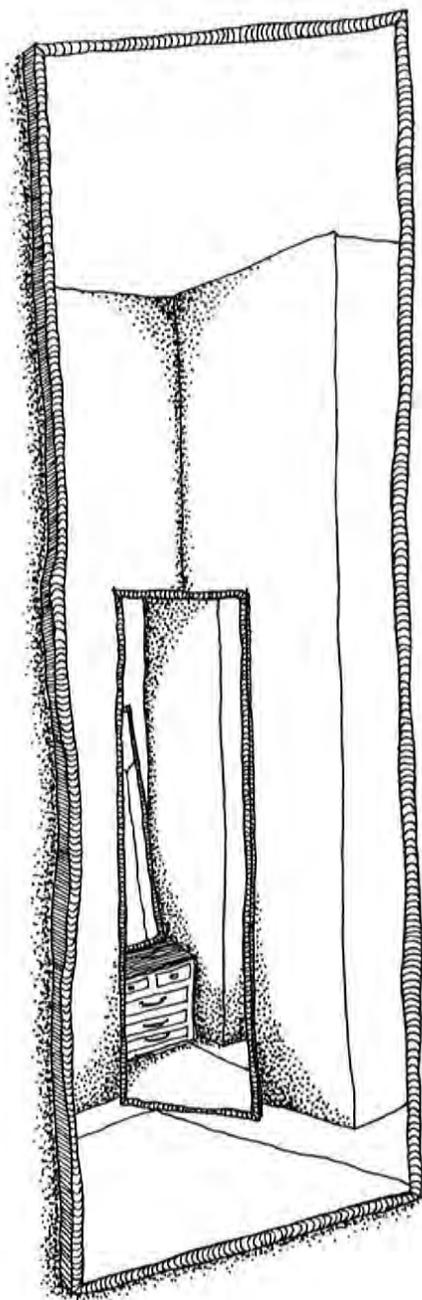
When I was ten, I watched my father move a large, heavy, upright freezer — we called it “the deep-freeze” — across our kitchen. My mother was unhappy with the kitchen’s arrangement. She was often unhappy with the arrangements in her life. My father tried to make her happy but with whatever economy of effort he could manage.

He was an engineer, so first he calculated all the weights and vectors of force, greased the kitchen linoleum with soap, then lay flat on the floor (my mother and I holding his ankles) and grabbed the freezer by its bottom edge. He gave one great tug and the huge appliance slid neatly to its new location.

Fifty years later (my mom and dad long dead) I dream of that freezer.

It seems I must drag it behind me wherever I go. Fortunately, I have a small cart but I struggle for a long time to get it on the cart until I remember dad’s method, then I do it easily with one tug near the bottom. Finally, I’m ready to get on with my life. The deep freeze is still heavy but rolls well on its little cart. I note its fine rubber tires: my dad would approve. But then I get curious why the freezer is so heavy. Looking inside, I find frozen in a large block of ice, my mother’s remains.

This is pretty much what I expected, so I grab the rope and set off. ∞



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Dream Inspired Poetry

The following three poems are excerpted from a chapter of the yet-to-be-published manuscript, **Putting Parents To Rest: Death Dreams and the Art of Soul Making**, by James Charles McCullagh. Mr. McCullagh is currently training in Jungian psychology.

Dreaming of Trees

Men who dream of their fathers
Also dream of trees.
Spidersaplings in Arctic tundra,
Blood-luscious oak at Verdun,
Gamuts of hedgerow that cut an army in two,
Oceans of green in a nightmare forest.
And all that comes before birth
Like the perfect September plant, cherished
Wrapped in black sod, quiet father of demons
Whose fibrous work of veins travel
Continents as surly as thought.
Bulbous, painful, frontal as an ocean surge
That brings up crabs, anemones and junk memories
To sand like diamonds where the outer skin
Is worn away and a son sees his flesh
For the first time and the way to his heart
Is through the trees his father leaves.

I swim in the trees above my father's grave
I look for signs and wonders:
The slate rock I left at 16 at his feet;
The Little Flower in sandstone washed away by granite floods.
The balsa cross tied forever with palm.
On my knees I search the contours of the place.
Would a son not know his blood beneath the ground.
The dorsal fin of an Irishman swimming against the tide,
A pauper's plot where the rain congealed to punish vegetation.
We put him to his rest again.
Covered the spot with green prayers,
Sawed wild trees to move with the lusty earth,
Killed all footprints with brooms made of leaves,
Fired flintlocks until the powder burned his face,
Sang martial songs to all the bloody Sunday lads.
And while they drank his chalky bones under once again,
I hid in a tree and waited for the night.

Called from the tree by the moon wind
I met him in sleep, frail, monk-like;
Walking like brothers to his death
We shared a blessed forest drink
for sweet sleep and sweet death.
Arms curved like branches, like lovers
I wrapped him with the love of God
Gave him peace and fair journey
Laid with him until he was a shroud
And I, a tree, tall, green and free.

Cemetery Dance

My mother was always afraid of coal.
Being underground, black men
Who run the trains in London
Beneath the River Thames.
Hathaway on the gentle Kentish coast
Was the home of marble and milk
Women who never saw the sun
Tonight I dream of you in dark sleep.
Feel the pain of your death, visit
A ghetto church with children huddled in brown pews
Pointing at me, stones in their fists.
I accept their hate like arrows,
Rush by an altar crowded with a thousand lights,
Half-genuflect, afraid of the open wounds
I find a green cemetery, a picnic,
Feel you in the violets
Consecrated by human hands,
Dance through the graveyard
Down a long, slow hill
With a black woman who shines
Like corral just discovered by the sea.

Final Dreams

They all
Died in dreams,
Father a tree
Still as a monk,
Mother a cave
Longing for her witch,
Daughter on Gandhi's pyre
Son too often on the cross.
Now you a bird
Drop stone-fast from the sky.
I hold your red life
Against street flesh,
Morning glory blush,
Fire that burns memory,
A forest for the blind,
A blackened tree
Leaf without soil
Flint without powder,
Night a charred sleep
For taking names.

by James Charles McCullagh



A Modern "Iron John" Mythical Dream by Thomas Eldridge

In the early hours of the morning under a Taurus moon two days after a full moon, I recorded the following dream:

I park my car across the street and go into my mother's house. It was mid-afternoon and I lay down for a nap. I slept two hours. When I woke up I looked outside and could not see my car. I went outside peering through groggy eyes trying to see my car. I walked across the street. My car was gone, stolen while I slept in my mother's house. I felt sick inside. I almost went into self pity. Then I felt the urge to call on my spiritual powers to get my car back. Somehow I knew where the tow truck driver hung out, the one who had stolen my car. His name was Sam. He was big, fat and slovenly. I watched his bravado on the street and then followed him to his junk yard lot. He was alone. I entered the lot unobserved and saw my car undamaged amongst a row of stolen cars. I went into the office, gun in hand and called the police while I held Sam at bay. As I hung up the phone he tried to escape and I shot him in the

testicles. He lay on the floor. I knew he would still be there when the police arrived. I left with my car. I drove to an office building. It was the end of the day and only the owner of the junk yard lot was in the office. I confronted him. He was a small weasel of a man in a dark suit. I said "You are not ever going to steal my car again." I shot him in the testicles. I left feeling I had freed myself from an enormous demasculinizing force that had tormented me my entire life.

