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DREAM WORK



Three Dreams, One Message • Charles De Beer
Close Encounters • Dawn Dickson
The Circle of Sex • Stanley Krippner
Soul's Journey: A Fairy Tale • Maria Volchenko
Special Section: Dreams & Coming of Age, Dying & Death

Beckoning

In my dream
through the mists of a magic lake
voices beckoned to me
a maiden dressed me in royal finery
I boarded a waiting boat
where two men dipped oars
transporting me in silence
to a land of enchantment
a tiger on a golden leash awaited
fearless I took up the leash
padding softly he led me into a forest
filled with rare colorful birds
unafraid
one landed on my shoulder
and asked me
"are you happy?"
I smiled and he flew off
in a flash of iridescence
the tiger turned
and in a magic moment
became a unicorn with a silver saddle
I mounted and we flew

over a flowered meadow
toward a castle
with ramparts heavenly high
landing we cantered to the drawbridge
it slowly lowered
as we waited my steed turned
asked me curiously
"are you happy?"
my laugh of joy reassured him
dismounting I walked toward the castle
the giant paired doors opened soundless
light poured in from every angle
through stained glass windows
I stood colored by the rainbows
on a floor of rushes mixed with lavender
in the glory of scent and color
I was waiting silently
then I awoke
clad in plaid pajamas
just as a voice in my ear
whispered
"are you happy?"

by Leslie J. Eastman

Statement of Purpose

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Dream Network

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1337 Powerhouse Lane, Ste 22
PO Box 1026
Moab, UT 84532-1026
Phone: 435/259-5936

DreamNetwork.net
publisher@dreamnetwork.net

Founder

William R. Stimson, Ph.D.

Council of Advisors

Stanley Krippner, Ph.D.

Russell A. Lockhart, Ph. D.

Robert Moss, M. A.

Graywolf/Fred Swinney, M. A.

Rosemary Watts

Noreen Wessling

Editor/Publisher

H. Roberta Ossana, M.A.

Front Cover "Flying in Dreams" *Lisa Thorburg*

Back Cover Untitled by *Susan Hickman*

Review Editors

April Chase email: ajc1696@earthlink.net
Vicki Vlach email: rememberdreams@yahoo.com

Copy Editor & Proofreaders

Amanda Domenick & Lorraine Grassano

Advertising

435/259-5936 Email:
Publisher@DreamNetwork.net
PO Box 1026, Moab, UT 84532

Contributing Artists, Authors & Poets

Charles De Beer

Deborah Koff-Chapin, M.A.

Chris & Lorraine Grassano

Joy Gates

Marlene King, M.A.

Tony Macelli

Maureen Roberts, Ph.D.

Rosemary Watts

Noreen Wessling

Vicky Vlach

Editorial Assistance

Caroline Mackie

Lyn Shafer

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 22 No. 4

Dreams of Extraterrestrials & UFOs:

Exploring the Borderland
Where Dreams & Reality Intersect

Lifeline: 4 Weeks
after you receive
this issue.

***NOTE Regarding Submissions:**

Individuals from all cultures and walks of life who desire to share are encouraged to submit dream & myth related manuscript, 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* (exploring 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



"And great is your reward in Heaven!"

That's what an (invisible) choir of angels sang to me early on in my work with *Dream Network*. This Event occurred in 1989 as I stood over a considerable stack of DNJ nuts-and-bolts/detail-work that needed attending. Standing there, hands on hips, I wondered how on Earth I would ever be able to do this! I'd never done anything quite like it.

I had, on Leap Year day the prior year, literally leapt out of a 20+ year career in public service... in great part because of a dream. When I took that leap, I was overjoyed, overwhelmed... and terrified. The latter, primarily insofar as my financial future was concerned. I knew I needed to learn more about dreams, but had no clue as to how this venture into the unknown would equate to right livelihood. Then, through a series of extraordinary happenings, the opportunity to publish *Dream Network* came along. As you know, I took that leap too!

"Never Give Up!" is the motto of a story I've had over my computer for most of the years since. It is the story of a woman who took it upon herself to swim the English Channel, who—when only a few strokes away from completing her self-imposed challenge—decided she just couldn't swing her arms one more time.

There have been numerous occasions over the years, when—like the woman in the story—I've felt like giving up, only to have confirmation from Spirit, my dreams, synchronicity or one of you, that I

was to carry on. Though I am seeking assistance, investors or the 'right' individual(s) to take up the torch, it appears for the time being that Spirit continues to find my service of use and to use me well. I am grateful and thank you for your continued commitment to dreams and support of this endeavor.

Our last issue announced that this one would focus on the 'Borderland' between dreams and 'reality' as that relates to the increasing information coming out about extraterrestrial contact and UFO sightings. For a number of reasons, we decided to extend that theme for our Winter issue.

Herein, you will discover a delightful and informative potpourri of surprises from dreamers around this beautiful planet as well as a meaningful section on coming of age, the process of dying and death. In the latter cluster of articles, there is ample evidence of how tenderly and informatively our dreams bring gifts to us during the 'end' times.

Most importantly, we dedicate this issue and honor the ongoing life work of Charles De Beer (see his article, *Three Dreams, One Message*, p.11). He will have turned 90 just prior to your receipt of this missive and continues to travel, lecture and do 'Dream Readings' for people all around the world. We still have a limited number of his two self-published books—*Dreams: Allegorical Stories of Mystical Import* and *Dreams: Mystic Stories*—available here and Sparrowhawk Press is considering publishing second editions. Deepest appreciation to you, Charles, for the beautiful work you are doing, Happy Birthday! from us all and many, many happy returns.

"And Great
Is Your Reward in Heaven!"

Dream Network's

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Meet Your Dreaming Needs

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Before the War on Iraq, This is what 'Waging Peace' looked like.

(This is a forwarded email message. I do not know who the author is but I had to share. Editor)

Dr. Robert Muller, former assistant secretary general of the United Nations, now Chancellor emeritus of the University of Peace in Costa Rica was one of the people who witnessed the founding of the U.N. and has worked in support of or inside the U.N. ever since. Recently he was in San Francisco to be honored for his service to the world through the U.N. and through his writings and teachings for peace. At age eighty, Dr. Muller surprised, even stunned, many in the audience that day with his most positive assessment of where the world stands now regarding war and peace.

I was there at the gathering and I myself was stunned by his remarks. What he said turned my head around and offered me a new way to see what is going on in the world. My synopsis of his remarks is below:

"I'm so honored to be here," he said. "I'm so honored to be alive at such a miraculous time in history. I'm so moved by what's going on in our world today."

(; I was shocked. I thought—Where has he been? What has he been reading? Has he seen the newspapers? Is he senile? Has he lost it? What is he talking about?)

Dr. Muller proceeded to say, "Never before in the history of the world has there been a global, visible, public, viable, open dialogue and conversation about the very legitimacy of war."

The whole world is in now having this critical and historic dialogue—listening to all kinds of points of view and positions about going to war or not going to war. In a huge global

public conversation the world is asking—"Is war legitimate? Is it illegitimate? Is there enough evidence to warrant an attack? Is there not enough evidence to warrant an attack? What will be the consequences? The costs? What will happen after a war? How will this set off other conflicts? What might be peaceful alternatives? What kind of negotiations are we not thinking of? What are the real intentions for declaring war?"

All of this, he noted, is taking place in the context of the United Nations Security Council, the body that was established in 1949 for exactly this purpose. He pointed out that it has taken us more than fifty years to realize that function, the real function of the U.N. And at this moment in history the United Nations is at the center of the stage. It is the place where these conversations are happening, and it has become in these last months and weeks, the most powerful governing body on earth, the most powerful container for the world's effort to wage peace rather than war. Dr. Muller was almost in tears in recognition of the fulfillment of this dream.

"We are not at war," he kept saying. We, the world community, are WAGING peace. It is difficult, hard work. It is constant and we must not let up. It is working and it is an historic milestone of immense proportions. It has never happened before—never in human history—and it is happening now, every day every hour. Waging peace through a global conversation."

He pointed out that the conversation questioning the validity of going to war has gone on for hours, days, weeks, months and now more than a year, and it may go on and on. "We're in peacetime," he kept saying. "Yes, troops are being moved. Yes, warheads are being lined up. Yes, the aggressor is angry and upset and spending a billion dollars a day preparing to attack. But not one shot has been fired. Not one life has been lost. There is no war. It's all a conversation."

"It is tense, it is tough, it is challenging, AND we are in the most significant and potent global conversation and public dialogue in the

history of the world. This has not happened before on this scale ever before—not before WWI or WWII, not before Vietnam or Korea. This is new and it is a stunning new era of Global listening, speaking, and responsibility."

In the process, he pointed out, new alliances are being formed. Russia and China on the same side of an issue is an unprecedented outcome. France and Germany working together to wake up the world to a new way of seeing the situation. The largest peace demonstrations in the history of the world are taking place—and we are not at war! Most peace demonstrations in recent history took place when a war was already waging, sometimes for years, as in the case of Vietnam.

"So this," he said, "is a miracle. This is what 'waging peace' looks like." No matter what happens, history will record that this is a new era, and that the 21st century has been initiated with the world in a global dialogue looking deeply, profoundly and responsibly as a global community at the legitimacy of the actions of a nation that is desperate to go to war.

Through these global peace-waging efforts, the leaders of that nation are being engaged in further dialogue, forcing them to rethink and allowing all nations to participate in the serious and horrific decision to go to war or not."

Dr. Muller also made reference to a recent New York Times article that pointed out that up until now there has been just one superpower—the United States, and that has created a kind of blindness in the vision of the U.S. But now, Dr. Muller asserts, there are two superpowers: the United States and the merging, surging voice of the people of the world.

All around the world, people are waging peace. To Robert Muller, one of the great advocates of the United Nations, it is nothing short of a miracle and it is working.

*Excerpted from "The Vital Role of the
UN in Preserving Planet Earth"
Wednesday, February 5, 6 pm, 2003
St. Francis Hotel, Union Square,
San Francisco, CA*

Dreaming Toward Peace

I'm enjoying the various points of view assembled in the current issue. I think there's a basic truth to Bill Stimson's position (see Guest Editorial, Vol 22 No. 2) I would note that there's nothing inherently 'feminine' about many of the essays by women. I understand 'masculine' and 'feminine' to be culturally conditioned gender rôles and many people do not feel bound—in our identities and thinking—by those categories. One of the gifts of dreams, I believe, is to help us see through such constraints and to integrate our full humanity, regardless of social and cultural labels.

Thanks so much for the extra copies; I've shared them all with friends. If you take a look at the latest issue of ASD's Dreamtime, you will see that it, too, has an emphasis on dreams and peace. Very synchronistic!

I appreciate the enormous effort you make to help bring us closer to our dream lives. May we all work and dream toward peace. Namaste,

Deborah Hillman, Montpelier, VT

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## Heart to Heart

I love it! And I love you. And I thank you so much for what you've done, rescuing those truthful words that bloomed up between my heart to yours some time past in an email. You reflect them back to me now, just at the instant when I am ripe. It's early in the quiet morning of Asia. I awoke with a most amazing dream and discovered a new way of working with it, and—I hope—of being myself. Then I go onto email and find my own words telling me about this. My own words nonetheless! I'd forgotten I'd even said them.

Thank you so much for editing and printing this little piece (see Guest Editorial, Vol. 22 No. 2). Thank you so very much more for being who you are and doing what you're doing. I know only too well how thankless a task dream networking can be at times. And yet I feel you are suited for it, you are the right person for it. I can see

this to the extent you do the thing right. You shine through all the stronger when you stand aside and put other people to the fore, step back and bring others together. Where the network is seamless, that seamlessness is you and it is also, I think, what you seek, because by accomplishing that you somehow transcend what is particular, small and limiting about yourself and fly free and large into your true transcendental identity. I don't think I ever saw this so purely until this act you have performed of pressing me for words, again and again over the years, and then getting a bleak little email, and then turning that email into an editorial that really is something that needs saying. It's what Joseph Campbell was about and it's what we're about. Thank you so much for giving me this and enabling me to give it to others.

I'm enclosing the names and addresses of my New York dream group and also of the beginnings of my Taiwan dream group. I hope you can find some subscribers from these people.

Sincerely, Bill Stimson, Taiwan

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Changing the World One Dream at a Time

I just received my latest issue of the Dream Network and wanted to tell you how much I enjoyed Cody Sisson's articles both in this issue and the one previous. For people with a blue collar background like myself, Cody's articles show us that dreamwork can indeed make inroads in an environment where spirituality and academia do not always have a strong influence.

Through your actions you have allowed us to expand the dream. Connie and I both share, which is to make dreamwork a full time career through our writing, circles, and workshops.

I look forward to my next issue of Dream Network. I wish you strong dreams and a steady heart.

Ed Bonapartian, Albany, NY

Our winter issue of Dream Network will explore the Question of Extraterrestrial Contact and Dreams. Here is a letter received as a result of our announcing that 'theme.'
(Editor)

Was This An ET 'Contact' or a Dream?

I have experienced bizarre "lost time" sequences and always preceding major life changes and also the 'dreams' (or not!) of space travel and bedroom encounters - especially in my present location! As stated, they are sometimes 'blended' with dreams and it IS a hinterland of unknown time warp stuff. My earliest "contact" was at 11 and it is indelible in my memory and thought I'd like to write about a few threads of experiences with such....

How about you!?

My most recent one is the scariest - it was PHYSICAL and I still don't know what happened. I was at the computer at work and felt something wet on my ankle - I looked down and it was covered with blood! I felt NOTHING and the bleeding was profuse - so much so, I had to call a fellow who works for me to get a rag so I could mop it up and I had no idea what had happened; my shoes/kneehis were soaked and the bathroom is at the other end of building so I needed to hobble there with help to see what was causing this bleeding. It was a hole about 1/8" round and it did not hurt, no sensation at all, just profuse bleeding! Couldn't get it to stop. I had gauze and paper towels and then wrapped a rag around it to get home. It was really weird. It looked like a puncture wound, but there was no feeling and the bleeding wouldn't stop. It went like this for nearly two weeks on and off. I was a mess! It left a dark "lump" underneath the skin and the healing—when it covered over—was almost instantaneous. A friend, Georgia, insists it was an ET implant thing.

What I do know is that it never hurt or scabbed over. Just healed after it stopped bleeding! My husband thought it was a snake, but ??????? The lump is almost gone now, but the skin

is smooth and red and you'd never know such a wound was there. This happened in March.

Care to comment? Have you ever heard of anything like it? I've believed for years (a la Starseed) that humans are the intervention of something cosmic and I often wonder if we are an experi-ment. I get way out there with my thoughts sometimes, but it is interesting to think about.

Love and best dreams, Anon

(Editor) I asked for Anon's permission to send this letter to an acquaintance-becoming-friend Dana Redfield, author of Summoned and The Human-ET Link, who has had similar experiences. Here is Anon's response:

#2 I'll look forward to Dana's insight. I would not like to experience something like this again. Thanks, Roberta!

From Dana:

I haven't heard of a case of profuse bleeding in regards to implants, but that doesn't mean it hasn't happened. I could ask this woman in Australia; she knows of more cases, in general, than I. (She is also friends with the famous Dr. Leir, who has removed implants from people.) My knowledge of other exper-iencers is largely from reading a number of books and knowing a small number of contactee-abductees, personally.

I am most curious about why an implant scenario would occur while you were at work? And wonder what it is that made you feel it was ET related? Just that it was so weird? Or other "signs" or feelings? And did you feel any different afterward? Like there is a "presence" in your life now, that wasn't there before? A "watcher" on the scene? Also curious if there have been other physical signs of encounter/contact? (Besides the highly provoca-tive dream/nocturnal events.)

The first real sign came for me in August 1986 when I awakened from a nap to find two triangle shaped gouges in my hands, both hands in the same spot. The skin had been removed, but there was no bleeding, and no pain. I also noticed a smaller-than-a-pea ball beneath the topskin of my left hand.

When I flexed my fingers, I could make the ball roll up and down. Sign of the ball disappeared in a few days and the cuts healed very quickly. My husband then took photos of the triangle marks but the photos came out blurred, of course, even though Tom was an excellent close-up photographer. (This is typical "evidence" going hinky?) I showed the marks and the ball to my chiropractor, who was also Tom's son. He shrugged. Said the ball was probably a calcium deposit. Showing up at the same time as I found the triangle cuts? He wasn't interested... couldn't care less.

I am also curious if you thought about showing the gouge in your leg to an M.D., asking what he/she thought.

The triangle cut thing spooked me, made me feel kind of woozy, emotionally. I wondered: could it be ETs? But I wasn't really ready to try to answer that question. I stuffed it! I realized that there was a big change shortly after I found the triangle cuts, but would not relate the change to the cuts until I read a certain book that addressed this kind of experience. Shortly after I found the cuts, I developed an interest in quantum physics, ancient history, genetics... subjects that had never particularly interested me before. The change was subtle but I was kind of amazed at myself. I would not come to full awareness of what was going on until 1993, and then I was shocked. Going back through my dream journals, I was doubly shocked to find so many highly suspicious "nocturnal events". I knew then that I had lived in a kind of split consciousness. I call it "living double." It's a coping mechanism that I seemed to know how to pull off naturally. I still have to do it to some extent, because I still live in the same world! (Where most people seem very uncomfortable with the idea that ETs could be actually here, on the scene.)

In 1995, I sought out hypnotic regression to help explore the mystery. I wanted to see what happened when I got those cuts on my hands. I did see an "abduction" scenario: they were putting an "activator" in me, to accel-

erate and facilitate contact. The first contact was in '89, which did not seem like ETs. The second contact began in fall of '93 and curiously it was not important to me if there were, or were not "ETs." They felt like family—it wasn't even a question with me—was only a problem when it came to divulging to others. I still do not know the final answer to that question, ET or... **Dream?**

Another question: .do you talk with others who have like experiences?

Hope this chat helped.

Love & light, Dana

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Before you receive this issue, Charles will have turned 90 in late July. He is as lucid as a 20-year-old and is perhaps one of the most spiritually active individuals I have ever had the privilege to know. He and his wife just completed an extensive tour in So. Africa doing 'Dream Readings; and teaching. LOVE TO YOU and many happy returns from us all, Charles! Following is his brief response to my question: "What do you want for your birthday?" (ed.)

What I need for my birthday is more TIME! Dreams are still trickling in from all over South Africa for interpretation. I am a happy man, Roberta, send me LOVE (which I know you do..) I need nothing else. Thanks, my dear, Go well, we admire your work, love you for it, and send warmest greetings.

