

# DREAM NETWORK BULLETIN

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From the Soviet Union:

## MEANINGFUL MESSAGES IN DREAMS

By Barbara Ivanova

### OOBE's AND LUCID DREAMS: A COMPARISON

by Edith S. Gilmore, Ph.D.

"In both the lucid dream state and the OOBE state I have full possession of my 'waking' rational faculties and memories. But whereas in the lucid dream state there is an inherent feeling of 'When does this unreal state of affairs fade away?' in the OOBE state my surroundings definitely feel 'real,' though they do eventually fade (all too soon), and I'm 'back in'."

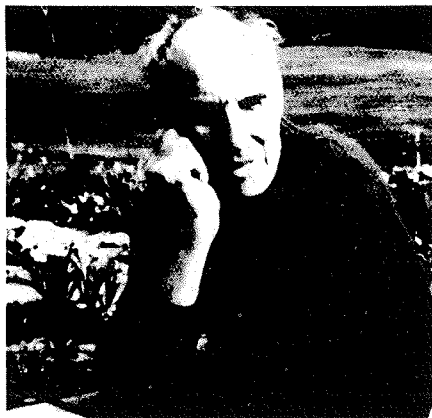
The above quotation is from a letter written to me by a correspondent who often contributes articles on his out-of-body experiences to Psi-M, a journal for members of Mensa interested in parapsychological matters.

He seems to feel, as do many writers, that there is some kind of close connection between the lucid dream and the OOBE, though it has also been claimed that they are identical.

In a recent short talk on the subject I attempted a beginning exploration of the matter by considering some of the similarities and differences of the two phenomena as reflected in much of the literature as is familiar to me. It is a very tentative attempt, since there is so much that I haven't read, but perhaps it may lead other readers to amplify or correct what I say.

The lucid dream is often triggered off by -- or at least occurs simultaneously with -- the dreamer's noting some incongruous or bizarre detail or aspect in the environment. The astral traveler -- I am using the expression as synonymous with a person having an OOBE -- seems usually to become aware of the situation by

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Fred Lape

### INTERPRETING YOUR OWN DREAMS

by Fred Lape

Perhaps it was the harrowing dreams of the deaths in my family that started, early in my life, an interest in dreams. Or perhaps it developed merely because I have always been an active dreamer. I dream long, involved dreams. I go through long adventures, often quite logical ones, that if written up might make good mystery stories. I walk through strange landscapes that it would take my conscious mind days to create. Bizarre events occur, such as the fish hopper making music, that my conscious mind would never invent. The why and how have always puzzled me.

Once I had discovered Freud, I began to try to interpret my own dreams. I went on the basic theory of Freud, that a dream was a wish fulfillment. What happened in a dream is something that I wanted to have happen. This is the basic motivation. With the family dying dreams the search was easy. A good share of my dreams are as obvious as that.

In my middle years I became, for a while, a farmer. I kept

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Many of us know we are getting guidance from our dreams -- but we seldom pay it enough attention, attempt to understand it, or use it properly. Yet it is a very important part of our lives. It often provides the key as to how we should behave, what we should be ready for, what we should change. Dreams provide information which could positively change our lives if understood and used actively, constructively.

Sometimes this information presents itself in symbols, other times directly in the form of pictures, or words of council and help. Everybody gets this information in his own code.

We can distinguish a meaningful dream from unimportant ones by its very high emotional coloring. We do not forget it for a long time -- even, if we understand its meaning immediately. It is deep in our thoughts and feelings...

Even people who normally dream in black and white get their most meaningful dreams in normal life-coloring. Poor coloring in dreams generally means poor emotional life, poor personal development, a low moral level, low interests or underdeveloped spiritual life, egotistical life-purposes etc. People who normally dream in color often get their most meaningful dreams in very bright, unusually brilliant, and very beautiful colours!

