

# DREAM NETWORK

## BULLETIN

Vol. 2, No. 8  
August 1983

### ANTHROPOLOGY OF THE, DREAM PEOPLE

by William R. Stimson, Ph.D.

The dream mind takes everything in. It makes pictures and stories out of more data than we consciously realize we have at our disposal. The dream mind sees everything fresh. It combines something that happened yesterday with something that happened twenty years ago to liberate an entirely novel perception. Its scope is broader because it is less focused. Perhaps we might vaguely compare the dream mind with the coarse adjustment system on a microscope and the waking mind with the high power fine adjustment apparatus. It is obvious to us that when using the microscope to best advantage we must move back and forth between the two systems. How strange that we are never trained to use our minds in this way also. The dream mind is virtually ignored by our educational system. Our waking minds are trained as if they operated alone, as if they were the only minds we had. What an interesting folly we have created.

This folly becomes patently evident after a while to one who works with his own dreams. Perhaps at first he sees the folly of his life as an inadequacy of his own. He is at the "Something-Is-Wrong-With-Me" stage. But after he has worked with many many dreams and filled several shelves with the dream journals, he becomes aware of himself in a different way and starts to see the world differently too. When he becomes aware of his own ignorance, he is not ignorant anymore. To the degree that he is able to realize his continuing ignorance, he becomes wise. When he can admit his total ignorance, that man is enlightened. All this is called the Creative Process by some. Others call it The Path. It is operative in every individual who has freed himself from conditioning. He is not a robot anymore. He is a human being. The only thing that can condition one such as this is the reality of the moment as he perceives it with his own ever more refined senses. He begins to see through the shallow forms of culture to its universally denied essence.

For example, whereas millions adhere to the belief that the Virgin Birth was something that happened to the mother of Jesus in history, he sees that myth as a metaphor for the Creative Process each of us must go through in order to be reborn

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Tony and Hyone Crisp

### WE DO IT IN OUR SLEEP

by Tony Crisp, Ph.D.

In July 1982 my wife Hyone and I became what I believe is Britain's first dream analysts writing a regular feature in a big national newspaper. The Daily Mail had asked us some months before if we would be willing to produce a fortnightly page of comments on people's dreams. We excitedly agreed, and began what is for us one of the most interesting jobs we have ever done.

My own acquaintance with dream work began fifteen years before when I began to keep a dream journal and work on my own dreams. During the following years I began to investigate the process which produced dreams (the homeostatic or self-regulatory psychobiological function) and how it related to the process of self-healing and the action of maturing. Slowly I discovered, as other researchers in the past have, that the dream process can break through into conscious action when the right physical and mental attitude is held.

Adrian Morrison, recently researching into animal dreams at the University of Pennsylvania, found that during dreaming, a small area of the Pons, in the brain, acts as a suppressor of motor movements in limbs. Removing this area from cats produced startling results. During dreaming the cats played with dream toys, attacked

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### HOW A NIGHTMARE AFFECTED MY CAREER DECISION

by Kay C. Greene, Ph.D.

Nightmares often arise during times of change and transition and, paradoxically, can occur "out of the blue" at times when we believe we are happy. The following example indicates that creative work, such as writing involving the nightmare, can transmute the energy blocked by fear of the transition into a flow that allows the change to occur.

My first experience with creatively exploring a frightening dream occurred following my initiatory meditation experience on March 9, 1971. The meditation involved visualizing three different symbols for five minutes each everyday. I thought that practicing watching these same symbols everyday might help me form a new "single-focus habit." It had occurred to me in preceding months that the time had come for me to create an ongoing single focus for my life. I felt that even though I was able to do many things well, I was going to have to sacrifice some of them and choose one through which to channel all my energy.

So on March 9, I did the meditation. It went smoothly and seemed easy. I felt good, calm and peaceful. My mind wasn't racing as it normally did. I ate dinner and was in the middle of doing dishes when I noticed tears were streaming down my face. I wasn't aware of the act of crying or of any emotion having built inside me. The tears were just there, streaming into the dishwasher. The feeling with those tears was one of having "come home" to myself. I went to sleep in peace that night.

Toward morning I had the following dream:

"Involved dream in a citadel. Huge stack of mail. In it are three invitations to the dance. They are in gold enve-

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### OUR INNER SEXUALITY

by Valerie Meluskey

One fact is true of all humans and most creatures—we are physically male or female. Within the framework of gender and sexuality we experience some of our deepest satisfactions as well as our most painful maladjustments. Between the agony and the ecstasy we discover how to be male or female in a way that evolves our humanity.

We are all a combination of male and female qualities, each of us balancing and integrating these qualities in a unique way. Our dreams mirror our inner sexuality in its largest sense. Very simply, the males and females in our dreams represent the male and female forces within us.

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## IN OUR SLEEP

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prey, and expressed the movements being dreamt, very fully.

I was fascinated by Morrison's work because it confirmed what I had observed with humans. Full movement, vocalisation, spontaneous drama production and powerful emotional expression, can all emerge in waking humans who have learnt to hold, while awake, a passive attitude of mind and body as in sleep. Being able to actually observe what the dream process produces in this way has given me an enormous respect for the process, and a very full acquaintance with it.

People have often said or written to me that dreams are simply a sort of rehash or disordered jumble of the day's experiences. My observations certainly do not confirm that, first of all, even the tiniest interaction of cells and energy exchanges are all very directly practical and unified.

It appears to me that dreams are intimately a part of these integrated although diverse processes of our being. They perform a function in connection with the self-regulatory process, as important and complex as maintaining the right blood pressure or temperature in the body. Their actual function is, as far as I presently understand it, a transformer and link between the deeply unconscious psychobiological life processes of our body, and the conscious, decision making, waking mind and personality.

In the most critical sense, for the personality to be out of touch with information it is being presented by the dream process means it can grow in a direction which places it dangerously in opposition with the body and life processes which nurture it. A death of personality can arise from this, such as can be seen on many faces in our society. At a social level it leads to being so unaware of the roots of being that we destroy our own environment. In a national sense it is portrayed by the Russian and French aristocracy being so out of touch with the body of their country and its real needs, the body brought about bloody revolution. In the individual when personality acts in this whitless way and the life processes revolt, we call it a nervous or mental breakdown.

Working with the process of conscious dream expression for the past eleven years I have also noticed very positive features. Any one dream may be about one particular aspect of our life, such as relationships, but the dream process over all is multi-functional. Not only does it transform biological drives and processes into something which conscious personality can have insight into, it also acts as a healing function for the psyche and a source of wider inner experience which can lead the psyche to growth and richer maturity.

One of the functions our being has is to synthesise experience. This is so fundamental we couldn't even see, hear or

remember without it. The brain, for instance, produces a synthesised image of the countless bits of information produced by each eye. Even a fly can do that with its many faceted eyes. But we have something extra, the ability to produce realisation and new concepts from the tens and thousands of pieces of information, experience, conversation, ideas, images and emotions gathered during each day. Just as our brain puts together the pieces of experience from our eyes, so also an overall and sure expanding understanding of ourselves and the world is put together from our life experience. However, these realisations, inspirations maybe, do not have the power (after all, they have not yet, without the aid of the conscious personality, been formed into clear concepts or words, so remain an overall impression) to push into consciousness unless we actually listen to them. As few of us in reality sit down and say to the process of our being - "Got any news I need to be aware of?" - we seldom receive these impressions and they remain 'dreams.'

Hyone and I, having worked in that way with individuals and groups, now humorously use the motto - *We do it in our sleep!*

The experience gained in the work of helping people to allow the dream process to break through to consciousness, to be healed by it, work with it, and learn from it, was, we felt, a fitting background to commenting on people's dreams in a newspaper column. Some people have suggested that a newspaper column is a very unlikely place to do any important work in regard to people's inner life. It is not long enough to judge that yet. Neither had we, in the past, interpreted other people's dreams. Our work had been to help them contact for themselves some of the deepest processes of their being. We feel however, that the opportunity to communicate to millions of people about the subject we love, is too good to miss. In fact, again and again we can introduce important ideas about relationships, sex, religion, the environment, death and love, which otherwise would seldom be seen in the columns of a daily newspaper.

Our main work is to actually comment on individual dreams. Because of space these comments have to be very short and to the point, about a hundred words or less. Nevertheless, I believe they are often useful information to the dreamer. Below are some examples of the dreams and what we might comment.

"I am on an endless journey on a road which turns into a circular maze. It too is endless. Following me is a large fat young man. He catches up with me. I say "We can't go back. We must struggle on." He catches hold of my wrist, and I am trying to hide my fear of him and the pathway when I wake up."

This was from a woman who added in her letter, "I have had a heavy cross to bear for years."

The dream is a simple one, showing in its dramatic situation how the woman experiences life. Namely it is a seemingly endless drudgery which she must struggle on with. She can gather important information from the dream though. I find dreams connect the feelings being experienced only to symbols which fit. For instance, if we had a feeling of love, and instead of describing it in words, we were asked to choose from an infinite number of photographs or film clips one that felt right, we would not choose one of a mad dog biting a terrified child. We have an innate sense in this direction which is at work in our dreams. So the use of a circular maze is specific to this woman's feelings. It shows her going round in circles and seeing no way out of her confusion and misery. If she can see that this has become a habit she may find the courage to try a new approach. This is actually suggested by the fat man, but her fear stops her being led somewhere different. The man probably symbolises an active move to giving oneself basic pleasures. If she followed that urge in herself, it could break the habit of non-satisfaction.

Here is a short dream showing a peaceful relationship with the process of aging and death.

"I am in deep water, no evidence that it is the sea. I am wearing my heavy brown coat. I have no fear, no feeling of cold and I pleasantly just sink. I am 81 and was a good swimmer in my youth, but in the dream I make no attempt. I live alone, have a good garden which I cultivate myself, and am quietly content."

The children's dreams we receive usually show very clearly the inner and outer situations they face in their maturing process. This one from a girl of 14 shows her struggle to develop a will of her own in relationship to her mother. Her mother is shown as not actively holding her daughter back. This tells the dreamer that her fear of being denied self-expression in what she wants to wear - the wardrobe - and do - the door - is more to do with her own feeling that her mother will say no, rather than reality.

"I have this recurring nightmare. My mother stands by my bedroom door, blocking it as if I am being trapped. I often call to her, 'Let me out, Mum,' but she just stands there staring, with no expression. Sometimes she stands by my wardrobe, as if she is always standing by a door to trap me."

As we receive more and more dreams, an impression is building of what is occurring within the nation as a whole. The following dream is an example.

"I dream my husband and I go somewhere, in a town or built-up area. After a while I lose him, and even though we arrange to meet in a certain place, he's never there when I arrive. I look everywhere and desperately ask passers by. The sense of loss and panic is awful. I

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## NIGHTMARE

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lopes with red ribbon. I know that 'I know' about two of the invitations and that the other has to do with the elevator which has to be fixed."

I awoke with the thought that I was being invited someplace, and that some work had to be done before I could go. There was a feeling of excitement, wonder and joy. I re-entered sleep and dreamed the following:

"I was in a dugout watching a pilot fly an open plane. I was aware of a feeling of anxiety and was very afraid that I was going to have to do that and didn't know if I could—the gliding through the clouds, I was afraid and hiding in the dugout."

I came out of that dream with a "crash," sitting straight up in bed, my heart pounding, my pulses and mind racing, alive with terror. I was shaking so badly I nearly knocked over the lamp as I leaped out of bed to turn it on. I realized my hair and nightgown were soaked through with perspiration. I ran through my apartment turning on all the lights. I carried a feeling of foreboding and thought the light might make it go away. It seemed I wanted to light up every corner where I lived in order to make sure there was nothing that could hurt me, or if there was something there, that I could see it and know its location.

I ate something. I talked to my cats. I tried to read. I wrote down the two dreams. Finally, I became tired enough that I was able to turn the lights off and go back to sleep.

I awoke to brilliant sunlight and the sensation of the worst hangovers I had ever experienced. The active sharpness of the terror of the night before had dulled into a concrete heaviness. As I ate breakfast, I tried to analyze the events of the preceding 15 hours. How could I have had such a horrible experience following such beauty and peace from the night before? I knew almost nothing about dreams and psychology, and nothing made sense. The content of the dream did not seem to account for the horror and fear. As I continued to think, I could not bridge the dream and the fear, and I knew that I had to do so. I wanted to know who this pilot was in my dream. I found the thought going over and over in my mind. "Who are you? Who are you? What are you doing in my dream? Why should you frighten me so?"

