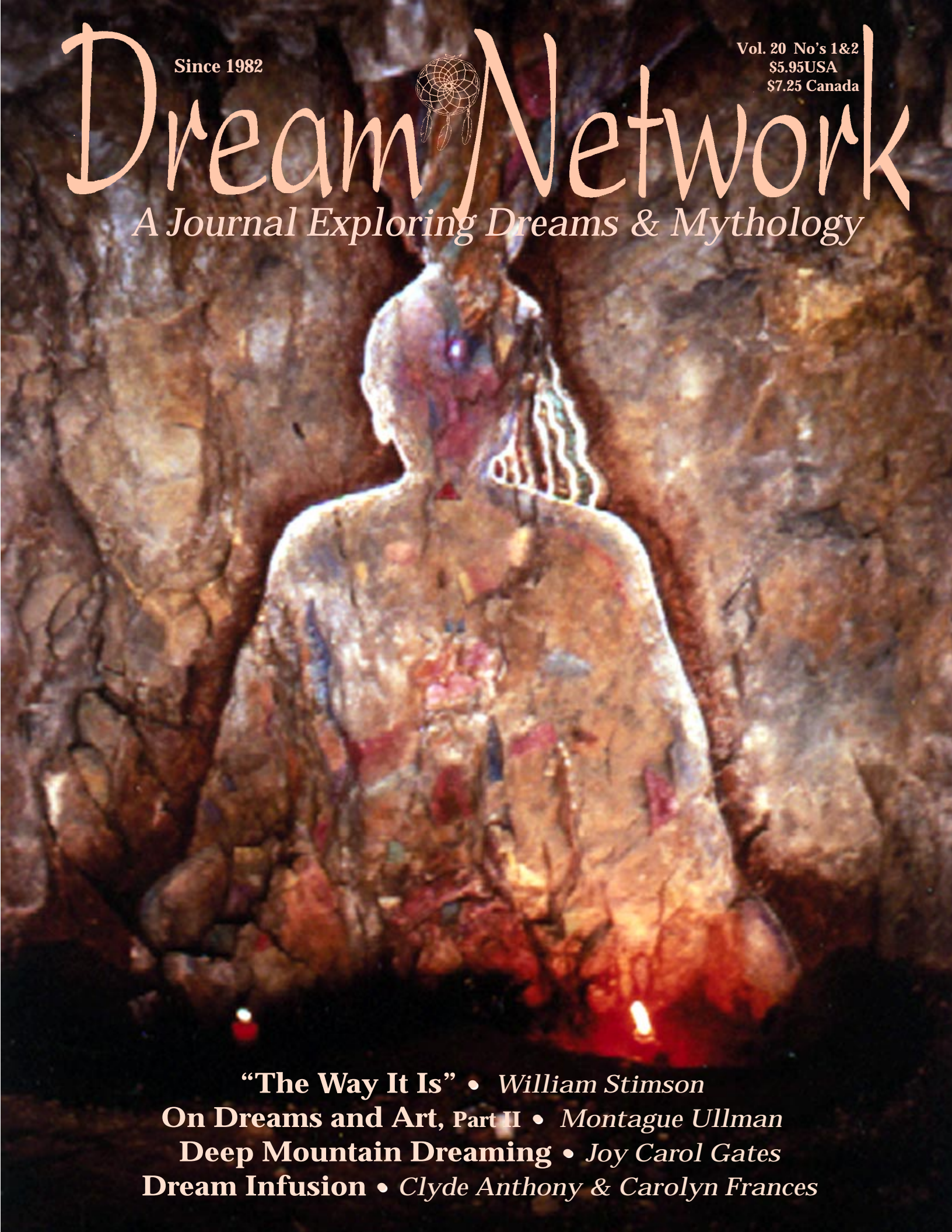


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Dream Network

A Journal Exploring Dreams & Mythology



“The Way It Is” • William Stimson
On Dreams and Art, Part II • Montague Ullman
Deep Mountain Dreaming • Joy Carol Gates
Dream Infusion • Clyde Anthony & Carolyn Frances

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 welcome and 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 20 No.3

Dream Inspired
Music & Poetry

Share your dream songs and
dream-inspired poetry in this
inspirational, uplifting issue!

Lifeline: 4 Weeks
after you receive
this issue.

About Our Cover Artist

Vigali is one of the most exceptional environmental/Earth-artists in our times. Her contribution to the betterment of world culture, presented on our cover and via her account of the World-Wheel international event in this issue, occurred some years ago, however her work in these important ways continues. She is available for commissioned work, exceptional presentations and consultation and can be reached at 435/259-2744.

*NOTE Regarding Submissions:

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

Given the overall synchronicity that shapes the *Dream Network*, your submission is likely to 'fit' perfectly in an upcoming issue.

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

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

Editorial



Many years ago, when my own dreams began impacting and propelling my life, there was very little information readily available to help understand what was happening. I had been enchanted by accounts of Kilton Stewart's experience with the Senoi in the early '70s and thankfully, Patricia Garfield had written Creative Dreaming and Ann Faraday, Dream Power and Dream Game. All provided a place to go, learn and confirm that what was being presented by my psyche had meaning and importance. Of course, Jung's Man and His Symbols had been published and his Collected Works were available... but it took time before I was able to comprehend and engage in his prolific masterpiece(s).

Today, a mere 25 years later, there is so much information available, it is challenging to write anything original about dreams. Only our dreams, themselves, continue to startle, perplex and amaze... each an original creation forever informing and asking our attention and action.

Though it seems to those of us committed to encouraging appreciation for this vital dimension of our experience, that comparatively few individuals in our culture have taken notice, I believe we have done an exceptional job of planting seeds that have taken firm root. Seeds which are now developing into fine and healthy trees. And like trees, the results of our efforts take time to reach full maturity and stature. I personally expect it will be long after I'm gone from this Earth before my community and culture have integrated dream-life into wake-time reality, but remain grateful each day that I've been given the privilege to make a

contribution. I know, always, that this is the most important work I've been given in this lifetime and I have been gifted with an unusual, diverse and challenging series of 'jobs' over the years. Truly.

So now, onward with the tending of trees... and remember, between the tree itself and its natural environment, we are merely a catalyst; its mostly a matter of time and trusting. The hidden hand of the Creator of all good things is at work here.

Here, within, you will find refreshing and original ideas. Bill Stimson, Dream Network's founder, gifts us with his exceptional way of expression by sharing the insights gained from a simple dream message, "The Way It Is" (p.10) Vicky Vlach is evolving an original process for dream group work, after years of trying various techniques. An introduction to the common sense ideas she is incorporating into the group process is introduced in 'Dream Space,' (p.18).

Like dreams, the very word shaman used to strike fear in the hearts of individuals. Still does for many, to some degree. But today, we are becoming familiar with the extraordinary levels of consciousness and realms visited by the shaman and are learning to appreciate the value of their work. Contemporary shamans in many cultures have 'titles' or 'labels' like doctor, priest, artist or poet. In this issue, we introduce three women, modern-day shamans. Vigali, whose sharing of her extraordinary journey around the world stimulated by a very brief dream (World Wheel, p. 24), we re-present, as our first attempt was simply not adequate to the enormity of her accomplishment. She is an Environmental Artist whose work is both unique and awe-inspiring. Joy Carol Gates, a long-time contributor and reader, has retired to Deep Mountain

Dreaming (p. 31) and a relatively new voice, recent graduate of the Saybrook Institute's Ph.D. program, Sandy Sela-Smith provides us with a triple-treat, revealing how the dream-state, shamanism and a life experience often surface from similar levels of deep consciousness and demonstrate the multiple realities co-existing within us (p.34). With deep gratitude to Wendy Panier, editor of Dream Appreciation, we are fortunate to present Part II of Monte Ullman's trilogy On Dream and Art (p. 12). Monte's contribution to the socialization of dreams is inestimable and in my opinion, will rank with Carl G. Jung when our grandchildren and great-grandchildren are studying the evolution of consciousness and culture decades from now.

Always, our good friends and regular contributors, Charles De Beer, Janice Baylis, Marlene King and one or our two book reviewers, Jaye C. Beldo, gift us with thought provoking messages, questions and insights. Each of them ask for your response/interaction to their offerings, so please be in contact.

Note:

Monte Ullman recently saw his wife of 60 years into the next dimension of experience. What a remarkable achievement - 60 years! Nearly unheard of in this day and age. Congratulations Monte... and our very deepest to you in your time of readjustment. Stay with us; we need you!

Our good, recently departed friend, Barbara Shor's dream journals are in process of being donated for posterity. For information regarding location and access, please contact her good friend, Andrew Ramer at 650/854-7628.

We here present you with a combined Spring and Summer issue, Vol. 20 Nos. 1&2. If you are a subscriber, we will be extending your subscription by one issue to compensate. Gods bless you. ♥

Responses

Questions, Dreams & Letters

♥ From ↔ YOU! ♥

Dreams of the Blind

My doctoral dissertation, completed in 1995 as part of a Ph.D. in Clinical Psychology for The Fielding Institute and continuing work begun at the Pacifica Graduate Institute in 1989, focused on the dreams of persons who were born blind (congenital blindness) or who lost their sight at key developmental points during their lives (adventitious blindness). The dissertation is entitled, "The Dreams of the Blind and Their Implications for Contemporary Theories of Dreaming." In answer to the question, "Do individuals who are blind from birth dream," the answer is YES. The summary of my findings concerning the dreams of the congenitally blind is:

"The six congenitally blind members of Group 1 reported a wide range of emotions in their dreams: peace, excitement, happiness, sadness, anxiety, apprehension, fear, and sexual feelings. Their dreams were reflective of persons, events, and thoughts from waking life, yet included modifications in service of personal mobility. For four of the six, hearing and touch were equally dominant dream senses. The remaining two participants described either touch or hearing as dominant (but not equivalent) in their dreams. The clearest finding concerning the dreams of the congenitally blind is that they do not contain visual imagery."

The six congenitally blind men and women who participated in my dissertation research were wonderful. One, in particular (a world-famous astrophysicist who suffered from retrolental

fibroplasia at birth) helped me understand—as much as a sighted person can ever understand—how differently the congenitally blind process sensory input. I think your readers would be fascinated by his personal story, transcribed verbatim from one of many interviews:

"My sister was taking an educational course—she was in her 20's at the time. I was very surprised when I realized that it was only then that she asked me, that she realized that all those years that I simply did not know what color was about. It just somehow, in our years of living together, had never occurred to her that light and dark didn't mean anything to me. . . . Essentially, I finally got it across [to her] by saying, 'Well, I sort of see the same thing that you see out of your elbow.' And she said, 'Oh, it's not just that you see DARK. You just don't see ANYTHING.' And I said, 'That's right.'"

The subject of the dreams of the blind is a remarkable one, indeed.

Diane G. Armstrong, Ph.D. Santa Barbara, CA

Kudos from Monte

I'm glad to see the Dream Network Journal is alive and well. You give it the maternal care it needs. All the best.

Montague Ullman, Ardsley, NY

Invitation to You: Participate in an Upcoming Issue

Dreams have long been communications from spirit and the deities. As such they help us through many transitions. One of these is our passing beyond the material realm, dreams that

foretell our own death or the impending death of a loved one, or provide help in making this transition. Sometimes they help us to accept or understand the death of those close to us. Sleep itself, the home of our dreams, is known as the "little death."

I am interested in receiving any articles that deal with this topic for possible publication in an upcoming fall edition of the Dream Network in which will be exploring this topic.

Graywolf Swinney
P.O. Box 301, Wilderville, OR
97543
(541) 476-0492 or email
asklepiabudget.net

A Second Invitation

You are invited to participate in an on-line version of Integrative Dream Narration (IDN). Please go to the following link for information on how to subscribe: http://groups.yahoo.com/group/I_D_N>Yahoo! Groups : I_D_N. For further info. on IDN check out the article at: <http://www.mondovista.com/beldo.dreams.html>

The on-line version of this dreamwork psychnique is facilitated by Rachel Slade. Her natural skills as group moderator have inspired past participants to open up and experience IDN in ways which are conducive to healing and becoming whole. She is a most gifted intuitive and healer with an ability to articulate group dream experiences in a most accessible and helpful way. Experience group telepathy, clairvoyance without losing the integrity of your personal boundaries. Learn creative and proactive ways to address socio-political problems using IDN. IDN can be used in myriads of syntropic ways, so don't miss this

opportunity to participate in this innovative and unconventional dreamwork psychnique.

Jaye C. Beldo, MNPLS, MN

* * * * *

Dream Activism II

Dear Friends, colleagues and students:

A couple of months ago I send a letter with my 1995 dream containing an urgent message to save the whales (see Vol. 19 No. 4 of Dream Network). A small group of activists are now working on this most important cause.

At the moment, organizing and fund raising for such meetings are happening in very few places. Recently, we were in Hawaii and attended a meeting focused on this issue and met with a lawyer, Lanny Sinkin, who is helping bring this issue to the public attention. It was a heart felt meeting and simultaneously a very difficult one.

Every time we are in Hawaii and have chance to swim, be with the dolphins and see the whales in all their beauty, it becomes more and more evident to me that we have to be the spokespersons for our innocent sea friends. The dream was telling us that they need our help.

I am sending you a recent letter which was drafted the day after our gathering in Hawaii on March 22, 2001, by Lanny Sinkin, the attorney mentioned above. I will appreciate if you take the time to read it and take an active interest in this critical issue.

Thank you, Fariba Bogzaran,
JFKU, 12 Altarinda,
Orinda, CA 94563

Letter from Lanny Sinkin

Dear Friends,

For the past three years, many of us have taken the time to educate ourselves about the U.S. Navy's plan to deploy low frequency active sonar systems in 80% of the Earth's oceans. We have compiled extensive evidence that these systems threaten the health of numerous marine species, especially whales. We have filed lawsuits to stop testing of these systems and to challenge the expenditures of public funds without preparation of an Environmental Impact Statement (EIS).

In late January, the Navy issued the final EIS for these systems. As we expected the document is filled with false statements, inappropriate use of scientific evidence, exclusion of evidence demonstrating adverse effects of the technology, etc.

The final EIS is simply a document attempting to justify the deployment of a system in which the Navy illegally invested \$450 million prior to preparing an EIS.

Throughout the development period of this technology, the National Marine Fisheries Service (NMFS) stood aside, rather than actively fulfill its regulatory obligations. The Navy is applying to NMFS for the necessary regulatory permission to now deploy the low frequency active sonar systems for five years.

This message has quick action items at the beginning and a more detailed message later from the Natural Resources Defense Council (NRDC) for those willing to get more deeply involved.

You are being sent this message to ask that you join those working to stop deployment of this system by taking the following actions:

1. Write a letter to NMFS requesting public hearings on the proposed rule governing deployment of the Navy's low

frequency active sonar system. Please request that public hearings be held in at least the states of California and Hawaii'i. This request for public hearings needs to be in by April 3. The request can only be made by mail or fax (no email). In addition to requesting the public hearings, we are asking NMFS to extend the public comment period from the current 45 days to 75 days.

What we are trying to show at this point is widespread public concern regarding the proposed deployment of low frequency active sonar. If enough letters are sent, we hope to have the opportunity to make major presentations at the public hearings and to call public attention to the threats posed by deployment of this technology. Please send a letter as quickly as possible to:

Donna Wieting, Chief
Marine Mammal Conservation Division
Office of Protected Resources
National Marine Fisheries Service
1315 East-West Highway
Silver Spring, MD 20910-3226
Her fax number is 301-713-0376.

2. For those of you who are willing to pursue this matter more in depth, the proposed rule is available at <http://manyrooms.net/lfaproposedrule.htm> Suggestions for a more detailed response to the rule itself are found in the NRDC alert copied at the end of this message.

3. Through the efforts of a number of environmental organizations, with Earth Island Institute taking the lead, we are moving toward oversight hearings in Congress to examine low frequency active sonar, as well as the mid-range Navy sonar that killed numerous whales in March 2000 in the Bahamas and other human noise intrusions into the ocean environment. Please contact your two Senators and your Representative in the U.S. Congress to request their support for

oversight hearings into the U.S. Navy's antisubmarine warfare program, particularly the environmental impact of low frequency and mid-range sonars.

We are told that most congressional offices do not respond to emails (because they are not staffed up to read them), so again the best policy is to send a letter, make a call, or send a fax.

At the moment, Senator Barbara Boxer and Senator Fritz Hollings are leading the effort to secure such hearings. Sending a thank you message to them would be great and can be done through email by visiting their web sites at <http://www.senate.gov/~boxer/contact/index.html> and <http://www.senate.gov/~hollings/>

4. Please share this alert with anyone you think might be willing to help.

Aloha, Lanny Sinkin,
58 Furneaux Lane, Suite 5
Hilo, Hawaii'i 96720
(808) 961-9100
Email: light@ilhawaii.net

Deja Vu and God

At the first dream workshop I taught, I was trying to explain how our emotions attached to any symbol determines what it means. I trust spiders. I believe them to be symbols of wisdom. I have had dreams of talking to giant spiders which I believe were gods. There is a myth that any and all animals in dreams are gods, especially in North American Indian cultures. Now I have entirely different connotations or associations with spiders than someone who, say, had an Uncle die of a spider bite and is deathly afraid of them. I spoke of how differently each of us would react to a spider should it come out and hang out in the corner of a room. None of this changes the nature of a spider or basically what it is. But if it were a

dream, we would be each dreaming about something entirely different.