I awoke from this dream with the powerful feeling that this was a big dream full of meaningful symbolism of mythological proportions. The Iron John story came to my mind. Iron John who could only be freed when the boy stole the key from under his mother's pillow. My dream felt like a modern myth of empowerment.

The house in the dream was the house I lived in as an older boy and young teen. It has appeared many times in my dreams as my father's house and a few times as my mother's house. I can not recall it ever being my parent's house. I was almost always in the backyard in the dreams when it was my father's house, usually defending against one form of intruder or another. In one of the last dreams of my father's house I dug up (in the back yard) an old decayed corpse that had been buried for centuries.

In this current dream, my father's house — that I had spent so much energy in dreams defending — now becomes my mother's house where I go to have a rest.

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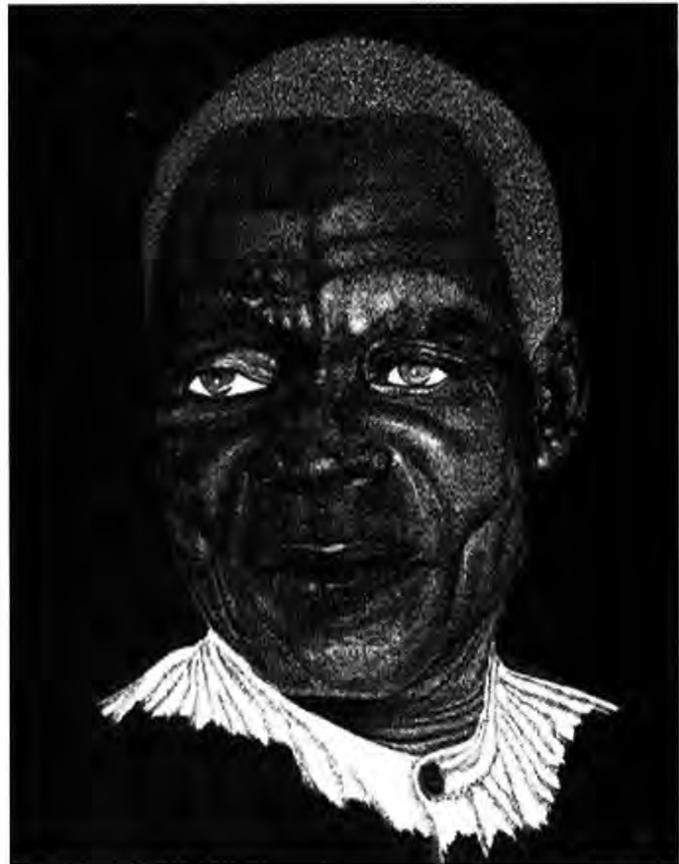
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becomes my mother's house where I go to have a rest. During this rest my power (my car) is stolen from me. I was not defended while I slept. I was robbed by the kind of male energies which are so destructive in our society today.

At this point I gather my spiritual energies (my Iron John) to retrieve my power. In our modern times of personal individuation, I call upon my internal psychic knowing to take me to the place I need to go (the junk yard lot) to retrieve my car. I use the symbol of modern destruction and fear (the gun) to not only set things right socially (calling the police) but to dismember the masculine thieving part of my psyche. I also go after the higher conscious side of my dysfunctional masculine (the owner). This is a common dream theme of mine. I often know that there are multi-levels to any situation with which I have to deal.

And what about my mother, who did not protect me while I slept? This is an ongoing real life theme of mine. I have been working for many years to nurture a protective, aware feminine side to my psyche. The boy in the Iron John myth wins the kingdom and the princess in the end. I am still battling inside but am full of confidence and trust that my modern "Iron John" will also win in the end. ∞

Thomas Eldridge is a dreamworker who has a dreamsharing group at his Center for Highly Sensitive People in Toronto, Canada. Correspondence: 3 Grah-am Gardens, Toronto, ON, Canada M6C 1G6. E-mail sensitiv@interlog.com





Chuang Tzu's Butterfly

Perspectives on a Personal Dream Odyssey

by Lloyd W. Ratzlaff

Part One

"Once upon a time, I, Chuang Tzu, dreamt I was a butterfly, fluttering hither and thither, to all intents and purposes a butterfly. I was conscious only of following my fancies as a butterfly and was unconscious of my individuality as a man. Suddenly, I awoke and there I lay, myself again. Now I do not know whether I was then a man dreaming I was a butterfly, or whether I am now a butterfly dreaming I am a man."

Twenty-five years ago, when a long series of unsettling dreams began dismantling the snug notion I had formed of my identity, it was possible to walk to the corner store and find paperback books promising to decode any of a thousand dreams in less than a minute.

Ah, yes. If only it had been so easy.

What we didn't see then, however, was anything like the array of writings the past decade has spawned, where silly simpleminded books now sit beside others offering us unheard-of choices between the flaky and the profound, the materialistic and the metaphysical, the aboriginal and the new-age, the scholastic and the therapeutic. I have read many books of each kind and been sometimes revolted, sometimes confused, sometimes inspired by the diverse fare they contain.

What hasn't changed for me over these years is a willingness to go on patiently collecting dreams as they come, my conviction remaining intact that it's better not to understand them than it is to misunderstand them. Some

people collect matchbooks, some collect coffee spoons, some rocks; I collect dreams.

I suppose I've tried nearly every technique for "working with" them—the statistical, the analytical, the gestalt, the artistic. With Freud I've tried to haul the images up from their obscurity into the ego's daylight; with Hillman to let them stay in the underworld where they belong, going to meet them as a visitor in their own country; with Stevenson to write them as stories, with Reed to paint them as pictures, with Perls to act them as dramas. And—what shall I say?—they've remained as erratic, as erotic, as elegant and dumbfounding, as terrifying and chaotic and inspiring as they ever were. I go on collecting them because they've come to constitute a second life for me, a subterranean flow of experience which I consider increasingly important to keep in mind.

The dreams are full of surprises as always; they keep me, as I like to think, interested and interesting. But over the years a gradual change has taken place. Whereas once it was their bewildering array of contents which captured my attention, now I find my interest growing to include also the process of dreaming itself. Not just what, or why, we dream but that we dream at all. And it is the philosophical, more than the psychological, dimensions of dreaming to which I want to call attention in this essay.

Many people seem to think all dreams are of one kind. Those who regard them as nothing but "the idle meanderings

of a brain gone off-duty," are prone to attribute them to the most reductionistic of physiological "causes." The brainstem begins firing random impulses, they say, and the neocortex attempts more or less unsuccessfully to impose order on this chaos. Or the stomach is unhappy with its contents and the sleeper suffers a nightmare in consequence; or the bed covers are too warm, so we dream about burning buildings; and so on. Others accord their dreams an esteem bordering on superstition and try to wring from each one an oracle directing the outer events of their lives, sparing no labor or imagination in unraveling the "meaning" of their dreams.

I've never been able to deny my suspicion that some dreams represent a sort of trash pile of the psyche and will remain trashy regardless of what sort of "work" we do with them. So what? Isn't the average television show trash? Aren't the majority of our waking thoughts trash? If we watch an hour of "professional" boxing where people beat each other bloody and senseless, is this something better than trash? Was it Abe Maslow who said, "Eighty percent of everything is crud," or is that a Murphy's Law?