I had the desire to write. I took paper and pen and began. I found myself writing as that pilot and knew that he was going to tell me something. Through my writing he said:

"Dear Little One Hiding Way Down There,

"Does this look as if this is easy for me, the flying and the gliding through the clouds? Well, it is! But this was not always the case. I took many years of



Kay C. Greene, Ph.D.

flying lessons and know a great deal about airplanes, also about the sky and the clouds. I have been in training for it a long time.

"You can reach a point in learning where you pass over the line between difficulty and ease, and everything seems to turn around and it is all effortless. This is what is ahead for you if you just take one step at a time. The way will be paved for you. All you have to do is follow it. The first step is to climb out of that dugout. Think you can do it?"

"Love and Godspeed,  
"The Pilot"

I immediately answered him:

"Dear Pilot,

"Oh, Great One, you don't know how afraid I am. Do you think I haven't tried to climb out of this dugout? Everytime I get my head to surface level, someone takes a potshot at me. I am in fear for my life. Everyone seems to be after me. It seems safer to stay here, but there's one thing wrong with that. There's no food here and I could easily starve to death. I'm completely at the mercy of nature to provide rainfall for water. And this is not the most comfortable place to sleep. Guess I'm going to have to try to find a way out. I look up and see those beautiful clouds which remind me of God's pillows and they look so comfortable and I wish I could lie down on them and go to sleep. I have an idea. Why don't you land your plane near me and I'll run to it and we can take off together. Would you teach me to fly? Oh, please! With you, I feel I could do anything. Love,

"One No Longer Afraid If You Are Here"

As I wrote, the heaviness I felt seemed to focus into a pain in my heart and a pressure and ache in my throat. These built to an unbearable intensity through the writing and after I put my pen down, and there

was no more release from the writing, the sobs began. They were uncontrollable and I remember thinking that people in surrounding apartments might think something was wrong. However, the intensity of the pain swept that thought away, and I no longer cared what anyone thought.

The sobbing continued for two hours. At times it would subside and I would re-read what I had written. The pain and pressure would build again and with it, the sobs would come. At the end of the two hours, the heaviness was gone and the peace had returned. But the peace had a strange and different quality. Whereas the night before, I had felt the excitement, wonder and joy as in the invitation dream, the peace I now experienced contained emptiness and a feeling of grieving for something lost. But this grieving lacked the characteristic blackness and heaviness I had always associated with grief.

Grief and emptiness seem unusual ingredients for peace. But the peace came from knowing what was lost, from being empty of the need to bear the heaviness, and from knowing what my dream meant. I knew I had lost something I could never regain. I knew there was no turning back. For the first time in my conscious memory, I had said, "I am afraid. I need help. Please help me." Even to this day, I have been unable to recall ever having said those words to anyone until the time of this dream. I had become vulnerable and had lost my invulnerability. I had given up the need to carry the burden of heaviness created by having to do everything alone and to do it perfectly.

I could apply the dream content and fear to my employment situation. I had been offered the opportunity of making the transition from being the woman behind the man (Administrative Assistant to the Vice President of a television news department) to becoming a woman out front, speaking her own thoughts and following her own interests. I had been asked to train as an investigative reporter. Until this dream and the writing, I had not been aware of any fear surrounding this job offer. Through the dream, I realized I was afraid of "flying on my own." It was very frightening to think of my words and my beliefs as being on the line. I was afraid to speak out. In this aspect, the pain in my heart symbolized my beliefs and the fear of letting them out to public view, and the pressure and ache in my throat represented my fear of speaking out.

Again, through the dream writing, I advised myself to take one step at a time. It meant to me that this fear and insecurity would lift as I slowly built confidence in expressing myself. This insight into the fear of speaking out before the public was filled with irony. I had been a performer all my life in all areas of music and drama, and I had done very well. But now I realized that I had always performed other people's

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## CONTRIBUTING DREAMWORKERS

The following individuals have subsidized this issue of the *DREAM NETWORK BULLETIN* with a contribution of \$25.

**DOROTHY CAMERON and THOMAS OLIVA.** Since the early 70's Dorothy and Tom have been exploring visions and dreams through art. They give workshops and classes, teaching art combined with meditation, run psychic development groups and do individual art therapy. For more information write: 600 W. 111th St., Apt. 14F, N.Y., N.Y. 10025.

**BARBARA SHOR** conducts private dreamwork sessions (available by appointment) and leads ongoing dream groups who are creating warm, sharing communities where individuals feel free to meet the triumphs and pitfalls of exploring their creative potential. For detailed information write: 400 Central Park West, N.Y., N.Y. 10025 or call (212)662-1749.

**MONTAGUE ULLMAN, M.D.** is a psychiatrist and psychoanalyst who founded the Dream Laboratory at the Maimonides Medical Center and is currently devoting himself to group work with dreams. His book, co-authored with Nan Zimmerman, entitled *Working With Dreams* (Dell Press) describes the experiential approach he uses. He conducts weekly dream groups both in New York City and at his home in Ardsley, N.Y. For information: (914)693-0156.

**NANCY K. JUNGEMAN** is a clinical psychologist and psychotherapist in private practice. She is on staff of the Center for Energetic Studies directed by Stanley Keleman. She is committed to a somatic approach to psychotherapy and has been conducting dream groups for ten years. Her nonanalytical approach focuses on how the dream is embodied rather than upon content alone. She offers workshops through the Center for Energetic studies. For further information write: Nancy Jungeman, 241 B Street, Davis, CA 95616 or call (916)753-3771.

**MARGARET SALHA** is the director of the **NEW JERSEY DREAM COMMUNITY** which holds regular dream groups led by the region's leading dream therapists. All events are free. A small contribution for refreshments and food is appreciated. Margaret Salha has been the leading financial backer of the Dream Network Bulletin this past year. Asking nothing in return, she has given freely of her time and money (\$600) so that this dream of a network could become a reality. Neither a therapist nor a dream group leader, she has nothing financial to gain from the network. For information on how to form a Dream Community in your own area write: Margaret Salha, 147 A, Fort Lee Rd., Teaneck, N.J. 07666 or call (201)692-8117. If you have enjoyed or benefited from the network or the bulletin, you might write Margaret a small note of thanks.

**Montague Ullman with Elliyn Hartzler Cowels.** Sept 3,4,5, live-in experimental dream workshop in beautiful, rural central Virginia. Write for particulars to P.O. Box 32, Lynchburg, VA 24505.

## NOTICES

**DREAM GROUP FORMING IN OHIO:** Contact Mr. Stefan O. Horvath, 1367 Glenn Avenue, Columbus, Ohio 43212

**WESTCHESTER DREAM COMMUNITY** being formed. Contact Trish Pfeiffer 6 Alden Place, Bronxville, N.Y. 10708.

**FREE PERSONAL GROWTH NEWSLETTER:** Send for a free copy of SHIFT, the Newsletter of Personal Growth. We would also like to hear from Dream Network Bulletin readers on what their dreams are telling them about our collective future. Write: SHIFT, 1 Valley Place, Upper Montclair, N.J. 07043.

Any dream people out there in the Northeastern part of CONNECTICUT? Please contact Ms. Nettie Tamler, R.R. No. 1, Border Trail, Thompson, CT 06277.

Call or write for information about free monthly dream workshops at the new **BROOKLYN DREAM COMMUNITY**, Tom Cowan, Director, 381 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11217. (212)858-2237.

**DREAM EXPLORERS INTERNATIONAL**, the first association of professional dream workers and those interested in and involved with dream work is being formed by six prominent San Francisco Bay Area dream workers: Gayle Delaney (Living Your Dreams), Patricia Garfield (Creative Dreaming and Pathway to Ecstasy), Stephen LaBerge (Awake in Your Dreams), Jeremy Taylor (Dreamwork and Nurturing the Creative Impulse), John Van Damm (Editor of Gates), and Strephon Williams (Jungian/Senoi Dreamwork Manual). The Founding Conference of D.E.I. will be held in San Francisco in the Summer of 1984, Thursday, June 21-Sunday, June 24. It will include workshops, guest speakers, and a wide variety of special events of interest to dreamers and dream workers. Member-

ships are currently available in three categories: Regular Membership, Founding Membership and Founding Life Membership. Further information about this important organization and its on-going activities may be obtained by writing to: Dream Explorers International, P.O. Box 1123, Sausalito, CA 94966.

**FREE DREAM GROUP IN BROOKLYN** forming. Contact Chris Hudson, 487 4th St., Apt. 3, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11215. (212)499-2776.

Dreamwork psychotherapy in **PRINCETON, N.J.** Contact Dr. Larry Lewis, 387 Mt. Lucas Rd., Princeton, N.J. 08540.

**Nationwide DREAM TELEPATHY EXPERIMENT:** Contact Tana Lehr, 359 Canal St., N.Y., N.Y. 10013. (212)925-3405.

**REALITY CHANGE**, newsletter for readers of the Seth material (Jane Roberts); includes Dream Networking column. For free sample, write Maude Cardwell, Ph.D., 2100 Rio Grande #3, Austin, TX 78705.

"The **SETH VEREINIGUNG**" is a politically and confessionally independent association with the aim: a) to spread Seth's knowledge and material b) to promote and facilitate connections between people who are interested in Seth, trying to make his ideas work in daily life. Members have to have read at least one book of Seth/Jane Roberts. We have one annual meeting and our bulletin, called "Multidimensionale Wirklichkeit" appears 3 times p.a. Postal address: Vereinigung der Seth-Freunde, Postfach 3337, CH-8031, Zurich.

**PROVINCETOWN DREAM COMMUNITY** being formed. Contact: Frank Stefano, the Mofett House, Box 809, 296A Commercial St. Princeton, MA 02657. (617)487-3172.

**Using dreams, active imagination, sandplay, art or any medium of your choice, we will go on a journey of self-discovery, connect with the richness of the unconscious, understand many of our somatic responses, release new creative energies.**

Workshops limited to 8 participants. Reservation required.

Starting Monday evening, Sept. 19, 1983 from 6 to 8 PM  
or

Tuesday afternoon, Sept. 20, 1983 from 2 to 4 PM

For further information please call:

**Elizabeth Caspari, 30 Lincoln Plaza, 30 N, New York, N.Y. 10023**  
Tel: (212)245-7280

free

### EDGAR CAYCE DREAM GROUP

in New York City

Leon Van Leeuwen  
435 E. 57th St., Apt 12D  
New York, N.Y. 10022

## DREAM NETWORK BULLETIN

"Dream Community" is one of the three quarterly newsletters of the monthly DREAM NETWORK BULLETIN. The other two newsletters are published in San Francisco by Sally A. Shute and in Virginia Beach by Suzanne Keyes.

Editor: William R. Stimson, Ph.D.

Staff:

Margaret Salha	Candece Tarpley
John Perkins	Tom Cowan, Ph.D.
Annecy Baez	Linda Lake
Karen Davis	Joe Schulman

Send all correspondence to William R. Stimson, 333 W. 21st St., Apt. 2FW, N.Y., N.Y. 10011. Material for the November issue must be in our hands by September 1st.

All material in the DREAM NETWORK BULLETIN is copyrighted by its author and cannot be reprinted without written permission.

## Dream Group in Maine

My course on dreamwork through the local Adult Education program is over. I've got a small (four) nucleus for an ongoing dream group. We will be meeting at my home.

Bob Woods, RFD #1, Box 450, Buckfield, Maine 04220

## To Know There Are Others Like Me

I can't express how very pleased I am to have found your enlightening Dream Network Bulletin.

Please continue your fine work for eons—.

It's so nice to know other people are experiencing what I am experiencing.

Carol Fournier, 2487 Pleasant St., Riverside, Ca. 92507

## YES!

I want to be a part of all this. Enclosed is \$13 (\$19 for foreign countries other than Canada and Mexico). I understand this gives me a year's subscription to all three newsletters of the monthly DREAM NETWORK BULLETIN.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
Phone \_\_\_\_\_

Make checks payable to "Dream Community," 333 W. 21 St., Apt. 2FW, New York, N.Y. 10011.