At the next workshop about half way through the class, behind me, a huge spider came out from behind a sliding door drape at the very top and sat for the duration of the class. Everyone smiled and nudged each other but didn't tell me until the class was over. Of course we were all amused. Even the woman who was notoriously afraid of spiders remembered what I said and remained calm, much to her husband's surprise. It was an illumination.

Now listen very carefully. When that spider came out from behind the drape, I became the future probable self that reached back and created a past that insured its arrival. It was a moment when future, present and past meet. Spacious present unfolding in the twilight of an eye. It went beyond *deja' vu*. I think God smiled in our corner of the universe that day and if we could get close enough to see. So did the spider. "Imagine" what is possible.

DreamKeeper, Chicago, IL.

Long Time to Kenya

I am amazed at the length of time it takes for US mail deliveries to Kenya. But it does not take a plane one month to reach Kenya. Not at all. Well I am happy it finally arrived. I think the problem is not with the items landing into Kenya from US, but the problem of their internal distribution once here.

I am happy to hear that I will get another copy of the next Edition before I can begin to get copies through the process of subscription. I'm considering your ONLINE version.

Meanwhile congratulations once more on the fine job you did on the last edition. I hope the next one comes out excellent as well.

Yours, Dr. Nwoye, Kenya, Africa

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Our Life's Purpose

*The purpose of our life is to understand dreams,
to create waking reality
and to create from Dream's perspective.*

*Explore, discover, experience, search, define
with the voice of words and see with the forms of
texture, color, or mass and line,
as the experience greets and circles the waking reality.
The dream experience becomes a tool for human creative
continuum: Voices become forms, become colors,
sounds, questions, becomes the open reality of awake.*

What do you see now?

How does it change within you?

*Dream-reality and your perception of it is always
changing, illusive: from mass, to transparent,
to transforming, to transporting.*

*This is all within the personal life,
within the personal confinement of human's body-being.
To create is a choice. To process is a choice.*

Dream is always there.

Rajj



Child of Ancient Dreams by Carolyn Frances

"The Way It Is"

by William R. Stimson

I awakened in the night with a dream running through my mind that didn't seem to make much sense or have anything to do with me. As I lay there awake in the dark, I was abruptly struck with a huge and monumental revelation. I jotted it down and went back to sleep.

In the morning, I eagerly grabbed for the writing pad I keep by my bedside. On it was scrawled four words: "*The way it is.*"

"That's all?" I thought. I hadn't the slightest idea what to make of the cryptic phrase — or how to work with it. I'm used to working with dreams but this wasn't a dream. I also have a technique to amplify and develop brief insights I jot down while reading, resting or eating. But "The way it is" hardly qualified as an insight. What I ended up doing was the only thing I could: I got out of bed, went to my desk, brought a blank page up on the screen, entitled the file "The Way It Is," and began typing. Having nothing whatsoever to go on, I figured I'd write whatever came to mind and trust in the intuitive process.

Right off, I caught myself dishing out the same tired old ideas as usual. Writing about anything else, I might not have noticed. But the phrase "The way it is" just sat there in the still center, so empty and devoid of content that my busy mind whirling around it stood out like the windbag it is. I saw this. "Whose ideas are these?" I wondered, because I could see perfectly well they

weren't mine. Not anymore.

In fact, neither was the mind dishing them out mine anymore. It presently stood in my way.

Stymied, I stopped typing. I had to admit I had nothing whatsoever to go on.

"Not exactly so," I realized the next instant.

The manner in which my "great realization" came to consciousness in the night proved to be the key. It slipped out during that strange interval between dreaming and waking — at a point when the one mode had already disintegrated but the other had not yet completely established itself. In a flash during this changing of the guard, a prisoner broke free. A truth got out.

What would escape into awareness in such a manner was obviously not ordinary fare. Neither a product of the dream nor of the waking mind, it issued forth from a deeper source.

The dreamworker's paradigm of making conscious the unconscious didn't apply. It wasn't a question of the foreground or background of consciousness, but rather an eruption from the ground of being itself.

In an instant, a totality of meaning rushed into awareness. Like a light or a spark or a glow, it emanated from the depths and imparted a sudden illumination to everything. I felt a rich satisfaction and glad joy. Ask what I knew: I could not exactly say! That's why I could only write down the vague phrase. The knowledge had no

content, in the usual sense of the word — because it contained too much to be understandable in any limited way.

A bedrock reality underlies the various ways the mind has devised to look at things and understand things and explain things. This is directly perceptible, but only to the extent the mind momentarily slips out of gear. In that instant, truth can escape!

Operative in the mind's busy cognitive activity is a behavior pattern based on deficiency. An inorgasmic teenage girl will sometimes fling herself into sexual promiscuity to compensate for what she feels is her inadequacy. The habitual spinning mind does something similar. Incapable of receiving that which emanates directly from things, it busies itself devising meanings and interpretations to impose upon them. Like the unfortunate teenager, it's trying to make up for what it feels it lacks — the felt sense of things, the direct experience of its own ground.

Realization emanates forth from everything naturally and spontaneously. The mind which can't see beyond its own images (in the case of a dream) or concepts (as when we're awake) misses this entirely. But when it changes gear, there may flash an unguarded instant in which the mind gets out of the way of its innate ability to perceive directly. At this moment reality bursts through, eternal and unstoppable. It's too big, this truth, to say what it is in words. Rather than a concept, it's more of a delight, a grace. Perhaps poetry or music might come close. Because of episodes like these, a wisdom unfolds in our lives, according to its own timetable and in its own way.

As individuals, we labor years on end to "improve" ourselves. Yet in the end, just as in the beginning, we are what we are. Each and every one of us. To the extent we become capable of re-



ceiving and appreciating what we already are, we have instantly at our disposal all the data we need to transform. Everything which has eluded us all these years: it's all right here, encoded quite plainly in a manner we are programmed by millennia of evolution to intuitively apprehend — in the joy and the beauty and the perfection that radiates out from everything all around, and from inside ourselves too. Indeed, our very being is that radiation. It is what we are and so the moment we become capable of perceiving it, we step directly into freedom — right past the guards. The ideas we have as well as the dreams we're following can't really see what we are, and do us scant justice. We must step out of the prison they have us

locked up in. They take turns keeping guard, one by day, one by night. Our power of freedom is so great that we can walk right past them and they don't even know it!

Everything is the way it is! It's all moving fast, changing, transforming, evolving, towards a new perfection instant by instant. In this respect, waking reality is not an awfully lot less phantasmagoric than a dream. The mind, left alone at night, reproduces in dreams something not entirely unlike the real world that mind has evolved to monitor.

Apart from the waking mind, though, and the dreaming one, there is this third party in the equation: reality itself — which is ever unknown and ultimately un-

knowable by the other two. But it is what we are and can be known... directly by participation. The moment we start being what we really are, we are set free! This was the huge and monumental revelation that came to me in the night. We have to leave knowing behind and start being free.

To be free all we have to do is simply give freedom to everything and everybody around us! To the extent we are capable of appreciating what is, and allowing it to be, our own life will take on a rich satisfaction and become harmonious. We will have opened ourselves to that grace which is eternal and unstoppable and which radiates out of everyone and everything all around. That's the way it is — pure and simple. ♡

On Dreams and Art: Part II

The Role of Craft in Acting and DreamWork

By Montague Ullman, M.D.

"A work of art - expressing its implicit interpretation by its technique - is a rotating, many-faceted gem against psychically darkened backgrounds; so too is a dream."

The Psychoanalyst and the Artist by Daniel E. Schneider, M.D. The Alexia Press, Inc. 1979, p. 167

In the last issue of Dream Appreciation, I spoke in a general way about the analogy between dreams and art. What they had in common was their rootedness in creativity and how, through the mastery of the specific craft, something original and meaningful came into existence. A dream is not a work of art in the usual sense of that term. In its own way, however, it is a form of art. I am going to further develop the analogy by invoking the art form that is closest to the nature of the dream and the craft of bringing the dream to life. I am referring to the art of acting.

The art of the actor lies in the truthful and therefore convincing portrayal of the character in question. The same might be said about the dreamer if we look upon the dream taken as a whole as the assumed character to be portrayed. For both the actor and the dreamer, the character is different from the self, yet played out by the very same self. I hope to show that the difficulties that have to be overcome and the craft needed to accomplish this are much the same. So are the rewards that accrue in pursuing a task that requires plunging into the very depths of one's being.

I came to the task of talking about acting from a position of profound ignorance concerning the craft involved. As a kid I went to the movies every Saturday af-

ternoon, pleaded with a passing adult to chaperone me until I passed the ticket collector, and then settled down to a double feature (silent films), usually a western or an adventure story followed by Fox Movietown News, an episode in the serial 'The Man in the Iron Mask' (waiting breathlessly for the next episode in the hope of seeing who was behind the mask), and finally a Krazy Kat cartoon. It never mattered if we came in in the middle of a picture because we usually caught on to the plot rather quickly, and besides, we had the opportunity to sit through it again. I hated sad movies and cried when Jackie Coogan sat at the bedside of his dying mother in *The Kid*. At the end of the movie when the cast was displayed, I could never understand why two separate columns of names appeared when it seemed to me one set would suffice.

I was not much further along than that until I was in my mid-eighties and accidentally came upon an episode of the Actors Studio on TV. At the time, I was not sure of how or why it happened (that will become obvious later), but for the first time in my life I became addicted to a TV program. I religiously rearranged my life so as to be free the hour it was on. I don't know at which point it was that I not only began to learn there was a craft to be mastered, but also that the craft

was, in spirit and in substance, so amazingly resonant with a craft I had to learn with regard to working with dreams. It has turned out to be a healthy and exciting addiction.

For those not familiar with the program, a brief description of the setting is in order. Imagine an auditorium accommodating about 200 students in a Masters Degree Program sponsored by the New School University for Social Research and conducted at the Actors Studio in downtown New York City. The students are enrolled in one or more of the three tracts offered by the Studio: acting, directing and play-writing. There is a mix of students from each of the three years of the program. The stage in front of them is small but ample enough for a small table and two chairs. James Lipton is seated in one of them. The other chair is for the actor or director he is about to introduce and interview.

A word about Lipton. He is largely responsible for a program that, in its essence, is an intrinsic part of the training program, and at the same time is capturing an ever-widening general audience. Lipton, who has had his own career in the theater as actor and writer, is now devoted to teaching the craft of acting. For the past several years he has been using the television program to get across to the students the role

that craft has played in the lives of successful actors.

Lipton succeeds admirably in the double agenda he sets for himself. The first is to give the students a glimpse of the future, the variable ways and times at which talent emerges, how it is nurtured, what aspects of training have proven most valuable and, finally, how acting as a profession contributes to their individual development as human beings.

The success of the program rests on four unique features he brings to it.

1. The first is his deep understanding of and respect for the acting profession and the demands it makes on those who fall under its spell.

2. The second is his regard for the students who are so eager to learn all they can from those whose accomplishments they admire so much. When the TV monitor pans over the audience you see several hundred young faces who are listening as if their very lives depended on it and who are so responsive in their applause. Lipton has wisely arranged for the students to take over the last quarter of the hour to ask their own questions of the interviewee.

3. The third is the diligence of his preparation for each interview. Like any real scholar, he goes back to original sources. In the last two weeks before the session, he replays for himself the movies the actor has been in, and contacts people within and outside the profession who have worked with or known the actor. In the course of the interview he comes up with details that often bring a look of amazement to the actor's face. On the table before him is a noticeable pile of 5" by 8" cards, containing the notes he has made in the course of his review. He often refers to them in formulating his question or offering a direct quote.

4. The fourth point is how his talent as an interviewer blends with his goal as a teacher.



His respect and admiration for the interviewee are much in evidence. His questions are simply invitations to the actors to talk about their lives and accomplishments. They begin at the beginning with their family setting, their early life, how their interest in acting began, and systematically note the varying influences that shaped their career. Whenever possible, he steers the discussion in the direction of how they have used their craft. From time to time brief clips taken from their movies are shown on the screen to illustrate particular aspects of their technique. By both gesture and with a ready sense of humor Lipton manages to inject a light touch into a serious discussion.

No analogy is perfect, but I hope to show that the analogy between the task of the actor and the task of the dreamer is quite striking and may hold the possibility of being mutually beneficial to both. The analogy is structured around the fact that both are called upon to plumb the depths of their being, the actor to make a felt connection to the part he

or she has assumed, and the dreamer to the dream. The actor has the choice of accepting the role or not. The dreamer has the choice of working on the dream or not. In both instances, the choice is made by something more than curiosity. In both there is a felt connection, to the part or to the dream, that signals its personal connection and that results in the decision to develop and clarify that connection.

One doesn't become a successful actor or dreamworker over night. Craft is involved in each instance. For the actor, the character isn't born full bloom. For the dreamer, the dream doesn't yield its secrets easily. Further roles for the actor and further dreamwork for the dreamer are necessary for the mastery of the respective crafts. While the two crafts differ in the specifics, they come together in their endpoint, namely, to come into possession of the key that unlocks an unconscious domain that harbors an emotional range often quite foreign to anything one experiences in ordinary waking consciousness. What makes it difficult for both actor and dreamer is that the ego is of limited use in finding that key. In fact, the more one dispenses with one's ego, the more apt one is to discover the key. At one session a student in the audience remarked that acting is an 'egoless craft.'

Acting is a cooperative venture. Actors need other actors. Actors need photographers in the case of movies, set designers and any number of specialists to ensure that all is in place for a given scene. Dreamers need other dreamers. In lieu of a set, they need a structure which will help them do their thing, the job of unraveling the dream. Just as an actor does not immediately grasp all the dimensions of the character he or she is to play, there is much in the dream that initially

(Cont'd on page 45)

DREAM-INFUSION

A Credo and Tenets for the Dream-Artist

by Clyde Anthony & Carolyn Frances

Introduction by Clyde Anthony

In this article, we have set down some of our realizations and beliefs about the dream-life and individual creativity. We relate to the dream-reality as artists, through our visual work, and through performance. For the past 21 years we have shared our own dream-life directly in that way. For 15 of those years we created and performed a traveling experiential stimulus program for trauma centers and long term care centers—including Alzheimer's facilities—always working to create an atmosphere of beauty, sharing and love. We have, quite inevitably because of the fecund spirit of dreams, grown a passionate interest in their nature and would like to share some of our insights.

Personally speaking, I have been inspired by my good friend, Carolyn, Jane Roberts (*The God of Jane, a Psychic Manifesto*), Joan Grant, especially her 'outrageous' childhood years, (*Far Memory*, an autobiography), and Isadora Duncan (*My Life*, an autobiography). I love and admire them dearly. Powerful dreamers, all.



Carolyn Frances contemplates finishing touches on Guardian, mask on torso.

Dreams are jewels-in-the-making, fantastic creations, loving works of art. They are the love of the spirit for self, and the spirit is not separated from the most intimate aspects of the body; for there is the true nature of dreams. And dreams tell one of the deepest parts of oneself.

Through a process of spheric, many-layered excavation, dreams dig out—or sift through—the accumulated debris of waking influences, laying bare the essence of their knowledge and their embryonic form of truth, from which they form new Story, Meaning, Awareness, Existence and new Life-form. They tell us who we are, what our deep beliefs are, working, we believe, beyond the realm of beliefs. They exist in and surface from pure realms of Creation, of Self.

Dreams are the focused energy and vitality of an individual being, even if they are perceived through the structure of the group beliefs of a culture.

It's very important to understand the energies of dreams and not to diminish the experience. But rather to realize that one is creating power and to then understand the power one is creating. This action creates a clear balance and center within the being, 'blowing away' social restrictions, co-creating with one's inner life, fully accepting the power and worth of that reality, and the depth to which it goes.

As artists, we believe that Dreams are works of art, genuinely intimate portraits, studies, experiences.... all surfacing directly from Spirit. They are visions of pure energy, which truly go beyond the limiting boundaries and restrictions of daily social waking life. We also believe that the term 'social' is truly meaningless in the realm of dreams. 'Social' is not needed, not required, in that realm and bears no validity.

We perceive that bodies are inner by nature, for they are pure energy at those depths, and pure energy simply cannot be ruled and that is the truth of existence.

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Dream-Infusion is the directness of the inner experience, not trying to fit it into a category or label. We believe the 'direct-being' needs a voice, without the process of always 'thinking about' it, or about its connections with the outside world. Rather, we attempt to feel and enact the clarity of what is there, deeply inside.

