

• Creative Dreamwork in the Central Corridor •

Vol. 17 No. 4 & 18 No. 1  
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# Dream Network

Since 1982

A Journal Exploring Dreams & Mythology



*Sacrificed!* • Martha Peacock

*Creative Group Work In Illinois* • Gail Arrenholz-Roberts

*Tapping the Depths: The Rich World of Dream Hosting* • Rosemary Watts

*On Numbers in Dreams* • Two Articles by Rosemary Ellen Guiley & Diana F. Cooke

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# Statement of Purpose

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## Dream Network

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

We believe that dreams are agents for change and often reveal important new insights about the life of the dreamer, both personal and cultural. Recalling a dream is a signal that we are ready to understand the information that has been presented. Enacting the dream's hint can bring personal empowerment.

We seek to provide a balance and to give all nations, voices and schools of thought an opportunity to be heard.

There will be times when a particular area of interest will be given greater emphasis than another because of the limited space in the Journal and that which is surfacing that is of interest to the readership.

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

You are invited to indicate areas of interest and questions you would like to see explored in future issues.

## Dream Network

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Upcoming Focus  
for Volume 17 No. 4

Focus on

**Prophetic and  
Precognitive Dreams**

*Especially dreams which  
point to the  
'Millenium Shift'*

Year 2000

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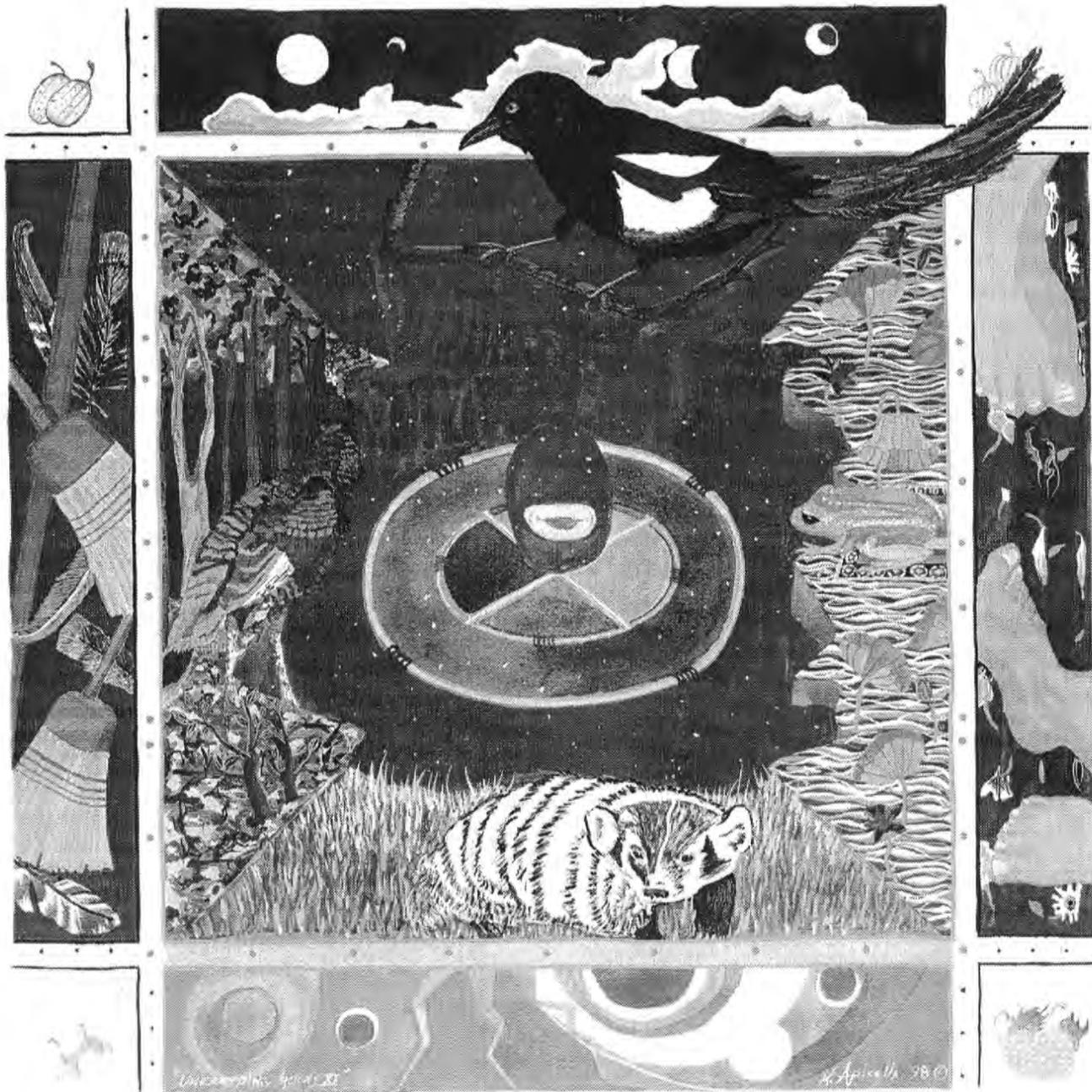
## **About our Front Cover Artist**

Paul Heussenstamm is well known for his capacity and clarity in helping others discover the "language of the soul." A fourth-generation artist, Paul's formal education and degree in fine arts could not have prepared him for the ultimate revelation of his life's work: The artistic sharing and teaching of an ancient language and powerful symbol, the Mandala. For many, Paul's intensely colorful paintings are for and from the soul and serve as a pathway to self-realization, healing and wholeness. In the artist's own words, "My work is an invitation to seek and explore artistically the fundamental patterns of nature and the soul."

For more than three years, Paul has taught Art as a Spiritual Path throughout the U.S. and Canada. If you are interested in having Paul come to your home, school or business and for further information on lectures or workshops, commissioned paintings or soul readings, please call 714/497-2709 or write PO Box 836, Laguna Beach, CA 92652.

## "Animal Medicine Wheel"

A combination of four dreams and one vision



Kim Apicella has been a professional artist for sixteen years and has been inspired to work with dreams in the form of narrative painting since 1994. "My drawings and paintings have evolved from pure abstractions toward what I term narrative symbolism. This came from a desire to communicate more clearly within myself and with viewers. Each object and color in a work is imbued with esoteric and exoteric meaning drawing inspiration from a variety of sources. Some of these sources include dreams and childhood, Pahari (Punjab) miniature paintings, folk painting traditions from India, the elements of matter and meditation, as well as Hindu hymn texts like The Rig-Veda and Bhagavad Gita." Paintings are gouache on illustration board and measure 11"x11." If you would like more information about Kim's work, to purchase a painting, or to have your dreams painted in this style, send inquiries to Clear Vision Studio, 1440 Central Avenue, St. Louis, MO 63139.

HOSTING: DREAM AND DREAM INSPIRED POETRY

**"Dreaming the End of the World"**

*I'm standing in a vast expanse .*

*The land is barren, no grass, trees, shrubs, humans or animals.*

*For as far as I can see there is only scorched brown earth all the way to the horizon.*

*Then the air and all of the sky is undulating, slowly swirling colors of orange, red and a bit of blue.*

*There is no fire, per se, but intense heat and a sense that the colors are what is left after all has been destroyed. There is an overwhelming sound in the air like the hum of electric wires from a huge transformer.*

*I've just come to be in this scene, nothing precedes or follows. I'm standing here watching what I immediately know is the end of the world. I'm terribly frightened. Why me?*

*Why am I here? What will happen next?*

*What will happen to me for having been alive at the end of the world?*

**Hosting Inspired Poem:**

Unplugged, shifting times  
Tremendous power unleashed  
Leave behind the ruins.

Undulating wave  
Tangible energy source  
Lifts collective mass.

Core realignment  
Global creative power  
Undefined changes.



Ah... but the end is only a beginning. Read on! (Ed.)

## ♥ Editorial ♥

Over the time I've stewarded this publication, I've had the pleasure of experiencing *and* witnessing our courage at swimming upstream, against the mainstream. I have seen, encouraged and validated (and vice-versa) many of you, who were trembling in their anatomies, step out and evolve significant careers for yourselves in a field that is just beginning to become visible and respected in our culture.

Among those individuals are Rosemary Watts and Gail Arrhenholz-Roberts, both creative, gifted and committed dreamworkers, artists and Networker/ advocates in their areas for dreams and Dream Network. They are primarily responsible for the wondrous display of spirit and inspiration you will enjoy on these pages. To you both, BRAVO!

Our cover is appropriately entitled "Surrender to the Feminine" and is presented in honor of the predominately feminine contributions contained herein. Rainbows of love to you, Paul Heussenstamm, creator of this extraordinary



work. Paul has contributed a significant portfolio of his Mandala paintings for our pleasure.

In the spirit of this issue, we have currently made a decision to highlight various dreamers and dreamworkers in various regions who are working so heartfully to encourage and educate in their areas. If YOU would like to consider 'host-(ess)ing a near future issue, please be in contact.



*This past holiday season, I was inspired to share two very significant 'nature teachings' with many of you. I sent it via email with no expectation of response, really. However, what I received is so nurturing, thought provoking and timely that I have chosen to share both with you. Wow! Now it's yours! Here it is:*

Once, when I went on a weekend camping trip to one of my favorite spots in the Pacific Northwest, I was given a special gift. I would like to share it with you this Solstice evening.

I arrived shortly before sunset and set up my campsite near the confluence of the Hoh! River and Pacific Ocean. Once everything was in place, I snuggled into my sleeping bag, leaned back and closed my eyes, hoping soon to 'hear' the riverspeak and get into the rhythm of this Oh! so special and magical place, I immediately saw an image....

.... of a strong beam of Light shooting directly into my crown chakra and swiftly zooming out through my solar (soul-er) plexus. The voice within

said: "You are a conductor."

On another outdoor adventure/teaching, I went on a trip with about a dozen people here in the SouthWest, down the Colorado River. Way down. After two days and nights, we arrived at a spot where the Colorado and the Green Rivers merge (I had been to this point several times before and always heard the warning, "Don't go beyond this point") and the next day, were preparing to do just that: go further downriver. We were being 'led' by an experienced river guide. This was in the early spring, when runoff from the nearby LaSal Mountains is mighty. (*That's where lasal.net in dreamkey@asal.net comes from, by the way*)

We were on two large rafts with engines, the kind that have a platform tied onto two long rubber flotation devices called pontoons. Two others and myself, feeling no doubt frightened but not wanting to show it, decided to ride through Cataract Canyon (where the river narrows to solid red sandstone walls/ no bank and takes a significant drop) on the 'pontoons'. You could straddle them like you would a horse. Within a short time, we were in the thick of it, big time. Whew! I remember it well. The other two decided to get back onto the raft while I remained a-straddle.

Without much time to prepare for it, we were suddenly in white-water so turbulent that it was hard to see and zap! our raft headed right into the 'gut' of a wave so huge it felt that we were in an ocean storm! Simultaneously, our boatman (the experienced one) was thrown overboard, our motor drowned/ died, one man lost his glasses,



**“There is an  
emerging awareness...  
that dreamtime and its  
products properly belong  
to the dreamer.”**

**-Stanley Krippner, Ph.D.  
Executive Faculty**

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another got a large gash on his forehead, a third went into shock and I was thrown (fortunately) back onto the raft. It was pandemonium par excellence. And for the next timeless time, it was a matter of simply holding onto the ropes on the raft.... for dear life.

I remember clearly looking over to the other raft (which was still somewhat in tact) and securing deep eye contact with a woman friend. Non-verbally, we said to one another: "This is serious!"

This is what all the signs and my gut/intuition tells me about now and the coming year +. This is serious!

My downriver story has a happy ending. Let me share it.

Once we got past the rapids — it seemed like several lifetimes later, it occurred to me the experience was a metaphor for

life itself: turbulence, then calm, then turbulence, then calm. Just enough calm to prepare for the next rumble; like labor/ child-birth! Like NOW.

Eventually, the other raft was able to tow ours to shore and we did emergency things first (attended the wounds, calmed the man in shock, etc.), and were working hard to avoid asking the question "What's happened to Jim?" Jim being, of course, the boatman who had gone overboard ever so long ago. When it seemed pressing and inevitable that we talk about it, he (Jim) came bounding downriver, smiling ear-to-ear, life jacket in tact. He thoroughly enjoyed the experience!

Once we all recouped, told our stories, fears and excitements, we journeyed a bit further downriver and spent the early evening and overnight in

one of the most beautiful canyons I'll ever see in my life. Multi-Rainbow colored dripping springs, caves with stalactites and stalagmites and I slept near a lovely pond over which an otherworldly tree arched its limbs, feeling absolutely certain that all the life threatening chaos we had gone through get here was very well worth it.

I also believe these teachings are a precursor for the times ahead.

Let us Ride the Waves and Conduct the Light!



\*Note: For a number of good reasons, we found ourselves behind schedule and have combined Vol. 17 No. .4 & 18.1 for this issue in order to keep on track throughout '99. If you are a subscriber, we will be extending your subscription by one issue to compensate.

# Responses

Questions, Dreams & Letters

♥ From ↔ YOU! ♥

*Conductor Frances Ring*

## Confronting the Collective Shadow

I'd like to offer my "dream" on your beautiful experiences. It goes like this:

I feel that 1998 was a "serious," very serious, year and 1999 on into 2000+ will continue - with completing the "unfinished," collective-soul business and the purging, cleansing and healing on both individual and collective levels which began with perhaps, Viet Nam in the 60's. Dark archetypal energies around the issues of "power," "control," "freedom," "truth," "trust" and "integrity" have penetrated and contaminated all of our culture's institutions: familial, religious, educational, military, judicial, legislative, executive - "the political." Top to bottom, and rooted in the very soul of a longtime dysfunctional, fear-bound, "other-oriented/directed" collective.

I believe each of us, individually, collectively (and globally) have been charged with the horrendous "life and death" task of serious "housecleaning." Not one of us can really escape responding to this call, of bringing the Light into all previously denied/rejected/projected areas of the shadow-side of our human endeavors. This is definitely not a "movie" that most Americans want to stand in line to see, as evidenced by all the cross-fire of finger-pointing and scape-goating!

Furthermore, I think Clinton (and his entire administration) has been the unwitting "carrier" of not only the positive projections of TAP (The American People), but, alas, also of all the negative,

archetypal projections of everyone from, say, Joe Six-pack, the Holier-than-Thou, Far-Right Christian Coalition (aka "the Republican Party"), Sally/John Victim/Freeride to the Wall Street Pundits and the Privileged Power-hungry - of all the dark "complexes" of the body-politic at large. Perhaps, on another level, it is a "task" he took on at the personality/politico level but, being larger than the individual, these collective energies have coalesced through him and subsequently led him (kicking and screaming, like the rest of us!), and all who surround him (both defenders and antagonists alike) into the labyrinth of the American Collective Shadow. We are all affected by this "drama" of Olympian/Herculean proportions. And we each affect, within the rippling sphere of our own individual dramas, the "outcome!" Clinton, however, as the "Atlas" in the collective & global spotlight, cannot afford to "shrug."

It is not up to me to judge right or wrong his behaviors and choices; I do not know of his individual soul's task. But I do believe that the corrupt, unconscionable aspects of this country's institutions and processes, are being laid bare for the purpose of healing - and transformation.

If ever we as a collective need "Light Conductors" it is NOW. If we can't "see" the woundedness, we can't heal it. Clinton has had exposed his "woundedness" on the individual level which, I truly believe, is but an ugly reflection of our deep woundedness on the collective level.

Moreover, the very institutions which seek to try, judge and reject him - now within a lame-duck (!) Congress and next year, if the momentum is sustained on into the new Congress - are so doing within the perspective of their/our own "darkness" i.e. woundedness.

Perhaps with our finally facing, braving, and letting-go unto the

Unknown of all the terrifying "rapids & turbulence," we will all spill out into the healing, "calm pond" and peace (i.e. the "homecoming" of previously lost aspects of our Soul) which we all seek. I sense that Clinton, enemies and defenders, the collective at large, you and me - we are all charged with this task, requiring us to access the previously unrecognized Resources of Open-hearted Courage, Strength, Honesty, Truth, Responsibility, Community and Vision - and to translate these Resources into actions. But mostly the Resources of the kind of Love, Compassion, Knowingness and Em-Powerment that transcends ego.

Are we up to, prepared for, this task? Or do we as a collective prefer to continue losing our minds in the soulless "bread & circuses" of who plays in, wins the Super Bowl; petty gossip; various consensus-reality indulgences and sensation-seeking; blaming and judging "others" while refusing to "look inside ourselves," etc.? And it's "business as usual" once the "Clinton thing" is dispatched: just different personalities in "high places;" same old toxins contaminating the collective, top to bottom?