The following are examples of meaningful dreams with clear picture-symbols that offer the dreamer guidance:

1. The dreamer is in a little boat in a rough sea, in a storm: The water is dark. The sky is menacing. The boat is rolling and rocking dangerously. Disaster is imminent. There are friends in the boat, fighting with the storm, not losing hope. Some time later the weather clears up, the sea becomes calm, the sun appears, all are safe... This dream was an answer to an inner question facing the dreamer: "What will be the outcome of our fight, in the pres-

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## INTERPRETING YOUR OWN

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cows, and among my cows was one who was always an annoyance. She was forever trying to switch her tail in my face when I was milking her. In the pasture she was always looking for a weak spot of fence to push over and get into better forage. I hated her, but from the point of view of production she was the best cow I had. So I kept her. One night I dreamed that she had broken out of the pasture, as she often did, and that I was chasing her. The chase led to the top of a three hundred foot cliff some thirty miles from the farm. The cow kept right on running and fell off the cliff. In my dream I was horrified. But when I awoke I could only laugh. My subconscious mind had easily gotten rid of the cow.

But as Freud well knew, the average dream is not that simple. Freud was a physician dealing with troubled minds, and his theories arose out of the study of those minds. If desire was repressed, he believed, the subconscious mind would find a way to realize it, and the way was often by a symbol. The subconscious mind would get something that actually was a symbol for the real thing desired.

I will illustrate by a simple dream. Suppose, for instance, that I am in love with a married woman. I would like to sleep with her. My subconscious mind says yes, it is possible. My conscious mind says no, it is unthinkable. So what happens? I dream that I am lying naked on a warm sand beach and I have found a green stone that seems to me the most beautiful stone I have ever seen. I hold it in my hand. I even bring it close to my body, and lie in an ecstasy. I wake up, and I am perplexed about the dream until I remember that the woman often wears a ring with a large emerald. My subconscious has made a green stone the symbol of the woman.

These symbol dreams are difficult to interpret, because often the symbol is so far from the real thing that one in his awake moments would never think of the connection. One has to find out the links that led from the thing des-

ired to the symbol attained. The method is to use on oneself the same method that a psychoanalyst would use. The aim is to trace back in the subconscious mind the series of images that lie between the thing desired and the symbol. If the psychoanalyst is one of the old school, he will ask you to lie down on a couch and try to get you to relax. Then he will ask you to tell about your dream. After that he will let you lie, still relaxed, and talk about anything that comes into your mind, no matter how seemingly inconsequential. He may now and then ask you a question or make a suggestion. The more vehemently you deny any suggestion, the more he will guess he is on the right trail, for he can sense your subconscious mind putting up a defense.

To catch a sequence of images without the help of another person is difficult, but I believe it can usually be done if one is persistent and perfectly shameless about himself. The method I use is this. I don't necessarily lie down, but I do sit down, close my eyes, and relax as much as possible, to get into a dreamless day-dream, if I may call it that, in which I scarcely notice my momentary sensory perceptions, and have as little thought as possible.

Then with a sudden active effort I recall some section of the dream, and I try to catch the images that flash across my mind immediately after the recall. The sooner this is done after waking up from the dream, the better. By the same method I recall each vivid section or object in the dream, and see if I can connect any of the images that follow with any thing or with any persons towards which I might have a thwarted desire. If my first set of images gives no results, I try again, and if I still get no results, I now go back not to the dream but to the various images of the recall period, and see what further images flow out of them. By the continued application of such a process, I usually come at last to the hidden desire behind the dream.

I am not always successful. Some repeated dreams have forever eluded me. Some psychoanalysts claim that no person can

successfully interpret his own dreams, because the repressive element will be too strong for the individual himself to break it down. I can only say that Freud did analyze his own dreams, and that often I have, to my own satisfaction, interpreted some of my own dreams that seemed at first obscure. But it is difficult. The more repressed the desire, the more shameful or frightening the interpretation, the more difficult the search will be. And I repeat that one must be absolutely frank with himself, absolutely shameless. When you get through analyzing a great number of your dreams, you will know a lot about yourself that you will wish you didn't know. But don't try to deny it, for that way lies repression and the first step toward psychosis. You may safely avoid it in your awake and conscious life, but you had better let your subconscious have its fling.

Freud went to great lengths in trying to discover the symbols by which the subconscious minds of his patients tried to cover up the attainment of their repressed desires. His followers, particularly Jung, went to even greater lengths, in the theory of racial or primitive ancestral imagery imprinted in man's mind with birth. I have not much belief in or sympathy with this often mystic interpretation of symbols. Much of it, I think, arose from the fact that most early psychoanalysis derived a good share of their information from disturbed minds, not from average minds.