There is something we are made of that goes beyond emotions, which is a great part of the human psyche and that something needs to be explored, to feel its energy and its power.

We believe that most of us do feel this, but we don't always bring it into waking reality on an everyday basis. It's a part of letting the things inside, out; those things that aren't emotions, but ways of perception. And during this process there's a dream-vision and the dream-vision becomes Dream-Infusion. And visions—whether they're dream-visions, or waking/trance-visions—are a created reality, a realm of pure, uncluttered, focused existence.



Clyde Anthony doing finishing touches on Vulture God, carved wood staff.

Our "Whole Being" is there in that reality. We believe that dreams have more meaning for the body than just the brain or thought processes; they are a process of body-creativity which we call the 'in-

telligence of sensitivities;' dreams bring us into another realm. The body is creating all the time. There is a directness of understanding with the body, but we don't tend to use our body in that way on a daily basis, because we don't tend to include, or become aware of, the 'Whole Body's depth and wisdom, cells and all.

Our idea is for it all to come together, feeling it and using it very distinctly, and clearly, as a process of our being and as a part of our 'Whole Life.' We can create with what we've learned in our dreams, and just as Death is a way of breaking through the barriers of the body, Dream is another way of breaking through those barriers, giving us an opportunity to explore dimensionless borders. The Whole Body creates the possibility of that experience, prompted by its own desire.

We can be strong if we face that, if we feel, experience and understand it. We are a part of that creation, and we have created it. Our dreams, and the power of our dreams, are a link that we have throughout our life, going beyond the time-element. Our being is completely free from our everyday experience, in the dream-life. Whether it's a nightmare or a spiritual revelation, dreams give us that freedom.

We believe this is so necessary for the nurturing of the body. To remember our dreams, to feel them, and bring them out into the power of our life in an everyday way. Understanding our dreams from our being's perspective enhances the waking-life, imagination and the possibilities to which one would not normally have access. When we think of dreamlessness, we feel that part of our life isn't working. In order to be fully alive, we have to dream.

But we also believe dreaming is the body feeling the power of worth in itself—in relation to the world around it... that wonderful eternal power. It might be something else for other people, depending on what they do, but for us it's closely related to performance. Spirit and Body united. ♡

Patterns of Dream Use in African Psychotherapy

PART TWO

by Dr. Augustine Nwoye



The Phenomenon of dream use in modern African psychotherapy

In a manner similar to their counterparts in African traditional medicine, modern psychotherapists in Africa also recognize the relevance of dream insight and guidance in the context of their work. Their approach in this regard is, however, mainly influenced by two major tenets of African dream psychology: namely, the idea of dream as a healer and that of dream as a way. The first points to a conviction entrenched in the psycho-sympathetic model of African dream psychology, that certain dream processes manifest as hope-healing processes intended by the unconscious component of the dreamer to help him or her live above his/her present disturbances. That is, to live in the hope that his/her present longings or aspirations will soon be fulfilled. The second construct originates from one of the key tenets of the vertical traffic model of African dream psychology. It propounds the image of dream as visitation; that is, the image of dream as a medium through which the living are visited with wisdom and directives from their village deities, or ancestors or recently deceased relatives, when under the pressures of certain difficult decisions of life.

Influenced by these understandings and conceptualizations,

most modern African psychotherapists do, at times, devote some attention to listening to their clients' dream reports in the context of their work. And this, they do, largely as one major way of gaining information about what is disturbing a client's inner life presently. Here, however, the main aim is not essentially as Freudian would assume, to unearth the repressed wishes or conflicts of the client in question. The goal rather is to study such dream reports to see whether through their guidance, allusions or indications, one can gain access to the current unfulfilled plans and yearnings of the client, causing the behavioral symptoms presented. The aim of listening to such dreams, in other words, is not to understand the early childhood experiences or the thick historical background (along the lines of dynamic psychology) to the client's present disturbances but rather to assess the extent to which obstacles to the client's prospective life design can be said to be at the root of his or her present frustrations and psychological destabilizations. In this framework, the key belief is that information gained about the client's present disturbances will help practicing modern psychotherapists in Africa not only to determine the main root of the problem disturbing their clients but also to gain a vision of the needed intervention strategy to be followed for heal-

ing to take place.

Indeed, apart from the insight they try to gain in their dream work through the inspiration and guidance of the psycho-sympathetic model of African dream psychology mentioned earlier, most modern African psychotherapists following the tenets of the vertical traffic model of African dream psychology, believe like their traditional healer-counterparts do, that they can be assisted in their professional work through the insight and guidance emanating from their own personal dreams. In this case, the dreams that are deemed important for their work (diagnostic and prescriptive) are those issuing not from the clients themselves, but rather from the psychotherapists themselves. Here, to dispose themselves positively for receiving such strategic dreams, they try in a manner similar to their counterparts in traditional medicine, to observe a number of incubation practices like fasting and living a chaste life. And under this platform, the idea of dream as a teacher is the key ideology that is followed.

Now, over and above these patterns and indications already mentioned is the need we have to point out that, while building on the indigenous framework of African dream psychology, modern African psychotherapists do not ignore to operate where need be, from the insightful perspective of some key foreign-based dream

theories introduced to them in the course of their training. Typical examples in this case are those by Freud (1953), Jung (1961) and Hall (1953). One caveat, that must be made here, however, is that while doing this, they do not fail to remain eclectic or multi-partial in their orientation, calling, that is, on the insights of such theories only when they seem to apply. And often, even when they do, they are used as supplementary information to be gained in their overall attempt to read a better meaning into the story being told by the client. Emphasis on multi-culturalism is thus to be detected in the approach of modern psychotherapists in Africa on the theme of dream use and guidance in the context of their work.

Concluding Remarks

By way of conclusion, may we now close this discussion with the following few remarks. The first is to say that patterns of dream use in African psychotherapy generally, from what we have seen above, essentially follow a multi-partial perspective. This means that the present day Western-trained African psychotherapists refrain from the danger of trying to drag into each of their client's dream narrative, the imaginations and prejudices of one basic paradigmatic or so-called master dream theory. Adopting such a multi-partial orientation is of a tremendous advantage in their work. It leaves them free to allow each client's dream report to reveal its unique profile or message and in this way, to protect it from being derailed by the premeditated assumptions of one particular dream psychology, whether foreign or indigenous.

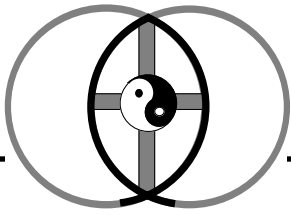
Another remark to make is that unlike what is applicable within the psychoanalytic framework, less emphasis is placed in modern African psychotherapy on the strategic role of dream inter-

pretation in the context of their work. One reason for this is perhaps the fact that most African dream texts do not come in the model discovered by Freud: that is, in such a way that the manifest dream content is different from the so-called latent or the hidden or intended meaning of the dream. No. Most African dream texts come in direct language genres, requiring little or no extra exegetic efforts before the true or the so-called latent meanings can be uncovered. This is part of the basis why most people do presume that most African dreams come, not with the intention to conceal, but rather to teach. And neither do they come to speak but rather to indicate.

Indeed, another way to explain the basis for the less prestigious role that is given to the phenomenon of dream interpretation in modern African psychotherapy is to look at it from the way African themselves approach the truth-value of dream directives they follow. In this regard, they see dreams essentially as a way. That is, as a footpath in a forest that is quite unfamiliar to them, and therefore as an access route which they need to approach only with the spirit of tentativeness and flexibility. While in that mood, they refuse to presume where the dreams will lead until the directives they (the dreams) give have been carried out or tested. This means that modern African psychotherapists approach the information and guidance from any dream revelation collected in the context of their work—not with a fixed or an undue optimism about the supposed accuracy of the truths they proclaim—but with a flexible or an open-ended outlook. That is, with an attitude that is characteristic of a healer-scientist interested in trying all possible avenues deemed necessary for gaining a clue as to the solution to the problem posed by the client. ♡

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which You planted in me at my making.

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Dream-Space

by Vicky Vlach

“A safe, friendly, supportive, environment for talking about and exploring dream experiences, with an emphasis on integrating dream life with waking life and becoming more connected with ourselves and others.” Vicki Vlach

The idea of creating a dream-friendly space — a ‘Dream Space’ — grew from my own desire to share dreams as a normal part of daily life. Books, classes, workshops, and lectures often focus on discovering the meaning/messages of dreams. I’ve learned, and continue to learn, much from these resources and the tools they provide. And I’ve shared that learning in my own workshops, classes, and groups. But I needed more than what the workshop/class model provided. And I really wanted a place, a space, to simply share and talk about dreams and dream experiences without the implicit expectation of looking for an interpretation. I wanted a place for dreams to just be themselves.

It seemed to me that if people got together and talked about dreams as if they were a part of every day life, and, more importantly, if they could hear other people’s dreams in the same way, then insights, connections, and even ‘meanings’ would emerge from the sharing of common, and not so common, experiences. I also wanted to help people see that the majority of ‘weird’ dreams

are not as ‘weird’ as they might appear to be. Because talking about dreams is not typically part of daily life, most people aren’t exposed to multiple versions of the same dream the way dream workers and professionals in certain fields are. Hearing someone describe what



they call ‘a weird dream,’ and then two others share dreams similar to the first - and then a dozen more talk about their own dreams using almost the same image(s), theme(s), or idea(s) -

and then another dozen, and another...., well, after a while, it’s not so ‘weird’ anymore. This is a good thing, I think.

I wanted to ‘normalize’ dreams. If people shared dreams and dream experiences without specifically trying to ‘figure out’ what a dream ‘meant,’ then the diverse richness of individual experiences would open a new way to relate to dreams. Dreams would become less opaque as their connection to an individual’s waking life became apparent in the course of normal conversation and open sharing. They would become less an unknown and difficult-to-understand ‘other’ and more of a friend whose thoughts, ideas, and insights were welcomed and sought out. They would become part of one’s every day waking life. Dreams would still have mystery, but it would be mystery directly connected to one’s own felt-response, rather than as an exercise in logical analysis and cerebral interpretation. We would understand them with, and within, the context of our lives - as ‘part of,’ rather than ‘in addition to.’ We would know them in our hearts, not just in our heads.

Rereading that last paragraph, it sounds idealistic to me—or romantic - or maybe both. But however it sounds, I just trust that dreams have more to say to us if we could listen in a new way and not always try so very hard to ‘figure them out.’ It’s important to do the figuring out part, but I wanted a place for dreams to just be.

So the idea of creating a ‘Dream Space’ emerged. The Human Potential Center in Austin ><http://www.HumanPotentialCenter.org>< generously offered the



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resource for students of consciousness
and for anyone who wants to explore
their inner life. ”*

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use of their physical space and even included the 'Dream Space' experiment in their calendar. Dream Space was once a month when it first started, 'floating' around the calendar, landing where there was room. Attendance for the first few months was low. Now it's twice a month, approximately every other week, and I'm hopeful that the schedule change will increase attendance. With only one or two participants, the pull to focus on interpretation is strong. I'm happy to share what I've learned, but Dream Space is not *specifically* about interpretation. It's about integration.

A Dream Space, at least my current vision of it, is a space of openness, curiosity, and respect, where people can come together to share and be with their dreams and dream experiences, just as they are. With no overt push to rush to interpretation, any ideas, associations, and insights would (ideally) arise as people talked with each other. Such a space would also bring about a recognition that our dreams are often more similar than they are different, more 'normal' than they are 'weird.' I see such a space create openings to the realm of the heart, and in the heart there is movement. In the heart there are passageways, felt-connections, knowledge, wisdom, insights, wellings-up, understandings, actions, and even meanings. The many-layered wisdom of the dream world unfolds when space for dreams is valued

in waking life and that value is felt in the realm of the heart. Yes, there will be dreams which leave dreamers thoroughly perplexed and confused, scratching their heads in bewilderment. But it seems to me that most dreams are not all that unusual, weird, or hard to understand - most dreams just need to be listened to - they need to be heard, just as themselves. Books, classes, lectures, and workshops are useful tools to help one listen and hear (I love 'em!), but my felt-sense is that these are only part of how we can relate to dreams. So I'm tickled to pieces that I get to try this experiment. I'll let you know how it turns out.

If I've learned anything in the years that I've kept a dream journal, read books, gone to lectures, attended and taught classes and workshops, I've learned that the physical world and the world of dreams are not so far apart. You travel from one to the other along the pathways of the heart. And I've learned that the path between the dream world and the world of waking life is paved best with openness, curiosity, and respect. It helps to be lighthearted, and it helps to listen with one's inner ears (which are connected directly to the heart). And I've learned that people don't really *talk* about dreams very much as a normal part of daily conversation with friends, family, or co-workers. I hope my 'Dream Space' experiment helps change that, because sharing dreams as part of one's every day life can add so much to every day of one's life! ♡

Dream Inspired Poetry

Rhyme Dreaming

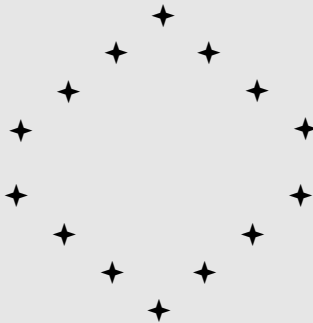
Boundless space without stars
awaiting a stage, set by Mars.
My room appears with grass veneer
flock disappears, someone's near.
I run, I run not knowing what fear
no length gained: just stale atmosphere.
Turn to face with grace sincere
monster to foster my boutonniere.
We start to sing a thing quite queer
blowing and crowing in each others ears.
Not all was happy, a turn burned near
it seems a vampire came to interfere.
The face quickly changed, so familiar,
a peer!
Aha, that Fakir is after my beer!
I did get lucid despite the bum steer
but not in time to impale with my spear.
My car sped far till the coast was clear
the roses posed in this open frontier.
I danced to the cliff and safely peered
the rocky shore a bit severe.
Beam of a dream a heavenly gondolier
I chance romance and leap off the
hemisphere.
Set sailing leaps among the piers
ocean swells high into the stratosphere.
My REM will bend and overhear
the gift to lift to scrutineer.
Premonition a condition not to sneer
like a good buccaneer I called my
financier.
His advice sufficed my profiteer
not to insult my mousketeer.
Founding my grounding, my landing gear
lying in my bed, so fed, so dear.

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Reality Interpretation

Between wake and sleep
there is an instant
where we dissolve
out of ourselves
and into the whole
that gathers in the ethers
where nothing material
speaks through symbols
about the myths
of being real
to test the values
of the collective.
At the completion
of these nightly dreams
we reassemble
into bodies again
to play our roles
in reality
for the dream mind
to interpret.

Paul Campbell



Dreamer's Cry

Chair edges, my edges.
I'm leaving this place
behind
like I never lived here.
I'm leaving this world
Its a dried out shell,
a rind left
after consumed possibilities.
I'm leaving this robe.
I buried myself in my days, my nights,
and who could they fit?
And who could find comfort
At the family reunion
that wasn't my own
I'm some other color.
I don't speak thier language.
I want to be in the world to come.
Fill me soon again
with home and the whole.
Wisdom wildflowers bend
and winds call in pine needles.
Speak again summer,
distance, blue with rain.
Rush in, replace futility with humming
bees
and honey.
I bought it
when they said
I was cast out of my grassed and birded
watergarden.
I have been deceived
by a sharp shadow
obscuring clear sky.
I am not too small or
too wrong to contain it.
I refuse further locked hallways,
and tape loops
of mind's mistakes.
I stretch free
in silent sun.

Cynthia West 1992

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Afansi, a Tuvan Shaman

Shamanism Part II

Artist: Victor A. Kravtsov 127591 800-years of Moscow 5-1-244, Moscow, Russia e-mail:kravtsov_victor@mail.ru



Cross Cultural & Earth Healing with Art & Ritual

by Vijali

The World-Wheel, Theater of the Earth, emerged from dreams, meditations and experiences over a period of many years... perhaps my whole life. The threads of dissatisfaction with the Los Angeles environment, the pain of isolation in the life style and the art scene, the longing for family and community, pushed me into leaving studio art and into another concept of art, family, and world community.

The activities that take precedence in our adult life often stem from our childhood. In order to find my destiny I had to reach into myself to understand the roots of my own despair. My mother and father divorced when I was two years old and I was placed in child care homes. My mother was schizophrenic and was committed to the State Mental Hospital. Eventually, I lived with my grandparents and was enrolled in a girl's private school. Eastern philosophy was introduced to me by my father when I was nine years old. At fourteen, I made the decision to enter the Vedanta Convent, where I stayed for ten years. I feel very thankful for my early beginnings. Because of my childhood, I always had unfulfilled needs of family, but since I hadn't experienced a conventional upbringing, my idea of family grew to become a world family. The solution and healing for my own despair and sense of isolation was to find the web that connects all life.