Charles De Beer, Umtemtweni, S. Africa

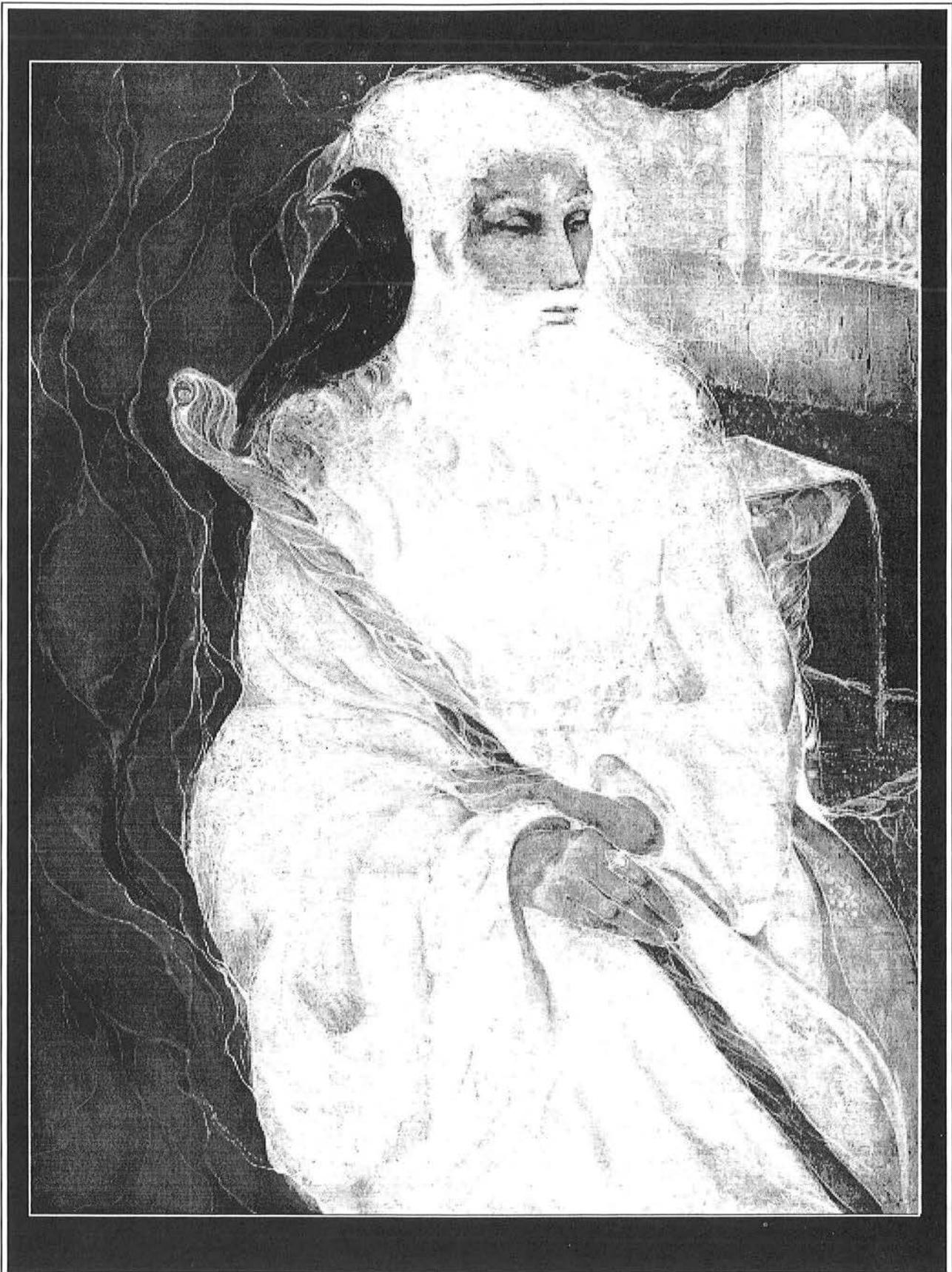
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Response to our Online Dream Group Booklet

I know dreams are important as I have had dream groups for years. What I especially wanted to say is that I was happily pleased to find such value in an "E" book. Thank you!

Nancy, San Diego, CA

We value your Letters & Questions.
Please send to
Publisher@DreamNet.work.net or
'Letters' - DN POB 1026, Moab, VT 84532



Three Dreams, One Message

by Charles De Beer



I SLEPT VERY SOUNDLY from around 9.30 pm to 5 am, then went to sleep again and woke at about 6 am, clearly remembering these three VIVID dreams, had between 5 and 6 am Sunday 25/5/2003:

I close a door onto a stoop of the street—presumably with a key—having my briefcase under my left arm. Once across the street and walking away, I worried whether I had the key, but then found I did not have the briefcase. Much perturbed, I walk back and find the empty briefcase lying on the dusty pavement. Some one had thrown the briefcase down after taking the two important files and whatever else might have been in it.

What these two files were about was not made clear, i.e., dream readings? Business deals? But I woke, still very worried about what I had lost and it was some time before I realized that the loss was only in the dream.

Falling asleep again, I had a very intricate dream about...

... marketing galvanized steel at an overpriced value... overpriced because the degree of galvanization was not what it was sold for.

I was involved in negotiations but, once awake, could not make out whether I was involved in selling at the overprice or was trying to discover WHO was. This dream went on for quite a while. Also, still half asleep, in reviewing the dream I could not remember the term 'galvanized.'

In the third dream ...

I am a spectator at a bus stop near a corner, when a bus stops to offload and load passengers. A man in a small car cuts in just in front of the bus and starts reversing to make sure it will get the parking area the bus was to vacate, forcing the bus driver to swing out sharply in order to drive off. The reversing car is foiled by a car which has been waiting behind the bus to take the parking space.

I woke up with this parking problem still unresolved. I did not seem to be involved at all in this dream, though I sympathized with the bus driver having to swing out so sharply to avoid an accident.

Reading:-

I puzzled quite a long time about the meaning of these three dreams,

until I finally concluded that the key was to be found at the very beginning: Going out and closing, locking, the door, and finding ourselves in the street, in the first dream, symbolizes leaving the inner realm and sailing forth (being born) into the physical world, forgetting that we are spiritual entities. Physical life without an inner soul life is but an empty shell (the empty brief case on a dusty pavement) and devoid of meaning.

This is symbolized in the second dream by life becoming merely a place where false values are marketed. Man made steel can surely be seen as physical life at its most dense.

This being the case, the third dream shows that living the physical life only, mankind will not find peace—can not park the car—as "life is a journey," portrayed by the bus and its driver offloading and loading passengers—or taking in new ideas, new values and discarding old ones—in the process of living.

The three dreams can thus be seen as a parable of man's life: Being born, that is, from Spirit into physical incarnation and living life on a physical level only results in fruitless endeavor to find contentment and peace as this can only be found by a continual search for Spiritual truth. ☺

The Journey

Peasant farmers plowing
Virgin soil
Sometimes discovered buried treasure
Or an underworld.

They visited such places permitted only by soul.
They found the hidden springs.
They heard the whispering of sprites, saying:

"Flee from hatred and folly,
And keep Love's secrets!

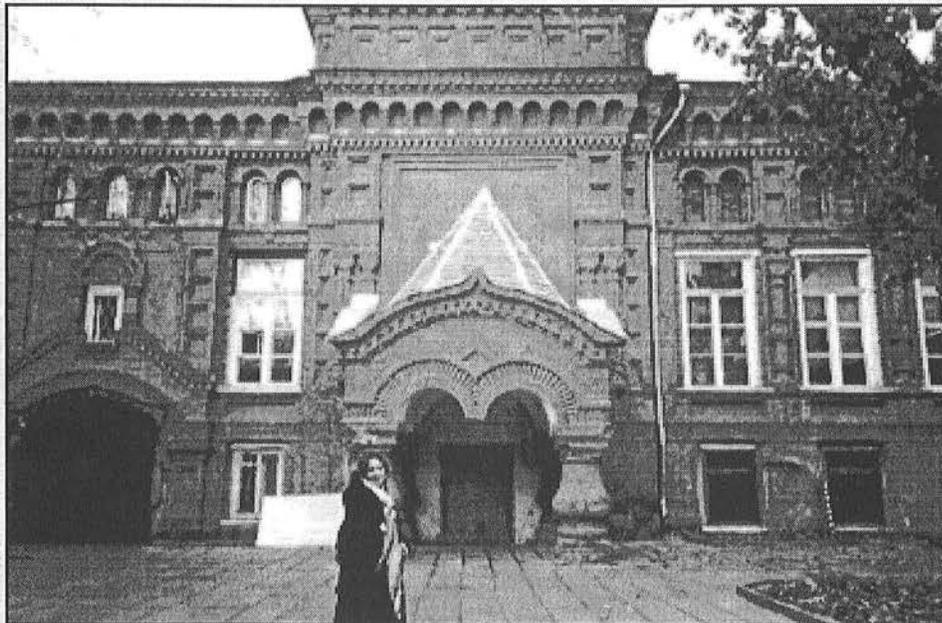
Reach out
Taste it

Revel in its delights,
For it quenches all thirsts.

Love belongs to everybody!"

Anna Cates

Email: catesanna@hotmail.com

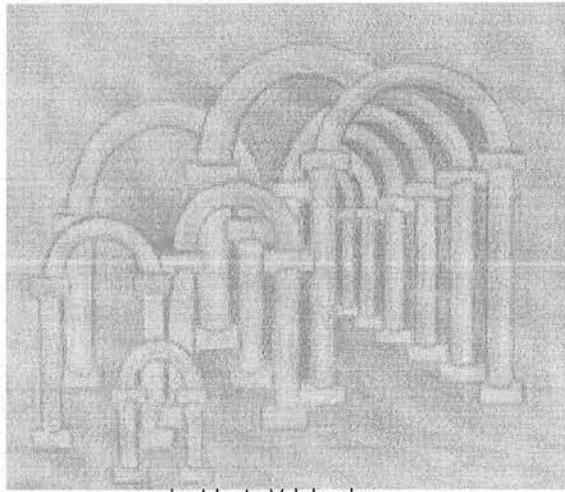


Maria Volchenko in Old Part of Russia

SOUL'S JOURNEY



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L



by Maria Volchenko

ONCE THERE WERE TWO COWHERDS who, going into the field at the same time every day, decided to take turns tending their combined cattle. This way, one could rest while the other worked. The next day they rose as always well before dawn and as soon as they reached the pasture, one of them lay down under a tree and fell into a deep sleep, while the other looked after the herd.

Some time later—as the man on duty occasioned to pass by the body of his friend—he saw something that made him stop and forget the herd and his duties. The sleeping man was serene, his breathing deep and even, his mouth slightly open. As he watched, suddenly—from his friend's open mouth—a small reddish mouse, hardly larger than a cricket, scurried out and into the field. The cowherder, hardly believing his eyes, was overcome with curiosity about this strange creature and rushed after him.

The mouse led him on a merry chase along mountain ridges, deep valleys, through open fields and dense forests, coming at last to a vast bog. The stump of a huge tree stuck out of the surrounding quicksand; it was broken by lightning, with a great hollow burned into it. Mov-

ing lightly over the slippery bog, the mouse ran to the great stump and down into the hollow. The cowherd sat down to wait.

Only a short time later, the mouse reappeared and raced off, back the way he had come. When the two got back, the cowherd was amazed to see the mouse crawl back into the mouth of his sleeping friend and disappear.

Uncertain of what to do... but overcome with curiosity, the cowherd shook his friend awake and asked him: "What is happening?"

To which his friend replied:

"I was having a dream."

"And what was it about?"

And this is the wonderful dream: *"I was walking forever through fields and forests, over mountains and across bogs, until I saw a high tower in the distance. As I came closer, I saw an easy way up the tower to the entrance, and followed it. Inside, there were long dark stairs that led to a room without windows or doors, but it was a fabulous room, filled with golden coins."*

He suddenly broke off his account with a curious question.

"I can see that the sun is not yet high and it is long before my time to work. Why did you wake me?"

His friend told of the bizarre activity that he had just witnessed and together they decided that such a strange story must be investigated. Upon seeing the stump, the cowherd who had been asleep was struck by the familiarity of the scene and the ease with which the stump could be climbed.

Their search was not in vain, for a huge sum of money was buried in the hollow of the tree, so much that the two friends had to run home for picks, shovels and sacks for their loot. The money made them rich and successful men, and indeed they still live in wealth and continued friendship, but for years the mystery surrounding their good fortune disturbed their rest and dogged their leisure hours with puzzlement.

Finally they met a wise old grandmother who, it was said was a great dream teller. Hoping she could solve their mystery, they told her the strange story of the mouse, the dream, and the treasure. She explained to them that the mouse the cowherd had seen was in fact the soul of his sleeping friend. If he had not immediately wakened him after its return, and in fact asked him for the details of its journey, that journey would—like most dreams—have been forgotten, as the soul keeps in secret its travels. ☺



Connectivity

by Sue Scherzinger

THE GNAWING PANG OF INSPIRATION CAUGHT IN MY BREATH.

Sigmund would disapprove. He always disapproved. Renowned as the father of psychoanalysis, yet he fails to understand that the psyche is not the mind but the soul. The soul with all of its unconscious, subconscious connections of all times, the synchronicity of all energies, the karma of all lives and the potential of all chakra. The true Holy Grail lying within...

The morning news broke into my dream. It was going to be a sunny warm day. I turned the clock radio off so that its hyper-chatter wouldn't displace my dream. Like every other morning for the past few weeks, I flicked the lamp on, grabbed my pad and paper and tried to scribble down the dream before it faded into vagaries and mist. A story was unfolding in my dreams- like a whole other life I could barely comprehend. The dream was but another knickknack to add to the menagerie of my psyche. I wrote that down too - I wasn't sure what it meant but it came to me like so many other thoughts unbidden and misunderstood.

These dreams were so strange. I didn't know if I spelled all of those big words right. I didn't even know what a lot of them meant although they were starting to make sense. Every morning, I'd write it all down

as best I could and then go to work at the diner. Jake got real mad if I was late. The morning rush for breakfast was always the worst. The guys wanted their bacon, eggs and homefries before working at the steel plant. I had to get there and get the coffee on.

I usually beat Jake to the diner but just. Coffee'd be brewing and bacon starting to sizzle.

"Morning, Justine. Potatoes started?" Jake asked me, like every other morning.

"Getting to them, Jake," I said as I wiped my hands on my fresh apron. Jake was wearing the same dirty one from yesterday.

The regulars started arriving and I served the plates as Jake fried the eggs. I poured the coffee and made sure the creamers were full. I cleared the dishes and started the dishwasher. I was piling homefries onto another plate when I heard an unfamiliar voice call out my name.

"Justine? Justine Lacroix? Is that you? It's me, Steven McLevin. Remember me from high school?"

I looked at this perfectly groomed and dressed man, obviously he's doing okay, and I didn't want to admit that yeah it's me and yeah I still work in the diner to support my 14 year old illegitimate son. I filled his coffee cup and smiled.

"I'm sorry but it is Justine, isn't it?" he said with his perfect white teeth showing under his neatly trimmed moustache. Major contrast to Jake's mangy scruff.

"Yes," I said. "It's me. How have you been, Steven?"

"I've been great. I just needed a cup of the old java here to get me going. Long trip last night from New York. I'm doing a lecture at the university tomorrow."

"Oh, I thought school was out for the summer."

"Yes, it is. This is a special convention for psychiatrists- a meeting of the psyches you might say." He laughed. "I'll be speaking on Jungian archetypes."

Psyche. I remembered that word from my dreams. Jungian.

"Carl Jung," I said out loud.

"Yes. Are you familiar with his theories?"

"No, I just know the name from somewhere. I have to work now." I cleared the empty tables and headed to the back room. Steven made me uncomfortable and unexpectedly angry. He didn't need to come in here and shove his success into my face.

"Who's that guy?" Jake asked.

"Just some guy I knew in high school who's here to show off. I bet he drives a really big car and you know what Sigmund would have to say about that, eh?"

"Sigmund?"

"Never mind." I kept myself busy in the back room until Steven left. It's not like me to be rude but I really didn't need to be reminded of what I could have done and been. I was pretty sharp in high school and I wanted to be some sort of therapist but after I had Paul I had to quit school and earn enough money to feed and clothe us. It's not easy raising a kid all by yourself and of course his good for nothing father took off as soon as he found out I

was expecting. Why ruin his life too?

I cleared Steven's half empty coffee cup and noticed he'd left me a big tip and his business card. On the back of the card he'd written, "Was great to see you again. I'd love to have dinner with you tomorrow night before I have to head back. If you can, meet me at the university at 6. Steven." Well, now I felt guilty for being rude. It wasn't his fault that I'd messed up my life. I really didn't want to see him though.

Sigmund was ranting about the son's hatred for the father again. He never could see beyond the parents. But, ah, the collective memories of all our ancestors, even all mankind, now that was where we needed to look. Eugene was starting to see my point. We were both tiring of Sigmund and his egocentric stance. The increasingly urgent draw of the archetypes...

I woke up. Steven had mentioned archetypes. I decided then to go meet him for dinner. I could go early and listen to a bit of his lecture maybe and find out why I was having these dreams and what they meant.

I finished at the restaurant early enough to get some supper on for Paul and clean myself up a bit. Really wasn't sure what to wear. It wasn't a date- not in the romantic sense.

"Mom, you'll never get a man looking like that," Paul said. "Wear a dress with high heels. Show a little skin. Try more makeup."

I never know if that kid is serious or pulling my leg. But I know I would feel like an idiot showing up at the lecture dressed for dancing. Pants, blouse and just a little lipstick will do fine.

The university parking lot was quite full but it didn't matter because I took a cab. I squeezed into a seat by the door. Steven was down at the front of the auditorium. He was dressed rather casually I thought. A suit would have been more appropriate. He was pacing and gesticulating as he spoke. His short brown hair bounced slightly with his excitement and his silver wireframe

At my door, he stared at my folk art hanging. "Where did you get this?" he asked. It was a simple wooden wreath with flowers and vines wrapped around it and some words in the center. The words were small and unobtrusive. They were gibberish I had added thinking it sounded Latin and would look impressive. No one knows Latin anymore. It was a joke. "I made it. It's nothing."

"These words..."

"Gibberish."

"No. Vocatus atqua non vocatus deus aderit. Called or not called, God is present. It is the inscription from Jung's tombstone."

glasses kept sliding down his nose. People in the audience didn't appear to be as excited to hear what Steven had to say as Steven was to say it. Last lecture of a long day most likely.