Now I believe that I am in many ways an average individual. My repressions are now, I think, few, however intense they may have been in my early life. I have come to know myself fairly well. But even now I am sometimes surprised by the devious ways of my subconscious mind, as they come out in dreams.

Let me tell now my attempts to analyze one of my most baffling dreams of about three years ago, at a time when I recorded, one whole winter, all of my dreams.

I am asleep in my bed in my house in Mexico. It is long after midnight, probably around four o'clock, the period of night when

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## LUCID DREAMS

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finding himself or herself out or partly out of the body, and by the shock of seeing the physical body from outside it. The lucid dreamer, I think, does not usually have any vivid visual or physical "sense" of the sleeping body left behind.

Nor does the lucid dreamer, as far as I know, ever fall into a panic for fear of not being able to return to the body. The dreamer simply wakes, or slips into a state of ordinary dreaming. Astral travelers, on the other hand, sometimes describe some form of physical or psychic struggle or shock on return to the body, whether or not the return is spontaneous, willed, or ordered, as in the case of so many near-death experiences.

I haven't seen or heard in lucid dream accounts any mention of the "cord" which connects the astral traveler with his sleeping body and which apparently can be indefinitely extended for long flights. (Cultural conditions, says Greenhouse in his book The Astral Journey, may alter the perception of this cord, which may be seen as a snake, a vine, a ladder and so on.)

The ability to fly or float is common to both states, though I think more invariably accompanies the OOBEx experience, astral travelers sometimes mention having global vision, an ability to see all around them. The lucid dreamer's body, I believe, tends to resemble the waking-life one in its abilities and physical contours, whereas the astral traveller may be, for instance, simply a consciousness rather than a "double" at all.

The out-of-body double sometimes wanders around in the surroundings in which it "came out," whereas the lucid dreamer tends more often, perhaps, to move in unfamiliar landscapes. But many astral travelers claim to have visited other "actual" planes of existence, heaven, purgatory, limbo — and this seems not to be characteristic of the lucid dreamer.

Both kinds of travelers tend to find the experience "heavenly" or "refreshing," and of course we are all familiar by now with the



Edith Gilmore, Ph.D.

accounts given by people who have had near-death experiences of their extreme reluctance to return to life on earth.

I don't know if I am correct in equating the near-death out-of-body experience with astral travel in general, but as far as I know, the lucid dream is not triggered off by the almost-fatal illness or accident, or any other crisis situation.

The lucid dreamer has often a feeling of "creating" the dream surroundings and having some control over them. Astral travelers, I think, don't mention such capacities, nor do they attempt to change their surroundings, whereas the lucid dreamer might alter a threatening figure, for instance, or experiment with the surroundings. (I myself have changed the twilight sky of a dream to a sunny one.)

OOBE's are described from classical times on in European literature, and some of the anecdotes involve the astral body or double being seen by one or more spectators. When the Society for Psychical Research began in the nineteenth century to investigate such phenomena, there were hopes that such research might throw light on the question of survival after bodily death. Apparitions of the living were voluminously recorded, as were apparitions of the dead at seances or in other circumstances — "appearing" to friends or relatives after death.

In the lucid dream experience,

as far as I know, it seems to me that the dreamer is "seen" by other entities in the dream, dream people with whom he talks at length as I have done myself. But if he visits what appear to be totally "real" waking life settings, he seems to be invisible. Of course this does bring up the vexing question; if it is a waking life setting, then perhaps the excursion is an astral flight, for most astral flyers seem to be invisible to people in the "normal" world.

Occasionally common to both states seem to be: the temporary catalepsy of the sleeping body, the ability to pass through walls and other solid obstacles, being in a magically beautiful or numinous realm with heightened sense perceptions, a sensation of vibration or tingling at the onset of the experiences. Astral travelers often report the sensation of squeezing through a tunnel, symbolic, perhaps, of "birth" onto another plane of consciousness. But I myself have had the tunnel experience in what I was "sure" was a lucid dream. On the other hand, I have had what were perhaps brief OOBEx's, but could not feel absolutely certain that they were not lucid dreams. Perhaps this hesitancy stems from a basic reluctance to believe in the reality of astral travel, in spite of all the accumulated evidence.