Very well; but sometimes thought is profound and creative, occasionally television is inspiring and sometimes dreams are numinous visitations which re-fashion our lives. Among the thousands of dreams I've recorded over twenty-odd years, a good handful of them certainly seem to have been trash. The great majority, however, seemed either at the time or in hindsight to be what John Sanford calls "housecleaning dreams." They're not particularly inspiring, they have an overall value approximately like that of washing dishes or brushing one's teeth. They seem to be little parables saying, "Your life looks something like this..." Working with these dreams isn't much fun; indeed, it's about as tedious as dusting the furniture or trimming the hair from one's middle-aged ears.

But there are some dreams that tower over the others, that come like revelations, that go through and through us like wine through water and alter the color of our minds, as Emily Bronte put it. Without presuming to say the last word about those that seem trashy and with no wish to diminish the significance of our housecleaning dreams, it's to the others which are mind-altering that I wish to address myself here.

Recently I read through my entire collection of about ten thousand dreams. It wasn't something that could be done in a couple of evenings. Aside from justifying again the long enterprise of fixing them in consciousness, it prompted me also to make a list of what I began calling "meta-dreams," so called because they seem to be experiences pointing consciousness beyond the boundaries of ordinary waking and ordinary dreaming, life. Fascinating as many ordinary experiences can be, they don't often impel us beyond the usual ways of constructing our everyday reality. Likewise, in ordinary dreams we may experience never-so-curious phenomena but we wake up only to dismiss them, barely able to imagine them as anything but curiosities. In ordinary waking life we find ourselves in a world we take to be self-evidently "real" and busy ourselves with getting along in it

as best we may. In ordinary dreams it's similar; we appear in those dreamworlds and take them, while they last, to be as self-evidently real as our waking worlds are to us later. In other words, ordinary experience, whether of waking or dreaming kinds, provides no criteria by which to assess the reality of the worlds it inhabits and therefore no means of evaluating its foregone conclusions. We hear Chuang Tzu's musing and wave it impatiently aside, or smirk at it in lofty amusement.

Though I do not have an especially taxonomic mind and don't much care to cultivate one, I can't escape the conviction that these meta-dreams are of many different kinds or types and that to begin making this explicit might prevent us from diminishing the far-ranging powers and dimensions of mental life. I wish to emphasize that the following categories of dreams have been arrived at inductively. They are empirical observations, though naturally incapable of verification by workaday scientific methods. I affirm, however, that they can be verified by direct experience, if only we take the trouble to become aware of our dreams. In what follows, there is no dependence on any sort of revelation handed down either by traditional religions or by new-age channeling processes. These are experiences as given in the various dream states I believe all of us inhabit regularly, though for most of us they remain unconscious and thus of no consequence in devising a comprehensive world view.

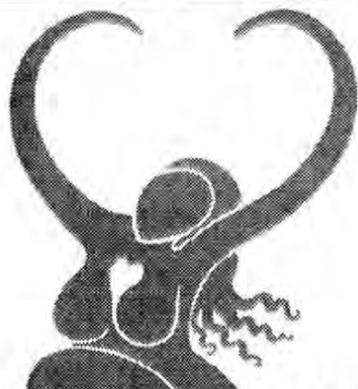
In each of these categories, I cite supporting examples from my own dream life. My intent in citing them has nothing whatsoever to do with their contents, nor with what they might imply about my personal life. They're meant to be nothing more than demonstrations of how complex an array of realities we enter in our dreams and what kinds of epistemological issues they bring into focus. I have no wish to be sensational and no need to be confessional, in doing this. I could just as well have cited dreams of other people with whom I've worked therapeutically or pastorally. I restrict myself to my own dreams for two reasons: I want to demonstrate the immense scope of experience to which an ordinary human psyche is heir; and I hope to provoke others to verify in their experience that it's eminently worthwhile to turn the sensors inward at the onset of sleep.

Once I had a dream completely devoid of visual content, in which a voice was heard saying,

*"Jung tried to smooth out complexes;
Hillman complexifies them again."*

This aphorism, incidentally, seems to me a crisp summary of the differences between Jung and Hillman; but I quote it here in defense of my intent to complexify the dreaming process in face of the many popular and cursory attempts to simplify it.

1) A common meta-dream is the dream-within-a-dream, often accompanied by a false awakening in which we believe we've returned to everyday waking life. We dream we've fallen asleep and dreamt; and then we dream we wake up. We're still sleeping and still dreaming but we don't know it. Our consciousness is caught in the illusion



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of having awakened.

Lorraine and I are staying at a place where a serial killer is said to haunt the area. We talk about this with a friend and when he leaves we retire for the night. I'm afraid of this killer but Lorraine says, "Tomorrow we'll still have our life." I think to myself, "God willing." She goes to sleep quickly but I lie awake for a long while with the covers pulled over my head for security. Eventually I drift off to sleep. Suddenly I feel a hand pulling the covers away. This jolts me awake and I begin to scream, certain it's the hand of the serial killer. The fright wakes me up in my (physical) bed.

2) Some dreams contain illusions which are known to be illusions; yet the world in which the illusion occurs is mistaken for the waking world. We lose whatever critical apparatus we may possess, enter the scene and forget we've done so until we awaken later in our beds.

In an airport a videotape is being shown of a plane leaving for Frankfurt. But somehow the video creates such a strong illusion that it seems the plane really is leaving and I'm supposed to be on it. Just when I'm sure I've missed the flight, it becomes apparent this is only a video and I laugh about the trick that's been played on me. Then Lorraine is with me and the video begins playing again. She is completely taken in by the illusion and though I've just seen through it, I'm fooled again too.

3) Occasionally it happens that a waking fantasy, experienced as we're becoming drowsy, crosses the threshold of sleep with us and becomes an ordinary dream. We're conscious of it as fantasy when it begins but not of it as dream while it progresses; then we forget both fantasy and dream and mistake the experience for waking consciousness.

(I'm drifting off to sleep, recalling a time in my adolescence when my father forced me to make a confession to an older boy about something I had stolen and given to him. In my fantasy I imagine defying my father; and somewhere, imperceptibly, I fall asleep and the fantasy continues as a dream.)

I'm wearing my trucker's wallet in my jeans, which for a time was our adolescent symbol of being "cool." I'm about to get a thrashing from Dad for having refused to confess to D.U. that I had shoplifted. I vacillate between resentment and pride. S. says other people claim somebody else did the stealing. But I remain mute.

4) There is another kind of dream which, though it can be classified as technically similar to those above, nevertheless carries for us a superior degree of cognitive and emotional significance. These are ordinary dreams (in the sense of being taken self-evidently as waking experiences) but their phenomena carry a visionary, archetypal, or numinous import. The dictionary variously defines vision as "a supernatural appearance that conveys a revelation; unusual discernment or foresight; direct mystical awareness of the supernatural."