Steven was talking about archetypes. "Primordial recurrent symbols... mandalas and their constituents... persona... animus... the Shadow and Freud's death wish... quaternity is the symbol of wholeness... from Jung's doctoral thesis on a spiritual medium's nightmares to the healing of the soul." It sounded all so familiar, so obvious. I'd heard it all before. I knew all of this as clear and complete as if it were my own forgotten revelations. I only needed to hear it again to remember. It was after all my own dreams.

"Justine?" I was startled to see Steven standing there. I had been so caught up in my contemplations that I hadn't noticed everyone had left and Steven had found me.

"It was sleep walking. Not nightmares," I said.

"What?"

"The girl in Jung's thesis. She

suffered from somnambulism, sleep walking, not nightmares."

"Justine, I know my topic."

"Of course, never mind."

Steven took me to a fancier restaurant than I was used to. The meal was delicious but all Steven wanted to talk about was high school and all the parties we used to go to. Reminiscing is okay but remembering all the dreams I had for the future and how none of them were reality was starting to get to me. I drank a little too much wine and started talking about my dreams- not my old childhood fantasies of a future but my recent visions of a past. I told him everything from the recovered knowledge to the ongoing story in my sleep.

"Very interesting," Steven said. "It's likely your dissatisfaction with your present has caused you to imagine an exciting and meaningful past. Your subconscious has created a delusional world in which you were Carl Jung. My lecture sounded familiar only because you wanted it to, when in reality it was all new to you."

"No. I was finishing your sentences in my mind. I knew where you were going with each argument."

"Impossible, Justine. Come on, I really like Jungian psychology and complicated as it is, I do follow the logic in it but that doesn't mean I'm the reincarnation of Carl Jung." His tone of voice was taking on a patronizing edge.

"What about accessing the collective unconscious? Maybe I'm able to remember more than most people..."

"Justine," he interrupted. "It doesn't work like that. Maybe you've had a little too much wine. How about I take you home?"

I was tipsy and embarrassed. I never should have told him anything. At my door, he stared at my folk art hanging.

"Where did you get this?" he asked. It was a simple wooden wreath with flowers and vines wrapped around it and some words in the center. The words were small and unobtrusive. They were gibberish I had

added thinking it sounded Latin and would look impressive. No one knows Latin anymore. It was a joke.

"I made it. It's nothing."

"These words..."

"Gibberish."

"No. *Vocatus atqua non vocatus deus aderit*. Called or not called, God is present. It is the inscription from Jung's tombstone."

"And his front door," I added.

"What? How did you know that?"

"I don't know. This is what I'm talking about. I just know things." Steven furrowed his brow into a deep grove and looked at me over the top of his glasses and left right after I unlocked the door.

The Shadow wasn't a death wish. It was a yearning to return to the oneness. The urge to religion, to finding this oneness, was stronger even than the urge for procreation. It was the overriding drive. Why hadn't I seen it before? Even the urge to procreate derives from our need to pass on the knowledge of God in hopes of attaining...

Attaining what? We're on the verge of knowing and we keep waking up at the wrong time. How will we ever know? Meditation will lead the way.

"Mom?" Paul is at my door. "Are you ok, Mom?"

I was banging my fist on the night table. "It's ok, Paul. I was just - just killing a spider." I had to think. I needed time and quiet. I called Jake to see if I could get the day off but of course he threatened to fire me if I didn't show up. It was imperative that I think. I was so close to the answer- the answers Carl needed. I missed my bus stop. I was late for work. Jake was yelling so loud. I burnt the toast and the boiling potatoes' water boiled away and the pot was burnt and the potatoes tasted funny and Jake kept yelling and the customers kept talking and I really needed them to be quiet but they wouldn't be quiet and Carl was insisting we needed to get back to this now before it was gone because inspiration is fleeting. Then Steven came in.

"Eugene? You know what we're after," I gripped Steven's hand. "Help

me, Eugene. Ask all of these people to be quiet so we can immerse ourselves. Sigmund thinks we need to stay objective but we need to fully live it. You understand don't you, Eugene?"

"Justine," he said. "I'm Steven. Who's Eugene?"

I looked at him closely. "I'm sorry, Steven. I thought you were Dr. Bleuler for a minute. I thought I saw him in you. He's not there, is he? You don't hear him, do you?"

Jake was still yelling, some regulars were laughing and I was getting a sharp stabbing pain between my eyes- the third eye chakra crying out to be unclogged. Steven said something to Jake and led me out to his car. Yeah, it was a big car- you were right Sigmund. Jake took us to the hospital. He took us to the psychiatric ward. Maybe here we could discuss these matters with someone knowledgeable. I tried to explain to them that we were on the brink of knowing and all I needed was a space to examine the evidence. They gave me a space in a room all alone. The walls were white but I could see through them to the vastness of space and time. Albert wanted to interject his theories but I told him, "Einstein, back off. Now is not the time." Then I laughed hysterically because you know Einstein - time. It was too loud though with all of them trying to get their bit in- yes, it was all relevant and relative (I laughed again) but we have to take it one step at a time. Carl and I need to see through the first step. Then we can address the other issues and fit them into the solution. Carl yelled out "Meditate" and the room was silent.

I sat down on the floor in the lotus position like the yogi had taught me over one hundred and fifty years ago. My breathing slowed and I focused on nothing until there was nothing but me and nothingness. Slowly and silently, I cleared myself out and there was only nothingness and oneness and the sound of breath. The mist was clearing and I could see it. The truth was in the question, not in the solution. I needed the right question.

I must have fallen asleep. When I woke up, I was surprised to find myself in a hospital room but even more surprised that I hadn't been dreaming my recurrent dreams. I remembered the previous day. That was weird. They must all think that I am insane. I felt better now. I needed to get out of there. After a long wait, a doctor finally came in to see me.

"How are you feeling today, Justine?" he asked me, looking at my chart instead of me.

"I am much better. I slept so much better than I have in months. Maybe I was just really tired."

"You haven't been sleeping well?"

"No, I wake me up a lot. Sleep deprivation can cause temporary psychoses, right?"

"Yes and how do you know that?" he asked my chart.

"I read it in a magazine."

"And who are you?"

"I am Justine Lacroix."

"And no one else?"

"Don't be silly. I am just me," I said, knowing full well what he was trying to do. "Everything is perfectly clear now. I was so confused but now with a good night's sleep, I'm ok."

They kept me for a week and I slept so good with no dreams. I think they were giving me sleeping pills. I was me again, just me. Steven came to see me. He was so concerned. Before he left though, he said, "You were right. About the somnambulism. She was a sleep walker."

He was the one who had me committed so he had to sign me out. I had to sign the form too. His scribbly signature looked like Dr. Bleuler but I didn't say anything.

I went home. Paul, named for Carl's father, was waiting for me. I hugged him and told him not to worry. I was just overtired.

The question lies in the quiet of my meditation. Sigmund and Bleuler think I am psychotic. Freud keeps talking about hysteria but I know the question begins with why and not what. How is irrelevant, Albert. Socrates is still looking for his immortal soul. ¶

The Mythic Connection—from Around the World



The Circle of Sex in Mythology and Folklore

Stanley Krippner, Ph.D.

ABSTRACT: According to Gavin Arthur's 'circle of sex' model, all humans fall on a continuum that allows for fluctuation in sexual disposition as well as the intensity of sexual activity. His typology of human sexual behavior avoids such pejorative labels as 'abnormal,' 'deviant,' and 'pathological,' and introduces the terms 'heterogenic,' 'homogenic,' and 'ambigenic' because such terms as 'heterosexual' incorrectly combine Greek and Anglo-Saxon roots. Arthur illustrates his model with historical characters; for example, George V of England, the faithful husband of Queen Mary, fell at 12 noon, but Julius Caesar, known in his day as 'every woman's husband and every man's wife,' fell into the 'ambigenic category.' Sappho, the poet who lived on the island of Lesbos, was described as 'three quarters homogenic' because, although she preferred Lesbian girls, she occasionally dallied with young shepherds. The writer Gertrude Stein was cat-

egorized as 'homogenic' at 10 o'clock. Arthur denoted sexual intensity by putting someone in the sphere's tropical center. Someone who has taken religious orders, however, might find himself or herself near the chilly regions of the circle. A Roman Catholic nun, who considers herself 'married to Christ,' could be a 6 o'clock 'heterogene.' The psychiatrist, Jean Bolen, developed a model that paid special attention to the sexuality of the Greek gods and goddesses. But instead of using their sexuality as the basis for a typology as Arthur did, Bolen focused upon the deities as representing 'archetypes,' 'powerful inner patterns that allegedly shape behavior and influence emotions. In other words, there can be gay Ares types and lesbian Aphrodites because the archetypes they represent are broader than sexual preference. This typology may be more useful to psychotherapists than Arthur's ingenious 'circle of sex.'

CHESTER ALAN ARTHUR III (better known as 'Gavin Arthur') was the grandson of the thirty-second president of the United States. Although a president's grandson and a millionaire's son, he worked his way around the world as a Merchant Marine, observing a variety of cultures along the way. This exposure to the varieties of human experience is reflected in his book, *The Circle of Sex* (Arthur, 1966), which introduces a typology of human sexual behavior that avoids such pejorative labels as 'abnormal,' 'deviant,' and 'pathological.' Noting that the adjectives 'heterosexual' and 'homosexual' are etymologically incorrect because they combine Greek and Anglo-Saxon roots, Arthur substituted the terms 'heterogenic' and 'homogenic.' According to Arthur, all humans fall on a continuum that allows for fluctuation in sexual disposition as well as the intensity of sexual activity.

Using a clock as the template for his typology, Arthur put George V of England, the faithful husband of Queen Mary, at 12 noon. Lord Nelson, who adored Lady Hamilton but asked the naval officer who was next in command to kiss him as he lay dying off Trafalgar, was placed at 1 o'clock, and was classified as 'three-quarters heterogenic.' At 2 o'clock, Julius Caesar, whose sobriquet was 'every woman's husband and every man's wife,' fell into the 'ambigenic' category, while Lord Kitchener, at 3 o'clock, was classified as 'three quarters homogenic' because he preferred young soldiers to the women of the English court.

At 4 o'clock, Arthur placed the poet Edward Carpenter, the best known disciple of Walt Whitman; Carpenter had no sexual interest in women and fell into Arthur's 'homogenic' category. Catherine the Great of Russia, who lamented that she could take only five men to bed at a time, was categorized as 'hyperheterogenic' at 5 o'clock. Queen Victoria, archetype of the faithful wife, was classified as 'heterogenic' at 6 o'clock. Arthur considered George Eliot, the English author, at

7 o'clock, as 'three-quarters heterogenic,' while, at 8 o'clock, the First Duchess of Marlborough was considered 'ambigenic' because she slept with both her husband and England's Queen Anne.

Arthur's 9 o'clock example was Sappho, the poet who lived on the island of Lesbos. She was 'three quarters homogenic' because, although she preferred lesbian girls, she occasionally went for a romp with young shepherds. At 10 o'clock, the writer Gertrude Stein was categorized as 'homogenic,' and reportedly gave Arthur her personal approval of this categorization. France's King Louis XV, at 11 o'clock, was 'hyperheterogenic' because he had mistress after mistress, both before and during his reign.

Sexual intensity was denoted by Arthur by putting someone in the sphere's tropical center, as was the case with literature's don Juan, at 11 o'clock, and Lady Chatterley, at 5 o'clock. Someone who has taken religious orders might find himself or herself near the chilly regions of the Circle of Sex. A Roman Catholic nun, who considers herself 'married to Christ,' could be a 6 o'clock 'heterogene,' far away from the internal regions of overt passion. Thus, one's position in any of these 12 categories does not necessarily imply that one has an active, overt sex life.

Folklore and Mythology: From 12 o'clock to 6 o'clock

Diel (1980) sees mythological deities as 'idealizations of human qualities' (p. 173) and legends as providing such lessons as 'the inability to make the right choice of partner and establish a lasting relationship' (p. 145). Hence, mythology and folklore (e.g., Guirand, 1968; Middleton, 1967; Sullivan, 1988) provide a unique cross-cultural opportunity to apply Arthur's typology. For example, the central axis of his Circle of Sex is 12 o'clock opposite 6 o'clock where Arthur placed the faithful husband Darby and his loving wife Joan. Darby and Joan are featured in an old English folk ballad, 'the Happy Old Couple'; they

were monogamously married and managed to live their lives more or less harmoniously. Two similar 'heterogenes' were Philemon and Bacchus, the endearing couple visited by the Greek gods Zeus and Hermes. Philemon and Bacchus' hospitality was so impressive that upon their death, Zeus transformed them into intertwined vines.

The Greek earth goddess Gaia and her husband Uranus may well fall at 6 o'clock and 12 o'clock, as would the Hopi earth mother A'witelmn Tsi'ta and Apoyan Tachu, the sky father. Another famous pair was Geb and Nut, the Egyptian deities of heaven and earth. Playing against stereotype, Geb was the sky goddess, while her husband (and brother) Nut was the earth god. They are generally pictured in a circular form with their son, the god of air, drifting between them. The Incan sky goddess was the Mother Moon, Mama Quilla, and her husband was the sun god, Inti. This couple helped the Incas calculate time, plan their festivals, and regulate their calendar. A less benevolent coupling consisted of Michtlantechuhtli and Michtlantecihuatl, the Aztec lord of death and his consort, the death goddess.

'Heterogenes' who were monogamous, even if their wives were not, could be placed at 12 o'clock; Hephaestus, the Greek god of crafts and the forge, was faithful to Aphrodite, even though his wife had more sexual liaisons than any other Greek goddess.

'Heterogenes' who were not monogamous would probably fall at 12 o'clock, as long as they enjoy the company of men as well as of women. Among them are Ares, the Greek god of war who had numerous liaisons with women, and Xango, the Candomble god of thunder, who was married three times.

Although the celebrated perpetrators of mother-son incest could find their place at a number of spots around the circle, many of them would resemble the 'heterogenic' males who end up at 12 o'clock (and

the 'heterogenic' females at 6 o'clock). These would include tragic, guilt-ridden figures, as well as those who are considered heroic. For example, the Greek king Oedipus unwittingly married his mother after killing his father, putting out his eyes when he discovered their identity. The Candomble deity Orungan ravished his mother, Yemanjá, who then gave birth to a dozen children as well as the sun and the moon. In one version of the Aztec myth about their mother goddess, Coatlicue's husband physically abused her until one of her (several hundred) sons took action, killing his father and becoming his mother's lover. The South American Panare mythology contains an example of father-daughter incest: Whenever the Sun and his daughter the Moon have intercourse, there is a total eclipse. In addition, there is the Banima myth of Kuai, whose father Inapirikuli impregnated her, a birth ritualized in the 'battle of the flutes' (Sullivan, 1988, p. 217).

A prime candidate for the 1 o'clock spot would be the 'mostly heterogenic' Zeus, the Greek king of the gods. Zeus, who occasionally dallied with handsome human males, was so sexually voracious that he would be positioned near the boiling center of the circle, in other words, at the torrid 'heat' of sexual passion. Poseidon, the Greek god of the seas, was not far behind Zeus in his sexual proclivities. He ravished numerous women including the goddess Demeter. He raped Amphitrite, although he later married her. In addition, Poseidon took Pelops, the son of Tantalus, to Mt. Olympus as his paramour.

Achilles, a husband and father at the time of the Trojan War, fell into a rage when his lover Patroclus died in battle; the Greek hero went on a rampage and killed Hector, the Trojan prince who had killed Patroclus. Noah's son Ham begat a prominent lineage of descendants; however, a reading of Genesis IX: 20-21 reveals that he 'saw the nakedness' of his father, a phrase that can be translated as having sexual relations with someone.

A candidate for the 2 o'clock position would be the 'ambisexual' Balinese god, Syng Hyang Toenggai; it is believed that he can switch sexes in an instant (Highwater, 1990). A Nordic equivalent would be the 'two-gendered' Ymir, whose sacrifice was necessary for the creation of the Earth (Bjarnadottir, V.H., & Kremer, J., 2000). Hermaphroditus, the son of Aphrodite and Hermes, is a hermaphrodite, giving his name to those whose physiology incorporates both male and female sex organs. However, he lives near the cold outer regions of the Circle of Sex, being indifferent to lovemaking. Ometecuhtli, the 'ambisexual' creator god of the Aztecs, is also hermaphroditic, giving birth to the deities of the four directions. Candomble, an African-Brazilian religion, venerates Oxala, the 'ambisexual' god of purity. However, his sexual encounters are rare and he also would inhabit the chilly outer areas of 2 o'clock. Closer to the red-hot center would be Hermes, the Greek messenger and trickster known as the 'cunning deceiver.' A lover of both men and women, Hermes had several sons including Pan, the satyr.

At 3 o'clock we could suggest Apollo, the Greek god of music and the arts. His love affairs with women amounted to fiasco after fiasco. Daphne, Sybil, Marpessa, and Cassandra rejected him, he murdered Coronis in a jealous fit, and he killed Hyacinth in a discus-throwing accident. But Apollo did little better with men; the love of his life was Hyakinthos, a beloved lad he killed in another accident.

The 'homogenic' Greek mythic figure Ganymede, Zeus' cupbearer as well as one of his male lovers could be placed at 4 o'clock. It is said that Zeus gave Ganymede's father a golden grapevine and/or a pair of horses in exchange for his son. Ganymede eventually was immortalized as Aquarius, the water bearer of the heavens. Other candidates for the 4 o'clock position are Aphroditus, the male aspect of Aphrodite, the

Greek goddess of love, and Asterion, the Minoan patron of men who love men. Asterion's black hide was mottled with the stars of the universe, and he was regarded as both the 'Bull of Heaven' and 'The Starry One' (Garan du, 2002).

Erzulie, the 'hyper-heterogenic' goddess of love in Haitian vodoun, might find her place at 5 o'clock; this lovely lady had numerous male lovers, many of whom betrayed her or treated her badly. Erzulie suffered from this treatment, but her sorrow endears her to her human followers. Other goddesses at 5 o'clock would include Aphrodite, Venus, Tlazolteotl (the Aztec goddess of love and pleasure), and Oxum (the Candomble goddess of the sweet waters). All enjoyed the company of men, preferring their camaraderie to that of women. Athena, the goddess of wisdom and learning, also preferred the company of men as friends and mentors, but stayed at the cold outer regions of the circle rather than nearer to the torrid center to preserve her virginal status. One of her favorite companions was Pallas, but she accidentally killed him during a sports event.