What was the form of life and creativity that could contain this new perception of myself and the world as one inter-connected existence? I became frustrated with the commercialism of the art scene and in 1974, I closed my studio, gave away all my possessions... except what could fit into my VW bug. With just a hammer and chisel and a few paints carried in my backpack, I started carving stone outcroppings in wilderness areas... areas that felt sacred to me. This search for a new way to work led me to Peru, Mexico and many areas around Los Angeles.

One day, as I was roaming the Santa Monica Mountains, I came upon a weather worn boulder and felt drawn to sit in front of it in meditation. As the warmth of the early morning sun penetrated my back, it seemed as if a doorway opened into the stone and also into the

understanding of who We are. Within this seemingly solid matter moved a luminous energy, the substratum connecting all of life.

I lived as a hermit for five years just to establish that experience. Nature seemed to be the only environment that would support and sustain this new understanding of myself. Society is always saying, "Look, we are separate, we have to kill ourselves running around developing our egos, grabbing for ourselves to survive. We have to stay young, accomplish." And nature was the only support I could find that was saying, "We're all one. We are in this process together. We are in continual change, but that's OK."

While living in the mountains, I had a dream:

I saw myself creating stone sculptures in a giant circle and drawing people who didn't speak my language into a community ceremony.

The dream seemed to be nudging me to leave my life as a hermit. I felt that I needed to go back into the world, a sense of returning... but go back on my own terms. To somehow walk a path that was saying every second that we are one, we are not separate, that we are one family and that we are connected with all people, plants, animals and the earth.

But I didn't know where this circle of my dream lay. One day, in 1986, I whirled a world globe keeping my finger on the same 40th degree parallel. As it turned, twelve nations leapt out at me: California USA, Seneca Reservation Upstate New York, Spain, Italy, Greece, Egypt, Israel and Palestine, India, Tibet, China, Russia and Japan. At that instant I realized that these countries formed the giant wheel of my dream. At that very moment I started preparing for the WorldWheel.

The first earth sculpture and ceremony of the WorldWheel came about just at the time of the Harmonic Convergence in 1987. I needed to start at my birthplace before I had the right to expand out into other countries. This event, "Western Gateway," was on Eric and Mary

Lloyd Wright's land in Malibu, California, USA. An Earth Wheel honoring the four directions with colored stones. The center symbolizes the harmony of the male and female principles with a standing stone rising from a fire circle. The performance was created by the artists Georgianne Cowan, Anne Mavor and myself, in response to three questions that have been the basic questions of my own life. The first question is, "What is our essence?" The second is, "What is our problem?" And the third, "What is our solution, what can heal us?"



"Western Gateway," Malibu, CA

These questions have continued in each country as a framework for listening, creating together and learning about who We are. They have been answered both personally and globally. The sculptures remain behind as permanent installations to be used by the local community and continue to connect the 12 points of the WorldWheel long after the project's completion. I feel it is important to establish new sacred sites that are potent for us today. We can all do this by our presence on earth locations that have been established through ceremony and the creation of earth art. These sculptures are touchstones to return to and to carry away in our memory the essence of that sacred spot, reminding us of our own essence. With the generosity of the Wrights, their land in Malibu has been a living example of this... where the site has been continually used in ritual since the first ceremonial day of the WorldWheel.

Out of a response in every country to each person, each situation that presents itself, I returned to what I felt was the origin of art. A time when the shaman as artist created cave paintings in a process of ritual and vision for the nourishment and direction of the community... when theater was a spontaneous expression (perhaps first around the warming fire of the evening, depicting the hopes and fears of the community). This was a time when art was not a commodity but an integral part of life, uniting the earth, plants, animals and humans into one interdependent family.

The world became my studio. The sculptures carved from stone outcroppings and surrounding earth became

not only the setting for the theater/ritual but were an intrinsic part of the performance. And from that time on, I kept expanding the borders of what sculpture was, what art was, so that it more and more became life itself; it became everything in the environment... the people around me, their problems, hopes and dreams for the future. This new way of creating art eventually led to developing community and what I call Theater of the Earth, a synthesis of art, spirituality and peace activism.

This one art form contains all my passions and loves and plenty of opportunity for my own stretching. It is large enough to hold my interest for the rest of my years because it embraces the whole of life. The circle in itself represents community in the sense that each spoke of the wheel has a quality that is different from every other spoke of the wheel. The differences really make the harmony: the differences of the people within the community, the differences of the countries, all create the whole.

The second event of the WorldWheel was at the home of Twylah Nitsch (Yehwhennode Two Wolves). She is an elder of the Seneca Indian Reservation, Upstate New York, USA. I felt the importance to represent the native culture as well as the Occidental culture in the States. Beginning in the early 80's, Twylah taught me the Seneca Medicine Wheel, which later inspired the form of the World-Wheel. The stone sculpture Unity and performance The Peacemaker, emerged out of our time together on the reservation. Through the process of Theater of the Earth, many factions on the reservation were reunited. Twylah's love and support carried me through to the World-Wheel's completion.

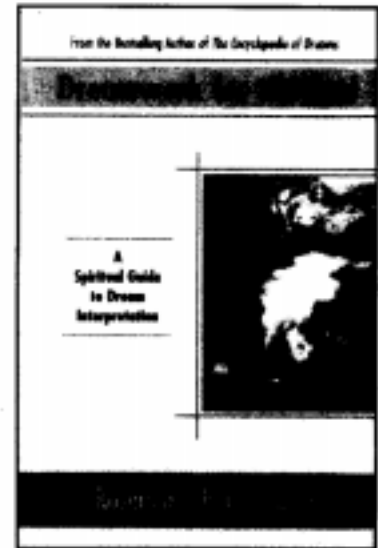
When I left the States, I sold my car, gave away my possessions and totally abandoned any kind of base for myself. That was another step toward dropping barriers of separation... separations between people: my house and your house, your country and my country. The first country outside of the States was Spain. I arrived with shaky knees, not knowing anyone. It took me time to find the right environment and it was Jan Semmel's mountain retreat in Alicante by the Mediterranean Sea. Christine Serrentino, arriving from Massachusetts, USA and Joaquin Gil (Nitai) from Lorca in southern Spain, helped develop the site. There, we held a ceremonial council at the location where I carved and painted **Woman of Space Pregnant with Sun**. A circle of twelve people gathered from all over Spain, six men and six women. Twylah sent blessings and names for each person. In their response to my three questions, I learned that the arrogance of holding to past history was considered the problem and that leaping into the contemporary future of a global family, was their solution. Some of my deepest friendships emerged out of that time.

The fourth event was held in Etain Addey's summer community nestled in the Umbrian forest outside Gubbio, Italy... where sculptures and performance became **Voices of the Umbrian Forest**. The performers, as the animals of the forest, dialogued with the audience, speaking of

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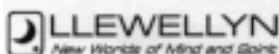
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the destruction of its forests and the killing of the returning wolves leading to our own alienation from the earth. Joaquin Gil, Suzy Fraser and Jan Semmel arrived from Spain, drawing the beginning of a world family together. By involving local participants, a community voice began to evolve through the imagery of Theater of the Earth. A global language has developed leading to a new mythology of the earth. I could see the beginnings in Italy where the story of Adam and Eve was reenacted. The serpent became the “good guy,” representing the kundalini, the transformative energy that is necessary for the change of consciousness. And Adam and Eve took equal responsibility in taking this journey toward awareness.

The fifth site was suggested to me by a friend of Ingrid Fragantoni. It was in Greece on the island of Tinos in beautiful Livada Bay adjoining Antonis Darmis’s land. **Phidousa, Snake Woman** was performed among my cave paintings called Gaia’s Laboratory, and a giant carved Serpent reflected ancient healing rituals of the island, where sea lapped against boulders. Shirlye Graham arrived from the States joining us and our Greek performers. She danced with the audience as the Sea. Joaquin Gil came with me from Italy to assist with the work and later Jan Semmil arrived from Spain. Many of the people on the island had never been to Athens which is only a four hour boat ride. But the people connected so strongly to the World-Wheel that after the performance they gave a fiesta! At that time they presented their own creations of poetry and music and danced in gratitude for their connection with this World Family. And I realized that even without leaving their home, they could feel a part of something larger than the island. Because of the form of the World-Wheel, they were part of a larger community.



“Phidousa’s Vision” Greece

At this point in my journey, I ran out of the money from my personal liquidation... then Andrew Beath, the founder of the Earth Trust Foundation, decided to match donations up to \$1,000, as a grant for each country. I was able to continue my pilgrimage with about 1/3 of my expenses coming from the sale of my small sculptures,

1/3 from donations from friends and 1/3 from grants. The completion of the World-Wheel came about through the Flow Fund, a Rockefeller grant.

The sixth site was in the desert of Egypt on the South Gallala Plateau, 1/2 hour hike behind a Coptic Monastery. **Woman with the Sun at Her Forehead and Moon at Her Feet** was carved in a limestone outcropping. Egypt was a difficult country for me. While traveling as a single woman, I was attacked two times. For the protection of my life, I transformed into the energy of Kali and scared my attackers away. It left me with the strength of knowing that this force is within me and can be drawn upon in emergencies. I was happy when Joaquin Gil joined me in Egypt for my last three weeks.



“Woman with the Sun at Her Forehead and the Moon at Her Feet”
South Gallala Plateau, Egypt

I was introduced to Israel by Revital Arieli (she is known on the reservation as Wata), whom I had met on the Seneca Reservation at the time of the World-Wheel event. Elias Jabbour, the founder of The House of Hope, introduced me to the Palestine world. I arrived in Israel at the time of the killings at the Wailing Wall. Everyone was depressed and in a state of tension. Many times I was caught in tear gas and not only heard gun shots but supported friends whose families had been injured. I lived with my new Israeli and Palestinian friends and together their children planted the **Tree of Peace** in a circle of stone sculptures on the banks of the Dead Sea; the seventh World-Wheel site. The Palestinian children in the House of Hope gave the answers to my questions: “If we can look through the eyes of someone from a different culture, we can understand them and then we can love each other. This can bring peace.”

At the beginning of my trip in India, friends from the States and Spain joined me in Rishikesh: Suzy, Joaquin and Xavier from Spain and Pia Gallegas and Calleen



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McGuire from the States. They had to leave before I located a site for the World-Wheel. In India, boundaries further melted. After living for a month in a cave in the Himalayan Mountains at Rewalsar, I took a train heading for Santiniketan in West Bengal, where the poet Tagore had lived. On the train, the Bauls, Bengali folk musicians, were singing. They earn their living by singing and begging in towns and on trains. Their music is so down-to-earth, the *Blues of India*, and their appearance so fascinated me that I kept giving them little coins to stay in my compartment of the train. Finally, they invited me to their village. They are so very poor, yet so hospitable. They spread a mat under a tree and the children of the village came and danced and sang and put garlands around me. I just fell in love with the village and people. A hut was located for me in a tribal (Shantili) family's home so that I could live close to them.

What I did in every country was wait until I fell in love with something, just like I fell in love with the Bauls, their music, their mothers and fathers and babies, and the ambiance of the village. I learned a tiny bit of Bengali and taught them a little English, and we had wonderful conversations because the Bauls are so philosophical. I asked them the three questions I ask in every country. They answered, "We come from the womb of our mother. We really come from the mother who is the Earth. We are part of the Great Goddess. Our essence is the Great Kali." I asked, "What is the imbalance in your lives and in your village?" They replied: "We are exhausted and under strain all the time because we have to go out and wander so we can make money. When we come back, we don't always have enough money for our family's food." And my third question, what could heal their problem? They answered, "To really love our singing and not worry about the future. Just to keep on doing what we are doing, but give up anxiety and be God conscious every moment of our day."

As I stayed with them, I became aware that the tribal village was made up of mixed castes, some of whom look down on the Bauls because they beg by singing. I kept imagining them all sitting down in a circle. Finally I saw what was needed: **a communal house**, a commons, a lodge where they could come together. Here they could practice and perform their music, have their own pujas (ceremonies), and it could serve as a schoolroom for their children.

Some land was found at the home of Basudev Das Baul, one of the folk singers; his wife Urmela and I started working. I drew a circle in the earth and hired two people of low caste, who needed work badly and had experience in building the typical huts of the area. I paid for materials but some things were donated. The Bauls only sing; they don't do any physical work. At first they just watched me, their honored guest, hanging out with the low castes in the mud. One Baul started to help, then his brother came, then the father, and pretty soon someone else in the village would stop and say, "Oh, my goodness, you don't do it that way; here, let me show you." And they would come help. That's how it happened. Toward the end of construction, I came down with a sun stroke. Joaquin Gil had arrived earlier from Spain and was instrumental in the completion of the house.

On the day of the consecration of the building, everyone came. The Bauls sang the responses to the three questions. Ordinarily a Brahmin priest would preside over the rituals, but I had us all sit in a circle and offer the mantras, the flowers, the incense and the butter into the dhuni, the sacred fire.



"Mandala House" A communal house for Baul Folksingers
Bengali, India

I returned to India in May of 1992, for the First Annual Celebration of the completion of the house. Bauls came from all over West Bengal. Four hundred and fifty people attended and were fed. The expenses were covered from donations given to me at the time of my slide talks. I was so happy to see the way the Mandala House was being used. The Bauls were teaching music, five days a week, something they had never done before. The village was using it for pujas (their religious ceremonies) and the

children were using it as their school house. When wandering Bauls would pass through, they had a place to sleep.

Two people joined me on my pilgrimage in Tibet, Beth Robinson with her knowledge of high mountain hiking and Karil Daniels with her video work. Our destination was Shoto Terdrom where Buddhist nuns live as hermits in one of Tibet's most beautiful and sacred places. It is surrounded by spectacular mountain ranges with two rivers and a hot springs. Its mineral waters are known to cure all ills of the yoginis and yogis practicing in the area. This sacred site at 16,000 feet, contains caves where Padmasambhava, an Indian who came to Tibet in the 8th century to establish Buddhism, and his main spiritual companion, Yeshe Tsogyel, lived and practiced for part of their lives. There we met Tendzin Chodron, who is known to be an incarnation of Yeshe Tsogyel. In her final testament, Yeshe Tsogyel said she would "project an emanation" who would always live at Terdrom. We cleared out a cave at Shoto Terdrom that was filled with eroding stone and was obviously not used. I would go there every day to meditate and after the meditation would carve and paint a **Rainbow Bodhisattva**. At the time of its completion, we had a ceremony in which we buried a stone blest by the Dalai Lama and earth from all the World-Wheel countries. Our stay was timeless.



"Rainbow Bodhisattva." Shoto Terdrom, Tibet

China was a surprise for me. I arrived not knowing anyone. I took a train to the city of Kunming because before I left the States, I had been given a telephone number of someone in that city. I called the number and was immediately invited to the University to give my slide talk. The people were charming. They told me they loved the idea of the World-Wheel but that I should not waste my time in trying to get permission to work in any public park. "The government would never OK the project and

(Continued on page 43)

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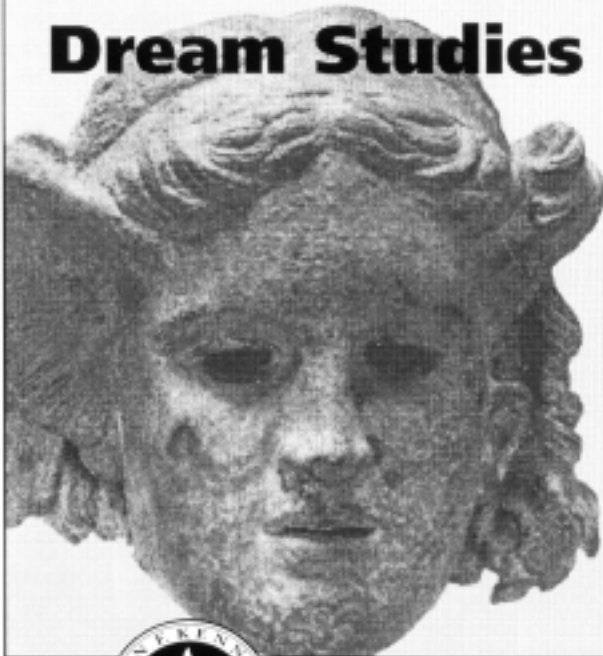
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The North-Facing Side of High Top Mountain

Deep Mountain Dreaming

Joy Carol Gates

Behind my house, Hightop Mountain is dreaming me to be the caretaker of her shrine. She flashes me quantum flirts. She awakens me into my own dreaming.

I climb up the path that begins at the rear of the yard and move into pine, oak, maple, mountain laurel and rhododendron trees. As the path winds up the hill into the trees I can no longer see the house below. I am in the tree-spirits' realm, stepping into a quadrangle formed by trees fallen across the path and along side. Sacred stone entities of power and grace are seated in the northern corners. They help me to anchor this Pleiadian Temple of Light and Hightop Mountain Shrine. Here is where I chant mantra and work with a multi-dimensional transgalactic twist in the shamanic middle and upper worlds.