The July '83 issue of the Lucidity Letter put out by Dr. Jayne Gackenbach of the University of Northern Iowa carries an article, "A Survey of Lucid Dreams, OBE's and Related Experiences." It is a report on research carried out at the Brain and Perception Laboratory of the University of Bristol, England. A summing-up statement reads, "The most striking finding was the strong association between lucid dreams and other experiences. The same people tended to have all of them."

Since research in the field is going on at a number of universities, perhaps we can hope for the emergence of an overall theory that will enable us to understand much that is at present obscure.

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Edith S. Gilmore Ph.D., , who took her doctorate in literature at

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## NUCLEAR NIGHTMARES

by Randy Morris, Ph.D.

I am an American social scientist living in Hiroshima and teaching at the Hiroshima International School. As a psychologist specializing in the interpretation of dreams, I was particularly interested in two letters in the August 7th and 17th issues of an English language newspaper here in Japan. Each described a nuclear nightmare. The first read:

To the Editor:

I am a mother...

...And one night, I had a terrible dream.

I am with my child and we see a huge mushroom cloud rising in the sky. I know it means the end. I hold my child close and I try to run away. I know it is useless and so I pray for instant death.

This is a real dream. It was so real that I couldn't even tell my husband why I was crying.

I couldn't say a word. I am sure there is a mother in Russia, just like me, who dreams this terrible dream, who holds her child close... and prays for instant death.

If neither of us want it to happen, then WHO is it that does?

A MOTHER  
Tokyo

The second letter was published a few days later:

To the Editor

Recently I also had an unusually disturbing dream of a mushroom cloud, and there was the same certainty of it being the end.

But the part of the woman's account that struck me, and compelled me to this response, was her comment on her dream: "This is a real dream. It was so real that I couldn't even tell my husband why I was crying. I couldn't say a word." The day before my dream, I would have reacted to this statement by thinking, well, yes, she must have had a very graphic, re-



The nuclear nightmare of a Japanese mother

illustration by Catherine Rose Crowther

alistic dream. But it was precisely this "real" quality to my own dream that spooked me, and that made the dream so difficult to communicate to others. It was real, at least as real as today feels. Oh well.

At any rate, I'm glad I had the dream/experience, because the idea of a nuclear disaster had, I realize now, become a dangerously distant, abstract one to me. (I wonder if other people anywhere are having this type of hyper-vivid holocaust dream. Could it be some kind of collective survival mechanism to come as close as possible to experiencing, in order to reject, our self destruction?)

Here's the dream, as recorded the next day, in the hope that at least it may show "A Mother" that she's not alone:

I am driving along a winding mountain highway, and in the field up ahead and to the right a giant mushroom cloud is forming. As I come within its shadow, I know at once that nothing is alive anywhere. The very air is dead or gone. The lighting is a strange mustard color, and it all feels like some giant indoor fluorescent environment. The only sound is a kind of middle-pitched synthesizer drone. I feel lonely. When I look down, I see that

the skin on my arm is bubbling.

JEFFREY DANN  
Tokyo

For the last year I have been collecting such dreams from hibakusha and Japanese and foreign residents of Hiroshima. Furthermore, I have been leading a dream workshop at the World Friendship Center in Hiroshima to discuss just such dreams as these letters describe.

I was originally inspired to study this field while a teacher in the U.S. There I listened to the dreams of American children in which nuclear imagery played a significant role, giving vivid expression to the group anxiety that pervades our cultures concerning the threat of nuclear war. As a psychologist interested in peace, I have been looking at these phenomena as a mental health issue of unprecedented proportions. Whether we have a nuclear war or not, the very threat of war (usually perceived as a nuclear explosion from which there is no escape) is causing a great deal of anxiety in our populations, especially among children and adolescents whose image of a nuclear future tends to blunt their initiative to work towards the future. Why invest one's time in education and work apprenticeships if there is no future in which to live? Why not indulge oneself in the present, through sex or drugs or just "hanging out"? Of course this "Live for today, for tomorrow you die" philosophy has always confronted adolescents and overcoming it (i.e., finding a meaning to one's existence) represents one of the main tasks of growing up. But today's youth are, I believe, considerably more pessimistic about their future than their elders and I would attribute a substantial part of this fact to the threat of nuclear war.