- I would like to volunteer to help out with the Dream Network Bulletin in  New York City  San Francisco  
 Virginia Beach.
- I am willing to be the focus of the dream network in my own area.
- I am enclosing a mailing list of friends, colleagues, or clients who are also interested in their dreams.  
Please send each of them a free sample copy of the DREAM NETWORK BULLETIN.

SUBSCRIPTIONS DO NOT COVER THE COST OF PRINTING AND DISTRIBUTING THE DREAM NETWORK BULLETIN. THIS IS ESSENTIALLY A CHARITY IN THE SERVICE OF DREAMS. NO ONE INVOLVED IS PAID A SALARY.

## UPCOMING EVENTS

There is no charge for listings in this section. Send all entries as early as possible to: Dream Network, 333 W. 21 St., Apt. 2FW, N.Y., N.Y. 10011

### AUGUST

8/12-14 **Mount Shasta, Ca.** "Shamanism and the Sacred Community" Weekend workshop with Joan Halifax, Ph.D. \$175 Double; \$160 Dorm/Tepee. Write: Gathering of the Way, P.O. Box 659, Mount Shasta, CA 96067.

8/13-14 **Portland, Or.** "Dreaming 101" A weekend seminar with Shannon Perneti. Fri: 6-8 p.m.; Sat: 10-3 p.m. Write Shannon Perneti, 1220 S.W. Morrison, Suite 812, Portland, OR 97205 or call (503)223-5337.

8/13 **Los Angeles** "Dream Therapy Workshop" led by Jenny Davidow, M.A. 11 a.m. - 5 p.m. Call (213)397-9483.

8/13-14 **Berkeley** "Relationship Intensive" a two-day workshop at the Jungian-Senoi Institute. \$90. Write: Jungian-Senoi Institute, 1525J Shattuck Ave., Berkeley, CA 94709 or call (415)540-5500.

8/21-27 **Rural Quebec** "Senoi Dreamwork Community" with Karen Davis. For individuals and families sharing in a community experience. Call: (212)595-9107.

8/24-26 **Cornwall Bridge, Ct.** "Training in Senoi Dreamwork" Workshop with Howard Rovics. \$80. Contact: Howard Rovics, 210 Old Huckleberry Road, Wilton, CT 06897 or call (203)762-9577.

8/25 **Brooklyn** "Dream-Muse: Distilling the Poem from the Dream" Workshop led by Tom Cowan at the Brooklyn Dream Community. Free. 7:30-9:30 p.m. Write: Brooklyn Dream Community, 381 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11217 or call (212)858-2237.

### SEPTEMBER

9/3-5 **Lynchburg, Va.** "Experiential Dream Workshop" led by Montague Ullman, M.D. and Ellyn Hartzler Cowels. Write: Wholistic Resource Center, 838 Rivermont Ave., Lynchburg, VA 24505 or call (804)528-2816.

9/9-11 **Mount Shasta, Ca.** "American Indians: Their Secret Destiny" Weekend with Virgil Armstrong. \$175 double; \$160 dorm/tepee. Write: Gathering of the Way, P.O. Box 659, Mount Shasta, CA 96067.

9/19 **Brooklyn** "Waking Dreamwork with Recurring Dreams" Free workshop led by Bill Stimson at the Brooklyn Dream Community. 7:30-9:30 p.m. Write: Brooklyn Dream Community, 381 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11217 or call (212)858-2237.

9/21-10/26 **Rye, N.Y.** "Exploring Dream Images Through Visual and Symbolic Experience." Course with Elizabeth Caspari. 6 Wednesday evenings. 7 p.m. - 9 p.m. \$75. Write: "The Center for Psychological Studies," Wainwright House, 260 Stuyvesant Ave., Rye, N.Y. 10580 or call (914)967-6080.

9/22-24 **Ojai, Ca.** "Shamanism: The Way of the Heart" Workshop with Don Jose Matsuwa.

Write: The Ojai Foundation, P.O. Box 1620, Ojai, CA 93023 or call (805)646-8343.

9/24 **Honolulu** "Personal Mythology and your Dreams" Workshop with Dr. Stanley Krippner. Contact: Shelby Parker, 3015 Kalahana Ave., Apt 401, Honolulu, HI 96815 or call (808) 923-8278.

9/25 **San Francisco** "Using Your Dreams to Find a Partner, etc." Workshop given by Gayle Delaney, Ph.D. as a benefit for the San Francisco Dream Community. \$20. Write: Sally Shute, P.O. Box 40221, San Francisco, CA 94110.

9/25 **Ojai, Ca.** "The Chumash Shaman's Way" Workshop by Grandfather Semu Haute. Write: The Ojai Foundation, P.O. Box 1620, Ojai, CA 93023 or call (805)646-8343.

9/28 **Los Angeles** "Dream Therapy" course with Jenny Davidow, M.A. Five Wednesday 7:30p.m. Call: (212)397-9483.

### OCTOBER

10/1 **Chicago** "Personal Mythology and Your Dreams" Workshop with Stanley Krippner, Ph.D. Contact: Oasis Center, 7463 N. Sheridan Road, Chicago, IL 60626.

10/23 **Hollywood, Fl.** "Personal Mythology and Your Dreams" Workshop with Stanley Krippner, Ph.D. Contact: Florida Society for Psychical Research, 2005 Jackson St., Hollywood, FL 33020 or call (305)920-4623.

## NIGHTMARE

*Continued from page 3*

music, other people's words, other people's beliefs, other people's plays and other people's movie scripts. Stopping the performance, becoming myself, and being only myself was another story—and a very frightening consideration.

(I went to the Vice President of News and told him of my fears about the new job offer. He only laughed and said, "That's good." He became my teacher and took me one step at a time. It was an effective training).

Over the next 11 years, the work on this particular dream continued to inspire me

as I developed an ever-growing body of creative work around dream and imagery content, a work which began with writing, and then slowly encompassed the music and art I had abandoned years before. I am now able to "fly on my own," traveling and doing workshops and lectures on my techniques and beliefs about this subject. That work is becoming increasingly easier and more comfortable for me to accomplish.

This dream and its work were the tools of inspiration through which I have unfolded a life's career for myself. It's been 11 years and my interest has not waned. And, oddly enough, all the varied things I've done in my life are working their way back in to be

channeled through this focussed career. My desire to go forward and work with others through the experience of my own life increases every day so that each day seems as new and exciting as if it's just the beginning.

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*Kay C. Greene, Ph.D. is a psychotherapist and conducts various workshops in dreams, imagery, healing, music and color. Questions on workshops, nightmares, or private work may be addressed to her at 30 Waterside Plaza, Sta. 13 E, New York, NY 10010 or (212) 889-7956.*

## NETWORK: Giving the dream back to the dreamers . . .

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### An Unexplained Art

Although an electronic technician by trade, my main interests involve any and every unexplained art. To me, dreamwork plays a definite role as an unexplained art. We are just beginning to research an area that has been overlooked and taken for granted by peoples for many centuries.

Having analyzed, monitored, compiled, and contemplated dreams for about five years, I'm still some distance from realizing one of my main goals in this area; Learning to dream lucidly. (Consciously aware that one is dreaming.) Having had few spontaneous lucid dreams, I have yet to learn to initiate them at will. Although I lack consistency, auto-suggestion seems to hold some promise.

Many of my dreams are very vivid and lifelike, and I usually remember parts of several dreams per night. There are times, however, that I go days without remembering a thing. My most vivid dreams, some that will linger in my memory for days, usually will be analyzed and interpreted as I receive them. Many are helpful in solving immediate and past problems.

I am also interested in many of the occult sciences—From basic philosophy to parapsychology. Through my many years of reading and study in these areas I have come to a basic conclusion that man's mind potential is only in it's infancy. I do believe, however, that we are evolving rapidly and that the things that seem impossible to us today, will be commonplace tomorrow.

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*William M. Giordano, 5406 Randleman Rd, Greensboro, NC 27406.*

### Nightmares in Folsom State Prison

I received the "Dream Network Bulletin" today and I must admit, I was quite impressed with the articles.

I like to express a few of my dreams and perhaps I can receive some feedback. But first I like to tell you a little about myself.

Am an aspiring and inspired ebony male, born April 28th 1945, am good looking, intelligent and sincere. I like studying metaphysics and the word of God.

The latter is the reason I am writing. You see am a Born Again Christian and the dreams I am having, is very frightening to me.

This dream as you will witness, has hunt me. Throughout my captivity, whether it hunt me during the wee hours of morning or afternoon naps. This very dream appears every time. As a matter of fact, I look for it, so I can try and understand its true relationship to me. I have failed in my attempt to understand this dream, and by chance a prisoner introduced me to the "Dream Network," he advised me to write the "Bulletin" for help, because as a cell-mate, he has become frightened from my violent attacks during my sleeping hours.

I can never visualize who it is that's pursuing me in my dreams, I can only say their physical outline is that of man. Face definition is never clear.

This dream might come to me as soon as I am asleep, but it always takes place in the same location, I know this because I am always cornered in the same alley, surrounded by skyscrapers, laughing at my entrapment. They seem to know just how to trap me and so upon reaching the end of the alley, I turn to defend myself at which time in my sleep I am physically ready and sweating.

As they began their attack upon my person I begin to fight back but never has any of them as so much laid a hand on me. But yet I am frightened and start in on defending myself, inside and outside of my dream.

I can remember (now I have never mentioned this) in July of 1982, while living at Vacaille State Prison, this dream came to me. Perhaps for the third time I can't really remember when they started but anyway, here I am concerned and I begin fighting, Jesus, you should of heard me when I cried out for help. My cell-mate jumped down from the top bunk to find me holding on to my foot in which I broke the big toe on my right foot from kicking the imaginary figures in my dream.

I truly would appreciate the "Dream Network," running my dream in their newsletter, so I can receive some positive responses. I need to know how to handle this dream, perhaps this dream will take place in the near future or perhaps it's coming to me from other consciousnesses.

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*Virgil L. Smith, P.O. Box C#00408, Represa, CA 95671, Folsom State Prison*

### Dream Group in Denver

I have started a bi-monthly dream group and we would like to be a part of the dream network.

In our group, a new member first takes our dream class and then may join the dream group. We are metaphysically oriented with emphasis on spiritual and psychic development. Guidance in our lives is of prime importance but we are also interested in astral travel, past lives, prophecy and healing. Dreaming is also a path to psychic development.

We would like to hear from other dream groups.

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*Sally Hitchcock, Path to Delphi, 1080 S. Raritan, Denver, CO 80223*

### Misusing Dreams

I've worked with my dreams and shared dreams with others for the past 10 years; have participated in and helped to lead dream workshops. I'm about to receive my M.Div. degree in psychiatry and religion at Union Theological Seminary, and believe me, a stated interest in dreams and the paranormal here can brand one as a "privatist," if not a rank psychotic—entertaining fantasies about the otherworldly when the Gospel "clearly mandates us to stand with the oppressed."

I'm uneasy with the assumptions of most of your contributors, who so easily divide the world into "people on the path," open to the light, at home among the archetypes, and blind pragmatists, bent on acquisition and annihilation. This self-image, of dreamers united by collective love and evangelistic optimism, consistently lends itself in the DNB articles to the most pragmatic of individual life goals: identity, opportunity, creativity, and the most parochial of Western messianic visions: everyone a king; a priest; a property-owner—if nothing else, in possession of our "selves," our paths, our allies, our gifts of power.

Garfield and Faraday become twentieth-century Reformers, prying dream interpretation from the rituals and obfuscation of the priest-psychiatrist, insisting upon the simplification, democratization, and common understanding of the dreamwork. This sort of stance in the

West is consistently undermined by the cult of the individual will, which celebrates its inherent right to any experience it chooses to claim. Dreamwork ultimately eschews any real admission or acknowledgment of the unknown—the unknowable—and opts instead for the literal interpretation of image and the consequent prescriptive nature of the images so defined. This is certainly the simplest form of democratization: the constant mobilization of individuals to take on common denominator forms, language, and activities in the name of choice and self-definition; but it renders dreamwork a functional tool and binds it to culture as it now exists, moving either with it, or directly against it.

For example, one of the articles in the "Coat of Many Colors" supplement discussed a dreamer's inability to claim the torch of the Statue of Liberty as it had appeared in her dream. The author advised us to realize that not all people are at the same level of development, but lamented the dreamer's distance from her proper goal (she'd claimed a flashlight rather than the torch itself). This seems to me a well-intentioned, but troublesome confabulation of action-oriented therapy and moral judgement posing as a higher developmental (if not spiritual) vantage point. The stereotypes upon which this interpretation depends—a weak, unfree, frightened self stumbling about the dark versus a powerful liberated aggressive self claiming her torch as a full person—define the task which the dream permits, but deprive the dream-image of its own potential.