A Quirky Kind Of Alternative Shaman

I am near sixty years old and retired from serving consensus reality. My family and social interactions are not demanding and I am free to explore the nonconsensus reality that attracts me. I perceive myself as a quirky kind of alternative shaman called by dreaming to inter-

act with energies and spirits here in the North Carolina Blue Ridge Mountains. Hightop Mountain and I are awakening together. Earth is invoking her stellar relatives through us.

The seed of my present calling is planted in a "big" dream of 1974, although the seed lies dormant until the Fall of 1999.

Sky Wonder

I stand near a country home in a clearing on a hilltop and watch the sun near the western horizon.

The sun is eclipsed by the moon and a ring of fire surrounds the heavenly event. I am awed and filled with wonder as the ring of fire moves across the midheaven of the now starry sky toward the east where it surrounds the constellation Orion. Then the fiery ring moves back to the zenith where it surrounds the Pleiades. I stand in wordless awe, transfixed by this sky wonder. As the fiery ring encloses the Pleiades, a shimmering etheric square emerges from the Pleiades and moves toward me, disappearing into the earth of the hilltop in front of me. Another

shimmering image moves toward me from the Pleiades — a bell. It hovers before me and enters my chest. I feel no particular sensation other than a vast, deep wonder and amazement. I do not understand what has happened, yet I am aware that this is a great event, a portent.

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

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

Now I want to thank the angel, so I re-enter the greenhouse. Although I understand little of what has happened, I am aware that it is significant and wonderful and deserves acknowledgment and gratitude. I thank the angel as he meditates in preparation to dematerialize.

Last Fall, I began to realize that I am now in the time to which the dream points. Arnold Mindell via the lively thoughtforms in his book *The Shaman's Body: A New Shamanism for Health, Relationships and Community* —and Amy Mindell via her timely greeting card picturing “The Retrieval of the Heart” — play the part of the unlikely angel who quickens my heart chakra.

A chiropractic visit reveals that one leg and hip is in slightly weird alignment, differently angled. This one different leg has led me to various body-centered venues for healing balance while I also deeply attune to nature. So I am presently in “the time of one leg,” which the one trouser leg/ folded cloth in my mouth in the dream seems to relate to. Now that it is removed, I can talk, I can understand that in the time of one leg I remember gratitude and to acknowledge my appreciation to others.

Clicking On The Icon

I feel as if the dream is an icon of a highly compressed computer program that I have clicked on, and now it is “unpacking files” and revealing previously hidden dimensions to me. I see that the moon eclipsing the sun can allude to the feminine feeling-intuitive chaotic hidden treasures of darkness beginning to prevail over the masculine and rational light of the day. The energy release takes the shape of a ring of fire which briefly moves to Orion and then encircles the Pleiades. Again, the feminine arche-



type takes precedence over the male archetype and creative issue emerges. The etheric square entering the earth points again to the feminine, to matter. The etheric bell can be seen as a “trilbu,” the Tibetan Buddhist symbol for the female polarity.

The greenhouse, or hothouse, can indicate a time of focussed, intensified, “forced” growth. The floral pattern on the trouser leg resembles fabric at my grandmother’s home, reminding me of my “motherline.” I am glad to be aware of the feminine tone of the dream *Sky Wonder*, seeming to point to a time of flowering for my deep inner feeling-intuitive nature.

My outrageous secondary process unfolds and I learn to trust my own perceptions. I see that during this last quarter- century of my life I have been linked via my dream by a line of light to the Pleiades. I realize, as though a deep part of me is unpacking another code finally triggered, that I am one of many Pleiadian starseeds serving as connecting links for Earth to our galactic relatives. My work is to anchor a particular feeling and thought frequency here in conjunction with the Entity who ensouls Hightop Mountain.

I need a bit more dreaming and on-going process to evolve the calling. On the next turn of the spiral, I am touched by a dream of Fall 1999 in which I focus on my hands to help me navigate a slippery slope.

Using My Hands

I am lost in a strange neighborhood after a heavy rain that follows a thaw which melts fallen snow. I find a street sign. I’m in San Francisco in the Mission-Dolores area. I need to walk uphill to get home to Noe Valley. I begin my journey, turning right, and come to Dolores Park. The park is steep and the heavy rain has done

damage here. An erosion-controlling mesh covers much of it, so I can hold onto this to steady my climbing. The land is already eroded into red clay gullies and cliffs beneath the mesh. I must climb very slowly and consciously.

Oops! I’ve climbed to an impasse, a steep, crumbly red clay overhang.

Now what? I can’t go forward. Go sideways? Go back? I study my situation to see the options. I think I’ll ease over sideways.

The mesh provides secure handholds for a horizontal journey.

Following this feeling of comfort and security connected with using my hands, and also seeking to be more grounded, I begin to make malas, prayer beads and mantra bracelets. I feel childlike pleasure in the bright colors of the beads and in the feel of the rough, sturdy texture of the leather cord.

Cosmic Spiritual Lineage

I give thought to my own spiritual lineage mantram which leads me to clarify and realize my transgalactic connections and alignment. The mantram is of my Cosmic Spiritual Lineage. *Shaman Crow, Hightop Mountain, Planet Companion, Radiant Giver, Numinous Presence, Luminous Mystery, Deep Mystery.* The frequency of love is the carrier

wave for all the imagery. With *Shaman Crow*, I center myself as a sacred partner to the Spirit of Hightop Mountain. With *Hightop Mountain*, I expand to an aerial view. With *Planet Companion*, I sense the earthbeat of the planet and zoom out to view Earth. With *Radiant Giver*, I fly toward the Sun. With *Numinous Presence*, I feel a guiding consciousness moving me to the Pleiades. With *Luminous Mystery* I embrace in my view our Milky Way galaxy. With *Deep Mystery*, I am consciousness floating in vast intergalactic realms with spiraling, wheeling galaxies scattered everywhere, as shown in the Hubble Deep Field picture. I chant my lineage as I slide the beads on my bracelet. The combined physical, emotional, mental and spiritual focus is indeed grounding and healing to me.

Soon another dream leads me to take back the night, to meditate and chant at sunset in the woods behind our house.

Taking Back The Night

I am out very late at night, as are many other women. We are in a town-like area. There is a large home that also seems

part business, the curtained windows and doors brightly lit. Women continue to stroll casually on the sidewalks and into places, though not into the large home/business. I realize that I must return something to the home/business that I had much earlier borrowed. I enter, carrying a large flat (clothing?) box and place it with some other similar boxes in a long, broad hallway. A young, pretty and dapper man in a velvet smoking jacket comes to see why

I'm here and I explain that I've returned an item. He nods and goes back into the interior of the dwelling. I remain in the entry hallway, curious. A visitor arrives at another door, which the man opens (but I don't see since I'm discreetly in the shadows). This apparently is a visitor the young man has been waiting for. They settle into a room I can't see into and begin talking. The visitor has a deep, scratchy, gravelly voice which I find disturbing and evil. I decide that now is the time to leave and I quietly

actions seem suspicious to them.

They want to know why I was there. I am curious why they are checking on that place, but first I need to explain myself to them so that they don't think that I'm part of whatever is going on in there.

I too want to know what is happening.

I feel through this dream that the time has come to face a fearful part of myself, one who shrinks from being alone in the woods at twilight and night. This begins my sense of a calling to meditate outside from sunset into the darkness. My urge to

go out in the evening puts me outside in the late Fall of 1999 when the Pleiades rises at twilight.

Since I am, via dreaming, connected to the Pleiades by a line of light I feel that I am now on target to express my starseed qualities, to weave them into life as I am guided.

Bone Deep Knowing

I have been meditating and chanting in the woods on Hightop Mountain every day for a year. The seasonal cycles

of the sun and moon are in my body. I know cold air on my face, snowy air, rainy air, buggy air, hot humid air. I know sharp winds that can suddenly turn into currents of warm soft air that gently stroke. I have been approached by owls, raccoons, flying squirrels, a bobcat. I know the strange sounds that can groan from tree limbs after rain as the wind bows them across one another. I stand with the trees, the winds calling soul sounds forth through my chanting. I feel my energy-taproot plunging deep within the earth as I chant my lineage

(Continued on pg. 47)



creep over to the nearest door, silently open it and slip through, closing it carefully behind me. It is really late now. Several lush and sexy women stroll near me. They seem ok. I want to put space between me and the man with the disturbing voice and I begin running. I haven't gotten far when two undercover policewomen stop me. They were among the darkhaired strollers. They are staked out at the house/business I have just come from and my

Dreams & Journeys in the Yellow Car

by Sandy Sela-Smith



Episode One

I am outside on a bright sunny day walking toward a house when I observe my new, bright yellow, powerful looking car. I am pleased and surprised that this is mine. I go into the house without driving my car. When I come in I prepare meat for a meal and then I become aware that my husband and his closest friend, who represents everything in men that I dislike, want me to play a game with them. It is a form of Scrabble with many dice pieces that have letters on them. As I play, I am feeling distraught that the meat is not done, because if not done on time I might have a problem to deal with. I continue to play with them. The dice have been thrown, and I notice that near the top of my group of dice are letters that spell out KEEP and scattered in the middle and lower collection of dice are four that spell out HOPE. I am pleased that I found two words. Someone bumps the table and messes up my letters. The letters forming the words were on one side of the dice so the bumping causes the letters to tumble and change to other sides of the dice that no longer have the words. I frantically try

to make the letters the way they were, but they are upside down and sideways so I am not able to reassemble them the way they were if I am to have a chance to win in the game. I become very upset that they have fallen and are scattered. I begin to shake. I collect them but can't reassemble the letters spelling HOPE or KEEP. I am feeling extremely shattered.

My body is shaking from the inside out. I take my fallen and scattered letters and forcefully put them back in the box. Some of the pieces of the game are from Virtual Empire, a game that I endorsed in a television commercial in waking life just a few days before...a game to encourage people to become empowered and create wealth. I return the pieces of the game to the box container so forcefully that I almost break the container. I apologize to my husband's friend for nearly tearing the box of his game and explain that I am shaking too much on the inside.

I show him my trembling hands and tell them I have to leave now.

Episode Two

It is a bright sunny day. I am driving in my little gray Geo Metro with the windows down because I have no air conditioning in my car. I am remembering a bright yellow car that seems to be mine but I have no idea how to find it. It seems I have been searching for some sign of the car, but cannot find it. I have an errand to run, a very important letter that must get in the mail, but I cannot remember what makes mailing the letter so important. I drive my car to a post office and as I get out of my little gray car, I think about the yellow car that somehow I know is mine. I mail my letter and as walk back out of the post office doors, I look in the direction of where I had parked my car, and next to my little gray Geo is a magnificent yellow car. It is the one I have been looking for but could not find. I look inside and find it has a beautiful rich black interior. Its control panels look like those on a jet airplane. It is the most beautiful car I have ever seen. I feel so excited that I have finally found my car.

Episode Three

It is a beautiful sunny day. I look outside and see my bright yellow car and decide to take it for a drive. I go outside, and look at this beautiful, powerful automobile. I stop in front of my yellow car. It is a powerful car, strong lines yet gracefully sleek. It feels so wonderfully solid. It seems to have panther energy. I think that is why I like it so much. I get in. I feel the softness of the rich black leather seats. The door closes snugly with that solid connecting thump that lets me know I am safe. I place my hands on the steering wheel. My hands feel strong holding the wheel. My

right hand slides down to the shift knob. I test it out. I feel how easy the shift slides from one gear to the next. It is smooth, almost sensuous.

I lean back in the seat, the mirrors are perfectly lined up for me, as if reminding me that the car is mine. The sunroof slides all the way back. With the windows down, the car feels as open as a convertible. When closed, the car is air tight and quiet enough to hear the silence between the crashing symbols in the Overture of 1812.

I take out the key to my car. I slip it into the ignition and turn it on. The engine seems to explode with power. I feel the vibrating power in my legs, in my abdomen, in my spine. It feels as if the car's power is flowing through me. I shift into first gear, release the clutch and brake, and turn the wheel, to drive onto the street. I drive the car on back roads that wind through the countryside.

I feel sensually connected with the birds, the trees, and the road beneath me. Power surges through me each time I shift into a higher gear or when I gear down to make a turn. This is an exhilarating experience. I feel as sensual as my yellow car. The wind blows through my hair carrying the fragrance of a thousand wild flowers. I feel more alive than I can ever remember feeling.

Three Experiences Reviewed in Light of Another Experience

These three episodes represent three experiences of consciousness. One is a dream, one is a Shamanic Journey and one is a life experience. Can you tell from reading them which is which?

Years ago, when I first learned about dreams and discovered more about the non-ordinary Journeys I had been taking since

I was a child, I discovered that there were times it was difficult to discern the difference between what happened in waking state and what happened in dream state. I also noticed it was difficult to know the difference between journeys and dreams or journeys and life experience.

One day, early on in the two years I was living in China, I was feeling an unusual sense of concern for my heart's companion, who I had left with friends to care for while I was gone. She was my Lhasa Apso, Sara. After a long day of teaching, I felt extremely tired. I returned to my small living space and lay down on my bed. I dropped into an altered state of consciousness. I found myself walking down the hall of my friends' home and Sara came bounding out of a back bedroom to greet me with the most excited wiggle imaginable. I picked her up in my arms and felt her beautiful body pressing in as close to me as she could. She licked my face with such vigor I felt I would smell like puppy breath for a week. I whispered to my little dog how very much I loved her and missed her and that I needed her to be good. I told her that I had not abandoned her. I explained to her that I was in China learning something very important in my life, and when I was finished, I would be back for her. There was a moment of absolute calm and I "woke up" in my tiny room in my living quarters at Baoji Teachers College in Shaanxi Province.

When I returned from the two-year stay in China, I was so concerned that Sara might have forgotten me. In anxious anticipation, I rang the doorbell and my friend opened the door with Sara on her heels, jumping and yelping like a child on Christmas morning. My dog leapt into my arms and licked me with wild abandon. I cried for the reunion with my small friend. That night, still feeling my body clock half way around the



"Years ago...

when I first learned about dreams and discovered more about the non-ordinary Journeys I had been taking since I was a child, I discovered that there were times it was difficult to discern the difference between what happened in waking state and what happened in dream state. I also noticed it was difficult to know the difference between journeys and dreams or journeys and life experience."

world, I got up to get a drink of water when I noticed that my friend's husband was in the living room, quietly sitting in the dark. I asked him how he was doing and he answered with another question. He said "Sandy, when you were in China, did you come here?" A surge of adrenaline rushed through me as I responded with another question. "What do you mean, was I here?"

There was a long pause between my question and his next reply. He told me that Sara had a very difficult time adjusting without me. For two weeks she refused to come out of the back bedroom when my friends were home. Any attempt to connect with her or invite her out was met with a fierce lion-like response where my little 11 pound puppy would stand erect on her back legs, bare her teeth, and snarl at them. Finally she came out, but continued a habit that drove the two of them to a dog psychiatrist. Sara refused to go outside to take care of her "toilet needs." After six months of frustration and expensive carpet cleaning bills, they were ready to write me and tell me that I would have to make other arrangements for my dog. Then one night, the man told me, he was up late and in what seemed like a microsecond, he was very sure he saw me walking down the hall toward the back bedroom. He told me that Sara was never the same afterward. She no longer dirtied the carpet and for the first time seemed to be a cooperative member of the family. I told him that I was surprised that he had seen me. And for some inexplicable reason, I had a strange sensation that I had been caught.

Was what I experienced that day in China a dream? Was it a shamanic journey? Was it a life experience? And what did my friend's husband experience that night in his hallway? Was it a dream, a shamanic visitation, or a life event? In our Western culture

we seem to have such a need to carefully categorize everything. We believe that there are distinctions between the categories that make each thing different. I am not so sure that this is an accurate depiction of the world. I believe that awareness has many expressions and our personal consciousness has many doors through which it can pass. Our waking consciousness believes that when it is aware of itself and the world it experiences, that is what is real. Waking consciousness often determines that dreams are experiences of the mind, which may inadvertently affect the body with adrenaline rushes, cold sweats, or flowing tears. Waking consciousness may still have problems dealing with shamanic consciousness, but might decide that shamanic journeys are hallucinations or experiences in altered states of mind that are not connected to the physical reality.

It is not uncommon for us to develop language to differentiate the way we tell experiences in each state of consciousness and then only allow ourselves to experience what that particular language addresses, perhaps unconsciously eliminating all the other experiences that do not fit. I experienced something half a world away that seemed to be a matching experience for both of us in his hallway. And my dog exhibited radically different behavior from that moment on. What happened? Perhaps a dream, a journey and a life experience decided not to exist in separate categories for a short time.

Three Episodes Revisited

Episode One was one part of a very long dream I had in Brazil, May 20, 1996. I woke feeling deeply disappointed that all the confusion of the cooking and game and all the other things that happened had prevented me from driving a beautiful car that I knew was mine. Episode Two was an ordinary life experience in early September

1996 that happened after Episode Three, which was a healing journey experience.