The question remains, as it always does, what can we do about it? I was very impressed by the insight offered in Jeffrey Dann's letter. He asks, "Could it be some kind of collective survival mechanism to come as close as possible to experiencing, in order to reject, our self-destruction?" To this question I would respond with an emphatic "yes." There

have been many extravagant claims concerning the nature of dreams for thousands of years, but one claim that remains fairly consistent is that dreams are pictures or images of emotions and therefore give us direct access to what we are "really" feeling. It is well known to psychologists working in the field of peace studies that one of the main obstacles to a world-wide rejection of nuclear weapons is the inability of the average citizens to admit to themselves the horror of nuclear holocaust. This common psychological mechanism, known as "repression," is one way in which the mind protects itself from unpleasant or terrifying truths. Given the fact that every person dreams four or five times a night, and given the climate of fear about nuclear war, it is not particularly remarkable that nuclear imagery populates many of those dreams. What is remarkable, even astounding, is that more and more people are remembering those

dreams, admitting them to conscious awareness and being emotionally moved by the message those dream images contain.

Some dream theorists posit a part of the human mind common to all human beings. I believe that nuclear nightmares represent an impulse on the part of this collective psyche to confront directly the horror of nuclear war, literally, to "imagine the unimaginable," and by so doing to take the first step toward healing this festering rupture in the family of man. These dreams, as expressions of pure emotion, have the power to motivate people to work in new ways for the peace movement. The context of the dreams themselves and the characters we perceive in them are all parts of a personal message which can be deciphered and used to influence the actions of the dreamer.

Without denying the unique and terrifying experience of the hibakusha of Japan, the fact remains that anyone (and there are

many) who has suffered the vivid and intense imagery of a nuclear nightmare are themselves hibakusha, survivors of an atomic bomb experience. As such, they have the same right, indeed the same duty, to speak out on behalf of peace from the perspective of one who has survived the horror of nuclear annihilation.

I am continuing my study of these dream phenomena and would greatly appreciate anyone who has had a nuclear nightmare, or any kind of dream involving nuclear imagery, to send me copies of their dreams with a brief note describing themselves. Strictest confidentiality will be observed; anonymous dreams are also welcome. The message of these dreams must be heard.

**Randy Morris, Ph.D.**, Hiroshima International School, 2-2-6 Ushita-naka, Higashi-ku, Hiroshima 730, Japan.

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**THE DREAM COMMUNITY**  
an idea  
whose time has come

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I am interested in dream discussion or study groups in the **San Diego, CA** area, and am interested in possibly starting one. Ron Unger, 814 Doris Dr., Encinitas, CA 92024.

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I am interested in participating in a dream community in the **Greeley, CO** area. David E. Fay, 1725 13th Ave., Greeley, CO 80631.

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I am extremely interested in networking with dreamers, particularly on the **Hawaiian Island of Maui** where I'll be moving next week. Mark Webb, c/o Kurtz, 846 Kauhikoa Rd., Haiku, HI 96708.

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I'm in **Denver, CO**. Could anyone help me find a dream center here? Judi Hebert, 3631 W. 30th, Denver, CO 80211.

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Could anybody send me any information that might help me get in touch with the community of dreamers in **Oregon**? Craig Wilbur, 87822 Norman Dr., Veneta, OR 97487.

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Can anyone provide information on dream groups or Dream Communities in the **Austin, TX** area. Barbara MacLeod, 1404 B Kirkwood Rd., Austin, TX 78722.

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**Virginia**. I am most interested in talking to other people excited by their dreams. I am so glad this newsletter and network exists. I've been wishing for such an opportunity for several years and didn't know where to look. Carla Rollandini, 4705 Exeter St., Annandale, VA 22003.

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I reside part of the year in **Palm Springs, CA** and part of the year in **Sheridan, WY**. Can anyone send me information on dream groups in either area? Marilyn Nicolson, Star Rt. Box 880, Parkman, WY 82838.

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**Sonoma, CA**. I would be extremely interested in becoming part of a dream network in my area. Donna Hatfield, 174 France St., Sonoma, CA 95476. wk: (707) 938-6375; home: (707) 996-3020.

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Can anyone send information on dream communities or dream groups in **Arkansas**. Michelle Kaczmark Avart, 1914½ E. Main St., El Dorado, Ark. 71730.

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Does anyone know about dream communities or groups in **Chicago**. Dalia Castillo, 3616 N. Claremont, Chicago, ILL 60618.