Your contributors evince a great concern with acceptance of dreamwork as a respectable scientific enterprise. Why? Why this overarching hunger for Western authority to reflect and certify the provable, observable results of dreamwork—hence, to program it into schools, grant funds in its behalf, judge it worthy of coverage on a group health rider?

I can agree in principle—dreams do tell us each something about what we are screening out or unable to fully appropriate in the absence of cultural forms. Sharing them brings people closer together, enriches lives. Dreams can also accommodate themselves very well to cultural prejudice; and they easily counterfeit images according to one's expectations. Yes, they are subversive and can be manipulated as tools for the raising of consciousness. But I have to say that I've seen little in the DNB to indicate a genuine concern with those things which culture has heretofore excluded; concern centers rather around obtaining acknowledgment for manifesting such things as culture has excluded. The very articles which call culture to account for its ignorance of the inner world could have been written by frontier Americans, chastising their British cousins for ignoring the rewards of clearing a new territory across the great water, contending with primitives, bartering for gifts, building cities in the wilderness. These are the very prejudices which the West inculcates for its own preservation as a world power: the romance of virgin territory to be conquered, transformed, and given over to the heart's desire.

Surely dreams are also subversive in that they tell us what we MUST screen out in order to maintain selfhood, as we understand it, at all. Contributors to DNB rarely acknowledge the possibility of transformation beyond their personal visions of wholeness, happiness, fulfillment, creativity, or self-worth, and rarely that a person might enter into dreamwork to find himself or herself called to a posture beyond his or her ability to justify as meaningful. If one suffers, it is in the service of a higher self, a better way, a

tangible success. Anything more ambiguous is mere local fluctuation in a larger pattern of determined efforts for preordained goals.

The cultures which DNB contributors mention because of their acceptance of dreamwork into their respective social frameworks require, above all, that a shaman or adept come to terms with the nature of his own desires; with blind spots that will trap him in the world of non-being; with what is unknowable, unpredictable, uncontrollable, potentially destructive. Most such cultures require years of training and discipline of a man or woman who appears to have "big dreams." But the articles published in DNB are unanimous in their celebration of naive experimentation—conscious control over unknown realms of existence; the manipulation of dreams for the sake of personal gain and pleasure. Surely the unknown, the frightening, the divine or demonic, if you will, is not limited to dream monster who won't come across with a gift; to psychic inflation; or disorientation. Is truth so assimilable as that? Is enlightenment so trite and domesticated? Aren't we in some danger of rendering the simple as the simplistic and denying honest-to-God mystery altogether?

I realize that I'm not making a clear point here. I suppose that I'm trying somehow to champion the unsayable, not simply what surprises and delights us, but dreams that remain in the heart can't be communicated and don't have clear results in the world that can be measured and specified. I'm wondering about bringing into the light possibilities that might have germinated in a way different, and far more profound, than the conscious mind dictates by reimagining dream elements according to its own interests. I'm wondering about big dreams that unmake the personality irrevocably. I'm wondering about a very facile sort of mysticism which mistakes the pleasurable for the true and subverts what it purports to sustain.

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*Lenore Thomson, 527 Riverside Drive, Apt 5-L, New York, N.Y. 10027, (212) 865-2481*

### Oregon Dream Network

I will start networking here in Oregon. I see this as a political organizing as important as nuclear freeze work.

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*Shannon Perneti, 1220 SW Morrison, Suite 812, Portland Oregon 97205. (503)-223-5337.*

### Previews of Death

I have always been interested in the dream world, but it wasn't until January '83 that I began a steady recording of my own dreams. I began with all the ones I vividly remembered since I was a baby and also entered several I had recorded in journals before that time. Since January I've had at least 50 which I recorded.

Several of my earlier dreams seemed to be like out-of-body experiences so in an effort to understand them better I read about the astral projection of Eckankar and James Monroe's experiments. Later I just did as much reading as I could find on the subject in my spare time. Calvin Hall and Jung are among the ones I could relate to best.

Prior to my decision to record my dreams I felt that they were really trying to get my attention. Once in a while I would become heavy-headed even during the day, lay down and a

buzzing sound with variations would begin and soon I would be pulled into another space. Depending on the nature of the dream's content I would sometimes feel almost paralysed and drugged for a few hours after the dream ended. Some of my dreams still begin and end with a loud buzzing, vibrations or noise of some kind. I found it very interesting to learn that some people claim this buzzing and vibration to be the doorway to astral-projection, others say it almost always occurs with the reincarnation remembrance and others say it occurs when a person has clinically "died" but later revives (as in coma, heart attack, etc.).

Other things I've had in common during dreams with these 3 events: (Projection, remembrance, and death) are the sense of being out of my body and not knowing quite how to return, but eventually learning how to and becoming comfortable with being out, the feeling of a God-like presence, the presence of loving spiritual bodies like soul-mates or beyond, celestial music and emotional warmth are other similarities.

I've also experienced finding my way through black holes and crossing undefinable barriers from one world to another until I found my earthly body again and had concern that something may happen to my body being unprotected while I was out. Some of this type of dream included flying which also occurs in my more down to earth dreams.

I feel like those types of dreams have given me previews of the experience of death. I feel that if we were aware enough we could perceive ourselves in both the living and "death" world. I think the two are not that far apart except in the physical sense. But most of us would not be able to function and do our job here if we could simultaneously perceive in those two areas.

From having those dreams, I feel we can have some control after death in our ongoing journey.

Once when a very close friend had just died I felt like I was falling rapidly through black space. Later the friend visited me in dreams and other friends who have died have also been present in dreams. The total effect of those experiences have given me a nicer feeling about death.

Not all of my dreams are pleasant of course, and most of them are quite difficult for me to understand. So many of them have the ocean or a body of water in them and this really intrigues me as I love to swim and there seems to be some interesting symbolism in all that water.

Many people seem to just take their dreams as a joke because they seem bizarre and they don't take the time to try to figure them out. Two men that I know are afraid of their dreams. One is a runner and he says that he becomes frightened and is afraid he won't be able to wake up. He has heard of certain runners who had heart attacks in their sleep and he is afraid that if he doesn't wake himself up right away he might have a heart attack. It was my first reaction to say that in your dreams nothing can harm your physical body and that it might be more beneficial for him to not struggle against his dream, but I do not know for sure what can happen to him in his dream state and I can't rule out the possibility that he could have an attack in such a situation. If you have any ideas or information on this specific type of problem I would be very interested.

The other man who fears his dreams thinks they can tell the future and he doesn't want to know it. The dreams he remembers are bizarre or frightening so he rarely remembers dreaming at all. Sometimes he jerks or says something in his sleep but usually remembers nothing of it.

## Old Dogs, Old Tricks

At the beginning of this century, Sigmund Freud recognized that the telling feature of dreams is that they are networks. Many strands of association run this way and that in a dream. Where they overlap or intersect there is a feeling, metaphor or episode of great impact. A node is formed which draws its power from all the strands of association that cross through it, all the layers of organization that intersect at that particular point. In this sense there is no hierarchy in a dream. The smallest element of a dream may easily be its most important. Dreams are democratic. They are networks. Hence their power. They express more accurately what we are than any organization we can make from them with our thoughts.

It is no accident that just at the time when dreams are "coming into their own" as an area of broad professional interest we are also witnessing a widespread social transformation from the old fashioned hierarchical structures such as associations and organizations, which are the products and perpetuators of rigid and dead bureaucratic minds, to those more fluid, functional and egalitarian phenomena known as networks which are more suitable to the newer and more integrated and creative type of individual. Every month more networks are being formed. They are clearly the direct expression in social organization and structure of the dreaming mind itself, that part of us that does the real work of connection and of transformation. Those who study dreams should know to join together in a way that respects and reflects the ways of dreams. Those who know dreams should know that this is a network.

Instead some are beginning to talk about the formation of a professional dreamworkers association, D.E.I. They are still discovering who their fellow dream professionals are month by month on the pages of the Dream Network Bulletin. So are we all. A most unlikely lot! One's an anthropologist, another's a schoolteacher. A third is a Jungian therapist. A fourth is a Yugoslavian family doctor. This is just on the front page of the last issue. The list will go on and on growing with each issue of the bulletin. And they want to form an association of these people! The profession of dreamworker extends far beyond the bounds of any professional association. Can't they tell when something is interdisciplinary? Can't they tell when a network is called for? Apparently not. They herald in the first association of professional dreamworkers as if it were something other than a retreat to the stale old status quo. Pioneers like this we don't need. They're pointed backwards.

The proposed formation of a professional association for dreamworkers, with an inevitable publication of its own, would seem to

I hope that eventually I will meet more people in this area who are involved in dream work. It would greatly aid my progress if I could get some insights into some of my dreams by someone who has been in dream work for a while. Although my friends often relate strange dreams to me knowing of my interest I haven't yet met anyone in the area seriously involved in it.

I was a sociology major, then went into Special Education and taught in that field for about 5 years. I now live in a secluded area but not in seclusion with my husband, a guidance counselor. I do art work and raise registered Nubians.

*Pam McNabb Murphy, Rt. 1, Box 113B, Stouts Mills, WV 26439*

### Senoi Anthropologist Speaks Up

I am glad to see that the "Senoi Dream Theory" issue is finally being addressed in print. I have refrained from writing about it previously because Bob Dentan has had an article in preparation for some years. Now that he and Bill Domhoff are about to publish, I don't mind addressing the controversy.

In general, I agree completely with Dentan's characterization of the Senoi attitude toward dreams. Information that I obtained from my informants may differ in some details from his account, but this is to be expected in an area such as the Malay Peninsula, where there is a great deal of individual variability among groups. I never saw or heard of anything remotely resembling Stewart's account, even though I was specifically looking for it, since my concern was with the processes of Semai psychological adjustment and adaptation.

*Clay Robarcheck, Ph.D., Department of Anthropology, University of California, Riverside; Riverside, CA 92521*

### I'll Paint Your Dreams

I am a Canadian artist who is gathering dream material. Dreamers are given a particular night for a group dreaming experience and on that night they record their dreams then send them to me anonymously. This intuitive and exploratory project is, as much as possible, outside any particular discipline and has no preconceived goals. All dreams are documented and the participants will be invited to attend if the material is used in any public exhibition. If you would like to join the next group please send your name, address, phone number and (if you wish) your occupation to K. Gilles, 2280 chemin Ste-Foy, app. 305, Quebec, Quebec, Canada.

### A Psychotherapist of a Different Breed!

Recently a new professional body was announced here in England. It's called The Centre for Biosynthesis. Because of my work and contacts here, I was listed as one of the founder members, and training staff. This would enable me to teach therapy for what is to me, huge sums of money. But I never paid for my therapy—my dreams taught me! Also, I see such groups as ways of creating self (perpetuating) roles; of creating the illusion of 'patient' and therapist; and building hopes to bring professional fees to shrewd people. So I have asked to withdraw from the situation.

But sometimes I wonder if I am naive in this

area. If people press money into your hand because it helps them to believe that their personal sickness which is integral with the nationwide social sickness has gone away or been dealt with, why not let them? I wonder whether I have not matured enough to convince people into believing there is a personal cure for a national disease.

Or maybe I have not grown enough to accept that there is nothing one can do anyway, so survive the best one can. If people insist on being sheep, shear them. Many women here will willingly pay to have their unconscious fornication explained away and rationalized so they do not have to look at the social conspiracy to ignore real human sexuality. Then I wonder who's sick, me or them.

*Tony Crisp, Ph.D. Ashram, King Street, Combe Martin, Devon, Ex34 OAG, Telephone: 027-188-2579.*

### Crawling into the Light

I am amazed to see publications like the DREAM NETWORK BULLETIN spring to life. It is as if the unconscious finally is crawling into the light.

*Roger Martin, 545 N. Third, Lawrence KS 66044, (913) 864-3256.*

### Close to the Jungle

I have a deep interest in Jungian ideas. I have been observing my dreams for about 27 years and still find it difficult to extract meaning from them—and in a way I think "meaning" is what life is about.

If any of you are coming to New Zealand you are willing to stay with us—just a couple (children nearly grown up) living close to the jungle.