As mentioned earlier, such 'heterogenes' as Joan, Geb, Gaia, and Bacchus (the wife of Philemon, not the god of wine with the same name) would probably find their places at 6 o'clock. At 6 o'clock we also could place Hera, goddess of marriage and the wife of the lascivious Zeus. She once left her husband in a tiff, but Zeus announced that he would marry a local princess. Actually, he arranged a mock ceremony with a statue; when Hera discovered the ruse, she was amused and forgave her errant husband.

Radha, the frequent consort of Krishna (himself an incarnation of Vishnu), is another 'heterogene' who could be placed at 6 o'clock, as could Izanama, the ancient Japanese goddess who, with her consort Izanagi, begat the countries of the world. Sometimes these couples fit so closely together than their children have to separate them for creation

to take place; the Maori sky god Rangi and the earth goddess Papa were split apart by their son, Tane, to bring light to the people of the world. The Egyptian deities, Nut and Geb, were separated by their son, Shu, the air god, to provide some 'breathing space' for the survival of earthly inhabitants.

Folklore and Mythology: From 7 o'clock to 11 o'clock

At 7 o'clock, we need a candidate who is 'three-quarters heterogenic' and the Norse goddess Freya, goddess of both the hunt and of love, might fill the bill. Although married to Odhur, She was especially fond of the Nordic elves, primarily the diminutive male creatures; but there are hints that she enjoyed occasional female elves as well.

At 8 o'clock we might find Oxumare, the Candomble goddess of the rainbow. The daughter of Oxala and Nana, Oxumare changes from female to male or from male to female, every 6 months. Many of the ancient 'Great Goddess' figures of Europe seem to have been androgynes, the male part becoming the fertilizing power, and the female part, the generating womb (Bjarnadottir & Kremer, 2000, p. 154). We could also place the Greek goddess Teresias at this position. Although she was blind, the Greeks believed that Teresias' ambisexuality was the source of her great wisdom and insight. As was the case at 2 o'clock, we find both androgynes (e.g., the two-gendered Ymir and 'Great Goddess') and ambisexuals (e.g., Oxala, Teresias) in this cluster, as well as those deities (e.g., Syng Hyang Toenggal, Oxumare) who are able to switch genders periodically.

At 9 o'clock, we could enter many of the Candomble pombajeiras who are 'three-quarters homogenic'; these female 'exus,' or tricksters, often have sex with each other as well as the mortals who fall victim to their tricks. Some of these entities have been identified as Pombajeira Cigna, Pombajeira Mary Molombo, and Pombajeira Diana. As noted earlier, Sappho falls at 9 o'clock. Although well known for her love of women, one account claims that she threw herself into the ocean when the handsome Phaon spurned her.

At 10 o'clock, a logical entry

would be Ares' daughter, the Amazon queen whose name was variously given as Penthesileia or Hippolyta by the ancient Greeks. Artemis, the Greek goddess of the hunt, avoided the company of men, and her priestesses, the Arktoi or 'she-bears,' wore phalluses. However, there are no tales of sexual congress between Artemis and the Arktoi, and so this goddess would be a likely candidate for 10 o'clock's frosty regions. Hestia, the virginal goddess of the home and hearth, avoided the company of men, but was not involved sexually with her female companions, nor were the Nordic Valkyres, most of them warlike virgins.

Even though he once seduced a young male ward of Athena in a drunken debauch, the Greek god Dionysus was 'hyper-heterogenic' and probably falls at 11 o'clock, giving his name to the 'dionysian revels.' The only male Greek god who preferred the company of women to that of men, Dionysus eventually fell in love with Ariadne and remained faithful to her. Before that, he actually drove women who resisted him into madness, but later restored their sanity when he recovered from the rejection. Krishna, whose 'wanton rapture' of the Gopis (i.e., cowherders) is the topic of many Hindu legends (Campbell, 1962/1982, p. 344), also is placed at 11 o'clock. His love affairs with the Gopis were nocturnal events, and they returned to their husbands the next morning, convinced that their union with Krishna took place in a dream.

Conceptual Issues

In this essay, the nouns 'homosexual,' 'heterosexual,' and 'bisexual' are not used to describe any of these characters because these terms are fairly recent social constructions. Until the end of the 19th century, there was 'homosexual behavior,' etc., but the perpetrator was not called a 'homosexual.' At this point in time, various European investigators began to explore human sexuality and labeling was initiated. The ancient Greeks and Romans, and the contemporary Haitian and Brazilian adepts, would not think of confining their deities with a label!

Arthur's Circle of Sex may seem comprehensive, but it does not cover those deities who enjoyed sexual con-

gress with non-humans, e.g., the Eskimo goddess Sedna took a bird-spirit as her lover. And some deities are not human, e.g., Amaru was the water snake mother goddess of Banima mythology. Nor does it discuss characters who had sexual reassignment operations; according to the Mahabarata, Sekhanda was a woman who persuades a demon to change her sex so that she can join the army to fight her nation's enemies. Furthermore, some deities transcend gender; in Hopi mythology, Awonawilona is 'The Maker and Container of All,' but no reference is made as to gender. In addition, there are several versions of each myth, making rigid classifications dubious. In one Greek myth, Aphrodite was born as the result of a dalliance between Zeus and the sea nymph Dione. In another, Cronos cut off the genitals of his father Uranus, throwing them to sea; Aphrodite was born from the union of the water and the sperm.

Jean Bolen (1984, 1989), a Jungian psychoanalyst, has also paid special attention to the sexuality of deities, primarily the Greek gods and goddesses. Instead of using their sexuality as the basis for a typology as Arthur did, Bolen focuses upon the deities as representing 'archetypes,' defined as 'powerful inner patterns [that] shape behavior and influence emotions' (1984, p. 2). This psychological perspective is 'based on images that have stayed alive in human imagination for over three thousand years' (p. 2). A culture's social stereotypes 'reinforce some patterns and repress others' (p. 4), but knowledge of these archetypes can assist individuals on their 'individuation journey' (p. 93), held by Jungians to be one's life goal.

In other words, there can be gay Ares types and lesbian Aphrodites because the archetypes they represent are broader than sexual preference. In addition, the differentiation between 'sex' and 'gender' helps to avoid stereotyping; 'gender' resembles the Chinese use of the terms 'yin' and 'yang' rather than 'male' and 'female.' It helps to explain the presence of 'earth fathers' (e.g., Nut) and 'sky mothers' (e.g., Geb) in mythology and folklore; the archetypes of 'penetration' and 'receptivity' go much deeper than one's physical sexual characteristics.

According to Bolen (1984), an Artemis woman can be lesbian or not, frigid or not, monogamous or not; all these Artemis types see work as more important than relationships, and have a sense of affiliation with other women, professional or social. According to Bolen, if the Artemis woman is a lesbian, she is usually part of a lesbian community or network' p. 60). In addition, there are single Athenas, married Athenas, and lesbian Athenas.. All of them lack a kinship with other women, and see sex as a calculated art—as part of a broader agreement to attain some goal. Diel (1980) finds archetypal betrayal patterns in Jason's treatment of Medea, Theseus of Ariadne, and Siegfried of Brunhild. There are also false betrayals, such as Shiva's discovery of a man watching his wife bathe; only after he beheaded the offender did he discover that this was his own son, Ganesa. Shiva's promise to replace it with the first one available resulted in Ganesa's elephant head.

Parker (1996) asked some 200 women to profile their 'goddess characteristics' on a checklist, to respond to pictures of goddesses, and to discuss their feelings about the goddess concept and its implications for their lives. The results appear in Parker's book *Goddess Power*, which, for example, states that 'the Aphrodite archetype falls in love easily and often [but] Judeo-Christian, Muslim, and other patriarchal cultures tend to picture such a woman as a temptress, adulteress, or simply a whore' (1996, p. 77). Thus, social stereotype conflicts with archetype, and Bolen (1984) characterizes as 'in between' the women caught in this conflict.

Parker suggests that goddess profiles can change over time, and his checklist provides an instrument for conducting research on this topic. This change is not necessarily for the better. Parker compares one's temperament, which resists change, to computer 'hardware,' while the 'software' of social conditioning comes from external sources. Thoughts, feelings, and behaviors result from the interaction between 'hardware' and 'software,' i.e., between archetype and social stereotype. If a marriage is based on social stereotypes, and if one partner reverts to an archetype, the marriage

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may fall apart. Parker provides sample 'goodbye letters' written by seven different goddess-types, the common denominator being 'you never really knew me' (pp. 180-181).

In other words, Gavin Arthur's *Circle of Sex*, as well as other attempts to connect cultural myths with personal myths (e.g., Feinstein & Krippner, 1997) have implications for contemporary behavior. There are several human characteristics that appear to be genetically 'hard-wired' and we ignore them at our peril. Ancient and indigenous people recognized these traits, exteriorizing them in myths, legends, and folktales. This storehouse of wisdom is now the common property of all humankind, and provides a rich legacy for our continued learning and instruction. ☽

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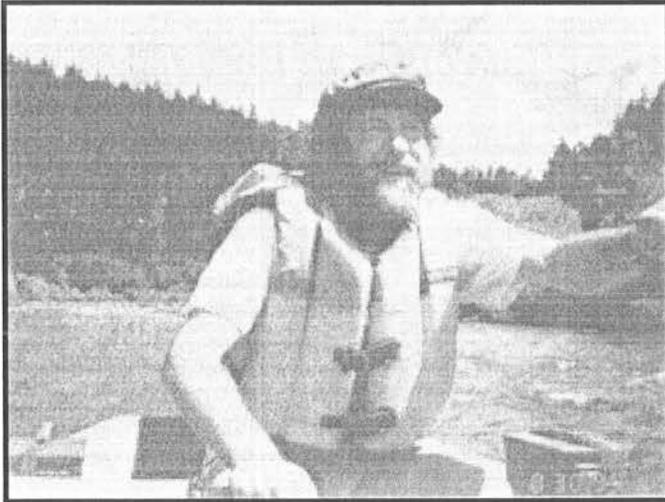
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Graywold on the Rogue River, Oregon

The Journey Home: A River Divided

By Rob Kuehn

WE ARE GIVEN MANY GIFTS throughout our lives. How we choose use them is a reflection of their value. The gift that I received was always there, it was just hidden with human conditioning and arrogance. My gift was in the question, "What if everything one believed in was wrong?"

I, like most, grew up being taught that we are a mechanistic society. That everything could be fixed systematically. My grandfather was an automobile mechanic. To this day I still hear stories of people who believed my grandfather was gifted and capable of repairing automobiles like no one else. As a young person I would dream of the days I too would be an automobile mechanic and people would come from miles away so I could fix their cars.

I never did become an automobile mechanic, but I did begin to wonder why humans were treated like automobiles.

Beyond the Machine

A few years back, I was introduced to the science of human consciousness through dream work. Dreams, I am taught, are a way to explore the subconscious. Since that time I have had the opportunity to help others heal diseases such as fibromyalgia, bipolar disorder, depression, and arthritis using a process called the Creative REM Process. By heal I mean completely and without the use of surgery, medication or hypnosis. The people I've worked with live each day without expensive medications or doctors. I have found this work quite profound and without limitation; one could conclude that if these people were healing themselves, then humans would not appear to need to rely on mechanistic procedures.

It appears we humans have the ability to repair ourselves without wrenches, hammers or even the use of

medications; which were intended to assist in our healing not to supercede or replace the mind-body-spirit healing systems.

The more opportunities I have to use the Creative REM Process or CRP the more questions I have about consciousness and how it interacts with the world.

A Gift Returned

In early December of 2002 my friend, mentor and teacher was faced with his second bleeding Aortic Aneurysm. Two years prior he had an aortic aneurysm burst and he nearly lost his life. He lives about a half-hour from the hospital and by the time he was in surgery, he retained only a half-pint of blood. Now, two years later, he was flown from his home in southern Oregon to a hospital in Portland more suited to treat his condition. He made a desperate call to me for help; He felt that if we, together, could access his subconscious he may be more prepared for what was about to take place. I made arrangements to make a 200 hundred-mile journey to be with him before the surgery. At eight o'clock on Tuesday morning I walked into the ICU at Oregon State Health and Science Hospital and was informed his surgery had been rescheduled; it would take place a day early. All I could do now was wait and pray for him. Throughout the day I stayed in contact with the hospital to follow his progress. Finally, at 8p.m. Tuesday night—12 hours after his surgery had begun—he was delivered back to his room. Over the phone, I was given the news that his leg had been removed below the knee. It appeared that since August he had reached out for medical assistance and was not taken seriously by his physician. After surviving the Aortic surgery, it was determined that the blood flow to his leg had all but ceased; his leg was virtually dead and had to be removed.

The following morning, I was allowed to spend a very short period of time with him. When I walk in I believed I was looking at a live corpse. My friend exhibited no (remote) sign of life. If it weren't for his heart monitor, I would have believed he was dead. Machines supplying medications and sedation surrounded him. The tubes penetrating his flesh retrieved information and fed it back to machines for interpretation. Anyone who knew this man knew he would not take this well. He has spent the better part of his life pursuing the power of the placebo and is one who believes in natural healing. Others may see this as a necessary evil; it wasn't for me to judge.

It was at this time I began to give back the gift he had helped to open in me. I began to listen to him intuitively. What I noticed was a near-dead human being; a cold, spiritless body kept alive only by machines. I also noticed a child-like spirit that had no care in the world. This spirit was indeed his and the spirit seemed to have no agenda, it was as if life or death really had no meaning. This was unsettling and I would spend the next five hours driving home thinking only of this experience. Why was his spirit so uninvolved? Would my friend give up or would he wake up? Who or how was such a decision made if the one was separate from the other? Time it seemed would provide the answer.

Each time over the next few weeks that the doctors tried to bring him back to the awake state of consciousness, they failed... and each time they did his blood pressure would elevate to a dangerous level. He remained in ICU heavily sedated for the next several weeks.

My wife and I made the trip the next time together. I believed her presence would help in his recovery. It was the day after Christmas when we walked into his room together. There he lie, still heavily sedated, barely able to move. We both knew with certainty that somewhere down deep inside he knew we were there beside him. Tears gathered in his eyes when we first mentioned his name. I laid my hand on the crown of his head so as to calm him and let him know things were happening as they should. My wife wiped his eyes and face hoping this would relax him, but he seemed to be fighting all the tubes, and especially the tube that carried oxygen to his lungs.

I knew from the last time he was hospitalized that he fought the oxygen tube throughout his recovery. He convinced nurses to remove the respirator earlier than the doctors would have liked, but he seemed to heal more comfortably activating his own breathing.

What happened next would not have happened, had I not known him as well as I do. I trusted him and more important at this time, I believe he trusted me.

It was clear to see that he was fighting every part of this process and I believe the more one resists the more it persists. He did not like the violation of the machines around or in him, especially the tube placed in his throat. The only thing I could do was to encourage him to let go of his resistance and trust that what was happening could not be changed by him or myself. Just then his eyes said, "Take me home." Without speaking, I

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asked if he would like to take me with him? The message was clear, he not only wanted to go home but he wanted to go home to the river.

Flowing Through Consciousness

The Rouge River in southern Oregon is a very sacred place to this man; it is where he is one with his spirit. I asked him to take me there; if he wanted to go, I would go with him. We were sharing consciousness or a co-conscious journey where his imagination and mine were joined as one and we would communicate through a dream. I will clarify this description as the story unfolds.

I began to have a daydream that he and I were going down the river together. I was rowing and he stood in the front of the raft with his arms in the air as we navigated the rapids together. The river soon calmed and I noticed his face was covered with water. Beads of water rolled across his forehead. I then opened my eyes and noticed he was sweating across his forehead the same way he was in my dream. I again placed my hand on the crown of his head and closed my eyes once more.

We came to a "Y" in the river and it was time to make a choice as to which way to go. We stood on the shore where the river separated. The river divided just as he and his spirit appeared to be divided. We stood together on the shore and I noticed his face had a concerned and confused look on it. He then asked me, "Which way do we go?" I could only respond with "This is your journey, you must decide and I will go with you." Without hesitation he went to the left. (It should be noted here that most of the damage to his body is on the left side.) During his first aneurysm, he had a stroke and lost his peripheral vision on the left side; the leg that was taken from him was also on the left side and now he has chosen the left side of the river to travel.

It has been my experience that when a person picks a direction (right, left, high, low), there is generally a subconscious purpose for this choice. For instance, a client whom I've

worked with had been diagnosed bipolar, and she often had two waterfalls in her dream. She would pick the low one when she was depressed, or the high one when she was manic.

Resuming our co-consciousness journey, we began our journey to the left side and I began to notice a black tunnel—it reminded me of a black hole in space—as if we were entering into a new dimension. We entered the tunnel and were swept over a waterfall. The fall was not too steep, and then we landed in a thick warm clear green fluid. I began to notice bubbles of air rising to the surface. The fluid seemed to frighten him and he found it hard to breathe. He appeared to be choking in the fluid and as I watched he clung to the air bubbles, seemingly using the bubbles as a way to carry himself to the surface, to find safety. I encouraged him to let go of the air bubble and to trust his imagination, allowing his imagination lead us deeper into the dream. When he let go of the air bubble, he just seemed to be floating in the fluid.

Just then the nurse walked into his room; I opened my eyes when she said it was time to clear the fluid from his lungs. I stayed by his side hoping to calm him during the uncomfortable procedure. My presence seemed to help but to my amazement the fluid that was pulled from his lungs was the same (green) fluid that was in our dream!

When the nurse left, we continued. I asked, through my dream, if he would continue going deeper into his consciousness and encouraged him to let go and to give up his struggle. In my dream he began to relax. More bubbles would slowly rise; then I began to notice a thick heavy strap being wrapped around him. This strap was wrapped very tightly around his entire body so that none of his limbs were allowed to move. He began to struggle again but that only made the strap tighten. I continued to encourage him to relax and to give in to his dream; as he was in this dream-state the machine behind him began to sound the alarm. The nurse

walked in and said, "This is odd! Why are these bubbles here?" The machine with the alarm had a tube filled with a white fluid; the white fluid was being administered to him by I-V. There were also "air" bubbles in the tubes. The nurse fixed the problem and left. What alarmed me was the white fluid was the medication that kept him heavily sedated! Sedated or controlled just like thick heavy straps.

Machine or Consciousness

It was very clear at this point that he and I were sharing the same dream and that he and I were one in consciousness... but it appeared that his consciousness was also affecting a machine! Could this be right? Were machines less mechanistic than we think? Could this mean that consciousness could be the underlying force to all mechanistic machines as well? Now I began to wonder if my grandfather had the ability to fix automobiles in ways other than the use of his hands.