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Can anyone send information on dream communities around **Rochester**. Alan Glaser, 125 Troup St., Rochester, NY 14608.

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I would be delighted to receive any information anyone could send me on dream communities in **California**. Pat Muller, Box 964, Santa Barbara, CA 93102.

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**Gerry, N.Y.** I am interested in obtaining information about participating in dream communities in this area. Debbie Potocki, RD #1 Hanson Rd. Box 191, Gerry, N.Y. 14740.

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**Omaha, NE** Could someone please send me information about dream communities here. Lance Everett, 12620 Izard St., Omaha, NE 68154.

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Having studied about dreams for the past five years I am very much interested in participating in dream communities in **Grand Rapids, Michigan**. Charles J. Baker, 3372 Evert N.W., Grand Rapids, Mich. 49504.

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**Garland, Texas** Could anybody please send me more information on how I can possibly participate in this adventure of dream community. It sounds fascinating. Gary L. Rolls, 3725 Cherry Hill Ln., Garland, TX 75042.

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**Yonkers, NY** I would like to participate in a nearby Dream Community. Any information anyone could provide me with would be greatly appreciated. I am very interested. Ms. Beverlee Raff, 160 Bruce Ave., Yonkers, NY 10705.

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I would like to participate in a dream community. Anyone know of one in **Louisiana**? Julius P. Eck, 8210 Paula Kay Place, Shreveport, LA 71107.

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I am interested in participating in a dream community. Is there one in **Arizona**? Mrs. Betsy Bell, 4225 E. Kings Rd., Tucson, AZ 85711.

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Could someone please send me information about dream communities in **Colorado**. I live in Denver but for the next few weeks I'll be in Ohio. Jill Adams, 109 Fieldcrest, Oxford, OH 45056.

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Could anyone tell me about dream communities in **West Virginia**. Carolyn J. Milvet, P.O. Box 376, Alderson, W. Va. 24910.

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Any information on dream communities in **Texas**. I've been recording my dreams for about ten years. Rita Cannon, 1155 Stacewood Drive, Beaumont, TX 77706.

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Could anyone please forward information on dream communities in my area. I am an avid dreamer and would very much like to participate. Shari Hodges, 222 Ocean Ave., **Ocean City, N.J.** 08226.

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Could somebody please send information about participating in dream communities in **Michigan**. Hazel L. Heincelman, 2131 Helmsford, Walled Lake, MI 48088.

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Far out! Ever since reading about the Senoi of Malaya, I have been interested in the idea of a dream community. Anyone know of one near **Taos, NM**? Joanne Forman, P.O. Box 3181, Taos, N.M. 87571.

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My dream life is very vivid and often precognitive. I'd like to explore the concept of working with it, with others in **Connecticut**. Valerie H. Simard, RFD 1, Box 211 Falls Rd., Moodus, CT 06469.

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Such an interesting concept —this network: I would like to make contact with others here in **California**. Steve Nachman, 851 Pas-siflora, Leucadia, CA 92024. (619) 436-8449.

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I am moving to the Woodstock-Kingston area of the **Catskills in New York**. Does anyone know of any people or groups which are involved with dreams in this area? Bill Adler, c/o Creative Music Studios, RD-3, Box 360, Kingston, NY 12401.

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Anyone in **Minneapolis** interested in helping to form a Dream Community, please contact Arzelie Stewart, 909 W. Franklin Ave. #30, Minneapolis, MN 55405.

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I am keen to start a dream support group in English in **Montreal**. Peter W. McLagan, 36 Sunnyside Ave., Westmount, Que. H3Y 1CZ Canada. (514) 484-5111.

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I would really like to get involved in doing something constructive with my dreams. I hear there is a group in **Colorado**. I would like to be a part. Could someone tell me how. Scudder Miller, P.O. Box 783, Woodland Park, CO 80863.

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Could someone please send me information about dream communities in **Maryland**. I would be interested in participating. Nancy Harris Calman, 5712 Vandergrift Ave., Rockville, MD 20851.

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I am very interested in any information anyone could send me about the dream network in **Houston**. Patricia Gordon, 2513 Shakespeare #4, Houston, TX 77030.