*Jason of Waikare, Kawakawa, New Zealand*

indicate that some dream experts don't want to be speaking with the rest of us "mere" dreamers. They want to talk among themselves in a context that doesn't include us or our experiences. They want to decide among themselves what dreaming is about without including what we who work with our own dreams are actually experiencing, learning to understand, each in our own way, and reporting on the pages of the Dream Network Bulletin right alongside their important professional articles. The loss of hierarchy in the network makes them uneasy. They would clamour back to the rigidity and authority of an old fashioned professional association.

Well, it won't work. Dreamwork has spilled out of the old professions again today even as it did in the time of Sigmund Freud. It has fallen into the most unlikely places: shamanism, near death studies, Hebraic scholarship, trance mediumship....And, yes, it has even fallen into the hands of people like you and me, common people creatively coping with their own personal transformations.

Freud wasn't an event. He was an explosion. What he started with dreams shot forth like an everbranching Roman candle with Jung, Perls and all the many many others who are bursting onto the scene right now. Some of them are scientists, some are Rabbis. In dreams they have something they can explore in common and in a way that they can learn from each other how to better understand themselves. I am even receiving letters from prisoners who are conducting experiments with their own dreams in jail. All of this is data that the true professional dreamworker would not want to ignore. Only a network is powerful enough and flexible enough to bring out into the open all that is happening in every nook and cranny of this complex field. The definitive feature of a network is that its information-carrying capacity is incomparably higher than that of an organizational structure. It's standards may be a little bit lower, like those of a dream itself are as compared to waking mentation, but like a dream it carries the real information.

It is fitting that the professionals who work with dreams work through their own Dream Network and not revert to a poor, ill-conceived, and archaically-structured retreat from this innovation. I believe most professional dreamworkers, and certainly the best ones, will agree with me. Our main task is to make closer contact with both our more conventional and our less conventional co-workers, not to isolate ourselves even further from both camps. The Dream Network is the way. Lets make the 1984 Dream Conference a celebration of our network and forget about the association!

### **My Dreams Go on Around Me in the Room**

I've read quite a lot of books and articles on psychic phenomenon, ESP, precognition, dreams, etc., but I have yet to come across any article, or chapter in a book concerning what has occurred to me.

I wake up at 2:30 a.m. from a dream. I am wide awake, this I know for a fact, but my dream is going on around me in my room. Right in front of me. Whatever it is I see in my dream before I awake (I awake without any outside reason or cause) I see it before me in the room. It's like my mind is a movie film and my eyes are the projector and my eyes project the image into my room in 3 dimensional images. The images are very realistic and are there and won't go away until I turn on the light. Then they disappear. During and afterwards I am terrified and afraid to go back to sleep.

What I see is so real it's unbelievable. I don't understand it at all.

About 6 months ago I woke up and saw 3 foot tall black miniature pine Christmas trees. Three months ago I saw a man about a half a foot away from my bed wearing a cowboy outfit, his face was painted like a clown's face and he was pointing a gun at me. He was also moving. I refused to let it frighten me so I just turned over and went back to sleep. I realized what I saw wasn't really there and couldn't hurt me. I was fed up with being tormented in the middle of the night by these images. Anyway, with these last 2, the trees and cowboy, I wasn't dreaming about either. I wasn't dreaming at all. If I was, I didn't remember a thing. I just woke up and didn't know why and always around 2:30 a.m.

I have had precognitive, lucid, telepathic and very powerful dreams that have me actually crawling or jumping out of the bed and landing on my knees. I am usually wide awake as soon

as I awake from these. I am living these dreams while awake! In a dark room, my bedroom is quite dark—I can't sleep with any light—not even a crack of light.

Anyway, waking up and seeing something in my room which is so real has me completely baffled. I don't know what it is, why it occurs or what causes it but I would really like to know. (They are still occurring.)

I would deeply appreciate it if someone else could shed some light on this for me.

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*June Meek, 5036 E. 86, Garfield Hts., Ohio 44125*

### **Adolescent Dreams**

I am writing a book on dreams and am especially interested in contacting people who have worked with adolescents.

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*Lois Munson, 2952 California St. #6, San Francisco, CA 94115*

### **Working Alone**

I really have little background in dreams except what I've done on my own. I was introduced to dreamwork via Ann. Faraday's book *The Dream Game*. Ever since that time I've been recording my dreams and working with them (about 4 years ago).

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*Candace A. Maher, Box 681, Conway N.H. 03818*

### **Letter from Prison**

I am interested in dreams for a couple of reasons. The main interest that I have in dreams is that I want to learn how to become conscious while I am in the dream state. I have become semi-conscious in a few dreams that I became aware in the dream that I was dreaming.

But I don't have any books or anything on this subject and I don't really know what I am doing.

I go to sleep at night in a meditative state every night and sometimes when my conscious changes gears to my unconscious I will be aware of it. I have watched my dreams flow in my mind's eye while I was semi-conscious quite a few times. But when this happens one of two things usually happen, one is that my dreams speed up three times faster and flicker from a color dream and a black and white dream and the other thing that will happen is that I will fall into the dream semi-conscious.

I will be aware for a few moments in the dream that I am dreaming. I have looked at my hands while I was in the dream state just to prove to myself that I was aware.

But my awareness in the dream state doesn't last but for a few moments. Then I lose what little I had, and just dream.

I do keep a dream diary but the only reason I keep it is because I am trying to impress my dream conscious to my waking conscious. At times when I wake up I try to return to my dream. This is not easy for me to do but I have done it a couple of times. I will sometimes just watch the dream or I will fall into it. But my awareness is very thin or none at all when I am able to do this. Any suggestions?

I would like to have a pen-pal that has the same interest on this subject as I do.

---

*William John Fisher, 321517, Rt. 3, Box 59, Rosharon, TX 77583*

## From Ann Faraday and John Wren-Lewis in the Cameron Highlands, Malaysia.

"The article *The Terrible Truth about the Temiar Tribe* by Alexander Randall 5th in your February issue is so full of errors and misrepresentation that we wonder whether he visited the Cameron Highlands at all. For example:

- 1) Randall tells us that the central mountain core of Peninsular Malaysia is called the *Upper Perak*. It has never been called any such thing. It is known simply as the Main Range, and it extends from beyond the Thai border in the north to south of Kuala Lumpur. Most of it covers the states of Kelantan and Pahang to the east of Perak state.
- 2) Randall then describes his journey into the mountainous jungle of the Cameron Highlands in the *Upper Perak*. One glance at a map would have shown him that the Cameron Highlands are in the state of Pahang. Moreover, Tanah Rata is in the midst of *Semai*, not Temiar country which does not begin until near the Bahang-Kelantan border some 20 miles further into the mountains. A fairly decent paved road deposits the traveller very near the first Temiar village which receives many visitors.

And incidentally, the Cameron Highlands road is not the only road into "Temiar country," as Randall implies. Even in the 1930's both Noone and Stewart entered it from the west at Lasah, from the north at Grik, as well as by railway from the east. There are now many more roads into 'Temiar country.'

- 3) Randall describes his steamy and colorful train ride from Singapore to Tanah Rata, the main town of the Cameron Highlands. He describes 'how the train cars are filled with a cultural grab-bag of people in a wide assortment of costumes carrying their chickens in coops.' This has to be total fantasy since there has never been a railway to the Cameron Highlands, the nearest stop being forty miles away on the plains at Tapah Road. Moreover animals have not been allowed in passenger compartments since the war, chicken coops being conveyed only in the guard's van. As for 'costumes,' most Malaysians these days wear western clothes, especially the men.
- 4) Randall describes Tapah as 'no more than a railroad station and a few houses. Train cars rust on sidings, and the houses are bamboo walls with thatch covering.' For many years now, Tapah has been a substantial industrial center with a population of around 20,000 living in modern houses. As for there only being one car in Tapah - well, there is a fleet of taxis only too anxious to drive tourists to the highlands or anywhere else in Malaysia. In addition there is a regular hourly bus service running to Tanah Rata and Brinchang high in the mountains.  
Tapah Road, the railway station four miles from Tapah, is a little more rustic than Tapah itself, but in no way resembles the Maughamian description given by Randall who obviously wants to impress us with the difficulties of his pioneering journey to the interior!
- 5) The Cameron Highlands is not 'a large valley.' It is a high plateau some 5,000 ft. above sea level, sitting astride the crest of the Main Range.
- 6) Randall's statement that the Cameron Highlands resort area has 'a hotel' again suggests old-time travellers' tales. For the past two

decades there have been around a dozen major hotels here, and even more small ones. Until recently there was even a Youth Hostel.

- 7) One glance at a map would have shown Randall that Kampong Raja lies at the 53rd, not the 58th milepost on the Cameron Highlands road which extends a further five miles, terminating in a pathway near the state border.
- 8) The Temiar have never been a 'free moving hunting group.' There are hundreds of small villages spread over a vast area, and their main livelihood has always come from swidden ('slash-and-burn') agriculture. Each group moves around simply to find new swidden sites every few years and allow the old ones to regenerate, the moves taking place in quite restricted areas.
- 9) We should be delighted if Randall would tell us where he found English-speaking Temiar boys in the Cameron Highlands area. We could use such interpreters, but have never found any, though we have lived in the area for many months and know the people well. Malay has been the medium of instruction in all public schools in Malaysia for the past eleven years, and it is only quite recently that any schools at all were available for tribal people in the jungle. The majority of Temiar children do not attend school at all on any regular basis, and many cannot even speak Malay.

Would Randall also let readers know precisely which 'remote' areas he visited, and the length of his 'fieldwork' in each - complete with dates. Thank you.

So much for the purely geographical inaccuracies, which taken together mean either that Randall was writing fiction or that his memories of a vary hasty visit have become distorted by his desire for literary drama. His falsehoods become a really serious matter, however, when he paints a picture of the Temiar being dragooned into social conformity by a military government. For example, he tells of signs in seven languages liberally posted in the Kampong Raja area to keep people out of the jungle, their message rammed home by a picture of a uniformed man shooting an intruder. The truth is much tamer. These are perfectly standard signs used to keep the public off government installations such as power stations, reservoirs and are in *four* languages - English, Malay, Tamil and Chinese - because all are widely spoken in this country. They could hardly be used to keep people out of the jungle, since there are about 100,000 square kilometers of it. The only sign we know in the Kampong Raja area protects an aqueduct which is an important part of the national water supply system and is guarded by a small army post.

In Randall's imagination, on the other hand, Kampong Raja becomes a base for the military command' in a country that has been 'under continuous seige since the end of the second world war,' and he asserts that the Temiar jungle homeland now 'hides the tension of rival military groups fighting for control of the terrain.' In reality, Malaysia has been virtually free of jungle guerilla warfare since the Emergency ended in 1960. In the occasional sporadic operations still conducted against residual terrorist harassment, mainly along the Thai border, enormous care is taken to see that no harm comes to the tribal people (Orang Asli, as they are

now called, this being Malay for "original people.") The death of just one aborigine in the course of a security operation would lead to an outcry and an enquiry at the highest level, and there would also be big trouble if harm came to a civilian or tourist, which is the reason why people are asked to get security clearance before entering certain jungle areas.

Randall's distorting spectacles become even more evident when he asserts that the government is busy resettling the Orang Asli outside the jungle so that they can be 'monitored, schooled, taxed and generally brought into the modern world.' He also tells us that 'the government expects money for the use of government-built shacks' and that 'the Temiar return to the jungle when the first bills come due.' We don't know what grudge Randall has against the Malaysian government, but these statements are grossly libellous.

The first lesson drilled into every government servant who has anything to do with Orang Asli is that there must on no account be any repetition of the disastrous attempts made by the British in the early 1950s to resettle the aborigines forcibly outside the jungle. Many died, and the resentment of the remainder played right into the hands of the communists. The very word "resettlement" is a no-no today. The current *regroupment* schemes, based entirely on persuasion and discussion (which can go on for months or even years), aim to draw some of the more scattered tribal groups closer together *within the deep jungle itself* to give better access to medical and educational facilities, since it is clearly not possible to give separate medical posts and schools to thousands of tiny villages. No village group is asked to move more than a few miles, to a new site *chosen by themselves* to meet their special requirements, and each village remains as autonomous as ever; even when regrouped, a score of villages totalling about a thousand people altogether still spread over several thousand acres.