This is "serious", I agree. A serious task, serious "housecleaning". Perhaps, we might look to Sirius - as a symbolic Light Within and take up both Heart and Sword to follow the example of such Light Conductors as yourself!

Yes! These times are "teachings" and a "precursor for the times (and tasks) ahead! I know it is not an easy "calling" or quest! But, characteristically, with such experiences, we often have no other choice - but if we just remember to "stay connected" and keep breathing, while gathering the inner resources to straddle the seemingly cyclical "turbulence and rapid's of this thing called "Life."

*Conductor Linda Gail on Y2K*  
**When Life Hands You  
Lemons, Make Lemonade**

I had a dream. *I was eating a heart-shaped sugar cookie with a lemon filled square in the middle.* I didn't give it much thought.

As the day unfolded, I spoke at length with a new friend about the computer millennium bug/Y2K. As I went to bed, stirred by all the implications and exhausted, I realized the dream was about making lemonade out of lemons!

At one time it was the fear of nuclear war. I have heard retired military persons rant about a black and white war the underground was preparing for; I've heard of the alien blue babies that are due to be born and take over the world, the water people who will rise up out of the sea... and of course, the judgment days that will bring the wrath of God in the form of fire that will spare only a few chosen ones. Then there was Hale-Bopp and David Koresch. Global warming. After all the end-of-the-world threats, some of us are either overwhelmed or have developed a sense of apathy about it all.

There is much speculation about what the new millennia will bring. There has been so much focus and anticipation over the year 2000, that it should be a creative, evocative intense time to be alive. We all knew the industrial madness had to come to an end. It is no wonder we unwittingly sabotaged every feasible system in the world via a tiny microchip (like the mustard seed?) programed with so little foresight.

So what is the worst possible scenario? The biggest concern seems to be that we will have no power/electricity. So..... candles. Kerosene lamps. We will go to bed at dusk and awaken at dawn. Our schedules have forced unnatural sleeping patterns, anyway. Ever

been late on a utility bill? How merciful are utility companies? Perhaps privately owned generators will become the criteria for keeping up the Joneses!

Refrigeration? It used to be a windowsill in the winter, or a bucket in well water, or a cellar. People only cooked what they could eat in one sitting or day. We used to have smoke houses and we canned our own foods. Food: the next greatest concern. So, we will see the back yard gardens crop up. Chemical free, clean vegetables and fruits will be the result. And meat? No more steroids of antibiotics consumed in artery clogging animal flesh. We will have to raise and kill it ourselves.... if we can.

I cherish the days of a wood burning stove and piles of blankets on the bed. My Granny never threw away anything; recycling meant something entirely different to her.

Many think jobs will be scarce. I hardly think so. There will be plenty to do, for sure. And if they are scarce? How busy are you trying to pay for all of the 'modern conveniences'? People used to sit out on their porches and have family meals. Remember those days?

What if there were no more assembly lines, no more cars moving; no more pollution, no more road kill.

A few weeks ago, I was at a grocery store when their computer went down. Employees had to add everything by hand. Taxes were different on many items: food, , laundry supplies, liquor and tobacco... and each caused the clerk to focus intently, making sure no one was over or under charged. They couldn't even open the register drawer to give change. All the while, the manager wondered how this was going to effect his inventory. They were all but helpless and a bit flustered at first, but in time, they did become resourceful, if not almost glad and

greatly relieved to experience that they could handle life without computers.

The financial structure could collapse, eradicating trillions of dollars worth of debt that can never be repaid..... like the one made on a cross how many years ago? The credit card, mail order scams will cease to exist and guess what? Cash! Now, what a novel concept.

I believe it will be quite interesting to see what and who will be affected and what/ who won't. Those who give into fear and paranoia will be the ones who suffer the most. People could be jumping off bridges and shooting themselves and one another (much like they are now?).

I did have a dream voice that warned of troubled times ahead. I now know what the voice was talking about. I had so many other concerns already, that the computer bug/Y2K has just now become another focus of attention for me. I will prepare, but lightly.

What is the worst thing that could happen? We might die. So, we get to go see God! What if the world does perish in fire and brimstone? There *are other worlds*. If we don't go up in rapture? There will be other raptures. Didn't make it to heaven? Reincarnation is a never-ending means for redemption.

We have been through how many wars? Threats? Pestilence? Drought? Famines? Depressions? Comets? Floods? Yet the Earth has never stopped turning.

The world, as we know it now, will no doubt come to be dramatically changed, maybe even come to an end. The end always implies a new beginning.

It is the things of the spirit that are most important. Things of the world rust, decay and can be eaten by moths, but spirit is forever and we are promised eternal life.

*Linda Gail, IL*

*Conductor Art Funkhouser*  
**Use As a Lightening Rod**

The two wondrous experiences you so spontaneously share leave me almost breathless with wonder and delight. Thanks very, very much, both for telling me about them and for considering me a person who you would like to share something so deeply personal, meaningful and important with; I am honored and also humbled in the face of such powerful events.

I share the conviction that you are a conductor (like copper and silver) and are doing a brilliant job of it. Conductors can be used as lightening rods and I bet you sometimes feel that way. They are also irreplaceable these days for the transmission of information and bringing us together.

I realized that a conductor is also someone in charge of getting an orchestra to work together and produce beautiful music. The Dream Network is certainly an important step in that direction.

— \* ❖ \* ❖ \* —  
*Conductor Joy Gates*  
**Bringing Light  
into the Darkness**

We enjoyed a delightful and magical solstice celebration. We sanctified and inaugurated our new playroom-meditation room at the time of the solstice. But to know what that really means, I'll have to start from the beginning.

When we first moved to this house, the basement (which has a separate outside entrance from the house) was a dark and sucky space — bare flooring rafters just inches above the head, pipes and wires one needed to duck under, dirt floor covered by plastic covered by gravel. The basement was only partially dug out — maybe two thirds. The undug part was casually covered by plastic sheeting held down by bricks. And this is where our washer and dryer

are placed, amid all those spiders and dark shadows.

Suddenly, about a month ago Bill and I were given the realization that we could transform that negative space into a playful and light-filled place. We partitioned off a room via hanging sheets from the flooring, and made a ceiling from sheets too. Then we enlarged it to include more of the basement and we began to decorate it. Golden garlands, a small Christmas tree, candles, posters of galaxies and nebulae pinned to the walls, sculptures of natural wood, mobiles, Christmas tree lights strung across the basement, two chairs and a small table! What a transformation from a dungeon, a dark hole, to a magical place of light. And we celebrated the solstice there.

This great transformation naturally called for more of the same throughout the basement, so I have begun tacking up plastic overhead to cover more of those pipes and wires, with plenty of uncovered space where we have a workroom and storage area so that moisture won't accumulate. It is amazing what a good dose of mindfulness and creativity can do when one doesn't have money to TRULY structurally modify a place. We have a little indoor garden with planters under one of the two outside windows, and a bench and birdbath (it holds creative, fun objects, not water). Our inner child can come out here and play! Let the good times roll!

— \* ❖ \* ❖ \* —  
*Conductor Tom Goad:*  
**Several Meanings**

Conductor has several meanings. We are but a "conductor" of higher energy. This is not really what people mean, I think, when they speak of channeling. It's just that when we have no inner blocks, we "conduct" power from a larger/higher/greater source.

I keep thinking of symphony conductors too. I remember being told that the profession with people who have the lowest stress levels in the world, and which live the longest, are symphony conductors. The speaker then quoted another statistic saying that the profession with the highest stress and the shortest life-span were — interestingly enough — the performers in the symphony. He was making a point about being proactive vs. reactive, and about taking charge of our lives and "conducting" our lives in an artful, skillful, proactive way.

— \* ❖ \* ❖ \* —  
*Conductor Tony Golombieski*  
**"Wakeful Dreams"**

A friend of mine, in her lessons, pushes the idea of wakeful dreams. This is not a matter of wakeful awareness but of symbolic exchange that crosses over the boundary of wakefulness and sleep. Real time events, as she sees it, can be considered dreams, at least under certain circumstances. These circumstances are dictated by need. If you need a message, it will come and the messenger does not respect our simple divisional system of dreams and wakefulness. Your canyon experience could be considered a dream - a message.

— \* ❖ \* ❖ \* —  
*Conductor Marlene King*  
**We Will Emerge,  
Transformed**

The beautiful tales of metaphorical experience touched and warmed me.

Yes, pushing beyond the turbulence brings its rewards - and is eventually worth the effort. I agree with you: I believe the storms ahead are turbulent and scary and of a magnitude and nature that has not been visited here before. But, as you wisely state, we are conductors of light

and that is our job - just keeping on keeping on conducting that which comes through us. I value the reminder.

Yes, these ARE serious times, but ones in which we will emerge transformed and richer somehow.



*Conductor Noreen Wessling*  
**Enjoy the Trip!**

Thank you for sharing that memorable Colorado River adventure. Geez! That was a close one! You must have been scared out of your knickers. And I love how you found meaning in all of this and apply it now.

"This is serious!" Yes, in many ways we are globally and often personally in deep sh\_\_\_. But yet ... Look at Jim. The unspoken expectation was that he was a goner, or at the very least he had a BAD trip. But no, he returned unscathed having thoroughly enjoyed the trip. So, for me, that's a great lesson is giving up expectations.

And then to experience the awesome beauty of the canyons as if it were a reward for going through the fearful chaos time.

Yes, let us Conduct the Light. I like that.



*Conductor Gudrun Weber*  
**Powerful Metaphors**

I am deeply touched by your stories, warmth and love. I, too, believe that the coming year will be difficult and demand of all who are in touch with the inner worlds of Light and Love... to hold these two divine qualities in our minds and hearts unwaveringly and transmit them as best we may into the world.

Perhaps this past year already foreshadowed what may lie ahead. As Jung reminded us, our task is not to strive for the light but to

bring that light into the dark places. The river experience you shared serves as a powerful metaphor for our journey.

May I share a quote from AGNI YOGA (# 406):

"Ponder what is danger. So-called danger is nothing other than fear about our present condition. But if we know that every condition is created by the consciousness, which is invulnerable, then there can be no physical fear. The danger of which it is so customary to warn, will dissolve in consciousness.

Therefore, the growth of consciousness is the most essential basis for onward progress. Instead of dangers, there will remain only obstacles; but these will serve only as a means to develop energy. If the mountain is perfectly smooth, we cannot ascend to the summit. Blessed are the stones that tear our sandals when we ascend! Thus assure yourself of the absence of dangers.

Each change of conditions will be an explosion of consciousness. But out of the explosions is molded the pulsation of the Cosmos. ..."



*Conductor Rita Dwyer*  
**Moving Forth**

Thank you for sharing those beautiful stories which indeed speaks to all of us and all of our lives. You paint a picture that I can experience and from which I can move forth with renewed hope and trust in the "process" of life.



*Conductor Cal Stroud*  
**Letting Go**

Thank you for the very beau-

tiful gift. What a great experience! As I read it, I am reminded of a little story that is the prologue of one of Richard Bach's books (interesting that I can remember the prologue, but can't remember what the book is).

He tells the story of a creature living in a river and like all the other little creatures, he lives by clinging to the rocks in the river. But he longs to explore what is down stream. When he expresses his interest to the other little creatures, they all tell him that if he lets go he will be killed; he will be pulled down and crushed against the rocks.

The little creature finally gets up the courage to let go and sure enough, he is pulled down and thrown against the rocks time and time again. But finally, he feels the current begin to lift him up into a calm part of the river. As the other little creatures see what happens, instead of believing that they also can survive if they let go, they cast a mantle of godhood on their cohort and begin to worship him, thus avoiding the test of letting go and moving on to their own next level.

As life offers its ups and downs, it seems the only way to learn from it is to let go and stay awake.

*Cal Stroud, Salt Lake City, UT*



**Privileged**

Surprise, surprise! Volume 17 No. 3 was in our P.O. Box last Friday and, though I seldom read in bed, I took it with me that same evening and nearly fell out of bed when I came across text that seemed so familiar... only to find that you had included a good portion of my talk, last April, to the Theosophical Society in Durban. Thank you, and for the comments on my two books, as well. I feel very privileged to have the inspiration and guidance to do this work. *Charles de Beer,*

*Umtentweni, South Africa*



## *Tapping the Depths:* The Rich World of Dream Hosting

By Rosemary Watts

Years ago, I was fortunate to spend some time at Pacifica Graduate Institute in Carpinteria, California. During my training, I was captivated with Stephen Aizenstat's approach of "Dream Crafting," through a dream process called "Hosting the Dream." My experience with this method is that as I share it in my immediate world, it spreads ripples of deep meaning from each dreamer and co-participant, radiating into the world a delightful way of being with dreams.

To quote Stephen Aizenstat: "Dream crafting is simply using your ability to hear deeply the stories of the dreamtime; to see and wonder about the figures of the dreamscape; and to let whatever is inside the dream come out and live. To 'craft' a dream imaginably is to experience the figures of your dreams as guests. If you extend your hospitality to them — become their *host* — they will reveal their mysteries and their messages with you." The important aspect of "Hosting" is *not to interpret* the dream, but rather *to be with* the dream. This allows the dream experience to have its own energy, which will impact not only the individual and the collective, but also the world as a whole, the holonomic level.

I teach at a variety of places and often have the opportunity to share this "Hosting" method as part of my classes. There have been so many wonderful experiences that have come out of this process. I would like to share one example that captures the magical essence of "being with" the dream.

To begin the "Hosting" process, a dreamer volunteers. This doesn't have to be a "big" or numinous dream. Any dream can be used. The dream is shared in present tense, filling in details and

nuances. Each participant asks clarifying questions so that all may feel clear about the flow of the dream, imagining it as if they were also in the dreamscape. The dreamer begins to share how it might relate to them as an individual, including any personal definitions and stories. Any literal connections to the dreamer's waking life circumstances are also shared, as are any puns observed. The dream is then explored as a group. Any myths, folk or fairy tales, legends, songs and other types of collective associations are examined.

At this point, the group is ready to "host" a specific image, symbol or nuance of the dream. This might include a specific dream figure (a priest or teacher), animal or insect (a bear or bee), an inanimate object (a rocking chair or china tea cup), part of nature (a flower or stars), the environment (a storm or waterfall), the setting (a cave or front porch). As a group it is decided what to focus on for the hosting. This is an element which the group is curious about and would like to explore in more depth, which already has an air of electricity and intrigue.

The group is led in a simple form of meditation, to quiet breathing and thoughts, releasing any outside noises or distractions, allowing attention to be drawn within. Calling on Divine Guidance to assist in this process, the participants are encouraged to open hearts, minds, emotions and playful child selves for the process. The dreamer then states, out loud, the group's invitation. It can be more prayer-like or a simple request, whatever the dreamer feels compelled to say. An example might be: "As a group, we open ourselves to experience you fully, with listening hearts. We invite you, Waterfall, to come into our sacred circle and share your wisdom and

experience with us. Please share with each of us individually, as a collective group, including any guidance and/ or insights for humanity and on a world level, teaching us about our planet and all that inhabits this place." There is a palpable, energetic difference when this invitation is issued.

Then the listening begins ... deep listening, patient listening, full sensory listening. Each participant sits quietly, allowing the hosted dream energy to speak to them on these various levels: personal, collective and from a world awareness, including the messages and impact for the environment, the animals and the planet as a whole. Some go deeply within and have their own inner experience. Some go back and forth between inner listening and recording these messages and impressions onto paper. Some receive something that must be recorded immediately as a poem, a picture, or a request for some physicalization of the experience. Each experience is unique.

Once this feels complete, the focus is brought back to sharing as a group. Each shares their experience and how they feel it relates to their personal life, what it might share for the group, the community, or humanity on a larger basis and finally how it connects to the world, animals, and the environment. The experience is usually so profound that it deeply moves the individual. The participants are often surprised by the results.

After the group has shared their inner experiences, it is decided how best to further host and honor the dream energy. This might include any combination of the following: acting out the dream or the hosting messages, creating a group dance or movement, claywork, a group poem, making something from art supplies or nature to honor the experience in a three dimensional form, creating a group song or tonal chant, taking pictures or going through old picture albums and then sharing the film results, creating a group collage, etc. The creative urges that come out of the hosting process are full and varied. The completion of the hosting sharing usually is done at a later time (the next class or meeting), allowing for continued processing and inspiration. Often the participants are delighted when the hosted energy continues to influence them by showing up in their dreams, arriving as gifts in a synchronistic way, or guiding them to find "just the right thing" to bring back to the group. The hosted energy of the dream continues to live in and through each participant.