The other thing that occurred to me was my friend's dream was a reflection of how he was being treated. Whenever the doctors tried to eliminate the sedation he would begin to struggle and in turn, the doctors would increase the sedation to control his blood pressure. The straps would tighten when he would struggle in his dream.

I once again joined him in the dream-state. He was still wrapped in the white strap but now his only struggle was his head moving as if struggling for air. We were interrupted once again by his respiratory therapist. The therapist checked his lungs and talked to him as if he was really listening. I liked his approach.

I asked how his lungs were? The therapist took a deep breath and slowly told us that his lungs were failing. They were not getting any better and in fact they seemed to be getting worse. This was the second time my friend had shared this with me during this dream. Through his subconscious he was sharing his struggle with me; the fluid in his lungs and the sedation he was under were

killing him. He was resisting all attempts of modern medicine because it was violating his very being.

I felt that our dream together could go no further. I shared with my wife what I had experienced with him. She had been standing quietly beside us and had noticed something similar to what I had experienced on my first visit with him weeks before. What she noticed was that during our dream, there was an image of a Wolf in the room. Now, I understand this may sound somewhat odd, but it really is quite profound knowing that this man—many years earlier—felt his life changed forever due to the presence of a wolf. She said that the wolf seemed to represent "a strength in truth" without an agenda, an "observer with faith."

This observation seemed to have an interesting twist to it. If the Wolf was a representation of the Spirit, it was not willing to join into conflict with the ego or what seemed to be a human machine. In my opinion, human conflict is strength in ego and spiritless action. The spirit doesn't operate in conflict; spirit-like consciousness moves in a flowing manner, similar to a river or steam and joins only in peace without conflict.

We soon left the hospital and I spent much time in reflection of this dream experience. Once again I had watched consciousness leap the boundaries of mechanistic machines and medicine. My mentor returned to the awake-side of his dreams within the week and began the long road to recovery. We have shared more dreams and more healing has ensued. He will return to the river... I am sure... undivided. ☽



Rob Kuehn makes his home in Arlington Washington and is a certified CRP Dream Mentor with Asklepia Foundation located in Grants Pass Oregon.



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Tiny Signs

Tiny signs were placed on the ceilings of hospital rooms, so that if people were genuinely having out-of-body experiences and hovering over their beds, they would be able to see the signs and provide 'proof' of the phenomenon.

The first to really grab my eye: IF YOU CAN STILL READ THIS, YOU'RE NOT DEAD YET Already somewhat torn between ogling and being me, this did not help.

KILROY WAS HERE was no surprise nor was NO ONE GETS OUT OF HERE ALIVE, science having always seemed a prank someone let get way out of hand.

It was the other signs, although covered by these freshly taped-up idiocies that caught me unaware.

In one, sunlight vanished into a hill near dawn, another was of fog on a road as it curved toward a sleeping town.

These, and others had been obscured by the handiwork of the inductively challenged.

Who, dead or alive, could not make out ON WAKING, PLEASE ALERT THE STAFF THAT YOU HAVE READ THIS SIGN. THANK YOU, THE STAFF placed like a refrigerator magnet above the operating table?

But it's the others, the fog upon a tiny road heading into a town that never was—this I recall as the birds start caterwauling once again, and the ground warms as the first few rays now slant across the hillside, as if a sign.

Mark Mansfield

On Turning Sixty

by Georgia Stout



SLEEP, SLEEP, SLEEP—that's all I seemed to do, though not as in a depression, but rather as lethargy. I felt frustrated and out of sorts, until a friend asked if I were anxious about turning 60. I said I hadn't thought about it, hadn't wanted to think about it, but perhaps I should. My dreams agreed, as they offered up a series leading to the actual birthday. As we know, each dream in a series tends to suggest a new aspect to the subject. The movement in this series goes from fear to acceptance to workable possibilities for the approaching decade. This piece, then, is a record of my attempt to approach my sixtieth birthday with eyes wide open, mindfully and consciously. Jane Pretat, in *Coming to Age*, writes about descent and loss of verve in our outer lives as the years creep up:

"It's as if the energy previously available to the demands of daily living were suddenly withdrawn and invested in a growth fund in the unconscious. . . . Something happens beyond our control and we find ourselves in a state of ennui. The simplest tasks seem monumental. This may last a day or it may last much longer. In some instances the depletion of energy can last for months or even years, as the work goes on in the unconscious." (49)

While Pretat offers logical reasons for prolonged lethargy, I am glad mine was short-lived. Nevertheless, the dreams suggest the unconscious at work on my behalf.

Dream: I am in wild Alaska, in deep snow country, perhaps on a glacier. A party of us are on skis. We get separated on two ridges over a valley, so I think we'll meet up at the end. Daughter Sarah, about 10 in the dream, is with me and some man. We get separated as I slide down the ridge to the valley on my rear end. Sarah follows. Then we make our way down the snow valley on foot. I think I hear my husband, Dave, but he's laughing and doesn't answer when I desperately call his name. Ahead, I see a helicopter across the way and a round, white building, somewhat like an observatory. Sarah and I look, then suddenly I am on my stomach and she is dangling from my hand over an enormous drop-off whose bottom I can't see. She seems unafraid, but I call for help; I know I am not strong enough to pull her up.

This dream has a nightmare quality to it. My dream group thought it had to do with age, about losing a grip on youth— Sarah is my youngest child and was, at the time,

with child. Further, it seemed that the frozen tundra equates to the winter of life, to being on one's own, as I surely am when Dave doesn't answer, as we all are, ultimately. The helicopter and observatory are curious: what must I be observing for this flight? Perhaps it's the shapes to which I must pay attention: a dome on a flat surface is iconic for the rising sun. Allusion to the birth of the sun in the distance adds a hopeful quality to this dream.

Carol Pearson says it is crucial to acknowledge that even the misfortune of leaving one's youth behind can be experienced as a dismemberment. In her book, *Awakening the Heroes Within*, she depicts various aspects of the self as archetypes. The Destroyer, it seems, an archetype strongly present in me today, "begins to become our ally when we recognize the need to change or give something up without denying the pain or grief involved" (143).

In the second dream, there is a young girl who reads aloud from existential literature as I clean out my room. She is at a desk in the hall. She has large, solemn eyes that match the solemnity of her voice. She burns red candles, one of which I have given her. A piece of candle has been made to stand in the linoleum floor, and others stick out horizontally from the desk. I show her how to light them and speak of her power. Then I am embracing and caressing her as we lie on a pile of clothes discarded from my room.

I am cleaning out my room, my most personal psyche - to make room for her? Perhaps she is my reclaimed youth, or acceptance of the existential facts. The candles have to do with transformation and power. Thus, they bring light and, along with the girl's readings, reveal wisdom. The girl is a chrysalis, an aspect of me I can embrace, while the discarded clothes are surely discarded aspects of the persona.

Next, I am in an airport with my friend, Miki, and my daughter, Betsy. Our shoes are off and missing; watches and clothes are forgotten, including panty hose. We are representatives at a liquor convention. I have no identification, but I am given permission to replace what I need from hotel shops. My spouse is peripheral. I spend the rest of the [dreaming] night designing the costumes I would have the shops make, including a mask.

This dream suggests I am taking flight without the normal accoutrements. They are not necessary. The idea of a liquor convention reaches back to the past and suggests I have old skills which can be resurrected; again, I am on my own. The costumes imply I am in the process of reinventing myself, and they are quite necessary, as, in the previous dream, I have discarded my old persona. I can even don a new mask if I choose, a new face, a new way of looking out at the world.

A couple months before my birthday, I spent the day thinking about all I have experienced and learned, and I realized that now is my time to contribute. I've been a gatherer of knowledge all too long, and now it is time to give back. Perhaps I can truly be a crone. Judith Viorst writes that "the perspective upon a long personal past with experience to season and focus that perspective. . . is a positive and unique gift of being old" (293). The decade of my 40s was rather somnambulant—at least till the end—but my 50s teemed with the excitement of new life, of learning, of travel, of friends. While recognizing, along with my existential dream girl, the facts that accompany this age, I still feel vibrant and energetic, and I look forward to the next decade.

In the next few months, my dreams were filled with babies and children. If it is the Self I am birthing, then I must send love

messages to that self in support of it. It also helps to have people around who support that birthing of Self. Pretat asks the question we must all ask: "Who is the child of our future development who [sic] we somehow lost, abandoned or never knew in earlier life?" Like many soul searching questions, this one has to do with the possibility that the "relationship to the mother, whether personal or archetypal, has in some way been lost, along with a part of the personality" (53). Certainly, it is nearly impossible not to lose pieces of oneself as the infant identifies with and concentrates on that which seems to please the mother. The longer we live, the better our chances to give birth to those suppressed aspects of the Self.

I dreamed an enormous, long dream related to the house in which we raised our family. Briefly, the new owners had changed not only the interior but also the façade from Tudor to southwestern. The man took us for a raft ride along the stream that went around the property. A boy was injured, and a grandmother-type took care of him. Later, looking at the house from a distance, my husband said "Look, it's on a ridge and will eventually all fall down."

If the house is my psyche, changes have been made in a masculine manner. Indeed, the small masculine is injured, but it doesn't really matter because none of us, including me, is immortal; eventually, we will all fall down. What about the stream of water encircling this house, this psyche? The movement is clockwise, indicating conscious awareness, as well as suggesting I am going with the flow, so to speak. And if we understand this moving water as a psychic cleanser, it may be washing away old ways of being, old beliefs.

Reminded that the archetype of the Destroyer is a high priority for me, I note that the Destroyer's goal is growth and metamorphosis, and

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the task is to learn to let go, turn it over, accept mortality. Pearson says most people have some form of self-destructive behavior, thus the question becomes who or what gets destroyed and by whom.

I dream I am a senior in high school. The English teacher has four old books from which we are to choose to read as a class. We choose a seventeenth century swashbuckler and a white, handwritten journal. The latter has an ISBN number, so I know it has been published. I offer to go to the librarian to find out if the first book is available. At the office, I see a notice on the librarian's locked door that she's away. I ask to use a phone to call the publisher but am treated like the student I appear to be and denied permission. The woman suggests a pay phone on the third floor where the seniors are. I say I am a senior.

Back near the classroom, I see "Mr. King" with whom I taught long ago. I reintroduce myself, and he says he remembers me from Notre Dame. He is helpful and explains that the journal is written by a sick or dying man and contains his remarks regarding all the kindnesses that have been offered to him. It is not yet finished. It seems I can get students to make copies of this journal for all to read. The pressure is off the swashbuckler. A comic, toilet scene full of women my age follows,

Julia

While I bathe her body,
her wisdom washes over me.
Storied, pearl-like droplets
search for a resting place.

Proud presence transcends
paralyzed limbs, crumpled linen.
Enthusied remembering enlivens-
overshadows her failing body.

Julia carries us back
nearly ninety years
to a remembrance
that still delights her.

"Shortly after Grandfather died,
he set me on his knee in a dream
saying, 'I'll see you again someday.'
It was so real."

A bright smile lights her face.
Eyes brim, in anticipation.
Her frail fingers reach for mine
press them to her cheek.

Helen A. Quade

*then I am the teacher, and the
classroom is serene.*

The repeated use of the word senior is clear, though the dream suggests, at the beginning, that I have not accepted myself as a senior person. Instead, I must be reminded that I am moving beyond the goal-setting, learning phase-indeed, the library is locked-and it is now time to take my place as a mentor; the king is dead, long live the king-or queen. The toilet scene suggests a certain giddiness or bawdiness that can characterize women friends; it reminds me of Demeter, in mourning for her lost daughter/youth, raising her skirt with a raucous laugh. Then there is the journal, a handwritten piece that is not yet finished. Perhaps it is the story of my life.

Shortly thereafter, my dream was of graduation, though I still didn't get it.. In the dream, I am focused

on changing clothes for various activities but am distracted by two young girls requesting therapy-type answers. When I get to yoga, I see foods set out for a reception.

I ask what's going on, and the registrar says, Georgia, it's graduation. Mine? I ask. When? Now, he says. I ask for a few minutes to change clothes, then run across the campus to our lodging where my spouse clumsily helps me. I wake up, certain that I have the appropriate shoes somewhere in my bag.

Again, the clothes seem to be about selecting or changing a persona, while not being aware of the graduation suggests I might let this major birthday slide by unconsciously. The dream wants me to be aware of my skills, of my place in life at this time. Having the appropriate shoes indicates I am indeed grounded in this persona. Pretat reminds me that "developing an ego that endures the truth and does not meddle with fate seem[s] to be [a goal] we all strive for as we go through the transitional passage of coming to age" (42). My dreams seem to be insisting I accept the existential truth and move on.

Then, finally, I dream of a positive intervention, followed by a counterbalancing dream:

The setting is my house, though unfamiliar. It is sparsely furnished. An old friend, Anne, telephones that she is coming over. I am pleased. Another woman shows up and says, yes, she knows Anne called. Anne shows up as do about ten other women I knew many years ago in a service organization, women a few years older than I am. One by one, they tell me how important my work is and suggest ways I might disseminate it by writing, teaching, and so on. The meeting is powerful.

In the second dream, the setting is a classroom. I am inexplicably chained, albeit lightly, to the piano bench. I cannot read my watch,

but I probably could if I switched it to the other arm. Several other adults are in the room. Someone from the hall asks how many of us want to stay the night. We all raise our hands. I am disappointed not to be the only one, but it is okay.

The first dream seems to be welcoming me to this decade of my life, to be inviting me to join my elders, while simultaneously stressing the importance of my body of knowledge. That the house is uncluttered is also positive: perhaps my psyche need only deal with the basics. The second, however, is rather a warning: if a piano has to do with creativity, the suggestion is that I'd better be chained to it if I want to accomplish anything, teaching being an implication of the setting. Time seems not to matter, nor does solitude. In fact, it may be that the presence of colleagues is necessary. Pretat warns that "Especially as we search for wisdom in age, we need to be aware of whether our desire is to be more powerful in the world or to give birth to new creativity without placing a personal claim on it" (69). This seems an important distinction, one validated by the second dream in which I am not to be singled out.

In my waking life, I had dismissed the importance of my sixtieth birthday, choosing not to contemplate what it means to approach one's seventh decade. Further, though I had completed a PhD over a year ago, I still hesitated to "put myself out there," if you will. The dreams prodded me, encouraged me, and even demonstrated what fun it can be to move past the trappings of youth and middle age. Thanks be to dreams! ♪

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Pretat, Jane R. *Coming to Age*. Toronto: Inner City Books, 1994.

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Listening to the Dreams of the Elderly

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AT A RECENT FAMILY REUNION, I had a wonderful opportunity to listen to a beautiful dream told to me by my wife's ninety-two year old Aunt Victoria. It was an experience that illustrated to me another aspect of the healing nature often found in dreams. Sometimes people will already have had a healing dream, however they need someone to listen, someone to confirm for them that what they are experiencing is just as real and important as the events in their waking life.

Aunt Vicky arrived at the reunion shortly after my wife and I had arrived. I could see the ninety-degree heat was bothering her. She seemed tired and was moved slowly. After giving her a hug, I sat next to her on the couch. Looking at her face, I sensed her tiredness. When I inquired as to how she was feeling, she looked me straight in the eye and told me that since the recent death of her two sisters, she has felt very poorly. My distinct impression was that her spirit was tired and I saw tears in her eyes as she told me her brother was also very ill and not doing well. Even though she was sitting here

surrounded by three generations of family, I could still feel the pain of her loss. She had spent her entire life in close contact with her family and they were the part of her life she always cherished the most.

Sensing an opportunity to do some dreamwork here, I asked her if she ever saw her deceased sisters in her dreams. She seemed both startled and excited by this question. "Why yes!" she exclaimed,

"every night when I go to sleep I dream that they are in my bed with me. When I awaken in the morning, I go to reach for them and they are not there. It makes me feel so sad." I smiled and nodded my head in agreement. "I have a feeling your sisters will always be there for you," I told her. She got quiet for a moment and looked forlorn. When I asked her what was wrong, she told me her daughter wouldn't take her seriously whenever she tried to talk about her dreams of her sisters. "It's OK Aunt Victoria" I told her, "I'll listen to your dreams whenever you want to talk about them." She seemed happy at hearing this and smiled at me.

As I watched her get up in order to partake in the poker game materializing in the kitchen, I realized that we had given each other a gift. She had given me the gift of her dream and I had given her the gift of listening to that dream. ♪

Edward Bonapartian is a dreamer from the Albany New York area who delights in sharing dream awareness with friends and family. Contact him at 44 Van Heusen Street, Albany, NY 12205 Eves (518) 869-2344 Days 1-800-388-7833 edward@acmenet.net



Close Encounters: Visitations in the Dreamtime

by Dawn Star Dickson



IN THIS TIME OF IMMENSE WORLD CHANGE it is imperative that each of us look within for guidance and council. We are leaving the time of the external expert and entering the age of personal and community wisdom, intuition and inner expertise. Now is the time for us to truly listen to what our dreams have been trying to reveal to us all along and to share these night visions with our communities. We do not dream for ourselves alone but for each other and for our world. My experience has shown me that many people are being offered messages of on-going life and connection to the Spirit realm through visitations in the dreamtime.

DREAMS OF THE BEREAVED

A turning point in my professional work with dreams came several years ago when I developed and managed a hospice bereavement

program. I led grief support groups and talked to countless individuals in person and by phone offering grief support and counseling. People would consistently speak of having dreams of their deceased loved ones. These dreams were reported as having a different quality to them. They were always notably vivid and described as feeling "real." In all of my experience listening to people individually and in group settings, I have only heard one person express distress about these kinds of dreams. Almost unanimously people welcomed them and told me that these dreams brought them a sense of great relief. I began to present the possibility that these may not simply be dreams of mourning, but rather actual visitations from loved ones bringing messages to the bereaved. In these largely mainstream, conservative groups this idea was startling. Despite being in unfamiliar territory, many admitted that they believed this could be possible. For some

people, the notion that their loved one might visit them from the other side completely rocked the foundation of their belief system. It caused them to reexamine their assumptions and question the narrow perspective from which they had viewed spiritual matters.

These discussions usually began with one brave soul courageous enough to speak of her experience authentically in a gathering of mostly strangers. I liken that person to the child in the famous story who boldly claims that the emperor has no clothes. As soon as it was declared that communication with those who have transitioned to the other side might be possible, others began to tell their stories. Soon, those who had not had such encounters began wishing for a visitation, a sign from their loved one that all was well in life and death.