Government-built houses are a long way from being shacks, and are provided totally free of charge, along with water supply and (when available) electricity. And far from being taxed, the Orang Asli are entirely on the receiving end as far as government money is concerned—US \$20 million annually for the welfare of about 55,000 aborigines, administered by a special department, the Jabatan Orang Asli or JOA, which is entirely devoted to the care, protection and advancement of the tribal peoples (from whom, incidentally, over half its staff is now recruited). Of course the government isn't perfect (show us one that is!) and there are sometimes delays in implementing new plans, but when disgruntled Temiar occasionally desert the new villages to go back where they came from, it is not because monthly bills have come in, for there are none; it is more likely to be because their monthly government allowances have not come through on time. To persuade them to return, JOA officials take on the extra burden of going out and arguing the advantages of better health and education facilities, often aided by Temiar relatives and friends who can see these advantages for themselves. Randall's idea of troops rounding them up and herding them back is sheer fantasy, probably based on tales of some

British blunders during the Emergency and American ones in Vietnam.

The Malaysian government is allowing twenty years to complete the regroupment schemes, which is hardly the attitude of a fascist regime bent on cultural genocide of its aborigines - and in fact there is great concern not to interfere with the traditional Temiar jungle culture. They are still as free as they ever were to hunt and fish whenever the mood takes them, and also to practice their ancient shamanism. Government "doctors make a point of working hand in hand with tribal healers, who are still called *tohats*, contrary to Randall's claim that the title had been lost: in fact cooperation is sometimes so good that the doctors earn that title for themselves. On the other hand, Temiar can be quite stubborn about accepting medical help if it conflicts with their traditional customs. For example, we have seen a child die because the *halak* (shaman) believed that would interfere with the *jampi* (charm): he had already performed on the child's behalf: we have witnessed the fatigue and frustration of a medical team refused access to villages where someone had just died, because outsiders will bring in evil spirits; and it broke our hearts to see a fine hospital standing empty because (Temiar maintained) it was built on the site of a former graveyard. But on the whole Orang Asli see no contradiction between accepting technological innovations and keeping up their cultural heritage: we have attended full-scale trance sessions which took place in front of the battery-powered TV in the corner of the room.

"As for Temiar dream culture, Randall's notion that the government has contrived its 'demise' by substituting single-family dwellings for traditional longhouses is wrong on two counts. On the one hand, the longhouse had virtually disappeared twenty years ago, simply because the decline of large jungle predators made it unnecessary for families to herd together for mutual protection, and most Temiar villages now consist of single-family bamboo huts - much to their chagrin, since government houses are greatly coveted. Temiar dream culture, on the other hand, is alive and well, very much a central feature of tribal life. Most Temiar still enjoy talking about dreams, and still seek dream guidance for hunting, planting, marriage, healing, choice of foods and planning of ceremonies. And a group of Temiar villages without at least one *halak* is unheard of in our experience, the title being given to anyone who receives gifts of songs from spirit-guides in dreams. Major *halaks* sing these dream-inspired songs whenever they wish to summon their spirit-guides (*gunigs*) on behalf of the village community."

"In fact Randall's assertion that the world's richest dream culture has been lost is at best a gross exaggeration. The whole question of just what Temiar dream-culture is or used to be, and what relation if any it bears to the so-called 'Senoi dream work' in the West, is a very complex one to which we have already devoted many months' research in the jungle, and one on which we still have much more work to do. In the meantime, we urge everyone concerned not to prejudice the issue one way or the other, for any such prejudgments are likely to demean both the memory of Kilton Stewart (a very remarkable man), and the living reality of the Temiar.

Let 'Senoi dream work' in the west be judged strictly on the empirical evidence, unbiased by the belief that there is a whole tribe in the Malaysian jungles who have practised it for centuries. As to the real Senoi dream culture - watch this space.

*Ann Faraday, Ph.D., is the author of Dream Power and The Dream Game. She is currently working on her next book with Professor John Wren-Lewis, her husband. Fion Faraday, her daughter, is currently writing on Senoi trance work. Address withheld.*

#### Alexander Randall Replies

I wrote my article to counter the misrepresentations about Temiar dreamers "forcing" dream characters to give gifts and other dream manipulation. I found no support for these ideas in the literature and I found no support for these ideas in the jungle or among anthropologists in Kuala Lumpur.

In a world full of misrepresentations about the Temiar, I felt that my observations were better than the myths that were being passed around in their name.

My time in the field was limited to a few weeks. I paid my way to Malaysia to do what I could to counter the myths. I worked with all the informants I could find. They corroborated the tales of the Emergency, the rounding up of tribesmen, and the rest. I had no reason to doubt them. None of the Orang Asli with whom I spoke reported special dream experiences. That is a fact, and I reported what I found. The anthropologists at the national museum in Kuala Lumpur corroborated my observations, and reported that conditions had improved from the darkest days of the Emergency, but that modernization had vastly changed the tribe.

My goal, in writing was to portray my sense of the experience in rich images not unlike the images of the dreaming mind itself. This produced a highly condensed story, and the geographical comments of Ms. Faraday are the result of condensation not misrepresentation. It was not my intent to mislead the reader. I have no need to quibble about the details of geography. I was not writing to geographers, but an audience of dreamers and I sought to excite them with strong images and new ideas.

I find some of Ms. Faraday's comments exaggerations and distortions of my article, but I see no point in dragging the reader through more pages of academic rhetoric. The fact is that she has not told us anything about the dream methods, skills, or activities of the Temiar Senoi. If she has done longer and more extensive field work, I bow to her special knowledge. I reserve judgment, however, until I am able to examine the details of her field study. It is sad that she spent many pages in criticism, without enlightening us about what she found in the field. I reported what I saw, and I will be pleased if what I saw was not the whole picture. I hope Ann Faraday will take the earliest opportunity to tell us what she learned, and that she will report it in these pages that we may freely learn from her.

In the midst of arguing over the milepost in Kampong Raja, however, she has missed my major point. My students and thousands of others taught by sensitive dream teachers have learned the joy of using their dreams in a healthy manner. Our western culture never cultivated

the dreaming mind, and we benefit from dream insights gathered around the globe. Stewart's work, no matter how false, introduced many Americans to the idea that there were options in dreaming and that we could benefit from exploring the dreaming mind. That was a great and necessary lesson. I have no need to argue with Faraday. While throngs of Americans are disconnected from their dreams, I have no energy to waste fighting with fellow teachers.

When I meet situations where people are disconnected from their dreams I will teach them to explore, to seek, and to learn from the great dreaming people of the planet. I will teach them that there are ways to meet dream spirits and befriend them. Is that idea the exclusive province of primitive people? No, it belongs to us all.

*Alexander Randall 5th, Ph.D. 18½ Hancock St., Boston MA 02114-4101. (617)-367-5773.*

#### Hit and Run Ethnograph Reply to Alexander Randall

Most contemporary ethnographers recognize that they aren't describing "the Truth" about the people with whom they work. An ethnography is the product of a complex negotiation between an ethnographer, the people he wants to write about and the audience he seeks to address. Anthropologists judge the product by the quality of the negotiation. Saying that the "truth" of an account is dialectic, however is not the same as saying that it's OK to write anything you dream up about other people's lives as "truth." The fundamental Native American complaint with anthropologists is that anthropologists get (relatively) rich by telling lies about Indians. This legitimate complaint underlies my concern with some "Senoi" work. I'm particularly uneasy about Alexander Randall's article on "The Terrible Truth of the Temiar Senoi" in your February issue, since the author professes to be an anthropologist although unaffiliated with any department.

John Wren-Lewis is addressing the inaccuracy of the slurs against Malaysia in a separate reply. I just comment that Malaysia is, next to Singapore, the most progressive and prosperous country in Southeast Asia, scarcely the rustic backwater of Randall's description. This note raises only three questions. (1) Is Randall's reading complete? (2) What does "Tohat" mean? (3) Who did Randall talk to?

As your readers know, Stewart wrote a lot more than the three articles which arrived in Randall's "mysterious box." Noone's Temiar monograph is in the Journal of the Federated Malay States Museums vol. 19 (#1), at, e.g., the New York Public Library and Cornell library. Professor William Domhoff, the distinguished author of *The Bohemian Grove*, had no trouble getting a copy of Stewart's thesis and sent me the section on "Senoi." Marina Roseman of the Southeast Asia program at Cornell just returned from a long stay with Temiar and assures me that there is a microfilm of the thesis at their library. The Stewart Foundation for Creative Psychology keeps track of these things.

*Tohat* comes from Malay *tuan*. Originally *tuan*, "your highness," referred to descendants

of the Prophet and people who had made the pilgrimage to Mecca. The variant *tuhan* sometimes meant "Allah" (i.e., the Lord). After the British conquest, people extended the word to all Europeans, like *bwana* in East Africa or *baas* in South Africa. Readers of Anthony Burgess or Joseph Conrad will recognize this usage. Since traditional Temiar reject ranking and hierarchy, the borrowed honorific reflects a cultural distortion perhaps due to questioning by Noone or Stewart.

The Cameron Highlands from which Randall set forth are traditionally Semai rather than Temiar. Semai and Temiar are so similar that Stewart in his thesis classifies the Ulu Telom people with whom I lived in 1962 as "Temiar," although they appear as "east Semai" in my book on Semai. It's a natural mistake for someone who doesn't speak the language. Methodologically, however, asking a bunch of schoolboys abstract questions in their *third* language is unlikely to provide accurate information about traditional ways of life, particularly if the children come from a notoriously unforthcoming people who have been doing wage work on tea plantations in the area since the 1930s.

The notion that the praxis Randall describes might have vanished without trace is untenable. Asian people still recall slave raids which occurred around the turn of the century and even the Siamese incursions of a century earlier. Were dream theory ever as central as Randall contends, someone would remember it. No one on Ulu Telom did in 1962. Neither did Randall's Cameron Highland schoolboys, although the benefits of modern education may explain their ignorance. Domhoff and I are still working on a detailed discussion of this issue, which raises some of the concerns expressed at the opening of this note.

*Robert Knox Dentana, Ph.D. 318 Beard Ave., Buffalo, N.Y. 14214*

### Send Us Your Dreams

Huone and I write a regular dream feature for one of the big national daily newspapers here in England. Through this work we are collecting a very big sample of people's dreams. All these dreams have been filed and reference taken of the symbols appearing in the dream, as well as its main theme. In this way we are gaining a deeper insight into the nature of dreaming, and how people, in their deepest self see life, work, death, love making, marriage, childhood, old age, and the social and political environment in which they live. Having so many dreams helps us to have an overall view of the psychology, spiritual life, social problems and direction of the whole nation.

This has so excited us we wish not only to collect many more dreams here in England, but from all over the world, to compare the inner life of different countries, and have a deeper insight into the process and meaning of dreaming in human life. When we have enough dreams and insight we plan to write the results of our research. (One of our books on dreaming is already in print - DO YOU DREAM published by Duttons.)

*Continued on page 15*

## SEXUALITY

*Continued from page 2*

The following dream reveals an interesting inner male-female conflict and resolution. The dreamer is an attractive dark haired woman who has been divorced for a few years.

### "Behind the Scrim"

An exquisitely beautiful platinum blonde, her hair pulled up in a knot, lives in an expensive white colonial house set among small hills and well-tended greenery. She's a rich bitch. An attractive, virile, intelligent man—light brown hair, tanned skin, beautiful muscular body, dressed in tan chinos and clean white shirt with sleeves rolled up—acts as her servant. In truth, they are equals, but she is in dominant position. He is honorable, hard-working, and trying to please her.

She leaves the house, dressed in a pale ice-blue sheer cotton dress (which matches her eyes) looking summer lovely, and crisply walks past him, quickly slips into her car and zooms off. He's dumb-founded and in despair over being left—and, so abruptly.

He wants to please her and no matter what he tries to do, she reacts negatively. She is imperious—nothing, it seems, pleases her. She cannot be nice to him; she's compelled to be antagonistic. It's ridiculous because he keeps continuing to be servile, and she, to be cold, nasty, condescending—they are caught.

Brief shot of dark room inside the house: figure of a woman hiding behind a scrim (gauze draped curtain of kind used on a stage to create back drop of shadowy figures behind).