A few weeks after the Brazil dream, I was feeling extremely depressed over having lost the opportunity to drive the car in the dream. It felt as if something was lost to me as a result. So I sat down at my dining table and felt myself enter the journeying place within. That place took me to another reality I did not recognize, but I did see the car that I knew was mine. But after having the journey experience, I knew there was something more to this whole experience. I kept thinking about the dream car but had no idea what it was. Then one day, at the post office, I discovered that the yellow car turned out to be a Mustang GT. I checked the newspaper and called dealerships to find if there were any available. The day I called, there was one car that had just come in that day. I was told that if I wanted it I would have to come that day because there were not many available in the whole country, and already several people had inquired about it. I bought it that same day, and drove out of the dealership with the car of my dreams.

When I purchased the car, I knew it was important for me, though I had no idea why. Something important happened to my attitude about moving in the world as a result of driving differently. I found that in the small car I was always cautious holding back from entering traffic until everything was clear because it just didn't have the acceleration to get out there and join in the flow. I lived my life that way as well. But after buying the car, not only did I have the power to maneuver more easily in traffic, I also found that the same applied to my life. I move better, am willing to be more visible, and know that I can move safely in the fast lane. The car is my reminder of multiple realities and of my power. And every day is a bright shiny yellow car day! ♡

Mapping the Millennium: Behind the Plans of the New World Order

Adopting a spiritual perspective in response to the perverted orchestrations of the New World Order, such as the post presidential election debacle in Florida, or the continued promotion of blood lust in the Middle East and elsewhere allows one to gain the deepest of insights into the nature of the abuse of power itself. We cannot gain such an understanding into how the physical and subtle bodies we possess are negatively effected when we react with the usual cynicism and despair to these crises that are fed to us on a daily basis. We are thus prevented from participating in our world in a politically, socially and essentially viable way .

In Mapping the Millennium: Behind the Plans of the New World Order, author Terry M. Boardman offers us a much needed, metaphysical form of proaction, a strategy that enables us to sense the growing presence of evil forces in the institutions of government, industry and the media. Drawing on the work of Rudolph Steiner (B.1865-D. 1925), the founder of Anthroposophy and creator of such environmentally and educationally benign venues as Bio-Dynamic farming as well as the Waldorf School, the author compares and contrasts the workings of both Ahriman and Lucifer as they manifest in the now (in)famous institutions such as the Council on Foreign Relations, the Tri-Lateral Commission and of course, NATO . Ahriman (the Persian name for the devil), according to Steiner, operates through promoting gross materialism while Lucifer, tends to induce a hypnotic other- worldly state in people (one must be on the lookout for Lucifer hidden in various forms of meditation, ascencionist New Age cults, movies and t.v.) Steiner, well aware of these very forces in his own time (the Nazis chased him out of Germany in the 20's sensing him as an immediate threat to their nascent Reich) further elaborated on what he called the seven 'post Atlantean phases' of human evolution of which we are currently in the fifth phase, the age of 'the Consciousness Soul or Spiritual Soul' where the 'decisive issue will be whether man can turn his new found powers of individual thinking to serve the good out of his free choice.' With each stage in this grand evolutionary scheme, an accompanying Archangel such as Gabriel or Michael oversees and encourages such newfound powers to develop in a positive way. If all goes well,

Book Review by Jaye C. Beldo

compassionate and enlightened individuals serving a greater good will eventually overcome the evil forces that have so successfully established themselves on earth. However, according to Steiner, Ahriman and Lucifer attempt to bend the will of the Archangels to serve their own selfish ends and have been rather successful at doing so, having co-opted such promotional vectors as MTV, the WTO and just about any other three lettered acronym/institution currently in operation. The superficial fascination with the occult and such over-rated Black Magic hacks as Crowley and Anton La Vey, is an indication that these forces have been very successful in keeping people forever trapped on a material plane rife with endless and myriad delusions. One can only wonder just how many conspiracy writers/political commentators and their fans are being controlled, unawares, by the Ahrimanic/Luciferic dynamic duo. Fashionably burned out celebrities such as Hunter S. Thompson, who rests on the laurels of his unimaginative, threadbare football metaphors, only serve to inoculate his already jaded, earthbound readers into further cynical complacency. Just what Ahriman, Lucifer, as well as the NWO want. A one trick (pale) pony such as William Cooper, would benefit as well from reading/experiencing Mapping the Millennium, as it would probably make him aware of the Luciferic forces bent on controlling him, considering how much he relies on his MJ-12 schtick to fear motivate people into buying his one and only book.

What is most compelling in Mapping the Millennium beside the fact that it offers a truly essential/vital perspective that is totally absent in the majority of other conspiracy books on the market, is how effectively the author describes the workings of these negative forces. Boardman's inspired dissection of The Economist magazine, the PR vehicle of the British economic elite is the most outstanding example of his abilities to interpret the NWO from a spiritual perspective. According to Boardman, The Economist successfully inoculates its readers, via subtle subliminal messages, historical 'echoes,' and a form of nuanced, yet cavalier double speak as well, distracting/ inculcating, in unconscious fashion, the reader with the deeply encoded agenda of the NWO. The author describes a map published by The Economist in their September 1990 issue that jokingly, so it seems, refers to how

the world would look in the 21st century. It is quite disheartening how much of what was cartographically forecasted under the guise of glib parody has currently come true. In the map, cutely rendered in a kind of 17th C., Puritan fashion, Africa does not exist, India is marginalized along with China and 'Islamistan.' Only 'Euro-America' and 'Euro-Asia' have any noticeable prominence. Russia too has been relegated to obscurity, having been mysteriously swallowed up by 'Euro-Asia.' Yet, ten years later, this is what the world is indeed looking like more and more, considering Africa's as well as Russia's plight.

However, geopolitical manipulations such as these are very old hat if one digs into the history books and possesses a good enough sense of recollection to make the connections. Maybe those quaint maps of the world drawn in the Middle Ages weren't born of mere naivete, rather they probably served the powers that financed their creation somehow in establishing greater control of the populace. Only now the maps appear not under the guise of naivete, rather, as in The Economist , under the guise of infotainment. We are to look helplessly on as forces beyond our control continue to operate, hiding behind such innocuous parodies as described above. Sufficiently perceiving such requires a spiritual (as opposed to a merely intellectual) approach to understand the import of these intentional distortions.

Terry has set into motion something of great and lasting import, a refreshing and needed break from the dry and vapid deconstructive approach to understanding/unraveling the manipulations of the media and the power systems it promotes. Boardman's book, a truly proactive expose, incorporates a multi-dimensional perspective in a responsible, believable and spiritually mature way. After several rereadings of his work, I'm beginning to appreciate the author's own subtlety in encouraging such an awareness of the occult machinations at large, hiding behind the guise of world events that seem isolated from one another, but are really so intimately conjoined, that the repercussions within and beyond ourselves cannot be ignored, that there are indeed forces that exist, bent on establishing a one world government. Mapping the Millennium is required reading for those willing to set their egos aside and truly benefit from the unique spiritual epoch in which we currently reside. ♡

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DREAMTIME 5: DREAM EXCHANGE

WHAT IF?

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Just suppose for a moment that the dream that you had last night or the week before, or the one you wrote in your journal was not a dream. You know the one—the one that had sensations and feelings attached to it that felt real and has haunted you since you dreamt it. What if it was not a dream, but a level of consciousness or dimension you entered where a world as real as your waking one exists? One where the concrete images and feelings draw from each world and out-picture in your experiences like the ends of a wand; polarities that belong to the same life?

This may explain déjà vu, synchronicities or precognitive occurrences. It may also explain the advent of inventions born out of dreams and many of the so-called psychiatric disturbances that occur in schizophrenia where the veil between realities is gauzy thin. According to current theoretical physics, eleven or more dimensions exist, and if there are eleven, why not twenty-two? Could the 4th or 7th dimensions be the dream state we enter when we have those deep feeling dreams... the ones that seem real and stay with us for days, sometimes weeks and years? Even recurring dreams may be a "place" or dimension of consciousness where we repeat behaviors and scenarios that we have to work out. Maybe the third dimension is not where we can perform the work necessary to have a conflict resolved or integrated; that we need the dream place to anchor us on a stage where resolution can take place? These questions, I believe, are worth scrutinizing. Our universe is expanding and so are our minds that are part of that cosmic whole.

The following account of a dream, the dreamer's prelude and epilogue is an illustration of dimensional travel brought back into the third dimensional memory.

A woman I work with was going to Nepal for 2 weeks and I asked her to buy me a souvenir. I had only one

condition: it couldn't be made of plastic! She asked if I wanted what she called a "prayer table." I had never heard of one and I asked her if she meant a "mandala" or "prayer wheel," but no, that was not it. She said she didn't know herself, it just was something she had heard about.

It bothered me that she knew something of that sort and I didn't. The next week-end while reading the Eddas (which is about the creation of the universe and the roles of Thor, Odinn et al.), I became sleepy, put the book down, closed my eyes and said to myself: "SHOW ME A PRAYER TABLE" and had the following dream.

I was standing at a gravesite, and could only see myself from the knees down. I was looking at a woman kneeling by the grave. She had on a skirt that looked to be made of "homewoven" cloth, but it could also have been a piece of material tied around her. The colors were bright and clear; red, blue, white, black, green and yellow, and the pattern very simple. She held a sheet of wood about the size of 8 1/2"x11" paper. On one side, it had words, like "I miss you" engraved on it, but on the other side, there was an embossed pattern. The top of the grave was covered with fine-grain sand and was sunken into the ground. The woman placed the piece of wood on the sand and made a pattern by pushing the wood over the sand. I admired her work and how precise she was, because she couldn't see exactly where the sheet of wood would land. If she had not been so precise, the pattern would go to pieces, so to speak. When she had done this several times, I saw that the pattern looked like many integrated triangles.

I woke up, and found I had only been sleeping for about 15-20 minutes.

The following week, I saw the

woman who was traveling to Nepal and told me she had learned more about the "prayer tables" she'd referred to before. She said she had actually meant mandala, but didn't know about them at the time. This made me more curious and I went looking on the Internet for "prayer table," but found nothing which made sense, until I remembered Moses and his "tablets." I then looked for "prayer tablet" and found something called "yantra," which is a word from Sanskrit which is a type of mandala, but as I understood it, the yantra was an older form of mandala and not as complex. They were sometimes three dimensional, with patterns embossed for making patterns in the sand and the pattern always made a group of triangles. Did I get a peek into the well or did I go back in my own well of forgotten memories? PK, Reykjavik, Iceland

What do you think? Was it the dreamer's "small" mind at work or did she travel to another dimension to "see" the answer to her question about the prayer tables?

I challenge you to take a look at one of your own dreams in this way to see whether you are traveling to a place or dimensional space where answers (either veiled or unveiled) appear. I suggest probing deep into the symbology of the dream and finding if the universal consciousness connection is a dimension that you travel to frequently in your dreams or not. Or it may be the combination of ancient race consciousness and personal memory triggers (such as the question of the prayer table) that supply you with information.

The possibility of living in two polarities, and on spots in between where time and space are blended into one experience, is an intriguing one, and one that you may experiment with on your own. I invite you to ask yourself, "What if?" the next time you have an oh-my-gosh-that-was-so-real dream. ♥

DREAMING INSIGHTS INTO RELATIONSHIPS: SIBLING DREAMS ©2000 by Janice Baylis, Ph.D.



Ranging from sibling rivalry to brotherly love, dreams comment on sibling relationships. Probably the best known such dream is that of Joseph, son of Jacob, in Genesis 37:2-8.

“Joseph being seventeen years old. . . and when his brethren saw that their father loved him more than all his brethren, they hated him. He said unto them, Hear this dream which I have dreamed:

‘Behold we were binding sheaves in the field and, lo, my sheaf arose and also stood upright; and behold, your sheaves stood round about, and made obedience to my sheaf.’ And his brethren said to him, ‘Shalt thou indeed . . . have dominion over us?’ ”

Shortly after this, his older half-brothers sold Joseph into slavery in Egypt. You know the rest of the story!

As a mother of three sons, I heard some of their dreams. Here is one my youngest had about his relationship to his oldest brother - a four year age difference.

I dreamed I have a snake in a bottle. Brad came in and gave me a push. The venomous snake got out of the bottle and bit me.

Brad, the oldest, tended to push Allen, the youngest, around quite a lot. Allen had some hard feelings bottled up. This anger was poisoning him, not his brother. When he finally let it out, Allen lost; Brad was bigger. After some discussion between the three of us, Brad improved and so did the long-term relationship.

Younger sisters are equally prone to idolize older brothers. When Debbie’s brother left home to go to college, she missed him a lot. She felt she wanted to follow him to the college of his choice. She was a high-school senior when she brought this dream to my class.

I dreamed I went to visit my brother at his college in Oregon. A man pointed out his dorm. It was a pine tree. I climbed the wooden steps up to the fifth floor - Room 503. That’s his phone area code. His room was in a paper

bag. I was really disappointed that his room was so small and junky.

The dream pictures seemed to suggest, I wouldn’t take his steps. You will be disappointed in “his bag.” “His bag” was a current colloquialism for “his thing” or “his choice.” It helped her to think about it and see the logic that “his bag” wouldn’t be right for her.

In another case of an older sister, now grown and a mother, dreams used her former caretaker role to comment on her motherly caretaking.

My daughter lost her balance and fell off of her bicycle (the two cycles). Her eyes were rolling. Her father, my husband, started yelling at her. “Don’t you know better than to fall!” (lose your balance). His face became the face of my father and my daughter’s face becomes the face of my younger sister. I brought an overfilled ice-pack and put on my daughter’s head while we waited for an ambulance to take her to the hospital.

Upon awakening, the dreamer remembered an incident when she had been baby-sitting her younger sister. Due to her neglect, the sister had fallen and had to be taken to the hospital. The dreamer saw the dream as showing a resemblance between her daughter’s life with a harsh, yelling father and the life she and her sister had been through with a too harsh father. She sensed that she was being too cold about it (overfilled ice-pack) and it was throwing her daughter off balance. So much so that the girl couldn’t see straight. Oh, the words behind our dream pictures!

In these columns about relationship dreams, I’ve been sticky to the real life relationships. This time I’ve decided to vary that a bit because so many brother and sister dreams are about the dreamer’s anima or animus. An opposite sex sibling in a dream can represent the contra sexual part of the dreamer’s psyche. So, here are a couple of short examples. First a man’s dream about his sister.

My sister is dying because she has taken a fatal drug. She is resigned and

being practical about it. I am planning to make all of the arrangements for her funeral and property.

The objective view of the dream did not make sense, but the subjective view did. The dreamer made his life decisions from a logic that valued security. As he told it, he dared not follow his feelings. He said that his creative imagination had died years ago. He agreed he’d give his emotions and intuitions a fatal drug. Men’s sisters are a common dream symbol for their feminine qualities such as emotion and intuition.

In this woman’s dream her brother represents her masculine qualities, such as logic, assertion, risk-taking. She is developing a close relationship with these qualities, allowing them expression in her life.

I’m driving my car and my brother is in the backseat. He smiles at me and I notice he is naked. Feeling attracted, I drive into a country park where there are trees, (growth). He gets a blanket from the trunk and spreads it on the ground. We lie down together. I get astride him, I am very excited by the idea of my brother coming inside me. I do not have a climax (this is an ongoing process). Back in my car (her life), I come to a railroad track and stop to wait for an Amtrak train to pass.

She am-on-the-track of an exciting growth as her masculine side (her brother) comes to expression/intercourse within her personality.

Family members are like that, they can represent themselves literally, or a connotation based on their relationship to the dreamer, as well as other people associations. To receive a chart of these family connotations and people associations send a SASE to Baylis; Box 2914; Seal Beach, CA 90740. ♥

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Dreaming Divine Madness:

Shamanic Death-dancing with Dionysian Soul

by Maureen B. Roberts, PhD ["The Dark" Nathair]

Some of my most powerful soul retrieval and deathwalking work is done in dreams. In connection with my work with schizophrenia sufferers, many of whom are sensitive, brilliant and artistic young men, I recently had a Monty Pythonish dream in which a terrified teenage boy, who had turned 'mad' and run away into a dense tract of forest, was being pursued by a group of white-coated psychiatrists wielding hypodermic needles. They couldn't see him as he hid in the dense thickets, at which point I decided to find him and calm him down through shamanic intervention. The psychiatrists, out of (what I picked up empathically as) fear and envy, rebuffed the idea and said something like, 'Who do you think you are, claiming you can do what we can't?'