I am thankful for the honor of sitting with these broken-hearted

and wise human beings. The gift I received from them was the understanding that dreams are more than unconscious psychological material. They taught me that dreams provide information and encounters on various levels. They escorted me into the realm of sacred dreaming, ancestor work and the spiritual essence of the dreamtime.

In her book *Dreamspeak*, Rosemary Ellen Guiley writes about three types of "encounter dreams": the farewell dream, the reassurance dream, and the dream gift.

THE FAREWELL

In my hospice work, medical social work, and private practice, I have heard many stories of deceased loved ones visiting dreamers to say good-bye. I find this to be particularly common when the death is sudden, giving the bereaved no time to say good-bye or come to terms with the traumatic event. In many cases these dreams were telepathic in nature in that the dream encounter took place at or near the time of death. One woman I spoke with dreamt that she was walking down the street. She glanced to the other side of the road and saw her father waving to her. No words were spoken. She did not cross the street to join him. She simply waved back. Upon awakening, she knew that she had been waving good-bye. She immediately made a phone call to discover that her father had indeed died unexpectedly in the night. He was saying farewell from "the other side" of the road or path.

THE REASSURANCE

Reassurance dreams are the most common type of encounter dreams reported to me. Some might say that dreams of this nature are simply wish fulfillment from people with unresolved grief issues. Having listened to the power, intensity, and lucidity of such dreams, I disagree with this interpretation. These encounters leave the dreamer with a feeling of complete confidence in the divine order of life events. With reassurance dreams there is a

knowing that life is eternal and that loved ones will reunite. Most often, the deceased appears to be in restored and vibrant health. A woman I know whose father died recently dreamt that she had bought a new home, a grand white colonial with two large columns on either side of the door. This house closely resembled her childhood home. Her father was visiting for a barbecue. In the dream she was nine months pregnant, ready to give birth at any moment. She described his body as being luminescent, surrounded by a white light. She attempted to convince her father that he should move in with her, since she had plenty of space in her new home and because he had apparently been living down the street anyway. He told her no. "I don't live down the street anymore. I'm in a much better place now. I'm happy and I really like it where I am." He added, "It's warm there too" and then he left. While it is evident that this dreamer was processing her grief, it is also quite possible that he was literally visiting her, informing her that he can no longer live with her in this world and reassuring her that he is in a good place.. This dreamer does not consider herself to be overtly spiritual and was shocked to have such a soulful dream. Incidentally, she is in the process of moving to another state, will be buying a new house, and is pondering starting a family. The idea of her father not sharing in this happiness of course brings sorrow. Pregnancy almost always symbolizes new beginnings. The death of a parent is a turning point for many people. We are not the same following the death of a parent. In some ways we finally become adults. It will be wonderful to see the creations she gives birth to in her new life.

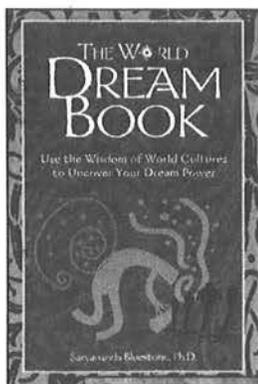
THE GIFT

This is a most special type of dream. It crosses over into shamanic dreaming where a teacher, guide or ancestor shows up to give you advice, answer a question, show you a path, or communicate love or forgiveness. It is very important to pay attention to the gift for it could be life altering.

Shortly after my father died I had a dream where I was in a crowded room with many strangers. My father walked in, dressed in a suit looking as handsome and healthy as he ever had, despite the cancer that ravaged his robust body. My heart leapt into my throat. "It's him!" It was all so real. I ran up to him and threw my arms around him. I could feel his body and smell his Old Spice after-shave cologne. I then realized that the woman standing next to me could not see him. "Don't you see him?" I asked. She could not. I refocused on him. He held out his closed hand, something obviously hidden in his palm. I opened my hand to receive his offering. Into my palm poured several brightly colored stones. I felt great gratitude. I proceeded to look for a proper bag or container to hold this precious gift. Suddenly he was gone. He never said a word. This was a reassurance dream in that it was clear to me that he was well. But I also received the colorful stones, bones from the Mother Earth that he so loved. He was a gardener in his retired years (Down to Earth Gardening was the name of his business) and he was also a rock hound. He loved stones. I know in his life on this plane he did not know of the powerful healing property of stones and the significance of color. He just knew what he loved. And so I gather stones from the Earth as they are gifted to me and use them in my healing work. Never underestimate the gifts from the other side.

THE ANCESTORS

Sometimes visitations can be from family members we never knew or from ancient ancestors. In the *Dream Network Journal* (Vol. 21 #4), Russell Arthur Lockhart, Ph.D. tells an incredible story about being startled in a dream by the face of an old man saying sternly, "I am your grandfather!" He said nothing else, just stared at him. Lockhart brushed it off, especially since he had known his now-deceased grandfathers and this apparition looked nothing like them. But the dream reoccurred, again and again, in the same way, with the man's face prominent and saying

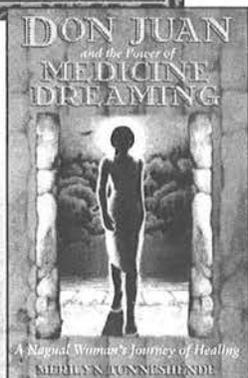


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clearly, "I am your grandfather!" The dreams were so frequent that he finally sought council. After much analysis leading nowhere, his stumped therapist said, "Go tell your mother this dream." He did so, and discovered to his amazement that the man he thought to be his maternal grandfather was not. His grandmother had a passionate love affair with a man resulting in her pregnancy while her husband was away serving military duty. After many years and much diligence on Lockhart's part, following a string of difficulties and seemingly impossible synchronicities (he had only one old photo and a set of military dog tags that were not particularly helpful), he discovered descendants of his real grandfather. He discovered cousins he never knew he had. When they showed him a more recent photo of their grandfather Frank Davis, he saw that it was the same face that had appeared in his dream. Why his blood grandfather thought it was important for Lockhart to know him now is

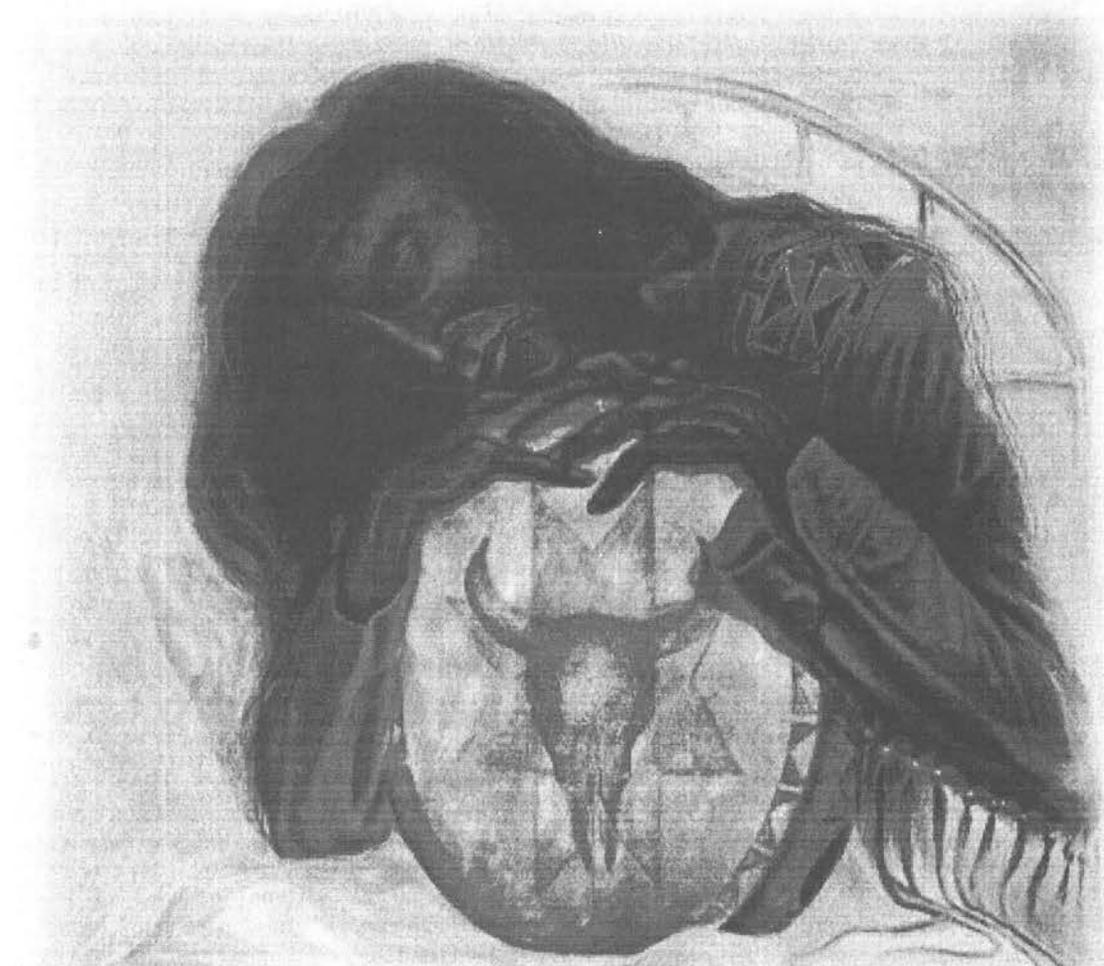
unclear and certainly a very personal part of Lockhart's spiritual journey. I share his story to illustrate the immense energy field we are working with when we commit to honoring our dreams. I also share it to emphasize the power of our own knowing and say, once again, never underestimate the images of the dreamtime or gifts from the ancestors.

THE COMMITMENT

Connie Kaplan (*Dreams are Letters from the Soul*) says that dreaming is humanity's most common spiritual practice. Even people who do not consider themselves to be spiritual have dreams that make them stop and ponder their life journey, now and beyond. Truly benefiting from the gifts and messages of the dreamtime requires attention, commitment and gratitude. We can no longer look at dreams as simply entertainment. Dreams speak to us in a different language, a language of energy, image, symbol, metaphor, and ritual. Languages are not learned

overnight. They require study, practice, dedication, and sometimes immersion in the culture itself. Unraveling the mysteries of the dreamtime asks nothing less than total commitment to one's soul. You will find that if you make such a commitment, the flavor of your dreams will change and visitations from beyond will increase, bestowing gifts you could have never imagined. These gifts are not for you alone. They are to be given back, as all energy is given back, so that we may continue to evolve, heal and achieve our potential. ☺

Dawn Star Dickson, MSW is a therapist and spiritual counselor helping individuals through life transitions using dreamwork to access the rich landscape of metaphor and archetypes. She leads a twice monthly Sacred Dreaming Circle. She is available for private consultation, dream circles, retreats and workshops on dreams and other related topics. Contact her at 206-781-1772 or E" ronanddawn1@attbi.com.



Hospital Wards

Sorrow secretly stains the air
in the butter light.

A brief glimpse of faces unknown
in the pale glass.

Piles of blankets hide a dead man
in the stark corridor.

While slippers flop and flip
on the bleached floor.

In the white walls grief weeps
in the crack of broken hearts.

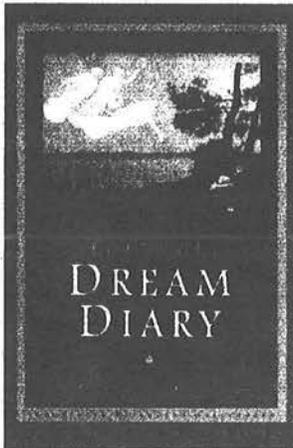
The mouth of time hangs open
in the looseness of old age.

No comfort for those who waste and die
in cold, sterile hospital wards.

by Phillip Maden
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Dreams, Dying and Death

by Judith Picone

IN 1993 MY SISTER DIED after suffering through a battle with cancer. Approximately four years prior to her death I began receiving dreams that would guide me through this sacred, intense and troubling time we had left together.

About a week before we learned of my sister's cancer, I was given a gift in the form of a dream. This dream proved to be a guiding force for me during the three-and-a-half years ordeal of my sister Shirley's fight against the disease. The dream not only told me I would be guided, but also told me who would be guiding me: The dream:

"Criminals are after me. I flee into the forest where I find a small cottage hidden amongst the trees. I walk up to it and find the door open, slip inside and hide under the couch which completely conceals and protects me. I am told this is

Cerridwen's house. I find some paints in front of me, and while waiting for the danger to pass, paint the patterns presented. Later, Cerridwen returns. She teaches me how to correct injustice. When I have learned what she has to teach me, she says, "You are now Cerridwen." That is, "You have been taught my powers and can use them." When I leave the cottage it is night. As I walk down the road back toward town, I encounter my sister. I take her hand and we fly above the ground. We come to a restaurant next to a tall evergreen tree and fly up to sit on one of its upper branches. Down below, we see the criminals, but are not ready to confront them. I am told it will take four years before we are ready. While we rest on the tree branch I show Shirley the movements that will enable her to

fly on her own. As I help we fly off the branch and over the city heading towards home. When we near the river there is a long warehouse with many doors opening and closing on both sides. We must fly in one set of doors and out the others on the opposite side. I take Shirley's hand and we manage to make it through both sets of doors. Then we fly out over the river, under the bridge and head home."

Although I didn't have a clue as to the message of this dream, the meaning came into focus when my sister called telling me she had cancer. Now I realized that my dreamself had given me a great source of guidance in the form of Cerridwen, the old feminine crone who has helped in healing throughout the ages. I could understand that my dream criminals were the cancer Shirley was carrying in her body. I

knew that this was bringing danger to her life, but the dream told me there would be a reprieve. There would be time to tie up the loose ends of her life and time to say good bye to her loved ones. Most of all my dream told me that I was being given a gift that would give me strength and knowledge to help my sister with her disease and with her passing.

When Shirley found out about her cancer she was told that she had a large cancerous tumor in her left lung and that it was attached to her shoulder blade. The doctors were not sure whether or not to operate. The success of the operation would depend on whether or not the tumor could be dislodged through radiation and chemotherapy treatments. After receiving this news Shirley dreamed:

"I am with my three grandchildren. We are being chased by the "bad guys" and are surrounded by streams of poisonous waters. The children and I run and hide and manage to escape. I get the children safely into a house were they are protected. However, soon the bad guys come back and capture me."

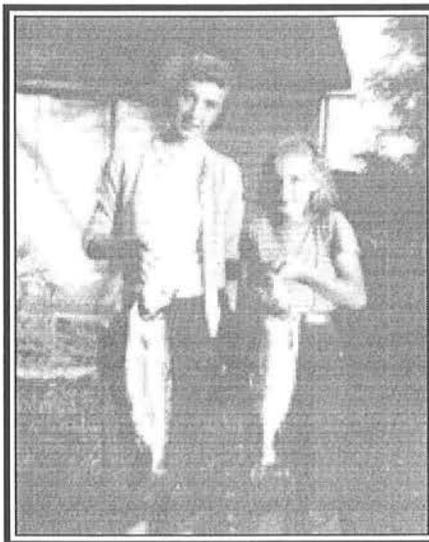
Shirley's dream told her what mine had told me. She would have some time to live, but whatever the cure, her cancer would return and get her. We both understood the poisonous streams in her dream to be that of the radiation and chemotherapy. I did not work in depth with Shirley on this dream, because her will to live was very strong. And it was her strong will that kept her going long after others would have succumbed to the pain she had to endure. I did not want her to have to face the second part of her dream, the part that said the bad guys (her cancer) would come back to get her.

In my dreams "Owl" became the guide helping my sister's soul in the transition between body and spirit. "Eagle" represented the guide that would take her spirit home. One night

I dreamed:

"I hear a sawhet owl hoot from a tree. I am staying at a house out in the woods. I open the window and look to see if I can spot the owl.

Before I have time to look, she jumps onto my arm and then moves up to my right shoulder. "Owl" leads me to understand that I can no longer leave this wooded area for it is where I belong. I am told that this small owl represents a symbol for death. The sawhet and I are now as one. I think to myself, "This death is not so bad, not what I expected."



From this dream on I would think of "Owl" in connection with Cerridwen. Owl as the manifestation of Cerridwen's energy.

Shirley wanted to take a trip to the Southwest. She was interested in seeing the Anasazi ruins, the Grand Canyon, Albuquerque and Santa Fe. We put together a trip and two other friends joined us. Shirley's operation was successful and the doctors had given her an okay. However, a night or two before we departed on our journey I dreamed:

"Shirley, Suzanne, Leigh and I are walking down a hill to the water's edge and come to a large tree with

an eagles nest in it. Two large, fluffy baby eagles are in the nest. As we approach, the parent eagles become agitated. One of the eagles swoops down and picks something up. When we come nearer we see that it is a bear standing on its hind legs being supported by an eagle on either side. I think the bear is dead. We wait. The eagles let Suzanne and Leigh each pick one of them up. As they hold the eagles they circle back to where Shirley and I are standing. Now the eagles let Shirley and I pass on our way. After we pass the tree, Suzanne and Leigh release the eagles. The eagles are upset with us for trespassing on their territory, but let us go on our way."

This is a part of a longer dream that told me our trip would be enriched by having our friends Suzanne and Leigh along. The dream went on all night long and in it we keep coming back to the eagle tree. Each time we pass we are told we must pass before it gets dark. This was an important trip for my sister. She wanted to feel good, to heal her body, and get on with her life as though her cancer were nothing but a bad dream. However, my dream was showing me eagles, representing spirit, and that this was a time of crossings. The bear, my symbol of physical healing and protection, was dead! The eagles let us pass, but they give me the message that we needed to hurry before it gets dark. Before Shirley becomes too ill to travel.

Leigh, Shirley and I started our trip on a sunny, fall day. We headed down highway 101 along the Washington and Oregon coasts until we hit California where we would pick up Suzanne. I decided to take highway 1 along the California coast. It was a mistake. The switchbacks made my sister very ill. We didn't have reservations for a motel room and it was getting dark. Finally, we came to a place called "Serenisea" and were lucky to find a nice cottage

to rent with three bedrooms and that overlooked the sea. We were tired and went to bed early. In the morning I was awakened to Leigh calling me. She was outside gathering feathers that were spread out in front of my bedroom window and down the bank to the sea. I joined Leigh in gathering the feathers. We could see that they were owl feathers and then Leigh found a few eagle feathers. It was apparent that an owl had battled with an eagle and lost the fight. This had occurred sometime during the night or early morning hours as there were no feathers about when we were out looking at the sea upon our arrival.