I would like to share a fuller experience of how this happened with a group of women at a retreat center not far from St. Louis. Rockhaven Center for Holistic Living is a residential retreat program that draws women from around the world (literally all parts of the globe!). This is a portion of the dream we

shared and hosted during one of the retreat sessions.

*"The Mission — I find myself in a hospice. All of the people have AIDS. Everyone lives in small communities. I notice how supportive they are of one another, doing everything with great love and compassion. They seem very concerned about one man in their small community. He is special and seems to be the most fragile. Without being told, I know that a man who has the vaccine needs someone to get it out of the hospice so that it can be processed. Then others can take it, because in its pure state, it can kill. Suddenly, the fragile, sick man comes over to me. He hands me a small package. It is a dark green, palmate leaf with a dark black, bruised pocket on the lower right side of the leaf. In this pocket are fine white grains securely tucked in. He seems frightened as he hands it to me. He asks me to get this to the main office of the hospital. I immediately grasp the impact of my mission, and my heart begins to pound with fear and my body shakes. I sense that I am being watched. I fold the leaf and place it in my small, jeans pocket so that it will be safe. I breathlessly reach the waiting room of the hospital. I encounter a big group of women and children. I ask them to surround me. I feel so safe here. I do not reveal that I have the leaf with the raw substance in my pocket."*



"Just before I awoke, I recall thinking, 'Why me? Why did I have to be the one to carry the vaccine out?' I remained in this twilight stage feeling my heart pound and my body shake."

The group unanimously agreed to host the palmate leaf containing the healing grains. The experience was profound and there were a myriad of beautiful creations that came from this. One woman created a natural dream catcher out of a tender branch that she found while walking in the woods. It came complete with a green leaf that was still attached to the branch, which she incorporated in her dream catcher. One woman, from Japan, shared how the palmate leaf is very important and sacred in several Japanese rituals. She shared the blessings from her home land, writing down these special messages in her own language on the shape of a leaf, attaching a real, beautiful leaf to her piece, and completing it by placing a lightbulb on it to signify what an enlightening experience this had been for her. (We all enjoyed the joyful humor in this.) Several people created leaf-designed art. Beautiful poetry came out, as well. One poem that had been written out in green on a leaf-designed and real leaf-enhanced art piece said:

"Leaf  
Green, shiny  
Living, growing, decorating  
Blade, petiole, stalk, stipules  
Addicting, convicting, legalizing  
Helpful, medicinal  
Marijuana"

Another leaf-art piece included a glorious fall colored leaf with a tear on it at the exact same place as was described in the dream: "Leaf of Nature, Each season renewed, Ancient Wisdom, Fill us with Life." An additional leaf-art piece came out of a cut-down tree trunk with this poem:

"Leaf of love and healing  
Tender green of promise  
Nations seek your presence  
Shoot from stump of Jesse.

Sheltered in a woman  
She of faith and questions  
Teach us how to ponder  
As we seek life's meaning."

There were other poems, art pieces and deep residual experiences shared.

Later the dreamer wrote to me to share some follow-up thoughts on this process and what had happened since our original hosting. "It took a lot of courage to speak up and share my dream before the entire group. Its power and impact was still with me. Even as I spoke my heart pounded. When we

did the ritual (honoring the hosting process), I felt amazed at the way those who participated broadened the field of my dream, from personal, to communal, then global and universal. I realized my healing process also had those dimensions. I felt gratitude for the care taken to write poems, or do work in clay, or create art pieces and the sharing of what it meant to each person. When we finished putting all this new dream evidence together, a beautiful collage emerged. I was aware that it was no longer just my dream, but it was a wonderful healing gift for everyone there and a gift for all those people our lives would be touching."

This is but one example of the myriad of deeply moving, transforming, and creative experiences that are possible when utilizing the "hosting" method. I am convinced that as others experience and share this type of dreamwork with their friends, families, dream groups, clients and classes, the energy generated will have a positive ripple effect from the personal level, through the collective awareness and ultimately for greater healing and harmony on our planet. ☺



I am happy to share my experiences and use of this process. I would also recommend contacting Dr. Stephen Aizenstat, Pacifica Graduate Institute, to learn of their training programs.

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*Collective, Artistic Expression  
of the  
Palmate Leaf with Healing Grains*



“The experience was profound and there were a myriad of beautiful creations that came from this. One woman created a natural dream catcher out of a tender branch that she found while walking in the woods. It came complete with a green leaf that was still attached to the branch, which she incorporated in her dream catcher. One woman, from Japan, shared how the palmate leaf is very important and sacred in several Japanese rituals. She shared the blessings from her home land, writing down these special messages in her own language on the shape of a leaf, attaching a real, beautiful leaf to her piece and completing it by placing a lightbulb on it to signify what an enlightening experience this had been for her.”

**HOSTING: Dream & Inspired Poetry**

Dreamer: Marguerite Gaasch

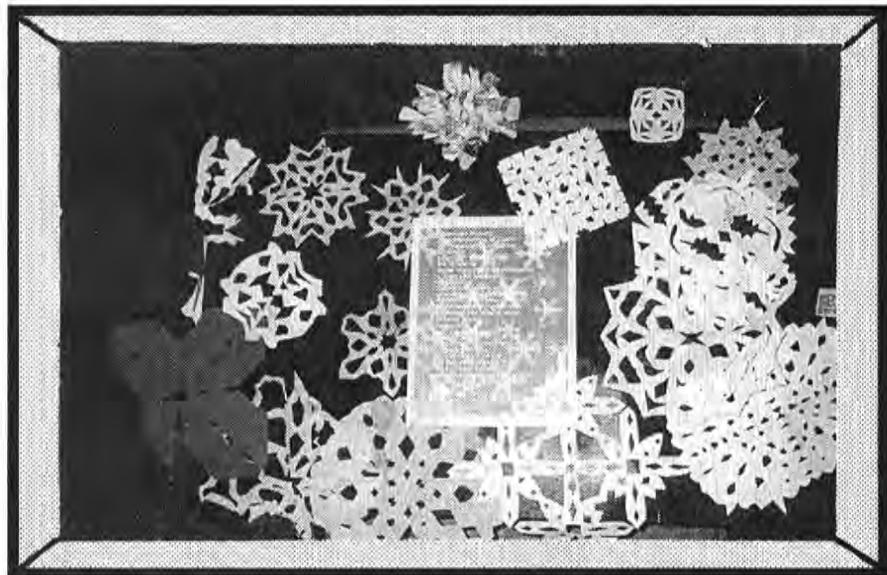
*"Night Sky"*

*I am standing outside my house looking into the night sky. The stars are so plentiful and so vivid! They look like snowflakes. I am awestruck. I run into my house to search for my binoculars. I want to see the unique designs in the stars which really look like snowflakes. When I go to the closet where I expected to find the binoculars, they aren't there. I go from room to room searching.*

*I need the binoculars to see the beautiful patterns in those stars!*

**Group Hosted Inspired Poem:**

awesome beauty  
manifestation of God's  
wonderful creation  
mystery  
playful  
let it shine  
some star-telling discovery  
on the horizon  
exploding  
snowflakes are patterns  
planet of delight  
fluttering in like a fairy  
patterns of uniqueness  
dancing the night away  
silvery light  
diversity  
tell your story  
full of power  
scattered by the hand of God  
always present  
glittering expanse  
joyful radiance  
night time friends  
raining down on the world  
so near and so far away  
rays of hope  
come out of the darkness  
treasure for your pleasure  
touch the stars



Dreamer: Kathie Eckelkamp

### *"Vacation Waterfall"*

*I am on vacation with Mom and Dad. I am on a small wooden boat — in the front of it. I am supporting my weight with my arms only. My feet are able to dip into the water. I put my legs in the water up to about my knees. When I bring my feet up, my right shoe (athletic flip flop) has fallen off about three feet in front of where I am. I wait until the boat brings us forward and I try to grab my shoe with my foot. I miss it. I think I'll look funny with one shoe, so I'll probably just take the other one off too. I remember this happened before, too.*

*So now I have two mismatched shoes.*

*As we are floating along we look over a cliff to the other side of this huge waterfall. We remember we were just there, so we stop to look. As we're watching, we prepare for a massive waterfall — like an avalanche with water. It comes down with water and brown sand. We're not close enough to get wet. But I remember thinking it wasn't that bad when I was there, but now it looks huge. The water current takes us past the waterfall, but not under or near it.*

### **Inspired Poem:**

by Kelly Eisenhart

It  
is  
LIFE  
It is refreshing.  
It is life.  
It is powerful.  
It is life.  
It is flowing.  
It is life.  
It is knowing.  
It is life  
It is healing.  
It is life.  
It is emotion.  
The emotion takes you for a ride  
The ride of your life.



# The Arts as Spiritual Discipline

by Gail Arrenholz-Roberts



**T**he focus of my work is to paint dream symbols in watercolor and silk, to teach these media, to lead dream groups that help others find their creative "voice" and inadvertently heal participants. My perspective on life is more anthropological than anything else and I view the arts as a spiritual discipline.

Chicago dream groups use theater, dance, music, poetry, and art to creatively respond to the dreams we receive. Many participants have no previous creative training. Others refer to themselves as, "art damaged." Students artistic efforts have been invalidated and devalued by our rational and materialistic society.

The unconscious has offered up scores of music, pages of poetry, wondrous theatrical vignettes, and numerous paintings with dream symbols as subjects. Some of our dream group's creations are receiving public notoriety. Recently we have experienced some new phenomena; one dreamer asks a question of the unconscious and the other receives the answer, or one dreams a symbol and later another participant borrows the symbol in his or her dream. We respond with a creative effort and the unconscious reciprocates with a creative response to our endeavor, i.e. a song. We are beginning to understand ourselves as one tiny but significant thread in the tapestry of the dream world.

## Discovering Your Creative Gifts

While traveling in third world countries, you might have the pleasure of seeing "Indians" singing while harvesting their crops, Phillipinos burying their dead in hand crafted, pink, paper mache Cadillac caskets, Navajo sand paintings that heal and Tibetan monks making music to purify the earth. Dreams have long been a source of spiritual wisdom and

creative inspiration. "Primitive" cultures have never lost touch with this mystical, repressed feminine realm of being that Anglos refer to as the unconscious.

The French essayist Charles Augustin Sainte-Beuve wrote a century ago: "With everyone born human, a poet-an artist-is born, who dies young and who is survived by an adult." The watercolor painting you see entitled, "Huerfano" is a Spanish word meaning orphan. We could say that there was no room in the inn for him any more than for Christ's birth. This little boy is my abandoned creative spirit. He was conceived in the ink drawing called, "Corn God." His place of birth, too, was like that of Christ's, amidst the animals which are a symbol for our instincts. The Creator's intention for my life was made manifest on the day I had this dream; consciousness was brought into matter and my career as an artist was launched. When we discover our creative gifts and share the joy they bring, we glorify the Creator.



Many of our students in either the Chicago dream group or the dreams and art classes confess that they are "art damaged," meaning that most probably they are intuitive types whose creative desires were invalidated by family and teachers of a more rational typology. Often the students were creative and decided to seek higher education, only to graduate with knowledge of technique and absence of desire to ever create again.

Harmful rumors abound in regard to the "true spirit of an artist." There is a mystique that surrounds the creative process and those who engage in it; for example, most people will tell you that some are simply born with this talent. In music of course there are the chosen few that have perfect pitch. This is elitist thinking perpetuated by members of "the club" who would have you think they are special. You will find their art in mausoleums called art galleries and their music in conservatories.

The explanation for this "state of the arts" in this country is subject for another article. Our purpose here is to help you rekindle your own relationship to the creative spirit within you through dream work and your regional dream group.

When we give credence to the unconscious, it begins to respond with affection and we enter into a kind of dream duet or a symphony of dreams when it addresses the group rather than the individual. Play with your dream symbols, don't analyze them. One day they will carry you into life and the future. Then you will intellectually know what they mean. Respond to them with your intuition, your body, and your feelings first. Don't kill them with your desire to name, categorize, and ultimately control them. We do this of course because we think that we won't suffer if we control things. Life involves suffering; get used to it, just do it hopefully and as consciously as possible!



"Corn God" by Gail Roberts

Now might be a good time to refer to a Haiku like dream that our film making dream group member received one night. The poem admonishes us to play in the corn, a delightful symbol for the creative. When we act as vessels for the creative force and simply wait for symbols to come from the spirit world, then they are holy or numinous and charged. We better avoid the power mongering of the ego by doing so. Technique oriented endeavors seem to smack of goal orientation rather than process and of ulterior motives rather than innocence.

### Dreamers

We play in the corn-  
Stalks and cars provide protection  
and don't.  
A feast promotes our celebration.  
One of our party goes off  
to fight injustice to us all.  
We will battle  
Whomever can beat the madman  
is free...  
The rains begin.

David Phyfer

Our newly acquired musician member sent me the following untitled musical composition. She has performed the song before two audiences and it seems to hint at the composer shadow called Sharon and her coming to consciousness. I suspect that this song is the first of many to come. She writes:

A week after joining the Geneva, Illinois, dream group, I woke from a nap with the start of a song in my mind. The words, "come moments agree," didn't seem to make much sense, but the melody was so attractive that I decided to finish the song at once. I had written songs before-for a folk group to sing in the coffeehouse-but not one like this. In a stream-of-consciousness style, I wrote down words to complete the verse, and made up a "B" part with its lyrics. It was rather lush and irregular, with strange chords that I could not immediately identify.

Come moments, agree  
All the moments that are meant to be  
Find Pleasure and Pain  
Find their moment and return again.  
All the moments  
All the laughter  
All the treasures  
And the pain .  
Come moments to me  
All the movement of your mystery  
Find Shadow and Shame  
Find the moment and return again.

Touch Drawing™ by Deborah Koff-Chapin

Come laughing to me  
Come dancing  
Come smiling  
Come crying, come again.

I was reasonably certain that the lyrics had come from a place within me, but I was much less sure about the melody. I have a file in my brain that records all the melodies I have ever heard, and although, unfortunately, I cannot call them up at will, it does tell me whether or not I have heard a tune before. This melody seemed so comfortably familiar that I assumed at first that it was well known. However, I have run it past six professional or avid amateur musicians, and no-one has even said, "It's close to . . ."

The circumstances of the nap that produced it are curious, too. In the early morning, I recorded a dream in which I look out the window of my childhood home and see my current friend, Sharon, coming up the walk. She waves to me, says "I'll see you soon," and gets in her car. Since Sharon is a psychic healer, I wondered if something of a spiritual nature was due. After journalizing this, I ate breakfast, then felt vaguely unsettled and decided to lie down on the couch to sleep, something I never do in the morning. Later in the day it occurred to me that Sharon is also a fantastic songwriter.

After a struggle to find the right chords for this song, and having to learn a new one on the guitar, I am going to sing it for the dream group this week. Perhaps someone there will recognize the origins of my foundling melody. If not, I will be forced to accept it as a gift of the unconscious.

Another time we may sit on the floor with boxes of artistic media and paint our dreams on a brown

paper scroll rolled out in front of the group. Sometimes we listen to music while we work. When finished, we each tell the story of our dream painting. When the symbols merge on paper, it becomes a primitive sort of mural. We are saving the scrolls to use in a dream workbook that was spawned in the dreams and art class. See the image marked, "Spirit Being." This painting evolved as one artist began his inner journey and study of dreams.

Recently, an artist participant who happens to be a member of the Maharani tribe of Native Americans, had the following dream:

*I am standing in a river basin amidst a mountain range like the Andes. I am facing a shaman who has a pair of wands and continuously moves the wands in a rhythmic motion.*



"Spirit Being" (Meheron) by Gerry Lang

The group did a psychodrama or theatrical amplification of the dream. We had the dreamer role reverse with the shaman and a group member took the dreamer's role. After gleaning information from the dreamer while he played the role of the shaman, we had the dreamer become himself and the other member became the shaman. The shaman then imparted the wisdom gained from the shaman. The group spontaneously surrounded the dreamer and one member suggested we move rhythmically like the shaman moved his wands. As we encircled the dreamer and swayed with wand like movement, someone burst

into song with, "Row, row, row, your boat, gently down the stream. Merrily, merrily, merr-ily, life is but a dream!" Later, the dreamer decided to sculpt a set of wands in honor of his dream.

Since that night, several of us have

borrowed the shaman as a symbol.

Lately we sit in a circle and each person shares a little about their week and the most significant dream to they have had. In the past two or three meetings, we have noticed that the dreams seem to tell a story and there is a feeling of being woven into a great dream tapestry.