With two other men at some stockyards. I look over a crossbeam and see an awesome sight. An indistinct shape is flying toward us among the hugest, darkest banks of clouds I've ever seen. Presently I realize it's the same great eagle I had seen once before, flapping toward us in an eerie spectacle. It isn't frightening at first, only awe-inspiring. I climb onto a wooden picnic table and say loudly to the others, "LOOK!!" and let out a whoop of astonishment, laughing that we should be privileged to see such a sight. The eagle flies overhead, circles and lands some distance away. Suddenly it stands up on its legs—for now I see it's a human being in an eagle costume. This frightens me; I jump from the table, turn it over and roll it toward the eagle-man to drive him away. But my aim is poor and he stands silently looking at us. At length he asks us a question and sings us a song. I imagine being attacked by him and the fear wakes me up.

Archetype is defined as "the original pattern or model of which all things of the same type are representations or copies; a perfect example."

I'm reading a book about a man's encounter with great transpersonal forces. After some initial experiences in life, he claims to have had an encounter with a serpent, involving a great struggle and then a victory.

I recognize I'm at that stage of life, of the great encounter with the serpent; yet it seems to me the fight is not inevitable, that if I trust the Divine power the serpent-fight may be bypassed. At that instant I feel an enormous rush of negative energy in which I "lose it," but this is followed by a sense of peace and courage. Nevertheless, it's doubtful I can go through this with personal survival.

Numinous means "filled with the sense of the presence of divinity; appealing to the higher emotions or the aesthetic sense."

At my grandfather's farmhouse, which is surrounded by bush, my cousins are searching for a fugitive who they say has bothered them. An old man sits in a chair at the edge of the bush. The cousins circle the house, making scimmages into the bush on all sides but are unable to find the fugitive. Finally they gather—and I with them—on the top floor of the house to post lookouts in all four directions. I've taken for granted the fugitive is a man; but suddenly a small animal comes out of the bush toward the house. Dogs are sent out in pursuit and someone yells, "Shoot it! Shoot it!"

We run outside again. Now the creature breaks away from the dogs and runs toward me holding out a gift with which she's been entrusted. She is no longer an animal; she has turned into a beautiful woman, erotic without being aware of it, out of breath from being pursued, plainly preoccupied with matters which go far, far beyond the concerns of ordinary folk. She seems untamed and pure and we embrace. At that instant I remember a story or myth which says she will turn out to be myself. But she remains herself and when we begin talking I tell her I don't want our relationship to be an ordinary one.

Though we still mistake them for waking events, we know intuitively that such dream-visions are more auspicious, even more real, than most of our waking events, which seem by contrast irremediably mundane.

5) For some people (though not for me) it's a common but often trivial, experience to wake up from a dream, then go back to sleep and re-enter it, either to re-dream it or to resume its action from the point of exit. If we do this deliberately, we willingly re-enter a state

our waking standards judge to be illusory. Often we've found the dream highly erotic or otherwise pleasant and it seems a welcome diversion from the waking life we find so dishearteningly prosaic in its supposed reality. A re-entry of the dream on these terms is simple es-capism. Otherwise we may also re-enter it without conscious intent. But in either case, we usually suppose we are going back from reality to illusion.

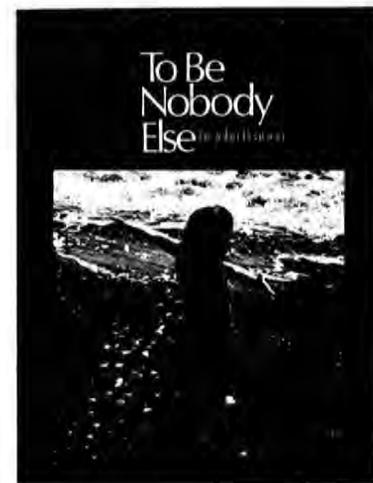
Some teachers are having a discussion.

Someone mentions that, with all the allegations of sexual abuse nowadays, every teacher is on the edge of a lawsuit at all times. One of the women raises her skirt provocatively and goes around teasing the men. Then she raises her top to expose her breasts and sidles up to me. We dance awhile, then move into another room where she sings to me. We seem to hear a priest talking in another room and I vaguely sense a condemning woman is present somewhere.

(Here I woke up and wrote the dream down. I went to the bathroom, returned to bed and fell asleep to join the dream again.)

The woman goes into another room with several men and allows them all to have sex with her. I say to her, "Please don't—I love you;" but the plea falls on deaf ears and she turns to yet another man to let him have his pleasure. I become resigned to it and go off to the cafeteria for lunch. The principal sees it all and doesn't seem to care.

6) Some people are accustomed to falling asleep asking for a dream to shed light on a perplexing situation they're dealing with in waking life. The "responses" which come are generally understood in symbolic or metaphorical but not in epistemological or metaphysical, terms. Such an approach assigns a certain meaning to dreams, although the dreams themselves are still experienced as waking events while they endure and are judged afterwards to have a less viable ontological status than the waking consciousness they're considered to serve. But if the "answer" should come in the form of a visionary dream, it's felt to possess a higher value than any waking banality can. **(I had gone to bed in the grip of despair over an issue which had occupied years**



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of my waking life and which as far as I could see had no possible resolution. I felt jaded and spent and chanted a prayer as a sort of mantra as I tried to fall asleep; and I implored wordlessly for something, anything, to show me a way out of the dilemma. During the night I awoke from this dream.)

I'm walking with my wife along a country road, when presently the sky begins to glow with an unearthly light beyond a hillock in the distance. Off to the left I now see a little boy about three years old playing by the wayside. He's completely absorbed in his play but seems momentarily to have a bit of trouble making something work. He looks at me and calls, "Daddy, can you help me with this?" It's obvious he would have handled his little concern perfectly well if we hadn't happened by. I stand spellbound, for I see the child is myself. He is completely innocent, shows no trace of self-consciousness and is a beatitude to behold. I can hardly fathom his words, so charmed am I by what I see.

My wife asks a question about something in the landscape. In my wish not to break the enchantment I give her a cryptic reply; she nods but comprehends only that a strange thing has befallen me. By and by the vision fades. I ask my wife whether she saw that supernal and pristine light in which the world was bathed. She says no. I let out a whoop of ecstasy and tell her, "I've been waiting and hoping for a thing like this to happen!"

I wake up to tears of release and joy.

7) Some individuals seem to have more "predictive" dreams than most of us do. I've had very few of them and even these few could not have been regarded as pre-written history when they occurred. However, I know a number of people, including friends whose word I have no good reason to doubt, for whom predictive dreams are comparatively frequent. Most of them are of little consequence; though there are some exceptions, they tend to deal with trivial events and are felt to have little meaning beyond their curiosity. Further, there seems to be no dependable criterion by which a dream can be judged as predictive until after the event has occurred in waking life.

(For some years I had tried my hand at writing poetry. One day some friends

introduced me to a friend of theirs who owned a publishing house. Eventually I got up the nerve to show this woman a manuscript of my poems. Before she responded to them, I had this dream.)

C.H. tells me my poems are "deep." Yet I am to go pick up the manuscript from her, or else she'll drop it off at my place. I can see this means she won't publish it.