Outside in the sunlight again, the bitch blonde returns, goes inside, packs a suitcase and whisks back to her car, obviously furious at him. He is standing there ready but not knowing how to act or what to do. She's wearing a red and white fine-checked dress and looks beautifully fresh. She demeans him and criticizes him verbally. He's in a quandary. Off she goes again in her big car.

He goes into the house, and, off to the right of the foyer in the dark room, sees the shadowy figure of a woman behind the scrim. (Dreamer gets ghost story shivers.) He goes around the veil unseen and what does he see? By God, it's SHE!! She's facing away from him—she's on her knees and naked. She looks very *derriere-ish* (beautiful ass) and desirable. He begins to make love to her by caressing her waist, hips, cheeks, breasts and cunt. He searches for her hole and finds her wet. She's delighted: wants exactly this to happen. She has been wanting him to initiate all along, to act as her equal, not to be subservient or wait for her permission.

I (the dreamer) am sexually aroused and realize I am dreaming as soon as the man touches the woman. The feeling of orgasm almost ends the dream but I remember the

Senoi practice of asking for gifts from Dream lovers. At this point, the blonde gives the man gold keys to her car and house. He gives her a gorgeous satin comforter that changes color like the moonlight.

The male-female dynamics in this dream could be examined at great length. Essentially, the ethereal (pale blonde, pale blue eyes), aesthetic nature is rich in resource but frustrated by a lack of initiative and taking command. The split between the inspiring gifts (the woman) and the ability to work hard in the service of these (man) has reached a peak of frustration for both sides of the dreamer's polarized psyche. Despite her irritableness, she manages to seduce by extraordinary device a union of those two sides on her own terms. It seems as if it takes forever because she is unable to be direct. The intense sexuality of the dream reveals a very deep need for a total integration of these forces. The conscious feminine side of the dreamer's psyche is strongly motivated to connect with these "masculine" attributes of "sweat of the brow" and initiative. Actually, even though she's having great difficulty in eliciting her desired response, she utilizes the qualities she wants (lacks) to get what she wants (desires). In her indirect fashion she works hard at it and is taking the initiative.

There is also some reversal of male-female psychic attributes (cf. Jung, anima and animus). The male has become non-verbal and non-assertive; his emotions are diffused and dominate him. The female is the verbal, critical (analytic), and rational-conniving. With their sexual union, he can assume the active role and she can be receptive. His approach from behind furthers his opportunity to know what is going on and allows her to be in the mysterious dark, totally receptive.

The dreamer was able at this time in her life to become more assertive in her professional life and to market her talents in a satisfactory way. At this time she had severed an unsatisfactory romantic relationship and a few months later became involved with someone she enjoyed passionately.

Incidentally, the lucid awareness triggered by the intense feelings brings the integration process to psychic completion. The exchange of gifts satisfies the urge to bring this new exchange of self-defeating pattern for inner cooperation to consciousness.

A totally different type of example which has no overt sexual content comes from a male dreamer. Here we can observe a conflict between the masculine and feminine over the expression of the active principle:

"Aunt L.—Sick and Crippled?"

I am with a group of people in the backyard of a house. I learn that my aunt is very sick with some disease. This is very upsetting to me. (I admire her and the relationship she had with my uncle who died several years ago. She's very spunky.)

I want to go to her. I don't want her to be sick. The house has become a trailer. I am stopped at the door by a bunch of people who say she doesn't want to see me. I break through their barrier and see my aunt. She is wearing braces on her legs, as if she had polio. People are grouped around her to keep me away. I move to get past them.

I want to shake her and tell her she can't be sick—I want her to be the way I've always known her. She moves and hobbles past me, to get away. I don't know what to do. She lies down and just looks at me. I feel very sad and very...frustrated.

Here, we have a sharp dichotomy in the dreamer's psyche between the desire to move and take action versus the opposite; between living and dying. The dreamer is a man of action driven to shake his aunt—his anima—out of her immobility. The male principle is active and undaunted throughout the dream until the inactive, shielded female moves. Through her movement she conveys her strong desire to move away from his approaching energy. It is right at this point that the dynamics change and the possibilities of male-female energy exchange open up. We want to reach out and shake her into another state of being, more like his. She does move near enough for him to physically approach her. He wants to assault her out of love for

her and decides not to out of love for her. He knows no other option. (That is why he ends the dream at this point.) As in life in the third dimension, there are myriad possibilities such as taking her gently in his arms, reaching out to support her, or of verbally engaging her. Remember, she is an aspect of himself. When he decides that his instincts may not be appropriate or effective, he is immobilized.

Because this particular aunt is healthy and fully ambulatory in waking life, she absolutely represents the dreamer's female within turned against itself. There is a part of him that feels crippled and dis-ease, an aspect of him that he thought was normal and is shocked to discover is in grave condition. She represents—among other things—emotional relatedness, receptiveness, sharing, and nurturing. Thus, at the time of the dream, this man was feeling crippled and hopeless in his ability to relate to his own emotional and nurturance needs. The realization that his psychic condition needs serious attention has occurred. And, he realizes that his customary way of responding may be too violent to be effective no matter how caring the intention. His feminine side is feeling too vulnerable for such abrasive handling.

Acting out these opposing forces with movement is revelatory—as long as the dreamer feels comfortable and trusting enough to do so. He then discovers how

different approaches would work and have positive options. He is left with the question: how to relate to and nurture himself out of the immobility which frustrates him so furiously and causes such deep sadness.

Interestingly, the dream is also saying: "you've made the anima appear to be sick when in reality she's fine." He is struck in several areas of his life: home, career, relationship. Action of a creative, positive, optimistic, curious nature is called for. Fear and curiosity are polarities. Curiosity about how to create positive changes elicits attention to reality. The natural result is relationship and communication.

The relationship between the masculine and feminine within each psyche is achieved through conscious communication, cooperation, and motivation. Passion is a strong motivating force—all levels of being fired into action and interaction. The spirit quickens and the mind informs. The emotions respond and the result is made manifest in the physical.

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*Valerie Meluskey is a movement therapist and master practitioner of NLP who holds weekly dream workshops in Princeton, N.J. For more information call (609)921-3572 or write: Valerie Meluskey, The Old Great Road, Princeton, N.J. 08540.*

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## The Poetry of William Bronk

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### GRIDS

Verity, in dream's direct experiment, dares, nakedly, to make us look at itself.

While we sleep, it spares us nothing of its power.

And we are unsparing in turn: terror untied,

love loose; we feel whatever there is, whatever anywhere. Any time.

Experience. We see its disjunctiveness.

No piece can fit to another. But. They go together. They make reality. It has no shape: reality is shapelessness.

Waking, we place a grid on this of form and reason. What doesn't fit the grid's lines

we call not real. We know this often fails.

I fit a grid upon myself I call myself. Absurdity. What am I, then?

If I am, let me acknowledge shapelessness,

the real and directness of dream, gridless, be none.

Whatever we are, we are whatever men are.

There is terror in not being named.

What face can face our facelessness, dream the real of the dream?

• William Bronk 1983

William Bronk's *Life Supports* (North Point Press, 850 Talbot Ave., Berkeley, CA 94706) is a book of poems. "These poems are about a deeper way of seeing things, a different way of being."

### THE GREED

In bed. Asleep. Or half asleep: awake in sleep to a consciousness we grope against in waking.

It's all right. Morning will come, crows crying in the yard and the branches of trees shaking, waving some.

We look at the light, rise, let light and water wash across our darkness. Pleasure. The little things.

Sport of the world. But even so.

Afterwards, take me to bed with you. Let me sleep. I am greedy after sleep's consciousness.

• William Bronk 1983

### THE MAYAN GLYPHS UNREAD

Yes, the porpoises of course, it could be of purport to talk to them. See what they say.

Indeed, what wouldn't we give? But the Mayans,—oh,

not but what I'd want to know, I would. They were different from us in many

ways. But we know something about them, quite a bit in fact.

They were men, which makes me wonder could they have any more

to say to us than we have to say, ourselves,

to each other, or rather, could they have a better way

to say it that gets across? It seems to me we all speak in undeciphered glyphs as much as they do. OK. I'd like to know.

What's new with them? No, I'd try to talk with anybody if I thought I could. You. I'd try to talk to you. What do you know?

• William Bronk 1983

William Bronk, 57 Pearl St., Hudson Falls, N.Y. 12839

## ANTHROPOLOGY

*Continued from page 1*

from our minds into our hearts, a higher site of intelligence. For when we are thinking with our feelings, we are thinking accurately. We discover that our feelings are our thoughts. Such complicated thoughts! We cannot easily accommodate them but if we ignore them a false kind of intelligence is born in us. Our minds can no longer think. They are stupid. They are blocking out too much data. They settle for false substitutes for the thing itself. We aren't playing with a full deck anymore.

A timely example is the "jihad" or Holy War of the Moslems. Today there are millions in Iran willing to slaughter their own ethnic brothers in the service of this "Holy" mission. But the Holy War is not a war between men or nations. It is a war within each of us. Its weapons are not violence and treachery but peace and love. It is the Creative Process of reowning the whole of ourselves. If we are locked up in our bodies, it means reowning our minds. If we are locked up in our minds, it means reowning our bodies. We can be locked up in our hearts too if that was the only place of refuge we had during the course of our development. What a turbulent black hole this place can be and many of us are perhaps a little psychotic. How else to explain the world we create around us? Of course, we don't see our world as psychotic. Do you think the Iranian zealot sees how crazy the order is that he serves? No, he can only see our kind of craziness, not his own. He is a blind man causing a great deal of pain and misery in the world. He is a lot like us.

I think it is clear that in matters of religion we are a lot like the Cargo-cultist of the Pacific Islands, going through the motions of the thing as a way to get the thing itself. We laugh at the Melanesian who makes a cardboard carton refrigerator and sits at an upturned crate "table" pretending to drink from an empty beer can in order to capture the magic that will bring him the wealth and success of the White Man. But we take our own stupid substitutes for religion just as seriously as the native takes the cardboard carton refrigerator in which he carefully replaces his rusty old beer can.

"O.K." I have heard some modern intellectuals say, trying to set themselves above all this stupidity, "But I am an atheist. I believe in Science. In Science we see things as they are. In Science we don't fall prey to all this foolishness. Science is Exact." Hah! How the Dream laughs every time we become exact! What pleasure it will have with us now that we think we know something! And how the Dream cries every time we turn our back on it like this, every time we sell out to a metaphor at the price of the thing itself. Let us take a look at Science, the established religion of our modern culture, and see if it is immune from the follies we inflict upon ourselves by

ignoring our creative side. Anthropology is as good an example as any.

Let's say we live in an age of sexual suppression. Our bodies themselves dream of freedom. Let's say we are Margaret Mead. Let's say we visit Samoa. Let's say the dream in our body is liberated by the exotic surroundings. We are Anthropologists performing an exact science but do we see the Samoans or do we see what the Samoans liberate within us? Is what we are seeing not actually our own dream? One who has not worked extensively with his own dreams would object if we told him the world he sees around him with his own eyes is only his dream. But those of us who have worked ourselves in a little closer with our own dream minds have discovered over and over again that when we can own our own desires and wants and express these freely we no longer have an emotional need to misconstrue the reality we see around us. We can see things more clearly for what they are. It is only when we begin to awaken that we realize we're living a dream. New facts now come to the fore.

We are told now that the factual reality for Margaret Mead's reports of sexual freedom in Samoa was never there in the first place. The new facts appear to be sound. But should Margaret Mead be attacked as a bad Anthropologist? Maybe the whole thing has nothing at all to do with her. She lived in an age that longed for sexual freedom. Through her that age created a fiction that helped dispel its ignorance of itself. Through her eyes it saw in the Samoans what it needed to find in itself. I guess psychologists would call this a "projection." We see in others what we disown in ourselves. A projection is a fiction. It is something that doesn't exist "out there" but "in here." Margaret Mead gave her generation the fiction it needed to liberate itself. Gauguin was off in Tahiti, illustrating the text.

Our Science, like our lives, is largely a fiction. This realization is threatening to the modern intellectual who is unschooled in the ways of the dream mind. He lashes out at Margaret Mead as a bad Anthropologist. She was a good Anthropologist, but she was an Anthropologist of her time, as all others are. And among the Anthropologists of her time she was a genius.

What is a genius? A genius is a great artist. He may be a physicist like Einstein or a psychologist like Freud, depending on what art form he chooses. Oh how this grates against the nerve of those who need to think in categories! Their minds are in a straightjacket. Margaret Mead was a genius because she played a major role in freeing the mind of her generation from the particular straightjacket that had been imposed upon it. Should she be criticized for using Anthropology as her art form? After all, aren't all of our explorations really explorations of ourselves?