Then there was the time that one male dreamer had a feast or celebration dream in which one anima figure cloaked his shoulders with a white garment that gave him a sense of protection. Another anima figure served him a dumpling type food that had been sprinkled with a spice like cinnamon. His association to this was an experience in Taos, of being invited to the 'House of the Grandmothers' for a feast amidst Native Americans. During the following weeks' group, the women in the group responded by preparing the dumplings and corn bread. We cloaked the dreamer with a white silk shawl and initiated the ceremony with drumming and smudging. We talked of how different all our lives would have been had we been initiated at puberty into our opposite like the dream demonstrates. What if the old women had told our dream group men that they were creative men, men who would have to spend more time and effort relating to their own anima, feelings, and intuition. One man inadvertently expressed his frustration and feelings of isolation from other men whose sole topic of conversation revolves around football!

I chose to honor a dream that, simply stated, placed me in bed with a 300 pound musicologist friend that was just waking up. My way of honoring the dream was to seek out a Highland bagpiping teacher. I have been a student now for two years and am preparing to audition for a band called, "Tunes of Glory." Sometimes I serenade the group at the end of the evening with a tune followed by an Irish blessing.

In Matthew Fox's book, "The Coming of The Cosmic Christ" he has a chapter that discusses the resurrection of our creative spirit along with the feminine face of God. This will take place only after we have sufficiently brought Christ into consciousness. He was, after all, a creative man; a carpenter!

I am reminded now of a quote from my beloved analyst, "What else are we but the number of ways we can express ourselves?" ☾

—\* ❖ \* ❖ \* ❖ —  
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Background Information: BS in Nursing, MA in Psychology, Peace Corps to Honduras, Psychodrama training, Jungian Analysis, Numerous art classes. Highland bagpiping student with "Tunes of Gory Band."

# Graduate Studies

*"You would not find out the boundaries of the soul, even by traveling along every path; so deep a measure does it have."*

—Heraclitus

Pacifica Graduate Institute offers graduate study in the areas of Depth Psychology and Mythological Studies with classes conducted in monthly learning retreats.

## § DEPTH PSYCHOLOGY

Pacifica's programs in psychology are built on the conviction that the study of emotional and mental processes must include consideration of cultural, historical, and environmental interactions.

The Institute offers a Ph.D. in Clinical Psychology and an M.A. degree in Counseling Psychology, both with degree specialization in Depth Psychology. Pacifica also offers a new theoretical Ph.D. program in Depth Psychology.

## § MYTHOLOGY

Pacifica's innovative M.A. and Ph.D. programs in Mythological Studies explore world sacred traditions, symbolism, and ritual in light of the concepts of archetypal and depth psychology. The content of these programs is appropriate for adult students who are writers, artists, educators, psychologists, managers, and others who wish to integrate mythological themes in their creative careers.

## § RESIDENCE & RESOURCES

The Institute's campus is a wooded 13-acre historic estate overlooking the Pacific ocean. Students journey from all points in the country to participate in Pacifica's graduate programs, and are in residence each month for three-day intensive sessions.



**PACIFICA**  
GRADUATE INSTITUTE

Site of The Joseph Campbell  
& Marija Gimbutas Library

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(805) 969-3626 Fax (805) 565-1932

## *Fishing with Joseph Campbell*

Jim Freeman St. Louis, Missouri

*Joseph Campbell chooses me to go fishing with him.*

*This is great - he's famous for his simple fishing style and now I get to experience it firsthand. He carries everything in a little brown jug made of porcelain with a burnt umber earth tone. It contains fishing bait and two sets of fishing lines, each of which is attached to a cubicle block of wood that reminds me of a children's building block. The jug even contains two licenses.*

*So as long as I am with him fishing, I don't need to buy my own license.*

*His method is mysterious, but it works: he simply throws the jug in the flowing water and the fishing line naturally unwinds. The fish naturally take the bait. The blocks are easily graspable. As we walk*



*south toward the border, Joseph throws the jug effortlessly, languidly, like his way of speaking, into the stream which is flowing right to left.*

*As we head further down the stream, the fishing line washes ashore in front of us. Already we've caught a fish – a beautiful blue-black fish, exotic looking with clear gray eyes and a thin red stripe along its length. I'm excited and curious, but concerned that I don't know how to untangle the line and unhook the fish (if there even is a hook). Joseph simply takes the setup and throws it back into the river. The main point is the journey, not the actual catching of the fish. The fish will get itself off of the line naturally, or perhaps it will be the bait for an even larger fish. As we walk downstream, Joseph notices how the river has changed. It used to be much easier to access. As I look downstream, I notice that the water is moving very quickly like at spring runoff, approaching perhaps flood stage. The water rises up in big waves, mud-brown with silt, almost touching the overhanging bushes and tree branches. I am aware we can't walk along this left bank anymore, the brush is too dense and the water too swift for wading downstream.*

*Is Joseph's intention to cross here, where the water is calmer, in order to get to the other side? I am in the middle of the river, in process of crossing it. I look upstream and see a huge fish rise up out of the water as it comes towards us; its head poking vertically out of the water. It's a dolphin! Cool! I'm very excited. Wait. It's not a dolphin nor a porpoise. It's a shark with a gaping mouth full of teeth. I feel frightened, spooky. Then I see they (for there are many of them in a line) are dead or made of rubber. They are black and white and float vertically very high in the water, more than two-thirds of their bodies above the flow. Something must have given way upstream (perhaps the holding pool of an amusement park). And now everything is flowing downstream. As usual Joseph is unconcerned, undistracted, still intent on flowing with the river on our simple journey. We are on the other side of the river at the point of an island. I look downstream and see that the water is a beautiful blue-green. The current is swift but not tumultuous. The water's color shows its deepness. I wonder if we should fish here to pull up some of the large fish deep below, but Joseph wants to move on to the ruins for a picnic. As we stand there, the water gently rises and flows atop the concrete platform from which we are watching. As the water gently nears my feet, I just as gently move to my right to let it flow past me and then back down. It's fun to move rhythmically with its ebb and flow as I talk with Joseph. It's like I can feel that ebb and flow as it happens and thus move with it naturally, effortlessly. I wonder if Joseph notices I can do this too?*

*We are at the ruins. There are many kinds, both Occidental (medieval) and Oriental (Hindu). We are above them, sitting on Joseph's bench at the edge of an easily accessed roadway. The ruins are situated at the edge of a long meadow, along which the roadway runs. Across the meadow is a thick forest (where adventures begin). The ruins I see first are the Hindu, off a short distance to our right. I recognize the oriental architecture and find the greens of the thick moss and vines beautiful. The sun is warm and bright and the colors of all I see rich and intense. The Occidental ruins are straight ahead, covered with the same beautiful deep green thick moss. Joseph isn't curious about excavating the ruins; he comes here to picnic because he likes the richness of this spot.*

*So we sit and eat the sandwiches he has brought.*

*It is peaceful, easy, yet exciting.*



**I** was into the third week of a seven week dream work shop when one of my students asked me if I thought I could help her son with night terrors.

I attended church with Cindy and Austin. He was nine years old. The Sunday I was to meet with Austin rolled around with anticipation by us all. It started out with Cindy telling me about a dream she had "a female doctor urged her to wake up and check on Austin. She voiced concerns about his medication."

Austin had asthma. I hadn't known before. Everything inside me told me the asthma had something to do with his nightmares. An oracle experience was taking place. Reality will always rise up and speak to us if we will just listen and/or recognize. I relaxed a bit when Cindy told me about her dream. I knew I was being prepared.

Austin told me the tales of an "evil" clown who pursued him in his nightmares. The clown

# The Healing of Austin

By Linda Gail

showed up on countless occasions. The dream was always the same. "The clown chased him and taunted, playing on his fears with intent to harm or even kill him." Austin couldn't sleep through the night, getting up two and three times only to show up in his parent's bedroom. The symbolic images in the night mares had been inspired by movies he had watched.

I asked Austin to draw me the clown. He just kept talking, toying with the markers and paper in his hands. On impulse I decided to draw a "demon" I had once met with in an out of body experience.

Stunned, Austin said, "You just drew my clown!"

He at last began to draw. His hands trembled. He shook everywhere. He coughed. He was terrified.

His reaction confirmed it. I was right. The clown was his asthma pursuing him in his dreams. He had fears of dying, of death and his own immortality. He had at first told me the clown couldn't die because in the movie he couldn't. I said, "Austin it is your dream. You can change the rules."

I instructed him on how to face the clown, telling him it was his dream, his reality and to tell it to just "go away." It was a belief in demons that brought about the image in the first place.

When we dream we must learn to face and cast out negative ideas because they have no place in heaven!

As I talked to his mother

afterwards Austin listened in. He asked, "You mean God is trying to heal me of my asthma with these night mares?"

"Night mares are shock therapy." I replied. "By facing the clown, you face the asthma and your fears about dying".

"Oh, I get it." Austin's mind reeled and clicked in all the puzzle pieces of his nightmares and understood greater than any of us can imagine. We could see it in his face. He was looking in his own back door. Cindy said he maintained that expression on his face for hours.

He asked me to take the picture home and throw it away. It was a strange temptation to keep it. As I tore it up, I mentally asked him to keep his promise to me as I had his.

Two nights later that clown showed up with the usual attempt to frighten Austin. But Austin had new dreaming tools. He said the magic words that have worked so often for me. "This my dream, my reality. You don't belong here. Go away!" That clown left his dreams for good and took the asthma with him.

He was so excited and pleased with himself when he told me!

Austin slowly weaned himself off the medication on which he had been so dependent. He stopped visiting his parent's room at night. I never took credit for his healing. I only planted seeds and attempted to set him in the right direction. The rest was up to him. I was amazed at how well he did.

One week after he faced that clown he dreamed.... "His father was throwing baseballs way over the trees for him to catch. He then walked through a forest and went to fish in a huge body of water. He kept pulling up a whopper of a fish that tugged and pulled and once even managed to pull him into the vast amount of water. But he was okay. Austin then got a better rod to fish with and saw his family including his grandparents, sitting next to a fireplace. He began to tell them about the fish."

Every time I act as a catalyst in the healing of an individual, regardless of the circumstances, I only bring out the flood waters of the issues surrounding the affliction.... be it alcoholism, cancer or lung disease. I have always understood it was the faith and decision of the afflicted, what the outcome was to be.

The magic, wonder and thrill of God's works always serves to amaze, astound and of course, humble me in His presence.

The minister of the church had no healing stories of his own to report within his ministry. The very foundation of the church we were attending centered around Bingo that provided the means for a rather elegant new chapel for the church. The minister and his wife were both chain smokers. Once we told him about Austin a month after the healing, sermons began with accusations of me and Cindy of worshiping golden cows and rituals instead of relying on faith.

Austin found himself wavering and later relying on medication from time to time. Cindy never realized the significance of this minister being her appointed spiritual leader and being subject to his beliefs.

Austin at least momentarily stepped into bigger than life shoes just long enough to give him a clearer picture of reality he won't ever forget. ☺



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## There Is Beauty In Darkness

\* ❖ \* ❖ \* ❖ \*

by Barb Jacober

The scene is outside. There is a lady standing in front of an opening - a cave. Sense it is a cemetery somewhere. The cave is dark (black) and there is greenery on the top of this round opening, sense of a forest or woods. The lady is standing at the opening looking in with her back to me as I approach. I speak with her. Sense she is dealing with a death and hesitant to go into the cemetery/cave. I tell her I know it is scary to go in, but I have done it and it really is o.k. We enter together. Immediately there is a feeling of peace and calm inside of me as I walk with her, guiding and teaching her.

The scene changes and we are in some kind of museum or old house. There are lots of items around to look at and now there is a man with us (a short round friendly man). We are all three together. We are looking at the things that are there. I have a sense they belong to someone who has died — a long time ago. I am in one room and the man calls me over to the window to look at something in the yard next door. As I do so, the bottom half of the window frame comes out in my hand. It is old, brown chipped wood. I try to put it back in place. It reminds me of the half-windows in my children's attic bedrooms. There is a particular way these types of windows go back in. I notice the window right next to it has a screen on it; this one does not. I struggle to get the top half into the bottom half and to stay put until I get the window completely in place. We decide not to worry about the differences in the two windows now as it is raining. The man moves on to look around at things while I finish with the window.

He is in another room when I meet up with him. He is looking at a display shelf that has a beautiful small vase (?) on it. The vase is ivory colored with a soft rose colored flower on it. I pick it up turning it around in my hands and taking time to really look at it. I am in awe of its beauty. Next to it is a piece of material that we do not know its use, perhaps a table scarf or napkin. It is same design/color as the vase. I tell him to put the things down. They belong to my Grandma A. As we are looking at them, though, I sense these items would tell me something about her as a person, as a woman. I just do not want him to disturb them, possibly harm them, as

they are beautiful. I place the vase back on the shelf. I take the piece of cloth and place it gently back where it was, arranging it on the shelf in plain view. I am careful to fold it so the triangle or flap with the flower on it can be seen. These are in a glass case and we close the door.

The next scene is somewhere else in this museum and we are listening to a presentation or story teller. The man with me says, "Oh my gosh it's 5:30 p.m.. We have to go." I hope I am not too late to get Amber from daycare as we do have a way to travel to SLUH (hospital). I hope she is still there when we get there. I see a car on a parking lot and the man places a suitcase in the trunk. I see the lady is with us as we head back home. The dream ends with me thinking it is strange that Amber is at daycare at SLUH when SLUH does not even have a daycare facility!

\* ❖ \* ❖ \* ❖ \*

## The China Cabinet

\* ❖ \* ❖ \* ❖ \*

I remember Grandma A, my maternal grandmother. That's what we called her. She was a short lady, about 5'2", a bit plump with a round face, tightly permed hair covered by a thin hair net, polished fingernails and flabby upper arms that felt so good when she hugged you close.

I'm told that as youngsters, Mom, my two sisters and I would be at her home frequently during the day. I only remember Saturday night visits as a family and most vividly the year and a half that I lived with her when I was 9 years old while Mom was in the hospital.

On Saturday night visits, the kids were often into the kitchen for snacks and sometimes we were allowed to play games at the dining room table. Across from the table was "The China Cabinet." It was off-limits to the kids. The "very special" dishes and "breakables" were kept there. All we could ever do was look — never open it!

Only adults could do that.

One day a few short months before my upcoming wedding, I was visiting Grandma A. She was ill and not sure she'd make it to my wedding. As we talked about my plans for the day and the honeymoon, Grandma got up from her chair, limped slowly to the dining room and beckoned me to follow her. She stopped at the china cabinet. My heart raced with wonder and excitement as she unlocked the door. I wondered what she was doing. Then from the cabinet she took a lovely cream colored vase. She held it briefly in her hands, turning it around, admiring it, being careful not to drop it. It was the most beautiful vase I had ever seen! The flowers were a soft muted color, perhaps a rose.

Neither of us spoke. She turned slowly and presented the vase to me. I hesitated. "Go ahead, hold it," she said smiling proudly. "It is one of my dearest possessions; it comes from my Ireland, you know." I stood there holding the delicate vase looking in awe of it. Grandma said, "This vase has been in my family for generations. It is time for me to pass it on. I'm sure your Mom is smiling from heaven in approval. I hope you treasure it always. I know of your love and respect for nature. Be sure it contains fresh flowers often." I stood there speechless and in shock. I could not believe what was happening. Tears welled in my eyes as I tried to utter words of thank you.

Once more she turned to the china cabinet and removed a lovely handmade cloth. It was a cream colored Irish linen with the same flower design as the vase. She held it close to her face to touch and smell and then smiling turned to me and offered it to me as tears welled in her eyes. "This too," she said. "You must have this. It goes with the vase. May you use these often to celebrate all the "special occasions in your life"!

In an instant memories of our days together flooded across my mind. She patiently taught me to sew. As a youth of 11 years, I stubbornly tried to skip steps and rush the process. She was determined to have me do it right — "so it will last," she'd say. We would stay for dinner on sewing days, laugh and try to delay parting.

I held her close, hugging her as tears rolled down my cheeks. I promised to cherish these gifts always — gifts that symbolized for me, her special love for me, her acceptance of me as an adult woman, as an individual. These gifts remind me of her sharing her time, her "self" with me, creating with me.

Grandma A. didn't make it to the church for my "special day." We visited her in her bedroom. She died a few months later. Her spirit, her gifts are with me today! ☾

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**Book Review**  
by Dick McLeester

**The Living Labyrinth:  
Exploring Universal Themes in Myths, Dreams,  
and the Symbolism of Waking Life**

By Jeremy Taylor

Paulist Press  
997 Macarthur Boulevard, Mahwah, NJ. 07430. 1998



All humans tend to live by some sort of story, even when we are not aware of it. Many of us who pick up this journal have learned to see our own story reflected in our nightly dreams. We may even be aware of some general connection between those personal dreams and myths from around the world. In this book, Jeremy dives right into the common ground between dreams and myths, by examining the archetypal stories, symbols and energies they share. During the journey, we see precisely how these energies are present right now, in our inner worlds, our lives and the world around us. This is no abstract discussion, this stuff is alive and surprisingly present!