(A few weeks later she did come to my place with our mutual friends. She brought the manuscript with her and made very nice comments about it. Then she spoke self-deprecatingly of herself as a "beginning poet" who also was learning to write; in fact, she had brought some of her poems with her to prove it. It was a gentle way indeed of telling me my poetry didn't have what it took for publication. Then one of our friends challenged us to a poetry-reading contest; and as the scotch flowed more and more freely, C. and I had a poetry duel to loud coaxings and applause from our audience. I still write occasional poems but don't show them to editors. I seem to have awakened from the illusion that I'm a poet.)

8) Although all dreams can be said in one sense to be creative (since they usually occur in and through us without conscious intent on our part), history contains many anecdotes of literary, social, technical, artistic and philosophical, scientific and religious accomplishments whose origins are attributed to their authors' dreams. Such dreams can be profoundly satisfying, since they often follow long periods of conscious work full of challenge and frustration. Sometimes they occur gratuitously.

Such "creative" dreams as I've had are minimalistic by comparison with, say, Mozart or Harriet Tubman or Elias Howe, whose music and underground railroads and sewing machines have made great and lasting contributions to human welfare. Sometimes we create things in dreams but can't import them into the waking world because we lack the technical skills to render them as creative works. I've always lamented my unsophisticated musical ear and my ignorance of how music is scored, since having the following dream.

I recall how, in the movie *Amadeus*,

Mozart heard music playing in his head as if it were being dictated to him. I wonder, if I concentrated hard enough, whether I could hear it too. To my great joy I find I can—and it's music of classical caliber but nothing I've heard before. Then it begins to fade and I exert great effort until I hear it clearly again. Again it fades and I bring it back; I accomplish this several times until I can't do it any longer. The frustration wakes me up.

9) There are several kinds of dreams which are discovered to have been synchronous with events in the outer world. In one kind, an external stimulus is absorbed by the dream and woven into it as part of its plot.

A clear, though not clearly-defined, connection can sometimes be observed between or among people through dreams. Such examples of what Jung called "synchronicity" represent connections which cannot satisfactorily be regarded as cause-and-effect progressions.

(C.H., the woman who owned the publishing house, had been diagnosed with cancer. She went through many months of treatment and had been responding well. I hadn't seen her in quite some time but then someone told me her health was deteriorating. I was in Vancouver, two thousand kilometers from home, the night I had this dream.)

I'm trying to correct a manuscript, when suddenly I begin gasping and know I am dying. I have an urgent wish to rush outside and C.H. fills my mind as the choking sensation wakes me up.

(I returned from Vancouver a week later. Shortly after, I saw our mutual friend and asked how C. was doing. I was told she had died and when it had happened. I calculated the timing of the dream as almost certainly on the night of her death but in any case within a few hours of it. Yet other people with whom I was much more intimately associated than with C. have died with no apparent "registering" of it in my dreams.)

10) Experiences of the dream-body can coincide with sensations in the physical body, often as emotional states simultaneous with and immediately following the dream, or sometimes in

exactly- analogous body parts.

Standing in the yard of my childhood home, looking into the northeast sky. A wide band of stars streams up from below the horizon, moving swiftly overhead into the western sky. I call my daughter, who is at the window of an upstairs bedroom, to look. Then the band of stars forks; the two parts diverge as the last of the stars mount from the horizon and the whole diverging stream travels on until it dwindles in the distance to a point which looks like a single star above the Little Dipper. I know when it arrives at its destination it will spread into a constellation and will become the Big Dipper. It's said to rise like that every night and I am euphoric that I'll get to see it again. I awaken in bed with the euphoria lingering a while.

11) In ordinary dreams it's possible for our identity to be divided or multiplied and to experience ourselves as being in two locations at once. This isn't felt within the dreamscape as a violation of any known laws; sometimes it doesn't even occasion any particular sense of surprise. Or we are conscious of only one "self" which is, however, located in more than one place.

In a building with many, many rooms. I realize I'm able to fly and take off for what seems to be a night club in one part of the building. But I leave there immediately, flying through several rooms of which at least some are frightening. Finally I enter what looks like a vacant room but then notice a ghostly white figure, transparent and eerie, standing on the floor. I'm frightened as I approach it—and suddenly we're engaged in a battle. I'm afraid it will overpower me and then I remember the old biblical story of the patriarch Jacob wrestling with a night-spirit at the Brook Jabbok. Now the same motif appears: day begins dawning and the thing seems to grow frantic to get away. I ask, "Who are you?" It turns its face fully toward me and I see that it's myself! "I" look somewhat younger... and then the figure's face begins undergoing rapid transformations backward through my life, from adulthood through adolescence, until I see my face as a child. Twice during the metamorphosis it goes through phases of hideous and distorted features; but these appear only fleetingly and then the regression to my recognizable childhood faces continues. The

figure shrinks more and more as it nears infancy; then it becomes a fetus, then a zygote, then just a few cells—and then it vanishes. I fly from the room toward other parts of the building, feeling utterly ecstatic. But suddenly I begin weeping, "I don't want it to be over, I don't want it to be over."

The tears wake me up.

12) A variation on the theme of identity is found in dreams where we assume forms other than our familiar ones. We "become" another individual, or an animal, as Chuang Tzu became a butterfly, or even some bodiless phenomenon of nature like the wind.

A hapless man is dragged into a room where a sinister-looking woman requires him to drink blood. He is asked: "Do you understand that this does not involve sex or drugs?" The man had thought he was going to visit a prostitute but now he acknowledges that this is something entirely different. Then the unknown man becomes me, seated on a chair and struggling against the efforts of the woman to pour blood into my mouth. I spit and flail as the spectators, including a police officer, observe. The struggle wakes me up and I'm thinking of the saying of Christ, Unless you drink my blood, you cannot be my disciple."

I'm standing on the ground when it occurs to me I can fly. I rise into the air and fly to the edge of a park in my home town. I discover that the less I try and the more I concentrate, the easier it is to travel—I can "think" my way to distant places.

Suddenly I realize I am the Wind, invisible to others yet visible in the effects I create. I blow around some trees, then into a school where I see a girl standing below me. She notices something above her, a half-material presence and says, "Don't need to worry." She reaches toward me as I float by. I stop to pick her up, trying to hold her as comfortably as possible so she feels secure. We fly about the school, then outdoors where we see a huge hollow tree with many rooms carved into it. The girl is afraid to enter, so we fly on.

We approach a tall building which I know to be a bank. The top floors contain musty, dusty old rooms long abandoned. We pass through the glass of the windows, circulate awhile amid the stuffiness, then leave again. The heights are almost dizzying. We return

to the school, circulate a bit near the office, then float to the girl's classroom where I set her down. Her teacher begins scolding her. I mean to go to the principal's door and create a commotion there so he'll go and rescue the girl from the teacher.