I calmly waited at the edge of the forest with an intuition that the boy would eventually come to me. I then adopted a second guise and ventured forth as Wolf, in order to find him and shepherd him off toward my waiting human self. The boy, still on the run, eventually came blundering out and ran almost into my arms. He was terrified, wild-eyed with a psychotic stare, and had potentially dangerous claws and a half animal-like appearance. I had to hold his gaze firmly and not waver from it for an instant, while I talked and half-sang in a soothing way to the soul cowering in terror behind the stare. (The secret language I used was the Old Gaelic-sounding tongue I always use in shamanic work.)

I could feel his pain and held him with compassion, risking the claws, which he didn't use. Upon seeing that I was dressed in wolfish animal skins and looked divinely mad, he calmed down and at last was at peace. His parents then arrived on the scene and I gently steered the boy back to them and said, "Call me if you need any more help." The psychiatrists looked on dumbfounded, disoriented, drained in power and embarrassed.

Shamanic Dreamwork

As a note on my unwillingness - in this instance - to deal with the situation unaided, in some dangerous cases of psychosis, it's risky for shamans to follow alone into the unconscious; part of them needs to keep a healthy distance from the archetypal material - that is, at least one dream or waking personality must - if they're to avoid draining their energy by having to tackle these destructive forces head-on. This is where shamanic guides, or the power to shapeshift into other forms, are indispensable means of help and protection.

A few intriguing synchronistic events followed the dream. Firstly, not long afterwards, a young schizophrenia sufferer came to me for private therapy and reported that he'd dreamed exactly the same dream in which I was rescuing him from psychiatrists. Secondly, I visited a mother whose schizophrenic son had just run away into some woods to escape forced incarceration. As I spoke with her, I mentioned the god Pan as the schizophrenic person's sense of oneness with all, and as the fear, or 'pan-ic' which, like hunted animals, they have. The mother quietly led me to her son's room, which was full of Pan pipes which her son had made. Lastly, the night before I had the dream, I dreamed I was taking home orphaned baby orangutans, who had nowhere to go.

Facing Wild Dionysus

Pan's fraternal deity, Dionysus, god of Nature, fragmentation, empathy, androgyny, divine madness, irrationality, rhythm, dance, multiple soul, animal frenzy and ecstasy, is the ruling and persecuted energy behind schizophrenia. Generally speaking, in working shamanically with schizophrenia sufferers, you have to be able to meet wild Dionysus as Dionysus if you're to quell the fear, which is often Pan running away from the coldly detached, controlling, negative face of its opposite energy, ordered and rational Apollonian medicine. (Sufferers are then accused of being "paranoid", or of "resisting treatment.")

An insightful friend, Mary, commented on my two dreams as follows:

"First she is taking orphaned orangutans home for temporary protection, much like she protects and tries to heal the schizophrenic patients. With the 'wild child' in the second dream, it is she who looks as mad as the child, yet she is the only one who can pull the child out of the forest through her ability to reach the archaic depths."

The same friend - an apprentice shaman whom I was training - soon afterwards had the following dream (which I have permission to share):

"My house was on fire. In the dream I cannot find water to put the fire out. After the fire I am looking everywhere for my four cats, hoping that they got out alive. My favourite, whose name is Monkey, comes out of the woods running to me. I am so happy he is OK. I find the three females curled up at the back steps of the house. Next I wake up and feel as if my body is on fire. I decide to get up and go to the kitchen for a glass of water. On

my way back to the bedroom, I see a strange light coming from my son's room. I walk in to find an old Owl lamp has fallen on the floor. The light has melted the lampshade and the carpet, which is smoking and just short of flaming up. Next to this is a loaf of bread torn into pieces and spread about. This is Monkey's doing, since he is always dragging the bread off if it is left on the counter."

Animal 'Lunar-cy'

As an aside comment, like Jung I steer clear of assuming that what he called 'interpretation on the subjective level' is the only valid, or useful approach to dreams, hence my emphasis - increasingly nowadays - on the suggestion that the dream simply amplifies, dramatizes, mythologizes, or 're-presents' an actual situation, as indeed I feel the shamanic forest dreams did. Dreams as a 'soul soup' have no problem with mixing the ingredients of personal, symbolic, mythic and objectively real into one alchemical cauldron.

Reflecting on Mary's dream through tossed in reflections rather than attempts to interpret, there is here a lot of Hellish fire, destruction, dissolution and alchemically transforming heat - perhaps as a prelude to rebirth - in the dream. As well, many animals, such as Snake, Toad, Cat, Wolf and Bat are habitually relegated to the Devil's camp, or feared realm of shadow, largely because they're citizens of rejected Dionysus and the Underworld, the Abyss of impassioned 'dis-integration', where we encounter the dark divine, schizophrenic dismemberment and other initiations into 'scattered soul.'

The dream, as Mary and I shared, celebrates the wild drama of 'dis-ordered' soul and its Dionysian undermining of the opposing tendency toward Apollonian light, order, calm and reunification. (Note how many so-called 'mental illnesses' are called 'disorders.')

Monkey, like the wild child of my forest dream, comes running out of the woods to the dreamer. The three female cats outside on the back steps from a straightforward Jungian angle, suggest a still neglected trinity of feminine Dionysian energy.

The Owl lamp suggests the associated need for more nocturnal and esoteric animal wisdom in the guise of the 'shedding' of a more lunar light. (Note the suggestive play on words here: 'shedding of light' as 'falling lamp.')

And 'lunacy,' of course, comes from 'lunar.' The loaf torn and spread about by Monkey hints at the sacrament of Communion, in which Christ as Dionysus is torn to pieces, dramatizing the explosion of the isolated ego throughout Nature. Bread spread about also feeds the birds, who in shamanic work nurture soul by mediating between Otherworlds and embodied consciousness.

Shamanism & Dionysus

Shamanism, then, in its concern with the fate of dispersed, lost, languishing, or wandered soul, is the province of fragmenting, depth-loving Dionysus. The shaman's visionary wildness, animal cunning, authority

and energy come from having befriended both her demons (the personal shadow) and Dionysian energy, which inflicts - among its other initiations - a rending yet tenderizing sword run through the heart. The shaman thus typically lives at the extreme edge of Western society, given that the latter, in privileging the (opposite) Apollonian light of rational 'civilization,' has patronized, rejected, stigmatized, persecuted, incarcerated, medicated, lobotomized and suppressed its untamable opposite, often in the name of medicine, though in reality in a frantic and fearful effort to keep Dionysus at a safely sedated distance.

Soulful Sickness vs. Spiritual Healing

Behind Western culture's rejection of Dionysian consciousness lies the presumption that pathologizing, or fragmented soul always needs fixing up, or band-aiding through drugging, patronizing, spiritual healing and reunification. The contesting of this lopsided fantasy thus awakens us to what I explore in my own work: the pivotal link between shamanism, multiple soul and pathologizing Dionysian consciousness.

Conversely, as the post-Jungian James Hillman discusses, positive thinking - as a psychological, or spiritual 'theory' - assumes that anything that's broken, or off-centre (eccentric!), or suffering, or in darkness, depression, neurosis, or mythic death needs to be immediately centred, resurrected, unified, or brought into the light of health. This is precisely where, as I have discussed before, shamans need to discern between needed soul retrieval, called for when the 'patient' is genuinely helpless, and the need to honour soul's need to embody the mythic wound and embrace its cycle of death and rebirth, rather than shun the dark, painful, 'dis-integrating', or dangerous phases and facets of the myth.

Bearing these cultural biases in mind, we surely need to take a fresh look from an archetypal perspective at the entire arena of healing, wounding and diagnosis in order to challenge and question the archetypal biases that underly all our pronouncements of normal, sick, sane and healthy to begin with.

Shamanism as Voluntary Psychosis

To start with, is dissociation (therefore) always synonymous with soul loss? Dissociation by definition is a "dis-order," since the latter means "lacking in order or coherence," but is disorder - in which Dionysus usually lurks - inevitably, as we usually assume it to be, pathological? Perhaps we have been oversimplifying, or unwisely generalizing in assuming that dissociation in all situations need to be remedied, hence that from the shamanic angle the mislaid soul fragment always needs to be immediately retrieved.

Shamanism, after all, although it has been written about by Westerners largely with Apollonian reason and reflection, is primarily dissociated, or Dionysian in experience,

from schizophrenic initiation through to its practice as a 'voluntary psychosis.' Accordingly, the reservations I have about much urban, or Westernized 'shamanism' is that it often excludes an appreciation of Dionysian consciousness - which is highly energetic and creatively mad - and instead tends to hover within the safer confines of rationality, sober methodology, embodied, calm and single-minded focus. As Jung lamented, our real god is respectability. In other words, Dionysus as an equally valid mode of consciousness is sometimes ousted by what can amount to a dilute, overly sane and respectable distortion of the vivid power, rarity and divine madness of the shamanic vocation.

There's a huge difference in this sense between talking about Dionysus - from a safe and respectably civilized distance - and meeting the God face to face, then becoming her/his mediatrix. The latter is indeed risky business. Schizophrenia sufferers, 'mad' artists and shamans embody both Dionysian dispersion and (at other times) Apollonian focus. If you want to observe Dionysus, god of ambivalence, you will therefore find her/him in Dali, Brueghel, William Blake's visionary madness, the dreams and visions and voices of schizophrenic folk, the drunk's violent rampage, the hysteric's frustration at our overly sanitized and patriarchal culture, the Madwoman's maenadic rage at the rape of Mother Earth, my own ecstatic trance in which I become the drumming pulse of the Cosmos and the animals, stars and stones I am one with.

Divine Wine

By the same token, if you want to meet Dionysus face-to-face, you must embody such divine madness yourself. The difference is similar to the distinction between finding out information about an ocean's currents from reading a map, or from hearsay, and diving in the deep end, then learning to swim - or risking death by drowning. The divinely mad, though, can breathe water in place of air at the dark depths of the ocean, as I often do in dreams. For them, fear of drowning has itself been drowned in the Dionysian wine of voluntary death, embraced in the service of polytheistic soul. ♥

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UFO Dreams



Dream Reading

by Charles De Beer

I received the following dreams via email, submitted by 'Anonymous:'

"I have often had dreams of UFO's and wonder what they mean. The dreams are often frightening and always have a very mysterious quality about them. They are not often the same. I'll relate a few for you.

In one of them I am standing on the lawns of the White House (!) behind a large 'laser gun' together with lots of other people and we were fighting off attacking UFO's.

In another dream, I am standing on the shore of a calm beach. The ambient light was a strange yellow-green and we stood watching 'shooting stars' coming in, only to realize that they are crafts of some sort crashing and burning, and then various bits of this other civilization comes floating to shore.

In one version they came simply with the intention of exterminating us.

In another we are invaded by aliens who want to run the place. Many people agree to their subservient role, but many others (me amongst them) form a resistance group and fight them off. This dream ends with 'them' leaving.

Are these just products of an overactive imagination? I have had these dreams on and off for about 15 years."

Reading

The text available on Wellnet about my work with dreams makes it clear that I see these messages as coming from 'God,' i.e. from the higher Self that is the REAL self in each individual person. Paul, in his first letter to the Corinthians, makes this clear when he writes:

"What, know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, which is in

you, and which is of God, and that you are not your own. Therefore adore God in your body and in your Spirit, which are God's."

Celebrating God in all that we do, think, feel, is our real task here on earth, and a means to re-unite with the Deity whence we came (what is seen as 'The Fall').

But we "forget that we forgot" and do not remember that, as Wordsworth wrote "we came from God trailing clouds of Glory." Not only did we forget, but we resist any attempts to remember!

We are too busy with business on the circumference, to remember that there is a center :

A spirituality that encompasses all the physical and material 'realities' we are mesmerized by.

The poet Browning wrote :

"There is an inmost center in us all, where truth abides in fullness;and to know
Rather consists in opening a way whence the imprisoned splendor may escape
Than in effecting entry for a light supposed to be without."

I would see the UFO's, 'unidentified flying objects,' as symbolizing the spiritual influences in our lives that we resist, that we fear and are afraid of, because they remind us of values we have no time for: unconditional love, compassion, brotherhood and all the virtues that run contrary to our stressed physical existence 'to make a living' and to 'succeed' in a competitive world which has no time for a sense of 'wonder.' That is perhaps the 'mysterious quality' the dreamer sensed.

"The angels keep their ancient places, lift but a stone.. you start a wing; t'is ye, t'is your estranged faces that miss the many splended thing."

So I surmise that 'Anonymous' is one of those who have no time to philosophize about : 'Whence come I? Who am I? Whither directing my steps?'

I would be happy to have comments on this 'reading.' ♥

Email dreams@venturenet.co.za

WorldWheel, Cont'd from page 29

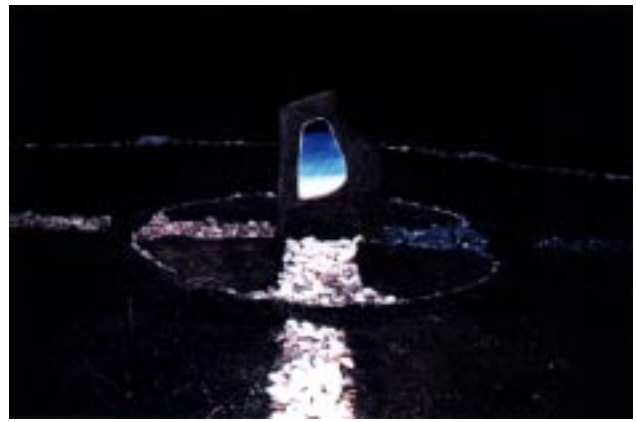
because of the red tape it would probably take three years to get an answer of No," they said. Within three days, I received a call from the Government for a meeting. On our appointed day, a representative from the park bureau arrived and said, "We have heard about the World-Wheel for peace and about a world family you are developing. We want to know in which National park you would like to do your work." The next day a car and driver arrived, taking me to the parks and helping in my research. In every country, I study the endangered species and ecological problems. Xishan Forest Park outside of Kunming, with its ancient Taoist temples and caves, was eventually chosen. Many sculptures were carved in the forest park where the performance **Return to Harmony** was eventually held at the end of my six months stay.



"Return to Harmony" China

On my way to Siberia, I stopped in Mongolia to spend time with a shaman woman, Doljin Kandro. I wanted to understand the Mongolian culture from its roots because Buryat, my destination in Siberia, is the province and home of most Siberian Mongolians. When I arrived in Buryat, I was amazed to experience these two cultures, the Russian and Mongolian, interwoven without ethnic stress. There I was immediately drawn into a group of directors, artists, writers who are eager to make contact with a larger world. A site was chosen where the dark of the Siberian forest meets the luminous Lake Baikal. On the east bank of the lake, I carved and painted **Spirit within Matter**, a standing boulder in the center of an Earth Wheel of twelve carved stones. Laura Hoffman joined me the last three weeks to videotape. We held a Council Ceremony that was televised, giving the Siberians an opportunity for their voices to be heard at this stressful time.

Because Japan was the culmination of this global wheel, I will go into more detail in telling of this time. Japan



"Spirit Within Matter" Siberia

was very different for me. In most of the countries of the World-Wheel, I was lucky to have even one telephone number. I usually lived with the people of the country in an everyday kind of situation for a number of months. Our six weeks in Japan was a collaboration with Japanese artists and Dominique Mazeaud an artist and curator from Santa Fe, New Mexico. Her contribution was the weaving of a web of connection between ourselves and the places and people of Japan. Three sites were chosen for the World-Wheel events. The first event was a ritual performance and the creation of an earth wheel in the center of Ichi Ikeda's Breathing Water Circle. The next event was in the performance artist Rui Sekido's family land in Yuguchizawa where he holds a yearly festival for performance art. During our constant traveling, I invited many of the people we met to write their answers to my three questions in a book that I carried with me. The intensity of the events built to a climactic third piece at Tenkawa, an ancient Shinto site in the mountains of Nara Prefecture that honors Bensaiten (Saraswati), the goddess who embodies the arts, wisdom and water. It was a full harvest moon, October 30, 1993, and the moment of completion for the seven-year pilgrimage of the World-Wheel.

It was raining heavily the day of the event and this jeopardized our planned outdoor activity with Ichi Ikeda. Two hours before we were scheduled to begin the ceremony/performance, the head Shinto priest talked with us and asked me about the content of the ceremony. I told him, "The ceremony is a prayer for the realization of our true nature without boundaries that will lead us to world peace." He said, "Bensaiten has brought this rain. God's grace has brought us together in this way because she wants you to join us inside her Shrine."

In our first days at Tenkawa, while Dominique was gathering branches from the forest, I carved twelve stones with patterns found in nature that represented the twelve countries of the World-Wheel: the spiral, double helix, etc. Concentric circles were chosen for Japan and represented the closure and synthesis of all countries. These carvings were moved to the center of the shrine and placed in a large circle with sacred cedar branches

and candles. The priest made another offering of a circle of cedar branches within my circle. Seeing the pattern of the concentric circle emerge at all three sites, without any conscious manipulation, was thrilling. I saw in this a symbol of the essence and culmination of the World-Wheel. It started as a Native American medicine wheel, then each country added its concept of the wheel, the yantra in India, the mandala in Tibet. These concentric wheels are unique in themselves working together with one point as the center.