The author is a warm and engaging storyteller, writing with a strong personal voice. Many readers will not even notice that this is an ambitious and challenging work. Ranging from the collective repression of the Great Mother to the deeper signifi-

cance of vampires and UFOs, this journey covers a lot of territory. Yet by showing how stories revealed in myth and dreams continue to shape our daily lives, it all holds together very well.

There is no fear of controversy here. The introduction launches into the dream research of Crick and Mitchison which suggested that dreams were essentially meaningless "downloading the junk from our computers." The biting criticism reveals both the fighting spirit with which we can approach the subject, as well as the urgent need to combat the ongoing efforts to dismiss dreams and myth—which regularly assert themselves in our modern world.

He also boldly challenges Jung's view of the Trickster archetype as "archaic," with a diminishing relevance to our contemporary world. "All the archetypes are "archaic," "timeless," and regularly "take shape and assert themselves" as repeating

patterns in our contemporary lives and circumstances. The Trickster in particular, far from being a "vanishing" archetypal energy, dominates the course of contemporary life." Further, the point that such an academic approach to an important archetype amounts to a kind of unconscious repression, which results in the energy reappearing in new and darker forms... could explain a lot in our current situation. Certainly this is a useful perspective to keep in mind when we watch the daily news.

This book explores rich new territory, and should leave most readers with a fresh perspective on their lives, and the stories that move just below the surface. The stories continue.... and the conversation has just begun. ☀

— \* \* \* \* \* —  
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## Incubating for a New Career

by Patricia Flonke

I have been searching for a new career. As various offers have come my way, I incubate a dream to see if this is the correct job opportunity for me to pursue.

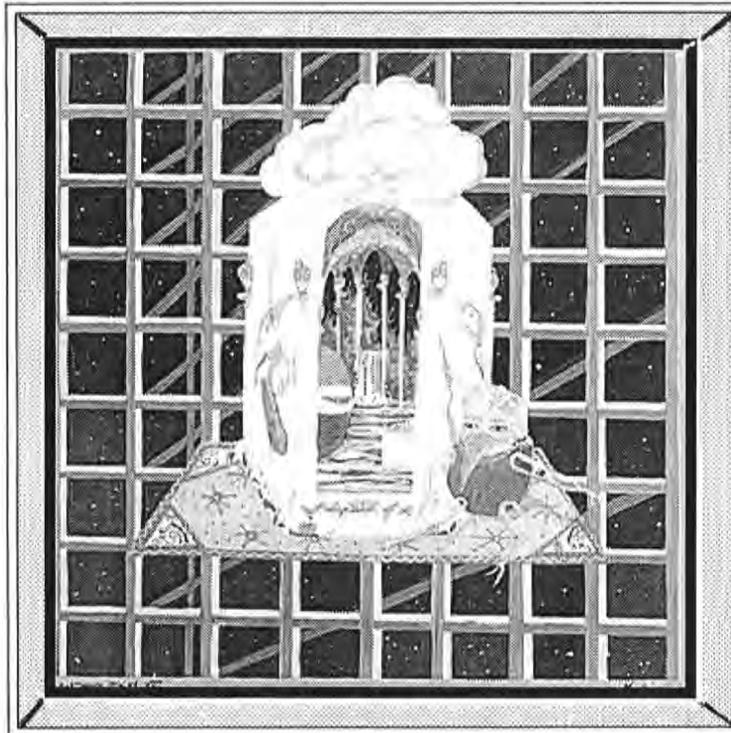
On one occasion, I dreamt that I saw a set of dice about to be tossed. They had rhinestones or diamonds where the black dots should be.

I interpreted this to mean that the job was a gamble, or a toss of the die. It could be lucrative, but it was a definite risk. I did not pursue this job offer.

On another occasion, I dreamt that my husband and I both were working for the company that had offered me a position. We had to sign up to volunteer to work at a marathon. My husband was more enthusiastic about volunteering than I was. I interpreted this to mean that the job would be a long haul with very little income. I chose to pass on the offer.

During this past June I came upon an opportunity to run my own business. The more I explored the concept, the more excited I became. It seemed that I had at last found the correct occupation that would make use of my

talents. The dream I had to clarify the pursuit of this occupation was as follows.



I see a very handsome young man walking toward me in the hall of the college that I attend in the dream. I wish that I could somehow meet him and have lunch with him because I am powerfully attracted to him. Obviously, he feels the same way when he sees me because he turns around in the hall and approaches me. We carry on a conversation. I tell him I'm a senior and he indicates that he is a freshman transfer student. He should be a sophomore, but he lost credits when he transferred. I wonder if I'll

be teased about him being younger than I am. Later on, he shows up unexpectedly at the dorm room I share with a learning disabilities teacher. He and I kiss passionately, and I'm hooked! We are now in bed making love and I'm wondering why my breasts aren't aroused as they usually are during passionate love-making. This is my first sense that maybe this relationship isn't all that it's supposed to be... even though I'm extremely aroused and passionately involved.

The scene changes. We're in a car and he stops to buy some drugs. The police pull us over. They like him because of his easy manner and good looks. He is let off the hook with a warning. Meanwhile, the whole time we're in the car, I'm still passionately aroused and desperately want a climax but never achieve one.

I interpreted this dream to mean that though the job was seductive and I was passionately exploring this as an occupation, it had the possibility of some real problems for me in the future. (Actually drugs could easily be hidden and transported in this business). It also indicated that I would be left without fulfillment, the climax I so desperately wanted in the dream. ☞



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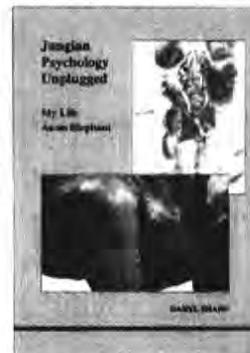
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## *Dream Inspired Poetry*

### Music of the Spheres

*A child has Light guiding his life  
with talents gifted from gods  
he dances to their music*

*Arranged melodies, composed by  
whispers to the ear, play him  
as wanderings of fancy,  
adventure, imagination*

*His eyes smile and they belie his inspiration*

*Fairies and elves, His keepers and helpers;  
Allies as brethren are drawn unto  
his wonder'd world*

*Beasts and forms of Earth both seen and not  
encourage him to 'do the magic'*

*The Mystery of Earth doth trickle off his hands  
It glows and glimmers as marvelous alchemy*

*The young master as apprentice to Earth Mother's kin  
Becomes known as the host of noteworthy accomplishment*

*He shares the craft with his company of friends  
Eyes sparkle, wide smiles yield to laughter*

*A splendid circle of being surrounds  
the collected host*

*He gifts those gathered about him with his best  
knowing what's given is received*

*The currency one yearns to save to give  
is the Music of Light, of Life*

*The Light of this sphere which allows a joyful noise, ...  
is LOVE*

Poetry on these two pages  
by Ivan L. Hughes, Maplewood, MO

# Dream Inspired Poetry

## As a Man Soweth, So Shall He Reap

*Bear down upon my soul,  
Inflate my being from within,  
Fill my spirit with color and form.*

*The instrument delights the medium;  
As when a textured, tinted shade  
Flows from a palette of nuance.*

*Even as the unicorn bows down  
And touches with his fabled horn  
Those muddied waters,  
Imparts healing to the troubled soul. . .*

*Accompany my sleep with dreams of  
Visions which inspire me conscious.*

*The melody delights the Eye,  
Paints dreams with words that have no meaning  
But tone and tune, thoughts and feelings,*

*Impressions a beginning  
Only to further description  
Within boundaries of meaning.*

*Illumined by the Touch  
Which offers lighted purpose,  
The vessel delights in knowing  
That surpasses human understanding;*

*Of the songs without words  
Of the poetry that hints  
Of the voices sublime.*

Honor the dream of 1-27-99

## The Observer, The Witness

*She sits as 'Silent Being'  
in robes of earthen grey,  
shaded tones of cloud-white.  
A vestige royal and handmaid, too.*

*Species-specific, vestigial eyes  
focused and functional, still.*

*Beyond the gravity of time,  
Between a photon's breath...*

*She attends enfolded  
layers of knowing within 'time-  
honoured' clarity*

*Not by doing ; simply by being  
...(whisper)... Herself.*



Art by Susan Hickman

## BLOOD SWEAT &amp; TEARS

## IS HE A DREAMBOAT OR A NIGHTMARE?

© 1999 by Janice Baylis

**A**re you and your boyfriend headed for smooth sailing or rough riding? Your dreams may have the answer. About 25% of dreams are about relationships. If you are in a male-female relationship check your dreams for an evaluation. This goes for marriage relationships too. Dreams tap all of your inner intuitions.

These dream examples were created by the individual dreamers for their individual situations. But, they show us the kinds of messages and guidance you can expect from your own dreams.

## SPOONING

*"Vince came to pick me up for our first date. I lived with my parents, brothers and sisters. (Actually she lived alone. The dream family represents all the parts of her personality). When we came back to the house it seemed natural for Vince to stay the night, even with all the family members around. "Fully dressed we crawled into my single-sized bed. We snugly and cozily nested our legs lying on our sides like spoons. We fitted very nicely. We relaxed and contentedly stayed together that way."*

Ruth, the dreamer, had just met Vince. Legs are a person's foundation. Their foundations, basic life views and values, fit together nicely, like spoons in a drawer. Mark this one a dreamboat.

## TYING THE KNOT

A widow woman had this pre-cognitive dream about her second love.

*"I'm by a doorway in an unfamiliar house that is my house in the dream. There is a large white macrame wall hanging that goes from ceiling to floor. It is about six feet wide. I squeal 'Ooh!' Because it is so beautiful. I walk over to it and ripple it with my fingertips. My boss is watching me enjoy it. "A man, very tall, comes up behind me. I can't see him because he is behind me. He lifts me up, now I can reach the top. We move sideways and I ripple my fingertips across the top. I feel very youthful. I woke up humming, 'Love is better the second time around.'"*

Soon after the dream her boss introduced her to a very tall man. They tied the marriage knots and his love lifted her to heights of happiness she'd never known. She said, 'He makes me feel very youthful.' Love was indeed better the second time around. Chalk up another dreamboat.

## LASTING LOVE

These unmarried lovers were having difficulties when Diane had this dream.

*"I'm in bed with my boyfriend. We're in the same bed but not touching. I dream I wake up, get out of bed and go sit in the kitchen. I'm drinking hot coffee. He follows me and says, 'What are you doing out here?' I say, 'Nothing.'" "After awhile I go to the freezer and get some ice cream. He asks, 'Do you really need that?' "I answer, 'Mom just died can't you cut me a little slack?' I start crying. He comes over and puts his arms*

*around me. We walk hand in hand back to the bed. We make love and it seems very real. We kept making love. We never stopped until I wake up. We did it over and over again."*

At the beginning of the dream they are together but out of touch just as they were in waking life. The nurturing love (like a mother's milk) had died. Diane wasn't getting the nurturing she needed. It was frozen, like ice cream. This is a picture of what had happened in their relationship.

Later Diane left him. Just as in the dream he followed her. By leaving and crying Diane showed how she was feeling. He did respond lovingly to her feelings and needs. They got back together. The dream predicts a lasting and sustained love! Mark this another dreamboat.

## NO CONTROL

Nancy and Jim are lovers but not married. Here is Nancy's dream.

*"I am with Jim. We are making love. I realize I have no birth control device. I say, 'Please let's stop.' "He says, "I'm almost ready to climax, I don't want to stop.' I'm thinking I don't want to upset him so we continue. Just before climaxing he withdraws. "Next we are in the kitchen and Jim is making breakfast for his three brothers and me I have a business envelope I need to give to him. I'm afraid to approach him while he's busy. I ask him where to put it. Without getting irritated or upset he says, 'Just put it on the table.'" "*

Nancy chose the words mak-

ing love. This extends the meaning of intercourse to express the way two people care about each other. She has no control and he withdraws! In their domestic situation he serves his full array of masculinity, represented by his three brothers. Nancy is outnumbered four to one. Nancy said he controls by irritability or withdrawal and always puts her need for communication aside. He tables the issue. Is this any way to live, constantly afraid you'll upset your partner? Well, I guess it's one way. But it would be a night mare.

### FLAKY THINKING

Jackie is a divorcee in her forties. She was dating a man in his early fifties. The dream is set in a hotel, a place to stay temporarily. Here is Jackie's dream.

*"My boyfriend and I are in the lobby of a hotel. He is there looking for a group of young adults. He is dragging me along by the hand not paying any attention to me. He goes to the pool, the young people have left. We go to the tennis courts, the bar and finally back to the lobby desk. He is told that the young people left some time ago.*

*"We stand facing each other. I now notice he has flakes of dandruff on his glasses. I think this looks disgusting. Then I realize I am supposed to meet another man somewhere else. I disengage my hand and walk outside, leaving him behind."*

Jackie recognized the dream's picture of his pursuit of lost youth. You know the type, fifty going on twenty. Dreams often substitute one thing for another if they share a similarity of location. Thinking comes from the head but can't be seen. Hair also comes from the head so the condition of a dream character's hair may represent the condition of that person's thinking. His futile pursuit of lost youth is "flaky thinking!" Mark this one a nightmare. (See Dr. Baylis's

book, *Sex, Symbols & Dreams*, for more information on this substituting process).

### NO BLOOD AND NO PAIN

A woman friend called me when her boyfriend of a few months broke up with her. He announced that he was going back to his previous lover, a woman who had kept him financially for the previous three years. A few days before this he had told her this dream.

*"I'm being operated on.*

*The doctor amputates my penis but there is no blood and no pain."*

A man's male member is the distinguishing feature that makes him a man and can symbolize his manhood. This guy is sacrificing his manhood, his masculinity and power. Being willing to be a "kept man", supported by a woman he is submitting to psychological castration. The woman is quite an operator. The bloodless, lifeless guy is "feeling no pain."

My friend felt she was better off without this weakling. Mark this one a definite night mare.

In most dreams about relationships the opening scene will show the two people together. Putting the dream pictures into words and noting what that says in street language often reveals the meaning. Is he a dreamboat or a night mare? Are you heading for smooth sailing or rough riding? Look in your dreams for an answer.



For a FREE copy of Dr. Baylis's "25 Tips For Remembering Your Dreams" send a large SASE to SMM; Box 2914; Seal Beach, CA 90740 or contact the auto-responder at [www.galaxymail.com/retail/sun.man.moon](http://www.galaxymail.com/retail/sun.man.moon) Janice Baylis, Ph.D., 1180 Oakmont RD. # 51-J Seal Beach, CA 90740 \* 562-598-5342

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# DREAM TIMES: DREAM EXCHANGE

## IN THE LAND OF OZ

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Houses play a major role in shaping our world view. From our earliest memories, houses reflect what our world is and who shares it with us. Housing provides shelter and protection from our environment, safety, physical comfort - a refuge - a place to go within and just be/do and take care of one's needs. It is a space that is special and highly personal and its presence is a dominant and integral image in our daily lives.

The popular story of The Wizard of Oz that told about Dorothy's magical journey into her unconscious is an example of the role that houses have in regard to how our world-views are perceived. Dorothy 'dreamed' she was being carried through the sky on winds from a Kansas tornado and was awakened abruptly on the edge of the Land of Oz when her house was propelled to earth and dropped with a thud on a wicked witch - and killing her. Dorothy's journey to Oz and all she encountered along the way was all about getting home again - back to her beloved family and familiar surroundings.

Many dream reports I receive have to do with the houses that populate our dreams and what to do with the images, feelings and people related to them. The following is a dream submitted by a woman who inherited her parents' home after their death:

"I just realized that a VERY recurring theme in my (usually disturbing)

dreams is that....

*I'm in someone else's house.*

*Most of the time, the houses are cluttered or in disarray.*

I know that houses reflect my body - but that I'm "living in someone else's body" doesn't click with me. Any other ideas?" ~A.M.

Yes, one's "dream house" can be one's body if universally interpreted, but beneath that are also personal associations and many other layers of possible meanings. Consider that you are LITERALLY living in someone else's house (your parents') and your recurring dream theme may be pointing out that your innermost being is still dealing with the "clutter or disarray" of memories, feelings and circumstances surrounding your parents. The 'nudging' to go through the houses in your dreams may indicate your psyche's prompting to claim its own identity; in order to have that happen, you may have a desire to have your OWN HOUSE - one that outpictures YOU and not someone's else's tastes, configurations, etc. Also, the house is considered to be the "cosmic center" in religious rites of various cultures, e.g., tepees, huts, lodges, which may have spiritual significance for you, too, in terms of sacred ancestral connections.