Out of our body's dreams we weave art.

From that art we find a new reality. The sexual freedom Margaret Mead painted among the Samoans has now permeated our own culture. Like anything long buried, it has gone a little "bad" and is emerging in some strange ways. But the fesh air will shake it out a bit. It will be its old self again after a few generations, a self that it has never been able to be before, anywhere, ever. It has a freedom now it never had before. And when we begin to taste that freedom ourselves we can see why it needs to be restricted. But the difference now is that we will restrict it in our own ways, the ways that work for us, and not with the rigid formulae that are culturally imposed from a time in history when conditions were not as they are now. Margaret Mead and the other great artists of her generation set us free. The world as they saw it was a fictitious creation of their own dreams. Their dreams became our actuality. As a result, we can see the world a little differently. We can see the Samoans a little differently. Anthropology has changed because we have changed and we see things differently now.

I think it is in this light that we must examine the growing controversy over Kilton Stewart's Anthropology of the Senoi and the dream psychology that a number of individuals have fashioned from it. What I am proposing we do is look at the situation in reverse. Instead of imagining that we are actually finding out the truth about the Senoi finally, let us realize that the only thing we are really exploring in our studies of the Senoi is our ability to perceive the truth about ourselves.

I for one am not in any position to know the facts about that tribe but from the letters I have been receiving of late, which unfortunately I have been asked not to publish, I am reasonably convinced that Stewart's Anthropology can be seen now as another fiction. It hardly matters that his study was a detailed and thorough one, as several have pointed out. The issue may not be whether he was a good or a bad Anthropologist, although it seems some are trying to make it into that. The issue may merely be that the unmet needs of his own culture and his own generation colored what he saw and reported. Anthropology once again became an art form. Anthropology once again taught us something about ourselves. How arrogant to assume it could ever teach us anything else. How presumptuous to assume that what we see and report is ever reality itself. How blind to see our Science as anything more than a reflection of our own state of conscious development.

If we examine Kilton Stewart's marvelous fiction as a specimen of consciousness of the society that created it, we see our own denied dreams leaping out at us. Have you ever heard of Senoi dream workshop leader expounding on how peaceful and creative the tribe is? The very tones that he uses show that he's talking

about a dream he has in his own heart, a vision he has for his own society: a vision of interpersonal harmony, absence of crime and insane violence; a vision of sharing and communication between individuals in society and between those individuals and society itself that is deep and powerful and creative. Is it any wonder that Kilton Stewart's study of a remote Malaysian tribe was seized upon by so many individuals in our society? It reflects our own dream of creative freedom from the kind of bureaucratic and repressive society that results when we ignore our dreaming mind—the kind of society that poisons our very relationship with violence and sickness. How

wonderful and simple it would be if we only needed to attend to our dreams to free ourselves from all this. Maybe people were only too ready to believe Kilton Stewart's study because it was true, not for the Senoi, but for us.

It remains to be seen what the actual facts about the Senoi are. But we can no longer deny that Kilton Stewart's Anthropology has taught us much about ourselves. It was a picture of our own future, like fiction often is. It immediately began to permeate our lives, as good art always does. The idea got out that a healed society was possible if only we would reown our own deepest dreams, the fur-

thest reaches of our own consciousness, the thoughtforms of our own bodies—our feelings. Maybe a few more of us now are finally ready to let go of our dead religions and our false sciences and embark, each one of us, on the Path of the great ones from Jesus to Einstein—that process of creative transformation of self and relationship that will revolutionize our world like it has never been revolutionized before. The Science of the future will become the science of the impossible as slowly we begin to take off our straight-jackets and discover ourselves, each other, and the world for the first time.

## IN OUR SLEEP

*Continued from page 2*

never find him in these dreams. Once I jumped out of bed sobbing and ran to him."

This dream from an elderly woman is about a personal situation, loss of her husband as a partner in bed and fear of aloneness. However, we have received so many dreams of this type from the same age group, the suggestion is that it is not simply an individual problem, perhaps it is a social one. Certainly there is a fear among women of that age group of losing their husbands. If we add to this the knowledge that statistics show men more frequently die before their wives, and that many older women have no satisfying role in life except wife, a wider picture emerges. In the past, with children and grandchildren living near at hand, a mother always had a very real role. With children frequently living away from parents, or even working abroad, this is no longer possible. Most of her satisfaction is gained from her relationship with her husband. If her husband disappears/dies, she will be faced by a degree of loneliness difficult to bear.

It is this area, of research, statistics and indications arising from large numbers of dreams, I feel our future main work and interest lies. But individual letters and dreams from people willing to share their inner life is still a very real and deep satisfaction.

*Tony and Hyone Crisp have been involved in dream work for 17 years. They write a regular feature on dreams in an English national newspaper. Through seeing a nation's dreams they have been made aware of the high degree of personal and social sickness, and now seek, through dream work, to help people become aware of their situation enough to change it. Tony Crisp, Ashram, King Street, Combe Martin, Devon, Ex 34 OAG, England.*

## NETWORK

*Continued from page 12*

So if you have any inclination to help us in our project please send as many dreams as you can, or collect dreams from friends and neighbors. We want any sort of dream from all age groups and social, economic and racial background. If you can help us in this we will be pleased to send latest reports of findings, statistical analysis and symbols, and information arising from our work.

Of course, we would like to hear of your work too, and hear of your findings, and help you from our work and resources.

*Tony and Hyone Crisp, Ashram, King Street, Combe Martin, Devon, EX34 OAG, England, Tel: 027-188-2579*

## The Poetry of William Bronk

William Bronk's *Life Supports* (North Point Press, 850 Talbot Ave., Berkeley, CA 94706) is a book of poems. "These poems are about a deeper way of seeing things, a different way of being."

### THE TRUTH AS KNOWN

Isn't it true though, we could ask—  
—who?—almost anybody, what's  
it all about? Yet, asking, not  
wait for an answer, or getting one, part  
of one, suspect it, scoff, know it was  
false.

It is—strangely—as though we already  
know.

It is as though we agreed, all agreed,  
never to say it, to lie about it, speak  
anything but the truth, knowing what we  
know.

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*William Bronk, 57 Pearl St.,  
Hudson Falls, N.Y. 12839*

### RATIONAL EXPRESSION

Anything we know is outside  
of rational expression. Do we know  
anything? No, of course we don't.  
What we know is not true and what is  
true  
is beyond our knowing; knowing is not  
the point  
But we are aware of something and, in  
that sense,  
we know. One sense of knowing is to  
know  
carnally. To sense. We know that sense.  
We have carnal knowledge. Even the  
mind  
has carnal knowledge. This is a certainty.

We are uncertain how to speak of it  
and sense that what we know carnally  
is not what we know. There is a whole  
world  
of inner knowledge which, guardedly,  
becomes experience but yet remains  
beyond expression as if it were  
unknown;  
but we know, we are at home there  
and go as often as we can, open the  
door,  
walk around the rooms, sit down and  
look,  
wish we could tell, could take our friends  
there.

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## DREAMWATCH

by Thomas Dale Cowan, Ph.D.

The two articles under review in this issue are about the theater and the Biblical Joseph respectively. Any resemblance to Broadway's *Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat* is purely coincidental.

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Another night, another dream. Another morning, another dream forgotten. Why? Do we forget dreams for the same reasons that we forget waking events? D.M. Johnson of York University, Ontario, thinks not. In "Forgetting Dreams" (*Philosophy*, vol. 54, no. 209, pp. 407-414), he argues that dreams are "intrinsically forgettable," and explanations that offer the same arguments as why the mind forgets waking events miss the point. Among these are: that dream images are dim, weak images, that they frequently have no coherent pattern or order, that they are too unusual to remember, and that the average dreamer has no interest in remembering them. When you think about it, these "classic" arguments for forgetting dreams are not even always true. Even the Freudian explanation that we censor the unpleasant images of dreams is the same type of argument based on why we forget or repress unpleasant experiences in waking life. So why do we forget dream?

According to Johnson, there is a "stagey" quality to the manifest content of dreams, analogous to the costumes, make-up, lighting tricks, sets, and actors-as-actors in a drama. In a quality theatrical production, however, average playgoers are oblivious to the artificiality of the play because they are engrossed in what the play is about. So too with dreams. The manifest content, says Johnson, is not what the dream is about. Manifest contents are like props with which we dream about something else, and the sleeping mind is engrossed in the latent content of the dream, not the images the dream employs. People who do remember dreams consistently are like drama critics trained to notice the props or images and by a "seperate mental effort" perform an additional "commenting task on the dream's manifest content."

For example, I might go to the play and not remember what color dress an actress was wearing in Act II whereas a drama critic would remember it and probably have some disagreeable comment about it. Similarly, to use Johnson's example, I might forget the look and behavior of a dragon in my dream because what I'm really attending to is the feeling or attitude toward some rival in my waking life whom the dragon represents.

Johnson does not imply, however, that we always understand the latent content of a dream as we usually know what a play is about. But when the dream is over, he says, we have incorporated the attitude or

the feeling of the dream's total content. It becomes "part of my mental repertoire in a way that was not true before." And, unless you are a committed and creative dreamer, the dream's manifest content is frequently forgotten, lost.

\* \* \*

Was the Biblical Joseph simply one of God's more successful prophets of future events, or did he have some insight into the process of dream interpretation that a Freudian or Jungian analyst might enjoy? According to Joseph Berger, M.D., writing in the *American Journal of Psychoanalysis* (vol. 41, no. 3, pp. 277-282, Fall 1981), Joseph should be reinstated as a major dreamworker who used remarkably modern concepts in explaining the dreams of his contemporaries. The traditional rabbinic explanations of Joseph's prowess are based on his using the events of the dream either as symbols pointing to good and evil events in the future or as direct messages from God. But Berger, in "New Views of the Biblical Joseph," has re-read the scripture to discover that Joseph, like many modern analysts, based his interpretation of dreams as much on the dreamer as the dream itself. His techniques included: wish-fulfillment, fear, anxiety, distortion, censorship, displacement, manifest and latent content and conflict, day residues, and associative materials.

Consider the two servants imprisoned by Pharaoh for possible sabotage. One, the Chief Butler, served the Pharaoh wine with a fly in it; the other, the Chief Baker, offered him bread containing a pebble. While in prison, each had a dream. From their dreams, Joseph accurately predicted that the Butler would be pardoned, but the Baker would be executed. How did he do it? According to Berger, the Butler's dream indicated that he would like to "undo" the crime. In it, he picks a grape himself, squeezes it, and personally delivers the cup to Pharaoh. Joseph may have realized that the dream emerged from the Butler's genuine remorse while reflecting in prison

on his carelessness. Word of his repentance possibly reached Pharaoh who, Joseph assumed, would free him.

The Baker's dream, on the other hand, showed no sign of contrition. He dreamed that he was carrying to the Pharaoh a basket of bread baked by someone else and birds came and ate it. His dream showed no desire to personally make amends, no psychological mechanism of "undoing" but rather the desire to win glory (from someone else's baking efforts) by delivering the goods to Pharaoh. From the Baker's concern only with the appearance, not the quality of the bread, Joseph may have concluded that word of the Baker's lack of contrition and continuing arrogance while in prison may have reached Pharaoh who would ultimately put the Baker to death for a possible assassination attempt. And he did.

Berger also explores the Pharaoh's dreams about the seven lean and seven fat cows and the seven lean and seven fat ears of corn. He notes that it was a "modern" insight for Joseph to realize that they were really the same dream, something Pharaoh's official dream interpreters had not done. This insight and several others Berger discusses lead him to conclude that Joseph's understanding of how the unconscious works in dreams at night can account for his correct interpretations of Pharaoh's dreams rather than a direct revelation from God.

The interesting question raised by Berger is: what happened to these methods of dream analysis in the intervening centuries between Joseph and Freud? Did others possess them? Or were they somehow mysteriously lost to Western civilization along with the amazing technicolor dreamcoat?

Thomas Dale Cowan, Ph.D. is a freelance writer and founder and director of the Brooklyn Dream Community. For information write: Tom Cowan, 381 Atlantic Ave, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11217, (212)858-2237.

# DREAM NETWORK

## BULLETIN

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