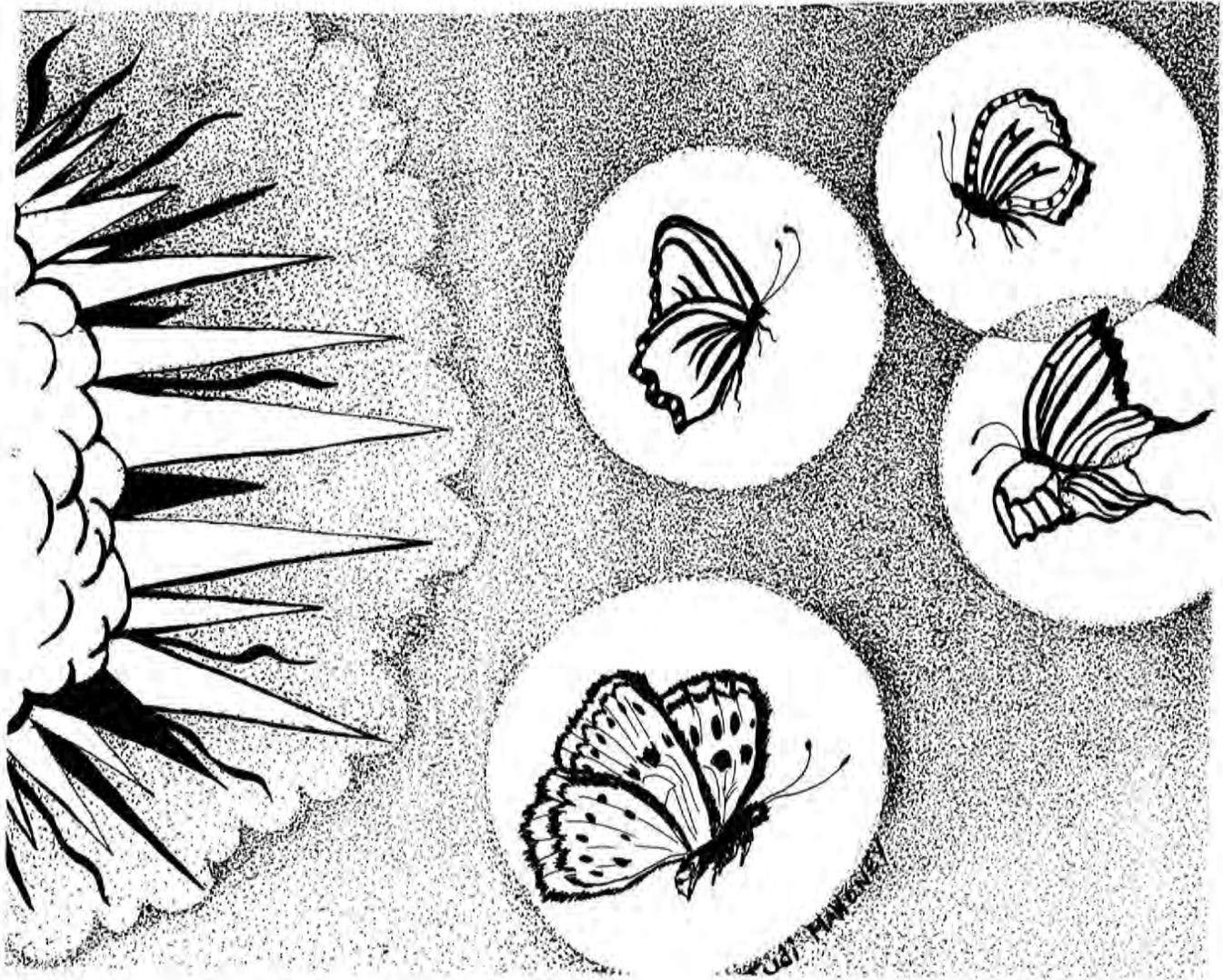
13) At times in our dreams we can know directly what mystics throughout history have described as "becoming one with the All." Here we don't merely switch identities, we become rather a sort of Identity-of-all-identities and (to reiterate the point) know ourselves as such. In other words, we don't merely interpret the experience that way, or infer it after the fact; we know it by direct realization, even if in waking life we'd heard of such a notion but were unable to make sense of it.

At a meeting where I feel something "occult" may be going on. Initially it frightens me, but then I realize it's just a charismatic prayer meeting. First a middle-aged woman "prays down the spirit." I feel a vibration in myself and instantaneously I'm carried along a sort of "river" or current of near-ecstasy, with occasional intrusions of fear. When she's done, an old woman walks in along the aisle quite matter-of-factly, as if never doubting that the power will come through her. She seems humble and wise. As she prays, the ecstasy returns and I'm borne along in a shifting, revolving, flowing, expanding, returning experience, with a sense of "allness," going everywhere yet staying in the same place, expanding limitlessly and yet being situated or concentrated.

Now there seems to be only a small group of three or four young men left. One of them begins praying, as if to continue where the old woman left off. It seems doubtful to me he'll succeed in being instrumental for the descent of the power, so I pray, "Oh Lord, be kind" (meaning, "Grant this man the power, too"). The same sensations return with a jolt. I begin to associate this jolt with the onset of lucidity. But then my thoughts intrude: "This is a dream; perhaps I'm becoming lucid; relax and let go; return to the scene of the meeting." But the mental chattering becomes too busy and too complex and wakes me up.

(Lucid dreams are discussed below.)

Closely related are dreams in which individuals are known to have a



Butterflies

I am in an assembly hall. There are a lot of people here . Our purpose is to learn.

There is a small infant floating above us in a boomerang shaped device.

I can't see this baby, but I am aware that it is very wise and here to teach.

***Then there is an explosion outside. As people are killed in this
explosion, they turn into butterflies inside bubbles
until the danger passed.***

We all turn into butterflies so we can help them.

One butterfly is exceptionally large and beautiful. It is a leader of sorts.

Later, we transform, back into our own bodies.

Dream & Inspired Poetry

The Chatter of Past Lives

This poem is written for someone whom I know is trying to connect with me in my dreams.

*I was in a colosseum, near a beach having
an in-depth discussion with a woman about truth and desire.
It was both physical as well as spiritual, in the sense
that we were attracted to each other,
by the desire to understand our selves as well as God.*



As we sit in this colosseum of circumstance,
In this dream landscape
Where tomorrow's choices voice themselves
And adhere to the spectacle of our embrace
As it intermingles
In the festivity everywhere
Before our dreams were congealed.

Just like in the poem "Say Yes to the Know in Tomorrow," I've been having dreams where I have this overwhelming feeling that I am coming in touch with someone, I've known in the past or perhaps even the future. The dreamscapes are overwhelmingly lucid and emotional and I do feel I am getting closer to their source.

by Robert Jude Forese

As I listen to your voice
In the echo of my dream,
I'm reminded of a soothing night breeze...
It channels me to another time
When we were invincible and undaunted...
It soothes my restless spirit
As it impulsively seeks change-
....I look into your face
And I feel cool ocean waves,
Release voices in the mist,
Offering us song,
Surrounding us on this shore of an ageless conquest-
And I feel an inner ease
As we undress our philosophical jargon-
And I feel god's message
As you whisper into my ear

Art by Angela Mark

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Terma and Gomter

by Paul Rydeen

In 1947 a young Bedouin named Muhammad Ad'dib discovered a crumbling clay pot buried in a desert cave high above Israel's Qumran Wadi. This and several other pots found nearby contained second-century writings which we now call the Dead Sea Scrolls. They were apparently hidden there by an ascetic Hebrew sect facing Roman persecution. In addition to Hebrew and Aramaic versions of biblical books, several letters, philosophical treatises, maps and more were discovered. Many remain untranslated and unpublished. These scrolls are what Tibetans call terma.