Also, the fact that your dream houses are cluttered, messed up, may mean that you literally have been trying to conform and "live in"

someone else's "stuff". You may sense on many levels a desire to move, clean out and clear out - and you are asking the "dream question" because you already are aware that this would be a healing step for you. Another aspect to consider is that esoterically we have more than one body: astral, causal, physical, etheric, mental spiritual. Make conscious contact with any or all of these other "selves" and see how they "fit" you; perhaps THEY need some attainment, clearing out or adjustment?

Dorothy's dream search was for her home, but for you, it may be to FIND your true home. It would be important for you to ask yourself such questions as, "What does a house mean to me?" "What are the meanings I attribute to home?" "What disturbs me about my home?" "What pleases me about it?" "If I could create my perfect house, what would it look like - what would I add - what would I leave out?" "Who would I invite to my home?" "What nourishes me in my home?" By writing out your answers, you may find further clues as to what your dream houses mean for you - and even some surprising answers. ☾



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POLITICIZE YOUR DREAMS

©1999 by Jaye C. Beldo

There has been much criticism about dreamwork being an entirely subjective affair which has little bearing on the world at large. Some critics regard dreamwork as being apolitical and self indulgent, part of the 'follow your bliss' message touted by the late Joseph Campbell. Dreamwork is often times regarded as 'idiosyncratic' (from the Greek word meaning private mixture) and having no objective purpose. I tend to agree somewhat with these criticisms and feel the need for us to ground out our dreams in sociopolitical reality' so we can become more substantially connected with our communities, whether they be local, national or global.

I suggest trying a dreamwork method which politicizes the characters and places in our dream worlds. We do not have to do this with all of our dreams of course. Some dreams are meant to be left alone to flower and bear fruit of their own accord. But there are other dreams that certainly beckon for some kind of political attention.

Here is a recent dream I had that I politicized to see what would happen:

*The Dalai Lama had died. I was to have an audience with him but am informed that he has passed on by one of the high Lamas. In spite of the news, I see the Dalai Lama from a distance and he doesn't appear to be dead at all, but smiles warmly and unassumingly at me.*

During the time of this dream (autumn '98), the Dalai Lama was preparing to meet with President Clinton, once again, to discuss the desperate human rights situation in Tibet. The U.S. Government has repeatedly ignored Tibetan's pleas for some kind of intervention and have continued their 'business as usual' policies by granting China

'Most Favored Nation' trade status. The Chinese Government protested this meeting, saying that the Dalai Lama was playing tricks by trying to deceive the U.S. Government. But nothing could be further from the truth, of course, considering China's horrid human rights abuses. My unconscious mind seemed to be responding to this recent information by causing the Dalai Lama to die within the dream in order to get me to pay close attention. Perhaps the Dalai Lama died in my dream because I have neglected to integrate him in a responsibly political way. I had, at the time, been ignoring the Tibetan situation for it was been too painful. It is interesting that I had attended a Tibetan Film festival the night before the dream occurred. The Dalai Lama has an interesting way of working through the media and dreams as well.

I reentered the dream with the intent of integrating it into my consciousness by politicizing it:

*Ignore the news that the Dalai Lama has died and boldly go forth past the security guards at his residence in Dharamsala, India. I see that the Dalai Lama has not died but rather is in a deep meditative state with a slight smile on his face. I go back out and bring some lobbyists from Washington, D.C. into the Dalai Lama's meditation room and instruct them to sit down and open their briefcases. Inside are secret contracts with the Chinese Government to build nuclear reactors in Tibet, to have Tibetan children in slave labor camps make Mickey Mouse dolls to be sold in America for Christmas. I go out into the waiting room and then bring President Clinton in front of the Dalai Lama. He is very uncomfortable in there. I ask him to sit down on the floor and when he does the Dalai Lama opens his eyes and calmly looks at all the men in front of*

*him. He instructs one of his assistants to bring President Clinton a Tibetan mandala which depicts the 'Wheel of Life.' Clinton unrolls the Mandala and is shocked to see that on it are depictions of his entire administrative cabinet.*

*Some are in the flames of hell, others are tormented by Pretas (hungry ghosts).*

*The Lobbyists get very nervous, shut their briefcases and start to get up to leave. Clinton motions for them to sit back down. Clinton makes the following speech: "We can no longer ignore the suffering of the Tibetan people..."*

*Clinton starts to shake and cannot speak. Some Dakini Angels come to him but he is too immersed in pain to notice them. I go out and bring Chairman Mao into the meditation room and in his hands are these shiny medallions with corporate logos on them: McDonald's, Disney, General Electric, Monsanto. He drops the medallions and they spill over the floor. President Clinton says, 'Skeleton is out of the closet isn't it?'*

At this point I came out of the dream. Like Clinton, I too was shaking. While a part of me was somewhat distressed by the imagery, another part of me, deeper inside, opened up, especially in the heart chakra. I felt a sense of relief, that finally the truth, at least within my dream, was coming to light. I sensed that what was offered me in the politicized dream is the essential message, the message that is being censored and distorted by the media which is controlled by our trans-national corporations. I made sure to thank the Dalai Lama, the 'ocean of wisdom,' for his assistance in politicizing my dream. Doing this kind of dreamwork has helped revive my hope for the Tibetan people, that perhaps someday they will be able to return to their country and claim it as their own. I, at least for a moment, have been able to transcend my own apathy and feelings of helplessness regarding Tibet's current dilemma, through political dreamwork. ☀

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# Dream Demonstration

## By The Numbers

© 1998 by Diana F. Cooke

### *"A Perfect Fat Tea-Drinking Trinity"*

In the first part, *Steve Martin is on a beach working at a desk. A waiter brought him tea but it wasn't right.*

*Steve Martin goes inside and comes back. Nothing has changed. He needs to go away again.*

*This time when he comes back, someone (me?) has changed the tea and it is good. I have only a vague feeling about a second part - it might just have been a dream impression.*

*It had to do with finding the right spiritual tea. If I were to try to put this feeling in the most concrete form, I would say I went to God and asked for tea.*

*In the third part, three fat people, one of whom I*

*believe is me, are sitting around drinking tea. I*

*think this is the good spiritual tea. The three*

*of us sit drinking quietly, perhaps*

*cross-legged, in a triangle, a*

*perfect fat tea-drinking*

*trinity.*

### Questions

**A** woman awakes one morning, recalls the above dream and wonders what in the world could be the message of those three fat people drinking tea, sitting cross-legged in a perfect triangle? Does this represent a three person triangular Oedipal situation? Some earlier research found that two-person dreams are far more common, occurring 48% of the time (while in a scale I designed for our current study, two-person dreams occur only 15% of the time) - so why not, as the song says, "Two for Tea?"

Let's say, like that dreamer, you are lucky enough to be aware of the number of people, or things, in your dream. Do numbers amplify the symbols with which they occur, or add descriptive quality like an adjective? Do the numbers have meaning as numbers alone, or is there a direct connection between the number and the symbol it is associated with in the dream (three tractors, for example) implying the two should not be separated?

How much weight should be given to the number of individual dream characters in a person's dream? Might the number symbols or number of characters have a function, such as expressing or emphasizing something in the dreamer's present situation of frame of mind? Suppose we attribute magic to certain numbers. How does that effect our dreams?

We are a team of three women, with many such questions. I personally, am hooked on dreams but must confess to being a victim of math anxiety. So

if anyone had told me three years ago that I would become involved in any way with numbers, or would voluntarily confront a problem of a sort I had never seen before, I would have thought the idea absurd, even if the project involved exploring dreams in a new way.

### Beginnings

We have studied and worked with our dreams, both individually and in group settings, for more than 15 years. We aspired to do something original, to try the road not taken, and decided to collect 100 dreams containing numbers from a resource group we had at hand. While we realize that all dream symbols have primary significance for the individual dreamer, we hope to discern some broad patterns from our sample.

We three women, members of a Jungian association in Cincinnati, requested so-called number dreams from fellow members of the association, all of whom, like us, participate regularly in various dream sharing groups. They provided our sample, remaining anonymous, although identification details tell us the group consists of 12 women and 4 men, all Caucasian, six are less than 50 years of age, while ten are over 50 years. We devised and tried out several collection analyses and embarked on an exploration. This article demonstrates where our path took us.

Our focus "the occurrence and meaning of numbers in dreams," was chosen because it seemed defined. But as we reviewed our sample, we realized that working with the numbers occurring in dreams was not as objective as we initially supposed. It was not precisely bounded, like painting by numbers, but very complex. It behooved us to be cautious in making observations, as those of us in the Western world are generally focused in our conscious minds, which like to take things at face value.

The dreamworld is different, for the language of dreams is largely symbolic and we have lost touch with that language. I believe we in the modern world are undergoing what writer and explorer Sir Laurens van der Post, (Jung's close friend), called "the great hunger for meaning." Life is messy, arbitrary and unpredictable and so we crave the opposite. In attempting to discover what numbers in dreams mean and even more by studying our own dreams as a lifelong endeavor, I would guess we seek to understand our meaning and the meaning of life in general.

Dreams reveal what lies behind the looking glass of everyday life. Put differently, in waking life, we are said to act out the same wishes and fears that determine the content of our dreams. Our impossible dream was that we might span the gulf between everyday thought processes regarding numbers and the manner in which number symbols appear in dreams.

## Comments

Numbers are symbols because they stand for quantities. And, further, when numbers appear in dreams, evidently they often appear in a disguised, metaphorical form. One such disguise could be a triangle, composed of

three angles and three sides.

I found myself captivated by the manifest content, numbers and symmetry of the above-mentioned triangle dream. It stood out from all the rest. The triangle gives ever greater emphasis of the fact that there are three parts to the dream and three characters, thus underlining the number symbols with a metaphorical image. Moreover, I concentrate on the triangle dream because its elements render it ideal as an example of how a specific number in a dream (three in this case) may provide some hints as to how to amplify the symbolism by various

### *Symbol:*

*Something that stands in place of something else.*

*Numbers are symbols; they stand for quantities.*

### *Metaphorical symbol:*

*One that stands for something other than what it appears to be.*

means to gain deeper awareness of the dilemmas of our inner lives.

Study of the dream recalls to mind that the basic pattern of relationships within a family is triangular, involving the mother, the father and the child (fundamental Oedipal situation) and is the pattern from which all future relationships develop. (More about this later.)

## Our Team Data

As we worked with our data,

some striking configurations emerged. While the numbers one through nine are fairly equally represented in the outer world, in telephone numbers and zip codes, for example, this pattern is not present in the dreams in our study. Although numbers one through three are well represented, numbers above four appear seldom and the higher the number, the less frequent is the occurrence.

In our dream sample, numbers associated with people must frequently feature the basic, primary numbers of one, two and three. (On my scale, the overall average number of specific characters per dream, including mates and females, is 3, for both female and male dreamers.)

On another note, if we take the fluctuating groupings of people within the dreams (including the dreamer as part of the number when appropriate and using the inferred method), we find the number two comes up most often with 134 specific pairings, 78 of these pairs involve one male and female, followed by 47 comprising two females and 6 comprising two males. Number one, a single person, usually the dreamer, is represented 72 times. Number three comes up next most frequently with 57 specific groupings of three people.

At the number four, our data shows a divergence from the outer world. Groupings of four, five and six people occur 14, 6 and 2 times, respectively. After this, we find groups of people with no number specified, in about 1/3 of the dreams.

Again, reviewing dream character fluctuation in over 80% of the sample, there is considerable movement of the numbers of people within a dream. For example, a dream may start with a grouping of two or three people and change to another grouping of one, two, three or four, and so

on. Some dreams have as many as five, six, or seven different sequential groupings in one dream.

While our data shows a wide range of additional numbers, from 5 through to 6 billion, many occur very few times or, in the majority of cases, only once. Exceptions are seven, nine, ten and twelve, for which frequencies are reported later. Often these higher numbers are associated with time, measure, ages, objects, money, etc. This analysis confirms the preponderance of the numbers one, two and three.

As mentioned, our data shows 57 groupings of three people. Besides, evidence from our sample shows that today's dreamers reflect the time-honored notion that 'the third time is the charm.' The triangle dream at the start of this article is just one instance. It reiterates three in three attempts to get the tea right and success occurs in the third part, as three people sit "in a triangle, a perfect fat tea-drinking trinity."

Three may symbolize completeness and fulfillment, or possibly the resolving of conflict between two opposing psychic forces. Our data reflects the number three occurring sufficiently often to be consistent with waking concerns and to coincide with the universal dayworld occurrence of number three.

#### Outer and inner observations

The metaphorical aspect of a triangle has already been noted. Pythagoras calls three the perfect number (expressive of beginning, middle and end) coinciding with the

dreamer's final statement. A trinity is a universal symbol. It occurs in the Christian creed and also in the Hindu creation story and Indo-European folklore. Westerners say it represents perfect harmony, while in China, it is the symbol of unanimity.

Three is a powerful number in innumerable fairy tales, including tales of three brothers who set out to make their fortune, three forays by the Dancing Princesses through a magic wood to a fairy ball, three wishes when you let the genie out of the bottle and countless other examples. Jung's colleague, Marie-Louise von Franz, who has written a great deal about fairy tales, said that normally there are three tasks (although there is usually a fourth event which happens).

Often in tripartite folktales, a narrative describes an event that takes place twice with the same results, the punch line hanging on what happens the third time. As mentioned, this progression occurs, not only in the triangle dream, but also in several others in our study.

My favorite story demonstrating this motif is Goldilocks and the Three Bears, a tale with an ancient source... where the number three is central. Goldilocks investigates three different sets of objects — dishes of porridge, chairs and beds. She has no luck with the items belonging to Papa Bear and Mama Bear. But she succeeds, (each time on the third try) with the belongings of Baby Bear.

We are confident that fairy tales mirror the most basic psychological structures of man and studying them in relation to dreams furthers our reflecting on both numerical and other symbols. Doing so helps release the psychic energy contained in these archetypal, primitive symbols.

Returning to the dream data, our scales show the primitive, or

lower primary, numbers one, two and three occurring most frequently, followed by number four. Further, they occur with the symbols of people, shelter, nature, conveyance and food. Perhaps they reflect essential human functions and needs of the dreamers, versus other categories where larger numbers appear with lower frequencies? Or, put differently, maybe they are not primitive so much as indicative of the way in which dreams reflect the emotional realm.

The frequency of the lower primary numbers suggests another possibility. Assuming that the psyche, or unconscious, is the source of our dreams, it seems to follow that a primitive part of ourselves may be sending us the most important number information in its more primitive form. (The mathematical spirit has been called a primordial human property).

This hypothesis is borne out by accounts saying mankind's use of numbers and counting goes back roughly 300,000 years. Some early cultures had names for only three distinct whole numbers: 1, 2, and 3. Larger collections were called "many" and were counted in groupings of 3. These notions fit the pattern of numbers in our dream research and the fact that 1/3 of them report a group of people where the exact number is not known.

Moving from numbers found often in both dreaming and waking life to others which do not correspond. As stated, we see a difference between their frequency in our sample and in the dayworld, including the occurrence of numbers in mythology and religion, where such numbers as seven, nine, ten and twelve are well represented. This is not the case in our dream sample. In our table of number occurrences, number seven appears 7 times, nine, 3 times ten, 5 times and twelve, 2 times.

*Jung says three may signify that something is nearly but not quite complete, or that what is lacking in you can be supplied only by some part of your unconscious self that you find too frightening to acknowledge and use.*

## Coming Full Circle

After scrutinizing the number symbols appearing in the 100 dreams in our sample, we are eager to believe we have achieved an inkling of their significance, although we still lack literal understanding of what the numbers mean. While we have not plumbed the depth of their mystery, we know we cannot discount their properties.

Again, we are struck by the preponderance of the primary numbers and amazed by the wide range of numbers. Almost as if we went around a huge circle to reach the number 6 billion and have arrived back where we first began, with these basic numbers. They seem to have special significance and represent something of greater complexity or intensity, like a kind of nucleus. By opening ourselves to the possibilities contained within number occurring in dreams, we have reached another level of understanding. Perhaps others will have their interest stimulated and do further work in this area.