The ceremony began with the priest drumming on the giant Shinto drum dressed in flowing white robes. I was standing in the dark at the center of the circle, all in black with my face painted as emptiness — an open blue sky. I thought, “This is what I was trying to have happen. But the universe created it in its own way. A man was drawn into this circle, bringing a balance of male and female energies, the yin and yang... a pattern of harmony.” One half hour passed. I slipped into the stillness and borderlessness of my own essence. When the drumming came to an end, we both walked to the altar and gave offerings and prayer. When I returned to the center of the circle, his assistant priest lit the twelve candles in the stone circle and I began to slowly move to the south with the sound of a didgeridoo. When I stopped, the didgeridoo stopped and from my belly the wail of Earth’s sadness and the sorrow of her children poured through my lips. Then slowly I returned to the center with a sense of the loss of my individual identity and an opening to our shared universal energy. I stood at the center until the music drew me to the other cardinal directions of the circle. I stopped in the east where I, as Emptiness, stood at the point of new beginnings, the rise of a new Sun. An ancient Sanskrit hymn honoring the Divine Mother of the Universe leapt from my mouth. Spontaneously the answers to my three questions, were being expressed through my body. The priest then came to the circle and sat in the south

to perform a Shinto fire ceremony. He asked Dominique and me to sit in the west and east with the goddess Bensaiten to the north as the fire burned in the center.



The first question is;

“What is our essence?”

The second is; “What is our problem?” And the

third; “What is our solution, what can heal us?”



At the completion of the ceremony, the Priest turned to me and said, “The Earth and Cosmos have heard your sincere prayer dance and it will be answered.” Not that his words are necessarily the truth, but I felt that they came from the power of the evening, from a larger part of the universe than his personality.

The priest took from me the stone that the Dalai Lama had blessed and the earth from all twelve nations of the World-Wheel and led me to a rectangular piece of earth honored in the traditional way by a braided rope with white paper ties. He said, “This is the most sacred spot of earth, where the goddess is manifest. Not even the priests are allowed to enter.” He asked me to reach into this holy ground and bury the stone and earth from the World-Wheel countries. There it remains.

The next day the stone carvings were placed around the **Crystal Mountain Shrine** as a permanent installation. The twelve stones with their carvings of nature patterns were emerging as twelve islands out of a sea of pebbles circling the shrine. Our closest new friends and family came together in a final ceremony. To my amazement, there were twelve people, six men and six women. This symbolized for me the balance that I had hoped for, of harmony and peace; not just for that place and time, but a pattern that is started whose movement can infiltrate the world.

The closing 24 hours of the World-Wheel came about without any conscious plan on my part. Its completion was truly honored by the support and participation of the priest and by his wish to have the earth from the other countries mix with the shrine’s sacred ground. It was an acknowledgment of the essence of the World-Wheel pilgrimage: of the unity of our earth family: of all people, animals, plants, stones, water, soil coming into the wheel as one body, one mind and one heart.

Theater of the Earth touches on our spiritual core, our basic nature of inter-connectedness. In every country in which I lived and worked, I have seen the pollution of water, the devastation of forests and ill-distribution of wealth and power, homeless people as I myself have been. At the root of these problems is the misunderstanding of ourselves as separate, isolated beings needing to use the earth, to use each other, each country for our gain. This dualistic way of thinking is the direct cause of our ecological and social problems and is rapidly leading us toward global disaster. Boundaries are a projection. The very nature of how we perceive the world is constricted through parental training and social conditioning, advertising, our school systems, television. Reeducating ourselves as to who We really are, can change society. As we know in physics, the seemingly solid substrate is really illusory. There is an internal space continuum that unites all matter and all life.

In the beginning , I had to reach into myself, to find my own authority, without money, without emotional support... to follow my dream. Each one of us, through our particular talents, has our own way of effecting the world, of healing the rift that has grown between humankind and nature. Without even moving from where we are, we can all change our environment by the bravery of a lifestyle that reflects a change of perception, a view of oneness with the world. This is the warrior of today. ♡

Ullman Dreams & Art, cont'd from p. 13 seems quite foreign to the dreamer. Other dreamers are there to offer both support and help. Those who have had experience with the process I use are familiar with the various ways the group helps the dreamer find his or her own way into the dream.

The actor needs a director. In all of the more than 50 programs of the Actors Studio that I have watched, Lipton invariably turns the dialogue to the way the actors feel about directors and what they want and need from a director. There was a great deal of unity in their responses. For their own safety and freedom, they wanted the trust, respect and most of all understanding of the vulnerability an actor feels in disidentifying with himself or herself and identifying with this new entity in their life. There are times when they need help from the director and must feel that such help is there for them. Once they have been cast for the role, they want the director's confidence in their ability to find their own way. The actor in turn respects the fact that the director is more in touch with the larger picture than they.

In the dream group the dreamer needs pretty much the same from the leader in the group. The structural goal of the dream group is to create the safest possible atmosphere for the dreamer in which to risk undressing psychically and stand revealed in her emotional nudity before others that are fully dressed. This is what I refer to in my writings as 'The Safety Factor'. It is up to the leader to see that this safety is never compromised in any way. The dreamer needs help in removing some of the clothes usually worn by his or her ego. The leader is there to see that this help is available through the proper interaction of the group and the dreamer.

"Just as an actor makes a spontaneously felt choice about whether or not a particular character is of interest to him, so a dreamer also makes a choice of which dream to work on in the dream group."

The Craft of the Actor

I have no firsthand knowledge of the craft of the actor. All I know are the casual references the various actors have made to the exercises in the course of their training that they found helpful. The one skill that all the actors in the program agreed upon was the art of listening, especially to one's co-actors. I don't know the name of any specific exercise geared toward this end, but I'm sure there must be one. Other exercises mentioned were felt memory (where one learns how to recover and use emotions generated by events in the past), sensory exercises (presumably to know how to make fuller use of all one's senses), animal exercises (Anthony Hopkins described how the sliminess and the hissing of the snake was of help in the character of Hannibal Lecter in *The Silence of the Lambs*), improvisation (reliance on imagination and listening), bodily exercises, movement and probably many others that were not mentioned.

In Part III of this series on *Dreams and Art*, actors will speak directly to you about what aspect of their background and training they found essential to character portrayal. At this point I am simply going to note those features of their work where there was a

general consensus. Those of you who have personally experienced the group dreamwork I do will be quick to grasp the analogy in what follows between the skills the actor and the dreamworker have to learn.

Listening

Without exception, whenever the discussion turned to the subject of craft, first and foremost was the importance of learning how to listen. Listening, especially to one's co-actor, is the key to all else that makes acting convincing. [**Dreamer Alert!**: Listening is the primary skill in dream work. Just as the co-actors, in order to be of help to each other, have to master the art of really listening to each other without any bias or a-priori judgment interfering, the dreamer and the helpers (the group) have to do likewise.]

'Being-in-the-Moment'

Only through good listening and the focused attention that is necessary to maintain it can the actor dispense with his or her own ego and free up the character to spontaneously respond in its own voice. This is what I believe actors so often mean when they talk about getting at the 'truth' about what they are doing. In acting there is the underlying element of pretense. The actor knows when he or she succeeds in being-in-the-moment. As Harrison Ford noted, that is the moment when pretense becomes reality. Perhaps it never really disappears but it is overshadowed when in some mysterious way something real in the actor merges with something real in the character, what actors are fond of calling the 'essence' of the character. When one returns to one's own personal life at the end of the day, that element of pretense may not return so quickly. Faye Dunaway, after playing a painfully unpleasant character, said she had an easier time getting into the character than getting out. She

went on to explain her reaction. 'When the camera rolls I have permission to bring up painful chunks of myself.' To reassure the students she went on to say, 'You go through the pain but then there is a sense of relief.' [Dreamer Alert!: Doesn't this sound familiar?]

Focused Concentration

To be in the moment requires concentration maintained with an intensity where nothing else but what is focused upon exists. The ego withers away under that intensity. Something beyond the ego comes into being: the special field between the actor and whoever or whatever is in the scene. [Dreamer Alert!: Isn't that what happens in a dream group? I know, for myself, that whether I'm leading the group or presenting a dream of my own, it's the only time I can go for two or three hours at a time without doodling. Time itself seems to disappear.]

Approaching the Task Non-Judgmentally

So many of the actors spoke of respect for the character regardless of how evil or despicable a person that character may be. What is important again is getting at his 'essence'; that which is vulnerable and human about him. [Dreamer Alert!: How many times have you heard me say, 'Never judge a dream from the vantage point of the waking state.' Don't say 'This dream is so short it can't be important,' or 'It isn't very interesting,' etc. It's as if nothing short of an Ingmar Bergman scenario or a Cecile B. DeMille spectacular would suffice. To put it paradoxically, a dream has to be judged on its own terms and, when you do, then judgment plays no part. Surprise and discovery replace it. I have spent up to three hours on a dream consisting of only a single image.]

The Craft of the Dreamer

Here, as I noted earlier, the analogy falters a bit. The actor receives scripts from outside

sources. The dreamer, unbeknown to his waking self, keeps producing scripts by himself. The first problem, then, for the dreamer is retrieval. Dreams are very elusive and fade into the mist quite quickly unless a conscious effort is made to retrieve and capture them on paper as soon as possible after awakening.

Choice

Just as an actor makes a spontaneously felt choice about whether or not a particular character is of interest to him, so a dreamer also makes a choice of which dream to work on in the dream group.

Research

An actor often engages in a good bit of research to flesh out his knowledge of the character. Robert DeNiro actually drove a taxi in preparation for his role in *Taxi Driver*. Tom Hanks and his co-actors had a dose of what astronauts go through to be able to move in a gravitation-free field. In general, every effort is made to learn as much about the character as possible: appearance, mannerisms, etc. The dreamer's own research into the dream is twofold. It involves making the conscious effort to recall and note every possible detail in the dream. This includes all that can be said about the characters in the dream, the setting, the feelings evoked, the colors, the time of day, and the age of the dreamer in the dream. The most insignificant looking detail may turn out to be the most important. Secondly, it involves gathering his or her own initial associations to the various elements of the dream as soon after awakening as possible.

Listening and Reacting

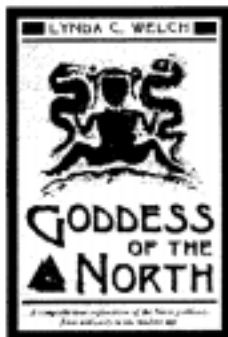
This is every bit as important to the dreamer as co-actors are to the actor. From the very beginning the dreamer is actively engaged with the co-dreamers

who compose the group. The latter are there as help to the dreamer in the support and trust they offer and in their respect for the fact that only the dreamer can ultimately spark across the metaphorical gap between dream image and waking reality. By means of a number of non-invasive techniques, they broaden the dreamer's associative range to the point where the recent feeling residues that triggered the dream are exposed in their connection to more remote feeling residues. As these connections are made, the dream begins to speak in its own clear voice and loud enough for the dreamer to hear. Dreaming develops our metaphorical muscles. All we have to do is remember they are our muscles and learn how to use them.

Performance

The actor and the dreamer are in the same boat when it comes to performance. Both are vulnerable because of what may be exposed to others and themselves. The actor has to fight off inappropriate intrusions of the ego. The dreamer has to fight off 'resistances,' a term used to refer to the way the ego fights against the struggle to change a given psychological status quo. Both involve courage. For an actor, as Jessica Lange noted, it's a leap of faith. For a dreamer, it's like jumping into water without knowing how deep it is. Both need a safety net, a comfort zone for the actor created by the director, the other actors, and many others. For the dreamer, the leader and the others in the group offer a support group, one that never takes control of the process away from the dreamer.

Actor and dreamer alike are often passionate in the way they pursue a course that releases their creativity and furthers their personal development. And they have fun doing it. ♥



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Deep Mountain Dreaming, Cont'd from p. 33

mantram and other mantra given to me in dreaming into the darkening evening.

I have pondered for a year what I am doing outside, dancing with the changing facets of my life's dreaming, spinning into Earth's dreaming, into stellar, galactic and transgalactic dreaming. Like some of the Hindu gods and goddesses, this dreaming reveals many faces and hands, multiple probabilities.

I believe that I am here to "make a joyful noise," to celebrate the wonder and magic and multidimensionality of Life. Why else would another dream in 1975 have given me a new name — Joy Carol — which I legally changed my old name to?

My calling includes channeling and anchoring the frequency of Galactic Light and Love on Earth, radiating and reverberating it outward to all. I am anchoring and keeping a frequency open between our Earth and transgalactic realms. I am like a bridge, a channel, a conduit, a transducer, a link, a connector. I am an undertone in the voice of the Earth as she calls out to her stellar and transgalactic relatives. I am an overtone in the voice of greeting from starry sky depths as well.

This is a telling of how my dreaming and the dreaming of Hightop Mountain are harmonizing frequencies and evoking resonant response. This is a story of past, present and future blending and weaving into the Now, the Tao, the Deep Dreamtime. This is an album of snapshots of my dreaming guiding and informing my shamanic calling.

This is my dance with dreamtime as the unfurling fractals of this creative mystery in which we all partake roll on. I participate in awe.

Good Dancing Partners

I find certain books to be especially lively nonconsensus reality dancing partners. I heartily recommend Arnold Mindell's books, particularly *Quantum Mind — The Edge Between Physics and Psychology*, *Sitting In The Fire* and *The Shaman's Body*. The living energies in his books continue to change my life.

Hank Wesselman's books *SpiritWalker* and *Medicine Maker* share the story of his own unusual calling. His perspective particularly helps me to awaken to the vital heart of nature.

Barbara Marciniak's books *Bringers of the Dawn*, *Earth* and *Family of Light* offer delightful stimulation. I came upon her books after my own calling had clarified and I find them salutary for presenting unusual new perspectives that can nudge me out of consensus ruts into wonder.

All these books (and more!) partner my dreaming very well, providing containers for my experience as I feel my way through peculiar inner realms of process. They inspire in me the sense of having inner companions in strange territory.

Deep Mountain Dreaming

The winter sun is now low in the western sky and I must gather my down and polartec garments as I prepare to be outside in the chilly twilight. I can feel Hightop Mountain calling me, dreaming me to sing quantum songlines that reverberate through our cells and bones and stones and stars. Let the good times roll! ♡

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We invite your **Questions** and accounts of personal experience involving dreams, from workable methods, transformative experience... to informal sharing, synchronicity, or insight gained in groups and therapy.

Your Questions, Explorations and Opinions are welcome **for our Responses/Letters to the Editor column**.

We encourage you to list dream groups forming or needing new members, dream related research requests and to notify us of quality dream related events, services or books which would be of interest to the readership.

Related sidebars and quotes are always welcome.

Typewritten double-spaced manuscripts are essential, approximately 2000 words. (We prefer both hard copy and computer disk submissions.) Reproducible black and white original art work & photos are welcome; photocopies are acceptable. Please include **SASE** with submission and/or request for guidelines.

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Please respect each individual's requests insofar as time availability. **If no specific time is indicated, assume that you can call at anytime;** you may get an answering machine. When leaving a message on a toll call, expect a collect call in return.

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Dream Research

Ph.D. Student writing dissertation on Wolves and Wilderness.

Seeking dreams and visions of wild animals, negative or positive. All material will be confidential; nothing will be analyzed, nor will any material be used without the dreamer's written permission. Send to: **Georgia Stout**, PO Box 4449 Eagle CO 81631 Ph: 970/328-5280 Email: georgiastout@cs.com

Male dreamer who has lost a spouse/lover to death is being sought for research on bereavement dreams. The recorded dream period should be at least 6 mos. following the loss that occurred at least 1 year ago. If interested, please contact **Geri Grubbs, Ph.D.**

Email: gerig@access1.com or phone 425-844-8194.

Maureen Roberts, PhD is writing a book exploring the interface between shamanism and depth psychology and is seeking original dream material from sufferers of schizophrenia and those who have undergone authentic shamanic initiation. E-mail nathair@camtech.net.au or post to 2/48 Fifth Ave, St Peters, SOUTH AUSTRALIA 5069.

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 welcome. Please send information to **Dr. Art Funkhouser**, Altenbergstr. 126 3013 Bern, Switzerland E-mail: art_funkhouser@compuserve.com

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Building the Network

We have created a listing of committed and resourceful *Contact Persons* who are willing to make quality dream-related information and reliable contacts more readily available to dream questors (see pg. 49). **If you are interested** in becoming active—and listed—as a contact for your city, state or region, please **send resume**.

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

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.....
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“Shamans utilize a great deal of imagery in their work. When they take clients on journeys, they pay close attention to the images reported. These inner experiences are interpreted in much the same way that dreams are interpreted: as clues for the diagnosis and treatment of the clients’ sickness or problem.” *Stanley Krippner, Ph.D.*