Terma are writings hidden away for posterity. The fourth-century Gnostic texts found near Nag Hammadi, Egypt in 1945 are terma. Like the Dead Sea Scrolls and the Nag Hammadi Library, terma have been hidden in Tibet since before Buddhism came to that land. Tibetan terma usually contain rituals and yogic practices. When found, they are immediately instituted as part of the Tibetan religion. We could properly call the founding documents of Mormonism, the brass plates of Moroni, terma. Likewise the additional plates found by the Strangite Mormons of southeastern Wisconsin after Joseph Smith's murder. Flying saucer contactee George Hunt Williamson received several messages in the 1950s from the Space Brothers to the effect that several Mayan texts which escaped the Spanish fires were hidden away in caves near Lake Titicaca. Why Mayan texts were hidden in Inca territory was left unexplained. Like the Akashic records, terma also have a mythological component. They are said to be found in trees and lakes, on rocks, even in the sky. Terma found in a dream have a special name among Tibetans. They are called gomter. A good example of a modern gomter would be the Necronomicon of horror writer H.P. Lovecraft. It originally appeared to him in a dream. He transcribed it into his fiction. When Jung first visited North Africa, he dreamed of a gomter written in "the Uigurian script of West Turkestan." He couldn't read it, but he recognized the style from some Manichean fragments he had seen. He forced a young Arab to read it to him.

Voltaire transcribed a canto of La Henriade from a dream, and wrote the rest after waking. Babylonian script was translated because of writings found in a dream. Coleridge's Kubla Khan and many of Robert Louis Stevenson's books were found in dreams, although in a visual rather than written form. The Koran was dictated by an angel while Mohammed spent several nights in a cave, but it is not clear if he slept. This may be better treated in an article on channeled or inspired texts.

I have found several gomter as well. Most recently I dreamed of The "Ahh" Book, a thick volume containing hundreds of verses of different lengths. I opened the book at random, and read verse 479. Like all the other verses, it was merely the letter "a" written over and over. Each verse had a different meaning, although the first 20 or so letters were translated "It is sealed." Gomter are traditionally sealed, or hidden away as terma. Seldom are they revealed to the present generation. The significance of the "a" is that Tibetans and many yogis practice by visualizing that letter in the center of one's chest while silently chanting "ahh" to oneself. This is how Tibetans learn to enter sleep without losing consciousness, although one could argue a connection to Hawthorne's Scarlet Letter in this regard.

A few months ago I found myself dreaming of a used bookstore. This is quite common for me. One of the books was a boys' book from the turn of the century, written in the style of Jules Verne or H.G. Wells. I didn't catch the title, but I read enough to learn the story. It was about the young son of a paleontologist on a dig in Australia. While his father was unearthing fossilized mammoth bones, the boy discovered quite providentially that the hairy pachyderms never really died. When the last ice age began, the mammoths migrated en masse to the bottom of the ocean. The exciting frontispiece showed the herd emerging from the waves of an Outback beach while our young hero looked on in boyish astonishment.

In another recent dream, an acquaintance showed me a collection of previously unpublished horror stories by H.P. Lovecraft. One story, entitled "The Builders," had been inspired by one of Lovecraft's own dreams. I read it in its entirety, and wrote it down upon awakening. It reads well enough, although the incongruous ending to the effect that the builders of ancient Egypt "were all gentlemen of leisure" is rather typical of dreams. I have reproduced it at the end of this article for the interested reader.

Many gomter I know by title only. Some are unwritten titles by favorite authors, like Lovecraft's *Octavexion* and Philip K. Dick's *Orientation 7*, both of which are short-story collections. Others are better described, like the graphic science fiction novel by occultist Kenneth Grant entitled *Zendata Desiderata*. I once discovered a lost text written by Elizabethan court astrologer John Dee. It concerned a demonic entity known as "the seventh one about the Mora." You won't read about it in your history books, but I know of an ancient Hindu text called "Paharyana Brahamarana." Like the Bhagavad Gita, it is a spiritual commentary on the Mahabharata.

Sometimes an excerpt is all I'm able to view. I remember reading from the Intergalactic Encyclopedia of Conspiracies several years ago. The entry on the Illuminati was written by underground favorite Robert Anton Wilson. It said their original name when they came from Venus 10,000 years ago was V.I.V.O., which stood for Venerable Illuminated Venusian Order. I believe it.

Here is a song I heard in a dream, just as you see it here:
Who's that monster sleeping on the ground?
Can it be the monster that I found?
Monster, don't you weep,
Try and get some sleep,
Monster, you're the best monster around.

Here is another:

Love is like a bowl of apples in autumn;
You don't know what you'll get until you've got 'em.
Thanks for the memories.

This one I composed myself, in a lucid dream. I wrote two more verses "automatically" after I awoke:

Thee I evoke, from the depths of the brine,
The children of Tethys I loose and unbind,
Thy once-placid surface disturbed from below,
It comes to the surface, alive and aglow.

Unlike the Tibetans, I have seen film versions of gomter as well. Stanley Kubrick's *The Sun Gods* is the story of a small flat world illuminated by a miniature sun a few miles up. A wealthy elite controls the slaves who create day and night by manipulating a huge steel screen between the earth and the sun. The slaves revolt, covering the sun for three days. Then, in the middle of the night, they unleash its total brightness while Mozart's "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik" plays at full volume. It was a moving sight. I once watched an alternate version of *Planet of the Apes* in which they find the Garden of Eden at the end, instead of the Statue of Liberty. In the center of the garden is a fossilized tree, the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil. Taylor and Nova (Charlton Heston and Kim Novak) eat the petrified fruit of this tree, setting in motion once again the very processes which created the upside-down planet of the apes the first time.

Some of the gomter films I know by name only. *Lost Loaf #505* is the story of a passenger plane which crashes in the wilderness. *Monstrem* from 40,000 is a classic 1950s horror movie produced by Penny Marshall. There is an old Peanuts special in which the gang sings "Magnetic Pizza." *Return of the Ninja, Pt. 3* starred Clint Eastwood. I have seen several *Godzilla* films of the gomter variety. And so on.

The most important gomter is one I never realized until I began writing this article. It is my own dream journal, which I call the *Oneironomicon*. When I first began recording my dreams some eight years ago, I often dreamed of doing the recording instead of actually waking up and doing it. I believe this was a defense mechanism my mind produced to prevent my waking. If I thought I was writing, then there was no need to disturb my sleep by actually doing so. I realize now this was not the same *Oneironomicon* I know by day, but a dream *Oneironomicon* which no doubt contains quite different contents. Next time I find it, I intend to read it rather than write in it. The dreams recorded there will surely be worth reading. ∞

The Builders (H.P. Lovecraft)

When the searing desert sun hung low in the western lands, and the incessant parching winds slowed to a nevil whisper, that is when I learned the blasphemous secret of ancient Khem. For it was then that the bewitching twilight spoke to me of unknown things, horrible things which men were not meant to remember. From out of the soulless quiet beneath the night's first cruel stars, I learned the ageless, awful mysteries of that secret place that our forebears were wise enough to forget. Unlike those long-dead men, I cannot forget. The unmentionable secret will be buried only with me, for I will tell no other. The horror will not return, not by my hand.