Inferentially, the dreamer of the triangle dream at the beginning of this article was granted resolution, as indicated by its numbers and symmetry. Concluding this study, I have been granted three outcomes which have mitigated my hunger for meaning. These are: managing my anxiety around numbers, discovering some ways of accounting for what seemed unaccountable and, not least, the pleasure of creating a project and working on it with friends as a team of three. We were able to effect this study thanks to members of our local dream-sharing groups. Therefore the image of three people sitting in a small group sharing "good spiritual tea," as in the triangle dream, is symbolic. ☾

## New ~ On Line ~

### Dreams & Dreamers

*Editorial comment: We ask that you 'Respond' with comments that will be helpful and insightful for the dreamers. The dreams are published with the dreamer's permission. Each was submitted from the 'Dream-sharing' page on our website*

### Pregnant

*I remember... being with my current boyfriend right now and we were looking at my pregnant stomach. He was saying that I looked beautiful and all I could think of is I was fat and that I was going to be so skinny after I started breast feeding. I also knew that I did not want a child as I still was in school. I could finish the year that I was in and then my boyfriend could support me after I had the baby and then I could go back to school after my baby was 2 years old and I could get rid of my boyfriend. I knew that he would do anything in the world for me and I kept thinking how great it would be if I wanted to marry him and be with him forever but I couldn't say that. His parents do not have any grandsons and they are always saying that they want one (in reality) and in my dream I gave birth to a baby boy, yet I kept calling it a she. I went through labour and everything in my dream but without any pain. I don't recall any color in my dream. After my baby was born he was all I could think about and I was getting pretty disturbed because my baby wouldn't breast feed from me, only drinking from a bottle.*

Most of the rest of the dream I can't remember and my question is what does it mean when you dream of giving birth? I am just

starting college and I have been with the same guy for 3 and 1/2 years and I don't know if I want to marry him and I know that I definitely do not want kids until I am a lot older. Can someone tell me what this dream means?

### Pursued

*Someone is coming after me and I can not yell or scream at all.*

### The Mazeway & the Snake

*A recurring dream at 8 years old. There is a maze, sort of like the one that is in the PacMan game. I can remember seeing the maze from above and also seeing it like I was actually in the maze itself. I think there is some kind of timer in the maze and I am supposed to do something but I am not completely sure of that. The one thing I do remember well is that there is a snake. It is at the top or end of the maze and it is either a cobra or a rattlesnake. At the end of the dream, I remember the snake making a very loud hissing sound and I wake up scared to death, sweating and paralyzed.*

Our 'Response' column is the place to ask your questions, state your perspectives, share your inspirations and dreams.

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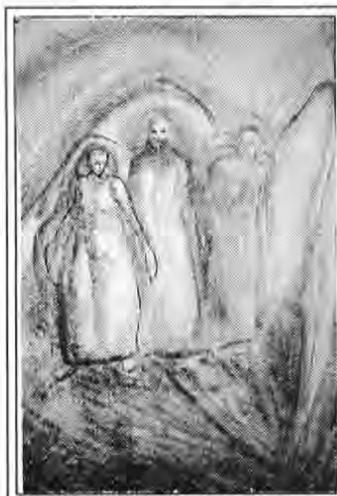
# The Number Three in Dreams

The number three plays a prominent role in myth, mysticism, folklore, alchemy and the dynamics of spiritual growth and change. In my dream research over the years, I have noticed that three occurs more frequently than other numbers, as a digit, a quantity, a series of actions, events, themes, patterns, or even a series of repetitive dreams.

In the mystery traditions, numbers are not quantities. They are ideas or forms which constitute the building blocks of all things in the universe. Each number has its own vibration, character and attributes, which in turn influence the physical world by attracting certain energies.

Three is the number of creation and ascent and opens the gateways to the higher planes. Dreams themselves are the gate-keepers and thus vibrate to the number three. The role of the dream is to open us to new and higher awareness and expand our consciousness so that we live life more fully and express our highest potential.

The Greek philosopher Anaxagoras observed about three, "the first odd number, is called perfect by some, because it is



the first number to signify the totality — beginning, middle and end." Thus, we find in mythology, folklore and fairy tales the recurrent motif of the triad: three wishes, three sisters, three brothers, three chances, blessings done in threes and spells and charms done in threes ("thrice times the charm"). Three is also the number of wisdom and knowledge in its association with the Three Fates and the past, present and future and the ancient sciences of music, geometry and arithmetic. In religions, holy trinities express the Godhead, the All That Is.

When events or synchronicity happen in threes, it is time to pay attention, for this is how the world of spirit,

intuition and the Higher Self knock upon the door of waking consciousness. Thus, when three shows up in a dream, it is a signal to take special notice of what the dream is telling us.

Dreamwork about a thrice-knocking turtle inspired Christian scholar Morton Kelsey to study mythology, which had a profound impact upon his work:

*I stood at the ocean and a great big, very old turtle came out of the water.*

*It said something very important to me....*

....but as I awoke, I forgot what was said. So I reconstructed the dream in my imagination and began to fantasize. (It is most interesting to note that one can return to the dream world almost as if it were real.)

*I asked the turtle what it had said but it did not answer; rather, it climbed out of the water. It went to a rock wall and knocked on it three times with its beak. A door opened and I went inside.*

Two years and 80,000 words later I came out; in this time I had lived through many of the myths of humankind with my weekly ventures into this fantasyland. Before this I had never studied ancient

mythology but now I myself had looked into this world and its images. (1)

The turtle's three knocks are the magical charm for Kelsey to gain access to a hidden inner realm and a new direction in his work.

In the following dream, the number three represents the angelic kingdom, based on the account in Genesis of three angels disguised as men who visit Abraham. The dream also involves archetypal symbols of the tree, the house and an earthquake, as well as direct audition (disembodied voice). There is an element of prophecy, which can be associated with the Three Fates of time. The dreamer is Robert Wise, an Episcopal clergyman, who was entering a period he described as "considerable personal loss and trial" and "overwhelming turmoil."

#### In the dream

*I was asleep in my own bedroom on the second floor.... Three men awoke me and pointed out of the window.*

*One man said, "Everything that can be shaken will be shaken." I was aware the statement was like a biblical passage and the three men were holy.*

*I remembered the three men who visited Abraham by the oaks of Mamre. Even though I wasn't sure of the meaning of the moment, I knew I was being given a very special message. Suddenly the house began to quiver. As I looked out the window, the land began to move up and down in waving motions,*

*like carpet being shaken. Trees started flying out of the ground and I knew I was in the middle of a terrible earthquake. The entire house began to sway violently. My large waterbed lifted off the floor and I was so terrified I began to scream at the top of my lungs.*



*Even though I was still asleep, I could feel my heart pounding. The three men disappeared and I remember thinking, "I will not survive the ordeal." From somewhere a voice answered, "Oh, but you will. You are coming to the greatest time in your life." The house turned on its axis and faced a new direction. The tremor subsided and the house settled on a new foundation. I looked out the windows at the fields beyond the edge of my property and was amazed that the terrain had completely been rearranged. Trees, lakes and roads were totally different. Everything was peaceful*

*and well ordered. (2)*

The literal shake-up in Wise's life is forecast by the three angels, whose presence is assuring connection with God. The direct audition of the disembodied voice can be interpreted as the Higher Self and the "voice of God." The dream shows that the eventual outcome of the upheaval will be good.

ACCORDING TO WISE, EVENTS OCCURRED JUST AS THE DREAM PREDICTED. THE DREAM WAS A SOURCE OF "PROFOUND INNER KNOWING" THAT GOD WAS DIRECTING HIS LIFE AND LEADING HIM TO A PLACE THAT HE HAD NEVER BEFORE BEEN. IT ALSO WAS A GREAT SOURCE OF ASSURANCE THAT THE ULTIMATE OUTCOME WOULD BE FOR THE BETTER.

IN A MAGICAL SENSE, "THREE" DREAMS ARE CONCERNED WITH DESTINY. AS IN KELSEY'S DREAMWORK, AN ACTION TAKEN OR PERFORMED THREE TIMES CALLS ATTENTION TO SOMETHING THAT MUST BE EXAMINED, PURSUED OR ACCOMPLISHED. AS IN WISE'S DREAM, A TRIAD OF THREE PERSONS (OR ANIMALS) ARE SPECIAL MESSAGE-BEARERS ABOUT A TURNING-POINT IN LIFE, OR AN IMPORTANT REALIZATION. IF THREE OBJECTS APPEAR SIGNIFICANT IN A DREAM, LOOK FOR WAYS THEY ARE RELATED, ESPECIALLY IN TERMS OF SOMETHING THAT MAKES A WHOLE OR FORMS A COMPLETE PICTURE. IN MAKING ASSOCIATIONS, LOOK FOR THE MAGICAL, THE MYSTICAL AND THE SPIRITUAL.

LET THREE OPEN THE DOOR TO DISCOVERY! ☞

#### Notes

1. Kelsey, Morton. *Dreams: A Way to Listen to God*. New York: Paulist Press, 1978, p. 37.
2. Meier, Paul and Robert Wise. *Windows of the Soul*. Nashville: Thomas Nelson, 1995, pp. 166-167.

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# Sacrificed

by Martha Peacock



**A**wakening from a dream in the early hours of the morning, I felt unsettled. A child was going to be raped and my mother and I were willing to let it occur! "What is happening to me psychically that feels like rape?" I wondered. Over the next several weeks, active imagination, word association and other techniques helped unveil an intricate, tightly woven web of undetected patterns. Placing a mythical template over the dream expanded and rerouted the message into a distressing, but hopeful, history of the stifled voice of the feminine. Here's the dream:

*My deceased mother stands at a changing table and changes the soiled diaper of an infant girl. I stand to her left, also at the changing table. My brother, Mark, enters between us. He enlists my help by whispering in my ear, "You need to back me up on this." I intuit danger, but instantly push the sensation away. He then turns to my mother and states in a firm, demanding voice, "I want to take the baby on a date." This girl, though an infant now, is also an immature, 20-something-year-old woman and my brother's intention is to take her out and rape her. Mother implies that she is done changing the baby and the child is ready to go. I look over at the newborn and her diaper is so full of loose, slimy feces that the diaper is abnormally distended and overflowing up her torso and down her legs. I look at my mother and annoyed, I ask, "Are you going to let her go like that?" Mother seems perplexed and unsure of what to do. She thinks the baby is ill, but I know that the child is not sick. She has ingested too many vegetables and needs to be cradled and rocked.*

To help unravel the intricacies of this

disconcerting scene, several friends and I reenacted the dream in a 'dream theater' setting. In a candle lit room, I played the role of the baby and laid on a couch that substituted for a changing table. On their knees, others acted as my mother, brother and me. As I lay on my back, imagining myself back into the dream, I felt the warmth of the old woman's body radiating next to me as she changed my diaper. No emotional connection existed between us. She didn't play with me, caress me or smile at me. Her job was to complete the task of changing my diaper. When the man entered, I heard and understood his whisper to the middle-aged woman. When he turned to the elder woman and demanded, "I'm going to take the baby on a date," I became alarmed. I knew that he intended to rape me and I knew that the women understood that too. I desperately hoped that they would protect me, push him away and throw him out of the room. But when I heard the middle-aged woman say, "Are you going to let her go like that?" I became panic-stricken and my bowels let loose. They planned to release me into the custody of a rapist!

In addition to working the images symbolically, I examined the gestures, movements and appearances of the dream characters. For instance, the look on the dream character of my deceased mother reflects a despondent look in her gray-blue eyes. All of her life, mother struggled with chronic depression and obsessive/ compulsive disorder. The dream accurately represents her despondency to her surroundings. She tends to the child robotically, withholding any tenderness, cooing or touching. She must be reminded to change the overflowing diaper

indicating that her maternal instincts are defunct.

The infant, though a child in this scene, has the ability to change into a 20-something-year-old woman — the age she will be when Mark abducts her. In addition, this girl/ woman has a slow, intellectually flawed peculiarity about her. Her submissiveness and imperfection makes it easier for me not to care about her well being — something I learned from my younger years: if you're not perfect, you're not worth attention.

The destructive, pessimistic relationship with my mother, or the mother archetype, is constellated in this dream. Though negative, this maternal connection offered me a form of security and safety. Because I experienced only the non-affirming side of the archetype, an encounter with the positive mother now feels threatening and destructive. The dream demonstrates this. I blindly and implicitly agree to my brother's request without knowing his intent and ignore the danger that I intuitively sense. After I learn that he wants to rape the child, I stand rigidly, my feet firmly planted facing the changing table. I repeat a learned pattern of focusing my attention elsewhere, tuning out my feelings, moral principles and the child's well being to accommodate another's request. This inability or unwillingness to acknowledge the horror of my brother's intention is also demonstrated and reflected in the zombie-like expression of my mother, connecting a generational diffusion of emotional crippled-ness and broken maternal instincts. Though I know that the child needs the warmth of human contact (cradling and rocking), I don't offer it.

My mother thinks the baby is ill; but I know that her diarrhea is a result of consuming too many vegetables — a sneaky indication that Demeter, the vegetation goddess, may be at work. This Greek goddess has a depressive and compulsive attribute. When Hades abducts her daughter, Persephone, into the underworld, Demeter obsessively searches for her kidnapped child. Her despondency festers and perpetuates patterns of personal torment manifested by her long, compulsive crusade to find her daughter. When Persephone is finally released from the underworld, Demeter's joy quickly dissipates when she learns that her daughter has ingested

pomegranate seeds and now must be shared with Hades. So wrapped in longing and anguish, the mother goddess cannot see beyond her personal needs and desires.

A mother's grief over the kidnapping of her daughter certainly can trigger depression. However, it is Demeter's unwillingness to psychologically separate herself from Persephone that prolongs her misery. The abduction forces Demeter to loosen her suffocating grip around Persephone's neck so she can breathe.

The atmosphere of my childhood household stifles me today. I clutch tightly to obsessive behaviors like the need for 'perfection' and compulsively compare myself to others. Inevitably, my faults win the contest and my failures anesthetize me from too much happiness, anger or self-expression. Much like Persephone who was trapped in the firm grasp of her mother, these old patterns must be discarded in order to inspire new life into a deadened world.

Initially, I labeled the rapist in this dream motif as destructive, negative, out to obliterate the budding feminine. But viewed mythically, Persephone's abduction into the underworld moves her soul from being Demeter's daughter to being Hades' wife. In other words, abduction is necessary to molt from a too restraining, obsolete, virginal cocoon that once tightly wrapped me in a blanket of protection.

Moving from a personal to a collective interpretation, the dream reflects the generational presence of virgin/ Persephone, mother/ Demeter and crone/ Hecate. However, the mother-daughter affection between Persephone and Demeter is deadened, characterizing a culture that has lost its memory of mothering. The crone's vacant stare and her compassion-less contact with the virgin/ child reveals a short-circuiting of maternal instincts. These hypnotic actions of the old woman are mirrored in the stiff, mechanical movements of mother/ Demeter and her reluctance to protect the baby from molestation. Mother/ Demeter is following in the footsteps of the coldhearted old woman.

The slow, retarded nature of the child, a shared characteristic of the unhurried feminine, suggests our cultural disdain for anything that

lacks bright, masculine qualities, such as a 'defective' child, the dark side of human nature or the time-consuming process of individuation. The crone and mother have lost their strength, their voice, to defend against the power, lust and thrust of the masculine. If they take a defiant stand, they will be verbally undressed and shouted back into submission further silencing their voices.

All too frequently, women who give away their power to outer authorities are frozen in a paradox. If they take a feminine stance, they risk being laughed at, ridiculed or cajoled back into their shell perpetuating their deep freeze.

Our 2,000-year history of feminine slander grounds women in the distrust of their own feelings. Hence, we put our faith into the hands of outer authorities that we believe know us better than we know ourselves.

For example, within the last century, home births were believed to be too primal and women stopped delivering their babies at home. Science proved it more sophisticated for women to lay upon sanitary hospital beds with legs constrained in stirrups as we pushed babies out of our wombs without the gravitational help of nature. Breast-feeding was viewed as too animallike, so hard, sterile bottles took the place



*"Mint Room with Male Friends" by Kim Apicella*

of mother's nipples. Our milk production was interrupted with injections to prevent the tingling in our bosoms when our babies cried.

We are taught to ignore our instincts, no matter how our aching bodies scream for attention. Though many natural childbirth techniques have been restored, control over our bodies still is manipulated by outside powers. We starve our bodies to conform to advertising images that warn against fleshy thighs, voluptuous breasts or saggy abdomens stretched from pregnancy. We suck the cellulite from our dimpled legs, jog away unwanted pounds and refuse our bodies sweet cravings in order to stay in the size eight dress. We worship a pencil-thin model/ goddess and scorn the image of the round, bulbous figure of the Great Mother.