The doctors had told Shirley she was all right. Now this incident of the owl (for me representing soul guide) and eagle (spirit guide) seemed to be "dreamtime" manifesting. It's message clearly showing me that this journey we were taking would not bring healing to Shirley's body. The journey was about healing her soul. Shirley's health went up and down during the trip and by the time we reached home she was so ill she had to be hospitalized.

It is hard to put together the extent of imagery, symbols, and metaphors that entered my dream life the last year of Shirley's physical life here on earth. I dreamed a lot of dark people representing "the bad guys" and scary, dark places. The dark represented something "hidden" and "dangerous." Then these dark images and places transformed and became my friends. I dreamed a dream I called...

"Gathering The Dark:"

"I am at a family gathering with Shirley and other members of my family. The dream scene changes and we find ourselves among black people in a black neighborhood. It is night and something is up, some kind of a plot which is dangerous and must be stopped! A black,

female detective goes into dangerous territory and is kidnapped. Now we two (male) detectives must go find her. We borrow a "Thunderbird" and drive to a museum in the black part of town where we know we will find the information we will need. Once inside the museum, we look for the room where we might find the files and schematics. By looking through these files and schematics, we are certain we will find the



whereabouts of the female detective. Perhaps she is in the basement amongst the dead bodies. A meeting is about to start. A black person knocks at the door telling us to join them. This must be the place, their secret hideout."

In working with this dream I could understand its message as expressing my fears of Shirley's dying and her enormous fear of what lay behind death's door. The final loss of a loved one is not something I wanted to think about. My dream told me it was time and I must allow my conscious mind to join forces with that which is dark and hidden, and cannot be seen with my normal waking eye. I am now entering a place that

is old, a place of museums. I cannot travel through, nor be in this area during daylight, sunlight, and with an intellectual, reasoning mind. This place is both scary and intriguing to me. It is the place where my sister must go, or pass through. It was easy to understand why I had dreamed this dream. Every time I met with Shirley I could see that her body was growing more diseased, her energy level more weakened.

The male dream detectives intrigued me. We, "male detectives," go to rescue the kidnapped "female detective," all of which are parts of myself. This tells me that my intellectual mind is trying to understand the mystery of dying and death. My feelings and intuition (female detective) have already been "captivated" or kidnapped by the dark. Perhaps my "feeling" female detective is trying to lure my conscious, reasoning mind into a better understanding of the "unknown." I might think of the two male detectives as myself and my sister. I am trying to bring Shirley along in my detective search into her dying and what dying brings after death. It is interesting that we go to find out about all of this in a "Thunderbird" car. To me the Thunderbird is similar to the Phoenix. A symbol of new life coming out of the ashes of the old.

Toward the end of Shirley's life I was so close to her emotionally and physically that I would dream about what was going on with her health. One night I dreamed:

"We are at an archeological dig. In the dream we are invited into a tent where there are mummies in caskets. We begin to notice some noxious fumes and can't breathe. Then we discover we are locked inside of the tent. I find a sharp instrument and cut a hole in the tent so we can get out."

In the morning my Aunt called to tell me Shirley had been rushed to the hospital. She had suffered during the night with an asthma

attack and couldn't breath.

As death courted Shirley, the dark courted my dreams. I dreamed:

"I am walking toward my sister's house when I pass a tall dark woman wearing black. I think perhaps she is an Indian woman. I turn left and cross a bridge and walk into a wooded area. I look up and see a raven swoop down toward me. I know it is bringing me a message of Shirley's death."

"I am staying at ranch. I am there with my sister, cousins, and other relatives.

We are enjoying our time together when we are told to go inside for it is the day that the "Wild Elk" comes. His is a shape changer and can become a horse or donkey. Everything he touches dies! The Elk comes charging through the barn yard. Back in the house myself (as my sister) is longing to go outside... she hears the seductive call of the Elk and wants to follow it. We won't let her out."

Even the most scary dream of death was somehow softened by the dream content. One of the most memorable described life and death as an opera. I dreamed:

The Stage of Life

"The opera, Aida, is in progress and I am a stage hand. I am waiting for the scene where I will let the horses out on stage. It is night and I hear a sound outside of the window. I look out and see the terrifying head of a horse attached to a human body. I know that this horse has come to kill the lead female performer singing on stage. I call down to the cast to leave the scene and protect themselves. Instead they continue on with their performance as though nothing is wrong. Suddenly

the terrifying horseman appears and kills the woman. The opera goes on just as though nothing had happened."

Shirley was getting ready to end her life her on earth and our son was getting ready to graduate from Airborne School in Georgia. I wanted to be there for his ceremony. My dreams let me know that I could go and would be back home in time to be with Shirley at her time of death.

The night we returned from our vacation and entered the house our



phone was ringing. Shirley was in the hospital and seemed okay. I told her I would be over in the morning. That night I dreamed:

"He comes for us in the boat. First he ferries her across. Then he comes back for me. We stand waist deep in the water. There are two ferry men, one black, stands behind me, and one white in front."

To get to my sisters, I had to catch a ferry. This ride always gave me time to collect myself on the way over to see her and get myself back together on the way home. When I arrived at the hospital, Shirley was surrounded by her doctor and several nurses. I knew this was it. Her face was covered with an oxygen

mask and she was not able to move. Her eyes were deploring. I held her hand and sat with her all day and into the evening. My nephew spent the night with her and I returned the next morning. I knew she wanted to say something, but it was too late. Eventually it struck me, because Shirley was so heavily sedated she might not know she was dying? I asked the nurses and they said this might be true. So I did what I did not want to do. I started telling her it was time to leave her body. That

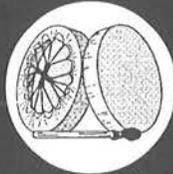
we all loved her and knew she loved us. As I was telling her this I looked out the window and over the bay saw two bald eagles flying. I told Shirley, in her mind's eye, to turn her head and see that there were two eagles outside to help her spirit fly free. My family arrived and we all sat with Shirley telling her we loved her and although we would miss her, we wanted her to go on. It was time. A feeling came over me that I should leave. I went up to Shirley and touching her firmly said, "I am leaving now. You know where you can find me." I did this a couple of times and wondered what on earth my family thought of my actions? I was so sleepy on the drive to the ferry that I didn't

think I would make it. Once on the boat, instead of going up into the cabin as I usually do, I let the back of my seat down and fell immediately to sleep. About fifteen minutes later, I awakened to a brilliant flash of golden light. I looked at my watch and it was 4:15. When I arrived home my husband told me that my niece had called to say that Shirley had passed away at 4:15. As I was crossing the water, Shirley crossed the "Great Water" home. I recalled my initial dream of Cerridwen. She had guided me from beginning to end. Even in the crossing of the water. ©

Judith Picone can be contacted by writing her at 8506 Main St., Edmonds, WA 98026 or email DPicone@msn.com

Shamanic DreamTime

by Connie Mah



SHAMANS OF INDIGENOUS CULTURES consciously traveled the dreamworld to heal individuals and ensure the survival of their communities. A resurgence in this ancient wisdom indicates that our culture is opening to the gifts of dreaming and the many benefits of listening to dream wisdom. Personally, working with my dreams has taught me much of my inner being and listening to my heart.

For many years, I have known that dreams were guiding me in making choices. Dreams of long-lost friends prompted me to look them up. Terrifying dreams demanded that I make major changes in my life. Dreams of deceased loved ones eased my pain during difficult periods. Precognitive dreams surprised me. Mystical dreams left me in awe.

I thought that everyone dreamed this way, with deep emotion, vivid color and powerful content. I think everyone does. Some do not remember. Some do not want to remember because they don't like the message that they infer. Others have been told that dreams are nothing more than random nerve firing and consequently, they discard them as useless. But many believe that there is much more!

We are a confused culture when it comes to understanding the purpose and meaning of dreams. Are dreams communications from our soul? Is it possible to extract

guidance and wisdom from our dreams? Can we find creative solutions to complicated problems (including those that are technically challenging) in our dreams? Albert Einstein spoke of his dreams guiding him in his work on Relativity. Do we work out our everyday issues in the following night's spontaneous dreams?

If you have come to believe that you might be more than your physical body, I invite you to consider working with your dreams as a means of exploring your spirit. There are many ways to do this, but it is best to begin by keeping a journal. And, if you don't remember your dreams, state an affirmation just before going to sleep and write down something when you wake, even if it is a feeling or thought. Begin to send a signal to your deeper self that you wish to lift the veil between your conscious and subconscious. In recording my own dreams, I've found that I have many types, a few of which I will share here.

A profoundly healing dream came to me in 1999 in which I perceived myself to be outside of my body:

I wake up to find that I am floating above my bed and facing upward. A card comes through the ceiling with a light blue angel inscribed on it. I realize that I am free of my body and wish to stand on the floor. I am transported to the desired position with

sensations that are somehow familiar to me. I pass my hand through the curtains and confirm my ghostly status. A river forms in the floor of my bedroom, under my favorite window. As I look into the river, I am surprised and somewhat fearful because I see a little girl struggling in the current. I realize that she is I. Birds appear in the window behind the river.

This dream has had life-changing consequences for me. First, the sensations of being outside the body during a dream were beyond exhilarating. For me, they confirmed that we are so much more than our physical selves. Next, I did everything within my power to further explore my childhood and the meaning of this image. This process has been deeply healing and has guided me in discovering gifts that I might bring to my friends and community. And finally, the dream compelled me to learn about shamanic healing, which has led me to many enriching life experiences and even new work.

I have had many lucid dreams in the recent years and find them to be exciting. A lucid dream is when we wake up in the dream and realize that we are dreaming. Here is a recent example of such a dream:

I am running from a T Rex. Suddenly, I become fully aware that I am dreaming, feel fear flow out of my body and turn to face the T Rex. I punch his snout repeatedly until he turns into a non-functioning blob. Then, he re-emerges from the blob and goes after me again. I attack him again and he is reduced to another blob. This time it is really over. I am very pleased with my power and that I did not give in to fear.

When I woke from this dream, I was acutely aware that the attack was an illusion. I strive to reconnect to that deep knowing when other fearful situations arise. Also, I felt sad when I thought about this dream and wondered if the T Rex might have had a message for me. When I

used a technique to go back inside a dream to search for more information, I heard the T Rex say "Slow Down!" My immediate thought was that this was a commentary on my life-style, but soon after, I received a speeding ticket. In looking back in my dream journal, this was the second time that I received a speeding ticket right after dreaming of the T Rex. The T Rex might be more than a metaphor for a police officer with a radar detector, but I will be checking my speed whenever the T Rex shows up. And, as usual, synchronicity was about to strike. A few months later, I was driving down a road and noticed a large green construction vehicle. The side indicated the brand as TeRex. My foot went for the break pedal immediately as I assumed that I was getting a warning. Just one mile later, on what was a very rural road sat a police officer pulling over unsuspecting drivers.

We can dream of departed loved ones. In the late 1980s, I had a series of dreams about the wishes of my grandfather who died in 1975. These dreams centered on my father and his love of baseball. I felt profoundly guided and supported by my grandfather in these dreams. Many months later, I found myself sitting in the movie Field of Dreams. I was blown away by the strong connection between the story in this film, my family history and the dreams of my grandfather. At that time, I could not make any sense of how I could have dreamed the themes in this film prior to its release. These things still surprise me when they pop up, but I don't try to understand. Rather, I know that it is confirmation from the otherworld that our waking reality is limited, and that we are not limited to it!

I wake up in a state of awe when I dream of reading poems or hearing music. This dream was one of my favorites:

A friend and I take a ride to the ocean. A group of people (African

except one Asian male) in gorgeous colorful gowns walk down the shore toward me, singing a beautiful African song. I hear sophisticated harmonies in a foreign language. They pass me, turn and face me and sing more. An African man in his fifties leads this group.

The vivid sights and intricate sounds in this dream mystified me. I felt honored by the chorus of beautiful people. A little more than a year later, I found myself working with Malidoma Some, author of *The Healing Wisdom of Africa*. It did not surprise Malidoma or me that he looked very much like the man that led the chorus in my dream.

I sometimes see beautiful ethereal visions in my dreams. They have an otherworldly feel to them. One showed up at a time when my husband had partial hearing loss and was being tested for a brain tumor:

I "wake" to a beautiful sight in my room. Near my husband's tall chest of drawers is something that looks like a totem pole, only it is ethereal, appearing to be made of a lightweight tissue paper-like substance with all sorts of filigree patterns cut out all over. On top, sits a beautiful pure white bird. In front of this totem-bird image is a swirl of energy and light rotating in a clockwise direction, like a spiral towards its own center. This image appears to be riding on the end of a light beam that is pouring in the window.

When I woke from this dream, my memory of the breathtaking image in front of my husband's dresser convinced me that he was not in medical danger. This feeling was soon confirmed when the MRI came back negative and his hearing returned. This dream is still my lifetime favorite!

I've learned from Sandra Ingerman, faculty member for *The Foundation for Shamanic Studies*, that from a shamanic point of view, power animals empower, protect and guide human beings. I dream of many

species each month and notice certain animal images showing up repeatedly. For instance, I often dream of bears. Amongst Native Americans, Bear is the Great American Medicine Animal. For others, Bear is the Great Mother. When the Bear shows up in my dream, I honor the dream by working with it extensively, searching for messages of protection and healing.

Dreams of death are often frightening. We think they mean that we are going to die soon when they might be pointing to part of us that needs to die to open to a deeper life. This is not to say that death dreams are never about physical death, but I've had two dreams of my own death, both of which directed me to terminate an unhealthy relationship in order to resurrect myself.

Synchronicity in many forms is a natural by-product of dreamwork. You will see the images, people, animals, symbols and more from your dreams show up in waking life in the most unusual of ways. You will know when it happens. And those that believe in the magic of the universe will be receptive to your stories. Your relationships will be more exciting if you share your dreams and synchronicities.

There are many gifts of the dreaming. Dreams can help you recover lost aspects of yourself, find your soul friends, discover your life's work, deepen healthy connections, find the courage to end destructive relationships, write with greater creativity and be in touch with your inner guidance. The gifts are endless. Set intentions when you go to sleep. Ask questions. Look for answers. Your life will change! May you find your own. ♪

Connie Mah is a graduate of Tufts University College of Engineering. She currently enjoys the study of dreams, shamanism and human consciousness. She has trained with The Monroe Institute, Sandra Ingerman, Malidoma Some and Judith Orloff and will soon complete the Foundation for Shamanic Studies Three Year Program. She lives with her husband and two children in the Berkshire Mountains of Massachusetts and can be reached at connie.mah@qsma.com.

BOOK REVIEW

by April Chase

The Toltec Teachings: Cry of the Eagle

By Theun Mares
Lionheart Publishing, 1997
ISBN: 1-919792-13-9 417 pp.

IN CRY OF THE EAGLE, the second volume of Theun Mares series on Toltec wisdom, the author strives to provide a useful path for anyone seeking the true meaning in their life. Mares details a wide variety of techniques for following what he calls "The Warrior's Path," the journey to power. Although much of the information presented is really pretty common sense, there is lots of worthwhile instruction on how to become a Toltec — that is, a wise one.

Wisely citing disunity as the principal problem in the world today, Mares explains that following The Warrior's Path will lead to the sense of unity with all life that our evolution demands for further progress. Encompassing four attributes, The Warrior's Path will help a would-be warrior grow into his or her full potential, understand and accept their past, overcome habits and social conditioning, gain knowledge of the world, and learn to become one with (nurture) all life around them. The interrelationship of all life is the key to power. These four attributes, recapitulation (sobriety), not-doing (strength), erasing personal history (feeling), and dreaming (warmth), are offset by obstacles in the path including fear and ambition, as well as self-pity and self-importance.

Mares explains in detail the threats of the "Four Natural Enemies," which are fear, clarity, power and old age. Although clarity and power are also good aspects of development, they can lead to overconfidence and corruption if misused. In order to avoid these pitfalls and achieve success, self-discipline and humility are essential. One must also approach the path with intent, believing fully in their own success.

Stopping our internal dialog, or in other words, breaking old patterns of behavior, and stopping the world, which is learning to see in an altered state of perception, sounding rather

akin to lucid dreaming in Mares descriptions, are the other important techniques covered in the first two parts of the book. He covers many other points - there is a vast amount of information packed into this volume's 417 pages - ranging from the value of all life; "intelligent cooperation," Mares' explanation of male/female relationships, the duality of the world around us, and what is referred to as "Dancing with Death," a technique for retaining vitality while coming to terms with mortality.

The third, and last, section of *Cry of the Eagle*, deals with the dreamer, which in this context refers to the divine, which manifests itself on this physical plane as people, among other things, and dreams, which are seen as messages from the dreamer which assist human beings to realize the destiny, or purpose, that they are on Earth to achieve in their current lifetime. Mares divides dreams into two types, active and passive. Active refers to dreaming while awake, as well as interpreting omens in daily life. Passive dreaming is dreaming that occurs during sleep, as well as dreams or visions arising from other involuntary states of altered consciousness, such as shock, illness, fever, or the use of medical or psychiatric drugs and illegal drugs (which Mares strongly discourages as a potential path to enlightenment).

"Although man in general places no great store upon dreams, the art of dreaming is powerful beyond normal comprehension," writes Mares, continuing, "The danger, however, lies in the fact that we will nurture anything upon which we place our attention. Therefore, we must take care not to focus on the undesirable, for the force of intent is activated by warmth. Not only are dreams a reality which can be materialized, but so too are nightmares - and it is for this reason that one must have clarity in the art of dreaming." For this reason, he explains, dreams resulting from illness, drug use or other unhealthy states are usually not very reliable, and can be potentially dangerous. He cautions readers not to try to interpret them, or take their seeming messages seriously.

The section on dreams is fairly short, and a lot of the information is likely to be familiar to any devoted dream student, but it is nonetheless pertinent to hear it again. He describes his favorite technique for entering the active dreaming state in plenty of detail. His method should be easily follow-able by his readers, regardless of their level of experience. Most importantly, he stresses patience and a calm, one-step-at-a-time approach that is sure to increase the successful application of his techniques a great deal.

Included is a glossary of dream symbols and explanations, with several sample interpretations of different types of dreams and omens. He provides a series of helpful tips for dream interpretation, as well as suggested meanings for many colors, numbers, animals, activities, buildings— just about everything you could imagine. The tips state, furthermore, "If unknown symbols should be encountered, rely upon your own feeling of what that symbol means to you personally." While many of his explanations of possible implications seem right on the mark, the section of interpretations seems a bit overly complicated at times. However this was a valuable addition to the book and an interesting reference for comparison purposes.