Osiris appeared to me first, the God and Lord of the Dead. High over the nameless Sphinx he rose, and all was silent. I heard the song of the ancient ones, the Builders, those who came when Khem was young and verdant and the great glaciers were still melting in the south. A mighty Nile flowed across the land then, miles wider than it is today. The Builders learned to control its occult power for their own ends.

They built mighty block structures which no hands should build, huge towering temples which defied the gods. The Builders called themselves gods, and the savages of Khem believed it. The Builders taught the natives writing, farming, and the arts. They ended the incessant warring between tribes, but they placed the heavy, awful burden of self-knowledge upon them in return. They civilized those first Egyptians, but in so doing they taught them the fear of the gods.

The Builders erected the mysterious pyramids, which no man hath divined. They stand there today, silent as the starry vault above me, waiting for one who will know - nay, remember - what they have to say. I am that one. I have returned. I am a Builder.

Jackal-faced Anubis appeared, gleaming his blue-white eye across the timeless horizon. I froze in terror when that unnatural light pierced my forgotten soul. The desert is cold at night. I heard the devilish music of the uncaring spheres as the blasphemous demon confided in me. The Builders were not what they seem, the hellish god whispered. They were not from Khem at all, but from the frozen waste at the top of the world. It was once a paradise, but because of the Builders the earth had moved and covered their home with an ice sheet two miles thick. That is why they left their home and came to this land, ancient, sun-parched Khem. They needed the river, they needed the stars, they needed the people of Khem.

Then he told me another secret, one so terrible and mind-bending I hardly dare write it even now, alone here with my candle burning low and my cat wandering the night and the wind shuddering my crooked tent. The Builders of Khem lived long before anyone thought, long before even the wildest heretics had guessed. Their age was measured not in thousands, but in tens of thousands of years. I was one of them, but that is not all. The secret of the Builders, the strange, beautiful, unfathomable secret, is that they were all gentlemen of leisure. ∞

perceiving Subject beyond themselves. They have thoughts and experiences but are aware they aren't themselves the true or ultimate Subject, of which they and their experiences are the objects.

(This was an unusual dream with minimal sensory content. But it seemed profound as I was waking up and I pondered it at length in a half-waking state.)

It seems a dog has barked and this gives rise to a thought. L.K.'s son is there and I can't tell whether it's he or I who is having the thought. There is a "Presence" who observes him and me and the thought, being all of these things and yet remaining somehow separate from them.

14) Meister Eckhart once said, "Three things prevent the soul from knowing God: time, materiality and multiplicity." If dreams demonstrate the provisionality of our concepts of identity and space by rendering them fluid, they do so no less without our familiar notion of time. Time can be experienced as curiously nondescript, capable of being compressed, stretched, retarded, reversed, or transcended. Again, despite the fact that in waking life we can hardly imagine a duration beyond tense or time, in dreams we can know this directly.

A wish of mine has been granted: I've been given one day with my daughters as small children again. They're about eight and six years old when I see them and I'm completely overjoyed. I know they will be like this for only one day but I'm not sure they know it. Shannon lies on my lap, with her dimple and smile and chuckle as disarming as I found them in her childhood. I snuggle with her and wonder if she knows she's married to Ramsy, that she's only a little girl for today. Then I set her down and pick Sheri up. She holds out her arms and says, "Me too." She's only a little girl but is tall and slim and very beautiful. I can hardly contain my joy. The scene changes to the front door of my uncle's farmhouse. My hands are full and I'm trying to get the key into the lock. I feel annoyed that half my day with the children is being consumed by locking and unlocking doors.

(I woke up with no dream imagery in mind but with a clear sense of the Day of Judgment being like this.)

*On that Day I call myself as my own witness. In submitting evidence I replay my life, or actually re-live it, some of it in chronological order, some of it anachronistic, depending on the point being made. All the witnesses I call also re-live their lives or parts of them. It seems to me this is what the experience of *deja-vu* is — we've done all this before and what we are now living is the testimony before the Divine court.*

The Day of Judgment, in other words, is now. ∞

(This article will be continued in DNJ V16#2)

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Korean Dreams, Cont'd from page 24

one's potential. Life is a mythic, dream journey for each of us; we are mythological creatures, through personal myth-making we can, and often do, make sense of our lives and our world.

¹ As employed by David Feinstein, Stanley Krippner in various papers and in their teaching manual, *Your Personal Mythology*.

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Please address correspondence to Department of English Education, Hankuk University of Foreign Studies
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Baking

A Short, Short Story

by Anitra L. Freeman



A famous baker lives at the edge of the infamous Goblin Wood. No one knows why she chooses to live so close to terror. Although the gardens and orchards immediately around her cottage are rich and extensive, their equal could surely be planted and tended anywhere in the country. And right behind her cottage, three steps past the herb garden, looms darkness. Twisted with distorted tree limbs, vines that change their contortions between glances, vegetation never catalogued. Webbed with darting glimpses of things that cause most eyes to shy away.

Visitors still come to her from all across the realm. The inside of the cottage is comfortable and reassuring, lit by scented candles and warm firelight, with polished wooden beams and tables draped with bright woven fabrics. Heaps of fresh baking are renewed every day: braided breads savory with herbs; mounds of hearty rolls rich with nuts and wild honey; pies brimming with dark, rich berries.... all scent the air until breathing is a feast.

Her wares are unduplicated anywhere in the kingdom. A customer sampling her pie one day startled himself by thinking, "I'm tasting the blood of Earth." As the tart sweetness hit the back of his throat, he heard a high distant piping that he never forgot for the rest of his life and he quite surprised his family and friends by beginning to write poetry.

One woman savoring the aroma of braided herb-bread marveled, "These *must* have been fresh herbs—but how can you get the amount you need, for so much baking, from your small garden?"

Even as she asked, her thoughts were turning home. She began to hear her daughter's humming and the

rhythms that she beat while pounding out her washing on the stones. The mother's careful mental store of counted coins sorted itself into different stacks, as she decided that their family could well afford an instrument, after all.

She never heard the baker answer.

Every customer has always asked the same question before leaving. Arms laden with the richest baking in the kingdom, minds warming to new sensations and beginning to spark with new ideas, each one stops to ask earnestly, "When will you move away from that terrible wood?"

The baker squeezes a hand or pats a shoulder to acknowledge their caring, and says, "Please travel carefully."

Customers all leave her long before dusk; no one is around at midnight. None ever see her walk into the wood out back. No one hears her screams while she works. No one sees her haggard face in the dim predawn as she staggers out with her harvest. She dresses her wounds herself. The baking is done, and arranged, and no blood shows, before the first customers arrive to shop. And to ask her why a baker lives at the edge of the Goblin Wood. ∞

Email: anitra@speakeasy.org

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Dreams are journeys of the soul. According to the worldview of most indigenous peoples, while the physical body sleeps, the soul is awake. This purely psychic consciousness explores other realms of experience. Research into the archetypal realms of the human psyche, as reported by such explorers as the psychiatrist Carl Jung and the mystical Edgar Cayce, has verified the aboriginal understanding that during the dream state our consciousness navigates between the abyss of the ocean depths and the infinity of the starry sky.

CARIBBEAN DREAMING

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January 31 - February 7, 1998
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Ruth E. Norman
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