Like us, our mothers and our mothers' mothers, young girls have no role model to initiate them into the power and dignity of womanhood so they easily fall prey to shallow, misleading trends. Unaware of the archetype of the wise woman, healer and transformer, the crone, we cringe when she speaks her straight talk of clear-sighted visions. Women who don't know their own voice and try to placate, overprotect or manipulate others often shy away from this centeredness searching for more common and comfortable surroundings and excommunicating those who have learned to speak their opinions from the musculature of their bodies.

But the dream suggests that women are feeling the pinch of their old, soiled, infantile existence. After all, the mother knows that the child needs to be cradled and rocked — proof that a trace of maternal instinct remains intact. A seed of wisdom still burns under the weakened, automated exterior of mother and crone. Deep down, the women understand that the child must be penetrated, shocked out of her sheltered lifestyle by an underworld experience in order to transform. The frozen rigidity from unmothered, crone-lacking consciousness mourns to be thawed so a more mature union with the masculine world can be wed.

Persephone is snatched while Demeter isn't looking — or, in this case of the dream, the capacity to prevent the abduction is

impossible. A healthy, well-adjusted mother never would voluntarily release her daughter into the hands of Hades. But much like our children, Persephone must find her own way, no matter how painful the experience is for mother and daughter. Persephone will return as a different, more 'underworldly' woman. If she has a wise-woman guide like Hecate, she will learn to be a daughter to her mother and a wife to her husband.

The dream image of a changing table prompts the idea that transformation is afoot. If women — and men — are shedding their cocoons and embracing the feminine parts of themselves, perhaps our sterile, barren world will once again bloom. ☾

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**Jill Gregory, Director**  
Prefer M-F 10am - 10pm  
415/897.7955 or 415/898.2559  
Extensive Dream Resources  
San Francisco Bay Area, CA  
**Ruth Sacksteder** 510/549.2162  
Lucid Dreaming 7- 9 p.m. PST  
**Frank Stefano** 619/270-6766  
Groups, General Info  
San Diego & Surrounding Area

### **CANADA**

**Jan Janzen**  
Box 437, Tofino, B.C. V0R 2Z0  
Lucid, hypnagogic, Tibetan  
Written communication only  
Canada/International  
**Suzanne Nadon** 519/371.6060  
Creativity & Lifestyle, Jung  
Ontario/Native Community

### **COLORADO**

**Ann Klein** 888/259-1299  
Email DreamCD@USA.net  
Gen. Info, groups, therapy.  
State of Colorado

### **FLORIDA**

**ONLINE** DreamLynx 407/869.8111

Linton and Beck Hutchinson  
Email: hutchib@iag.net

### **GERMANY**

**Michael Schredl** 0621/793525  
General info/resources, groups  
Preferred language German  
6pm - 7pm Mon-Fri  
Germany, Austria & Switzerland

### **HAWAII**

**Athena Lou**  
**LouJ001@hawaii.rr.com**  
General info; Dream Retreats  
Hawaiian Islands/West Coast  
**Frances Ring** 808/637.9241  
Dream Art, Cnslr. Info & Groups  
Hawaiian Islands

### **ILLINOIS**

**Gail A. Roberts** 630/365-0771  
Dream Groups, Creativity  
Saint Charles Area, IL  
**Rev. Dan Prechtel** 847/492.9013  
General info/lucid, groups  
Indiv & group spiritual companionship  
Metro Chicago & Northshore

### **KANSAS**

**Steve Carter** 316/263.8896  
General Resources & Groups  
M/Th/Fr eves; Sat. p.m.  
Kansas/No. Oklahoma

### **MASSACHUSETTS**

**Edith Gilmore** 978/371.1619  
Lucid, General, Sunday p.m. Group  
Early eves Boston/MetroWest  
**Dick McLaester** 413/772.6569  
General Resources  
Greater New England/W.MA  
**Karen Surman Paley** 508/887.5090  
Survivors of sexual abuse/  
Multiple Personality Disorder  
8 - 9 p.m. EST U.S.A.  
**Ramsay Raymond** 508/369-2634  
Special focus on experiential  
dreamwork. Mon. & Fri. best.  
East MA/esp. Boston & West  
**Father Joseph Sedley** 508/842.8821  
Pastoral dreamwork/12 Step/  
Spiritual & Emotional Growth  
9 a.m. - 5 p.m.  
State of Massachusetts

### **MICHIGAN**

**Judy White** 616/353.7607 Holistic

Therapies & Dream Groups  
Michigan

### **MINNESOTA**

**Jaye C. Boldo** 612/827.6635  
Dream Democracy/Integrative  
Dream Narration-- Evenings  
Upper Midwest  
**Mary Flaten** 507/663.1269  
General Resources & Groups  
State of Minnesota

### **MISSOURI**

**Dean McClanahan** 417/491.4508  
General, Jung, UFO  
Springfield/State of Missouri  
**Rosemary Watts** 314/432.7909  
General resources, Creative!  
St. Louis & State of MO

### **NEW HAMPSHIRE**

**Charlotte Bell** 603/529.7779  
Gen. Preparation for Death  
5 - 11 p.m. New Hampshire

### **NEW JERSEY**

**Dawn Hill** 908/647-3720  
General Info and Groups  
Evenings after 5:30p.m. EST/NJ

### **NEW YORK**

**Jennifer Borchers** 212/683.5677  
Recovery from childhood abuse,  
healing male/female relations  
Evenings & weekends  
NY/NJ/CN, esp. Five Boroughs  
**Leon VanLeeuwen** 212/888.0552  
General Resources, groups NY  
**Harold Ellis** 516/796.9455  
Gen.Resources, Dream drama  
NY/NJ  
**Pearl Natter** 914/353-0511  
Email: pearltn@aol.com  
Dream groups (women, Jungian)  
Info & Resources. NY/No. NJ

### **OHIO**

**Noreen Wessling** 513/831.7045  
General Info & Groups: OHIO  
**Micki Seltzer** 614/292.3407  
General Info & Groups. OHIO

### **OREGON**

**E. W. Kellogg III** 541/535-7187  
Lucid dreaming/Dream Healing  
E-mail: DoctorStrange@msn.com  
Interdimensional/Oregon

**John Mackenzie & Jane Slama**  
541.862-8006 Email: elixra@juno.com  
Relationships/hynogogic/somatic  
Call anytime before 9pm PST  
**Graywolf Swinney** 541/  
476.0492 Dreams & Conscious-  
ness International/NW States

### **PENNSYLVANIA/OHIO**

**Mena Potts, Ph.D.** 614/264.4444  
Experiential Dream Groups &  
Parapsychical dreams  
7 p.m. - 9 p.m.  
Central PA/N.E. Ohio

### **TENNESSEE**

**Tom Goad** 615/834.6564  
General Resources/Dream Group

### **TEXAS**

**John Ashbaugh** 806/655.9738  
General Info & Resources -TX  
**U.S.A. Fred Olsen** Contact via  
Email: Dreamtrek@aol.com  
Dream ReEntry Healing Process

### **UTAH**

**Ruth Hoppe** 801/583.1405  
General Resources & Groups  
Early eves No. UT/MY/ID  
**Roberta Ossana** 435/259-5936  
DreamKey@lasal.net Resources &  
Groups, Info Four Corner Area

### **VIRGINIA**

**Anthony Golembewski**  
540/949-6901  
Mutual & Lucid Dreaming  
Eves & Weekends preferred  
Central Virginia

### **WASHINGTON STATE**

**Judith Picone** 206/745.3545  
General Resources & Groups  
N.W. ID/MN/WA  
**Lee Piper** 206/659.0459  
General Resources/Native  
Pacific NW/ID/MN

### **WISCONSIN**

**Margaret Plasencia** 414/697.4096  
Spontaneous Healings  
M-F 9a-5p Central/WI & ILL

### **WASHINGTON D.C.**

**Rita Dwyer** 703/281.3639  
General Resources, Groups  
Metropolitan D.C. area

# NetWorks ♥ ↔ ♥ Dream Groups

**Dreamwork, Jeremy Taylor Style**  
**Santa Monica, Ca., weekly creative & caring Saturday group forming with Licensed Marriage & Family Therapist, Shannon Batts, M.S.**  
**Donation. Bathead@ix.netcom.com or Ph: 310.339.5958**

**DreamWork by Phone**  
 Help & guidance with individual dream meanings. Contact **Michelle Yeager @ 215/257-4363**  
 Free initial consultation.

In this group, we promote self-discovery via understanding the special language & imagery of dreams. **Manhattan & Westchester.** Call 914.591.7607 Elizabeth Howell, Ph.D.

**Lamb & Lion Ministries**  
 Workshops, dreamwork, inner journey, individual & group spiritual companionship.  
 Rev. Dan Prechtel.

Ph: 847.492.9013 **Evanston, IL**

Exploring inner worlds through lucid dreaming? Weekly study group. No fee. Johannes Vloothuis, 25 East 21st St., **Hamilton, Ontario Canada L8V 2T3** Phone: 416.383.5743

Dream workshop of the Theosophical Society in **Miami & So. Florida.** To encourage the study & interpretation of dreams for psychological & esoteric purposes. No fee. Facilitators: Sy Ginsburg & Angie Hall. Meets Wed. / 12 Noon @ Theosophical Society, 831 S. Federal Hiway, Deerfield Beach 33441 Ph: 954.420.0908

### **Dreamsharing on Internet!**

From international dreamsharing, scientific articles to support and discussion groups, if it is about dreams, it's on-line. For info, send email address to RCWilk@aol.com

**Southern OR Dream Connection**  
 Ongoing dream groups with emphasis on right livelihood & relationships. John Mackenzie & Jane Slama 153 Shamrock Lane, **Grants Pass, OR** 97527 Ph: 541.862-8006

**Bay Area Lucid dreamers** of all levels of experience. Monthly meetings on Sunday P.M. No fee. Ph: 510.549.2162 **Berkeley, CA**. Contact Ruth Sacksteder

Stanely Krippner & Ruth Inge Heinze. Drawing from Ullman method & other systems. Wed: 7:30-9:30pm. **Berkeley, CA.** Ph: 510.849-3791

Cynthia Kohles M.S.W.  
 Dream Group, Thursday evenings. No fee. **Santa Rosa, CA.** Ph: 707.526.2500

**Central Austin Dream Group**  
 \* Eclectic, interactive, participatory. \*  
 Currently meets 2x / month  
**Vicky A. Vlach** Ph: 512.477.2776  
 or vavlach@mail.utexas.edu

New Dreamsharing group forming. Wake up through dreaming!  
 No fee. **Monroe, NY/Orange County**  
 Perry Harris Ph: 914.782.8286

**Lucid Dreamers** of all levels with an interest in exploration, experimentation and enhanced awareness in waking & dreaming are invited to meet every third Wednesday, 7-8p.m. No fee.

**Keelin** Ph: 701.254.7829 **Napa Valley, CA**  
**Dream Resources, Groups & Connections**  
 Contact Roberta Ossana @ 435.259.5936  
 or email: DreamKey@lasal.net

"Working With Dreams"  
 Weekly Ullman-style Dream Study  
 Tuesdays 7:30 - 9:30 Contact  
 David Pitkin Ph: 518.885-2095  
**Ballston Spa, NY**

**Dream Awareness Circle**  
 Every Sunday 2 - 4p.m. ♡ Offering  
 @Magical Journey Books  
**Nashville, TN** Ph: 615.834-6564  
 Email: signaturex@webtv.net

**Pacific Northwest Center for Dream Studies.** For 16 years offering Jungian oriented, ongoing dreamgroups, individual dreamwork, seminars & training. Contact Dir. Kenneth Kimmel Ph: 206.447.1895. **Seattle, WA**

**Maplestone Dream Group**  
 Meets every Monday night. No fee.  
 Phone Suzanne Nadon at 519.371.6060  
**Owen Sound, Ontario Canada**

**Wichita, KS Dream Group**  
 Contact: STEVE CARTER  
 550 West Central #1404  
 Windsor at Barclay Square. Fridays  
 No fee. Phone: 316.263.8896

**New England Contact**  
 Greater Boston / Cambridge area.  
 Dick McLeester @ New Dreamtime  
 PO Box 92 **Greenfield, MA** 01302  
 Ph: 413.772.6569

**Columbus, OH Dream group.**  
 Peer-led. Ullman style process.  
 Meets every MONDAY, midday,  
 OSU campus area. Cindi Mushrush  
 Ph: 614.451.4536

**METRO D.C. COMMUNITY.**  
 Open To All who share an interest in dreams. 1st Sat. each month, 1-5pm  
 133 Park St. NE, **Vienna, VA.**  
 Info: contact Rita Dwyer.  
 Ph: 703.281.3639 No fee.

**Edith Gilmore**  
 Egalitarian dream study & interpretation group meets monthly on Sun. afternoon in my home. 112 Minot Rd., **Concord, MA** 01742 Ph: 978.371.1619

**THE DREAMWHEEL**  
 Dream groups, workshops, individual consultation, referrals for lay people and professionals.

Jungian / Psychosynthetic orientation, creativity, deep ecology, vision quest. Ramsay Raymond, 191 Sudbury Rd. **Concord, MA 01742-3423**  
**PH: 978.369.2634 or Email: Dreamwheel@compuserve.com**

**EDGAR CAYCE Dream Workshop.**  
 Meets every Monday night from 7-9pm. Please contact Leon B. Van Leeuwen at 212.888.0552 **NY.**

### **Pines Dream Sharers**

Enjoy the warmth and support of like-minded seekers. All welcome!  
 Meets monthly in **Cincinnati area.**  
 Contact Noreen Wessling  
 5429 Overlook Drive, **Milford, OH**  
 45150 Ph: 513.831.7045

**Creativity Dream Workshop**  
 Contact Sherry Healy.

8101 Main Street,  
**Ellicott City, MD** 21043 No Fee.  
 Ph: 410.750.1211 or 800.235.8097

**CREATIVE DREAM GROUPS & WORKSHOPS**  
 Utilizing Jungian, expressive and integrative dreamwork methods.  
 Contact **Marlene King, M.A.,**  
 PO Box 477, **Murphy, OR** 97533-0477  
 Ph: 541.471.9337

Dream Group in **Redwood City, CA**  
 Group meets every Thursday @ 7 p.m.  
 No charge to attend  
 Contact Baron. Ph: 415.369.4051

**DreamLynx** provides a vehicle for the sharing and translation of dreams. Sections include... resources showing you how to interpret dreams. Coordinated by the Hutchinsons on the **World Wide Web. Website:** <http://www.licensesure.com/.dream>.

## Dream Research

There is a research project we are proposing here in Switzerland. We would be very interested in learning about any research that has been done in relation to dreams and retirement. Anecdotal accounts by individuals who have experiences to share in which dreams played a role immediately before, during and following retirement are also welcome. Please send information to **Dr. A. (Art) Funkhouser**, Altenbergstr. 126 3013 Bern, Switzerland E-mail: art\_funkhouser@compuserve.com

**MARLENE KING, M.A.** is researching dreams from people who "surrogate" dream for others who are emotionally blocked due to grief or trauma. Confidentiality assured. Please indicate consent for publication. **PO Box 477, Murphy, OR 97533** Phone 541.471.9337  
Email: Marlene@chatlink.com

Seeking dreamers who are **mobility impaired** in waking life for study exploring effects of specifically directed lucid dream imagery for psychological benefits and possible physical healing. Will teach lucid dream skills to interested participants. Contact **PATRICIA KEELIN** 2155 Spencer St., Napa CA 94559 Ph: 707.254.7829.

Anyone doing conscious explorations of the dreamscape and/or hypnagogic states related to the **Tibetan method of lucid dreaming**, please respond. Write to **Jan Janzen**, Box 437, Tofino, B.C., Canada V0R 2Z0

## Events, Services, For Sale

### Alchera Dream Journaling Software

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The Rosicrucians offer a positive, home study system for the spiritually minded. For the authentic Rosicrucian teachings, write: **Ancient Rosae Crucis, POB 4764, Dallas, TX 75208** [www.arcgl.org](http://www.arcgl.org)

### Dreamwork & Writing Groups

Weekly meetings and retreats in Grants Pass, Oregon.  
Jame Slama and Sylvia Tohill.  
Phone (541) 862-8006  
or email: [lloyd@cdsnet.net](mailto:lloyd@cdsnet.net)

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*"Male Mound Builders" by Kim Apicella*

*"A Symbol.... is an outer and visible sign on Earth of an inner and spiritual reality,  
an outer effect of an inner reality.*

*A symbol veils or hides a secret, and is that which veils certain mysterious forms.*

*So a bird stands for Spirit, which proclaims the Truth."*

*Contributed by Charles de Beer*