In some sections, the book is overly verbose; rather hard to interpret, really, but insightful moments of great common sense are spaced throughout. Mares frequently refers back to the first book in the series, citing ideas presented there. He generally, but not always, summarizes the information so that the reader can get a pretty good grasp of the concept he is trying to get across, but reading the books in order is nonetheless highly recommended. If you are a fan of Toltec wisdom, this book will definitely appeal to you, and it has much to offer to any reader. It is written within the context of the popular Toltec movement, and some of the terminology is specialized to that area of knowledge, but the information has been echoed throughout history in books of philosophy and ethics, as well as dream studies. *φ*

LOOKING AT DEATH IN DREAMS

©2003 by Marlene King, M.A.



DREAMS ABOUT DEATH ARE COMMON, but often problematic. In Marie-Louise von Franz' On Dreams & Death she states, "Whenever man is confronted with something mysterious, unknown, his unconscious produces symbolic, archetypal models. The symbols which appear in death dreams are images that are also manifested during the individuation process."

The following dream dramatically illustrates themes of death and individuation. The dream occurred soon after 9/11, and the dreamer had moved to another part of the country — experiencing a sort of 'death' — giving up an old identity and assuming a new role in a new environment. Comments about the dream follow, which address the circumstances of the dreamer.

The dream starts *after I died. Jeff, a guy I had a crush on in math class, and Barbara, on my volleyball team, died with me. We weren't friends, but when we died, we went to this submarine "death boat." We got jobs and apartments. It was a small community underwater. Tired of being dead, we went to the part of the boat that would connect to the dock. Then, the air was sucked out of the room, and we waited to suffocate and die... again. But, we could stay "alive" without breathing. After docking, we escaped. I stole the Captain's car, a black Toyota Celica, and drove in circles At an airport, I watched a large boy reunite with his parents, yearning to see my family. At a train station, Jeff, Barbara and I planned to return to the boat, because it was the right thing to do. I cried and told Jeff I didn't want to be dead, but alive, go to college and date him. We went to the boat, but I escaped. My Mom and I sat on a dock and I told her how I missed life especially the Maine sky. I*

looked up - the sky was a bright yellow that hurt my eyes. She told me looking at fish underwater was "good for my figure." ... At the edge of the dock, I looked into the water.

Like an out-of-body experience, I watched from behind. I didn't look like me; this was a dorky ugly girl with glasses who looked like the girl from Welcome to the Dollhouse. A song played like in a movie and it was my soundtrack. I cried I didn't want to be dead, but knew I had to return. It was the right thing to do.

I watched my body fall into the ocean and drown. I woke up, heard the song from my dream on the radio and started crying because it scared me.

Death in dreams can mean a death of part of the self, and this entire dream has to do the parts of the dreamer AFTER death. Since there are three deaths, (three dream characters die), it implies wanting to be friends with J&B meant some part of each had to die in order to bring that about, or integrate them into self.

The boat as an archetypal symbol for death is classic "Jung." Even paintings and mythology connect boats with death. But the dreamer wanted to return to land, leave the death boat in order to be "alive" and revisit the familiar which gives a sense of security. But when she did, she kept going in circles, going nowhere. Her psyche was wise (re: mother sequence) in instructing her that she had to "go deep into the water (unconscious) and watch fish" in order to have a "good figure" - thus, new body image, new self. Water, another archetype, represents the deep well of the unconscious. The boat, as submarine, suggests "death" or transformation/integration had to occur at a deep level. And in the end, the dreamer dives in and drowns, unprotected without the safety in the submarine, or pseudo-self.

Mom on the dock indicates a secure anchor to the dreamer's old self, because the other two (aspects of self) "integrated" and "escaped" the death circumstances. But once the deaths were accepted, all could be alive without "breathing" — acknowledging parts that exist (the soul/spirit/essence) without the physical body.

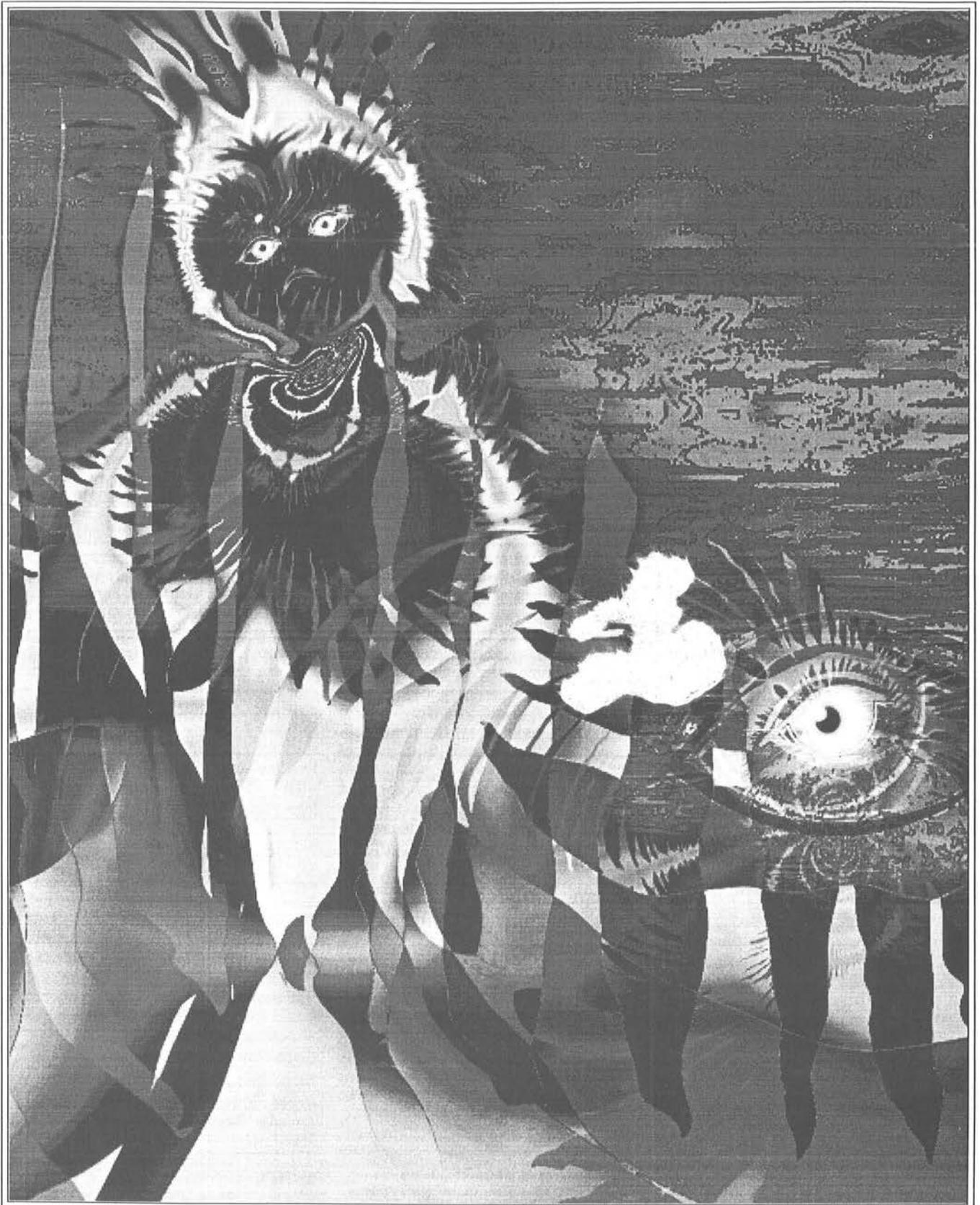
Identifying with the "Captain" by controlling his car was not successful, only being able to drive in circles. However, Toyota's are reliable (safe) transportation and its color, black, can mean both the negro, (place of transformation in alchemical terms) or linked to death in Western culture where black is prevalent for hearses and clothing at funerals.

The four vehicles referenced (boat, plane, train, car) suggest the dreamer's "dream bodies" that transport her through her world.

The "Maine sky" could be a dream pun for "the main sky" meaning the conscious/mental realm that is familiar territory to us all — not so mysterious and more controllable. And the song from radio incorporated into the dream punctuated its powerful message/impression.

This dream material is rich and immense. I have only briefly touched upon a few possible facets and explanations. However, it represents the universal seductiveness of death, the ultimate unknown, which is part of our life experience. Humans are the only species who have knowledge they will die. Perhaps we can accept the psyche's challenge and rise to integrate when given dream signals of death. For this dreamer, it occurred three times in one dream. ☺

Dream Times is an interactive column available for you, our readers. Submit dream questions or topics to P.O. Box 477, Murphy, OR 97533 or e-mail: marlene@chatlink.com



The Beginnings of the Savage Garden of Life

I awaken in my bed. I sit up and find myself at the edge of a forest and corn field. It is so real to me that I can feel the roughness of the corn stalks that surround me. Above me is a haunting full moon, shedding an illuminating glow on everything that I see. A breeze begins to blow and I can feel great strength as though I were making the winds work for me, creating a great force that will carry me. My bed begins to move through the corn, slowly at first being taken by the gale. I see the dried corn stalks snapping like twigs as the bed rushes over them. The moon lights my path well. I see that I am dressed in a long white flannel gown and that my sheets and blankets are white as well. I continue on faster and faster until I hear a sound. Still moving rapidly, I look above my bed into the night sky. I see a huge Raven or Crow that flies above me... calling to me. Its wing span is immense and it caws to the moon as it glides and circles me. I watch it fly around me once more and then it begins to go backward towards the forest which seems to be an ocean away from me now. I turn the winds around and begin to follow it. I can feel my hair blowing wildly about me as the force of two winds now surround me. One to the East and one to the West, I think as I move backwards almost falling back in time as I go. At the forest's edge, my bed comes to a stop.

I climb off and wander toward a tree. Beneath the tree is a baby that is lacking nourishment. Several bottles lay beside it on the mossy ground. I examine each one and know in my heart which bottle has the nourishment for this child. I pick up an unusual bottle, and cradling the infant in my arms, I begin to feed it. The baby eats voraciously as though it has not eaten in days. As it feeds, its face begins to glow with health and satisfaction. It gently smiles at me, all the time maintaining that face of pure and simple innocence. Once satiated, I lay it down beneath the tree once again. The baby sleeps gently as though rocked by the roots of the great oak beneath which it is sheltered. I now sense a presence and I climb up on a lower branch of the tree to inspect the surroundings. The Crow/Raven flies above me, still circling, watching my every move. As I swing from the branch, a Black Panther walks out from some brush nearby. It is beautiful and elegant as I had always imagined a creature like that to be. It pauses. Watching me swinging in a silent motion. At first, I am nervous in its presence, uncertain of its intentions. But as I continue to swing, it draws closer, staring deep into my eyes. I examine further its dark smooth fur and sleek stance. It will not harm me, nor the child and I sense its protection and also its power. It is a master of other creatures and I must respect it as it has respectfully not eaten me. We are only a few feet from one another as it looks curiously at me attempting to understand my presence in its domain. What a beautiful beast it is! I climb down from the tree now and wander further into the forest not wishing to outstay my welcome in this Panther's sacred place.

The Crow/Raven is cawing above me and guiding the path that I take. I come to another Oak Tree as mighty as the last. Beneath it is a woman who is fat and plainly unattractive. She is dressed like a scullery maid in impoverished looking clothes made from coarse linens or cottons. On her head is a white kerchief that is tied in several small knots to create a circular looking cap. She looks as though she has carried the weight of the world on her shoulders and never learned to rise above it all. On the ground, beneath the tree is yet another baby wrapped in tattered old blankets.

It too has a kerchief on its head. It cries out and squirms uncomfortably as it lays surrounded by roots and moss. I tell the woman to pick up the child but she simply stares deep into the darkness of the forest beyond this tree. I hear the Crow/Raven's cry again now as it swoops down before me. I am in awe to watch

its graceful glides and feel the force of wind produced from its huge wings. It is warning me of yet another force that will come. I climb higher in the tree and begin to see motion in the brush nearby. Thinking it is the Panther once again, I swing down to the lowest branch of the tree, ready to greet the majestic creature. As I do, a pure White Leopard walks out from the brush. Its spots, though faded somewhat by its lightness are still present on its smooth muscular body. Its intentions are unknown to me. I cannot read its thoughts clearly yet but know full well that it is stalking prey. I look beneath me now as the portly woman begins to back away from the tree. I yell to her to pick up the child. I yell again and again, demanding that she save the child. The Leopard moves in now and reaches for the baby thrusting its large paw toward the tiny body.

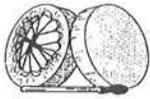
It paws the baby, tossing it up in the air like a doll which horrifies the woman before me. She panics and begins to run in the opposite direction, stumbling over her heavy dress and layers of skirting. As she runs, I feel she begins to turn to wood and darkness becoming a permanent part of this forest like a petrified tree.

Her body takes root in my mind and the Raven/Crow lands on the limb which once was her arm.

I swing down now towards the Leopard and our eyes lock firmly into one another. This is the sanctuary of this beast. I am understanding its mind as we come face to face. It tells me that it is the alfa and omega. It is the last of a breed near extinct in time. It cries for survival and I understand it well, yet am unable to describe into words the sadness and pain that it feels. It describes things that are dust, that return to dust just as the moon continues its cycle, so do all things, it says. I feel so much flooding my mind at this point as we gaze upon each other that it is mesmerizing for me to be in its presence. I long to touch the soft fur of the animal and stroke its head to ease its pain, yet I full well know that this would mean certain death for me.

Beneath me, leaning against the tree, is a large metal staff. I reach toward it to ensure that it is really there, thinking in my mind that it is an illusion. The metal seems eerily out of place in the midst of this forested area which seems virtually untouched by mankind. I slide down it to the ground as the Leopard lays down in some grass in front of me. She is relaxing under the moon. I hold the staff and look about me for the baby but I cannot find it. In my mind I am understanding the evolution of its birth and its fate, returning it to the ground in which it came. I see in my mind the roots that swallow it up and cradle it beneath the earth. I walk on slowly, staff in hand looking for clues to this place. I feel I belong here, I have always been here and have found peace here. The Crow/Raven flies above me now rising from the branches of the nearby tree that once was alive. I call this the Tree of Life (out loud) pointing my metal staff at it as I walk along. The great bird beckons me to move on, back to where I came from. My time here is over; I must return.

I don't want to go. I feel a great need to remain here to be with these creatures. I hesitate for a moment, looking back at the forest and the stillness of it all. I am grateful for my time spent with them and the things I have been shown here. My mind is filled with peace and contentment. I wander past the first great Oak Tree which has grown larger and cradles the baby sleeping soundly beneath its huge branches. Tiny bits of bark cover the child like a blanket and I touch its face as I walk past. At the edge of the forest where the corn meets the trees, the Crow/Raven flies over me once more and off towards the distant fields. I sit on the bed that awaits me, my ride home. I do not see the Panther again but sense it is there watching over me from a branch in the tree. I lay the staff on the bed in front of me and it becomes part of my bedpost, one of four in which three others already are in place. I do not know how my bedpost came to be in the forest but I seem relieved that it is once again on my bed. The winds begins to howl and the dried corn begins to sway blowing pieces of corn shuck up into the air. I am headed toward the east and the bed begins to move as though gliding on ice through the long open fields. I feel I am drawn closer and closer to something bright (perhaps the morning light) when I awaken in my bed to hear the winds howling outside.



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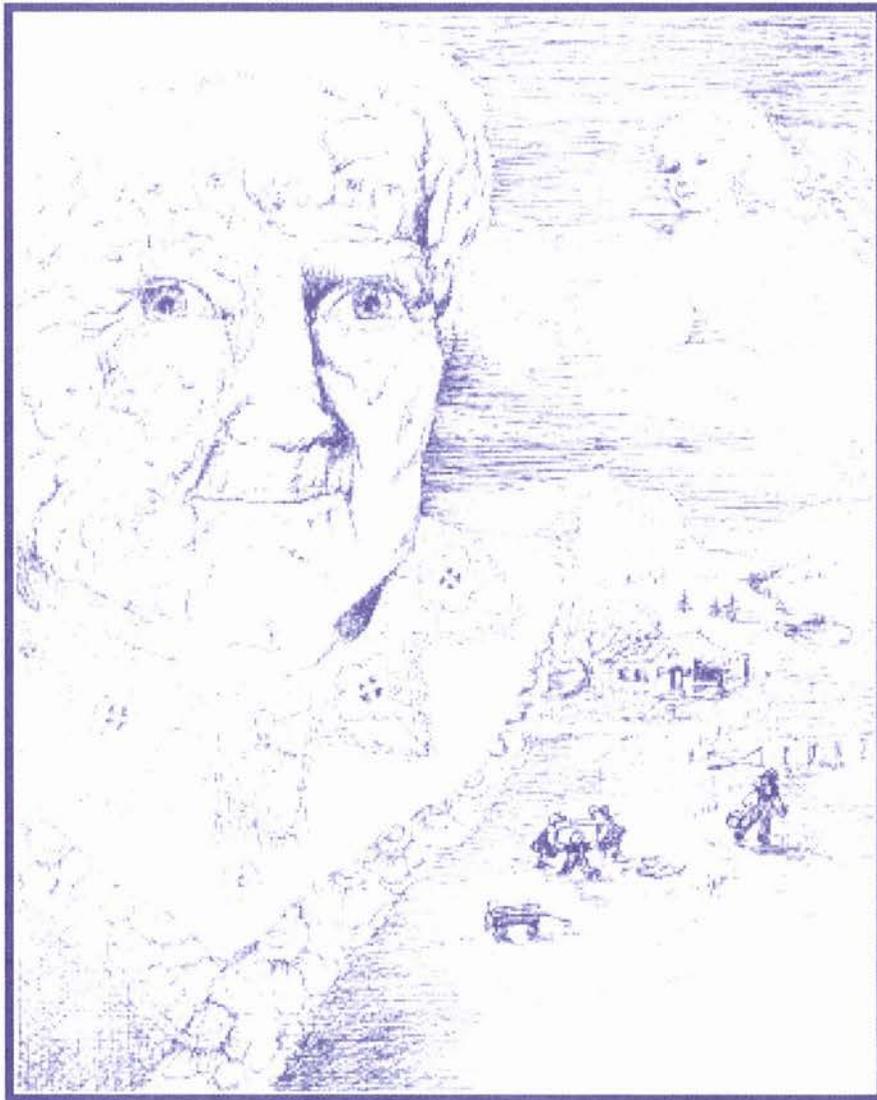
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