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I'm interested in getting involved in a dream community in **Connecticut**. Karen Caruso, 115 Bailey Rd., Rocky Hill, CT 06067.

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Could someone please send me information on dream network communities in **Seattle**. Nina Zonitch, 1118 5th Avenue #602, Seattle WA 98101.

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## INTERPRETING YOUR OWN

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my most vivid dreams seem to occur. This is the dream:

I am in a wide corridor, like a hotel hallway. I am looking for a place to wash my hands, but I can't find a room with a wash bowl. There are some persons walking about, but I have no memory of their faces. One of them however says to me, "Your father is going to have a baby." I am so intent on finding a place to wash my hands that this only slightly arouses my curiosity. I go up a stairway and into a narrow hall with rooms on either side. The rooms all have high ceilings and are almost without furniture. At the end of the hall I see a washstand and start toward it, thinking this will be the place to wash my hands.

Just then my father appears in a doorway of a room on the left. He is naked, and I see that inside the room there is a bed thrown open, and I realize that he is about to give birth. This still does not arouse my curiosity very much until I see he is about to have the child on the spot. He goes back into the room, but instead of getting into the bed, he kneels down on the floor, with his head against the wall and his rear projecting into the room, and begins to strain. He seems a man of about middle age. I wonder how a man can possibly expel a birth, and after some consideration I figure that the child has to come out of his rectum, since there is no other place from which it can come.

Suddenly I see the child come out of his rectum, head first. The birth is quite like that of a ewe giving birth to a lamb. It takes only a short time. The baby comes out and falls to the floor, and while I am wondering if it can still be alive, it begins to move around, stands up, flaps rapidly a pair of short wings, and zooms in a burst of light toward the ceiling.

I think vaguely that it comes back to the floor, but am not sure, because at this point the dream more or less dwindles off,

and the last I remember is reading some sort of a notebook of my father, in which he explains how he happened to have the child, something about a long visit away from home.

I awake without any fright or start, but am so amazed by the dream that I decide to get up and type out immediately my remembrance of the dream.

Now this was a startling dream, and a puzzler to interpret. As always in recording a dream. I wrote down also any clues which might connect the dream with events of the day before or of things that had been in my mind.

Clues: Before I went to bed I had been reading a life of Thoreau, and there was much discussion of his relations with friends, of his likes and dislikes, and complaints by many of his being a difficult companion. This may have carried an idea of homosexuality, for whatever sexual relations Thoreau had, if any, must have been homosexual and not heterosexual. There was also in the book an account of the new house the Thoreaus built, in which Mrs. Thoreau insisted upon the rooms being nine feet high on the first floor and eight feet high on the second. This little item was probably responsible for the high ceilings of the rooms along the upper corridor in my dream. I could think of nothing else from the previous week that seemed to have entered into the dream.

My first thoughts about analyzing the dream was that it sounded like a scene from one of the paintings by Bosch, and that probably he had dragged some of his wild scenes out of his subconscious mind just as I had dragged this one out of mine. The most obvious interpretation seemed to be that it was a sex dream, that I wanted to bugger somebody. But three points argued against this glib interpretation. (1.) My sex dreams are usually quite explicit. They do not beat around the bush. I indulge in the act. (2.) There was no feeling of sex stimulation about the dream. (3.) When I awoke from the dream I did not have a semi-erection, as one usually does when awakening from a sex dream. I therefore decided to

explore the dream more carefully, and see if its associated images could give me any clue.

I first worked on the washing hands episode. The only image I could get out of this were black fingertips and the sight of a dirty, black-stained wash bowl in a Mexican gas station toilet. These vaguely might bolster the bugging idea, but they seemed to have little emotional impact, none of Lady Macbeth's "Out, out, damned spot!"

The corridor and the high ceilinged rooms gave me almost a blank. They seemed incidental.

I then went to the image of my naked father. The first image I got from this was a tree, a leafy tree with a round top. This gave me no suggestion, but since this was an important part of the dream, I decided to work harder on it. So I blanked on the round topped tree, and this time got something definite; a bookplate which somebody had once designed for me, of a large oak tree in winter. This oak was actually on the farm which I inherited from my father, and the knoll upon

continued on page 8

## BOY AND MAN

by Fred Lape

The boy and the man did not work well together.  
Each was too strong willed. The man was a careful workman.  
The boy was impatient, he never was willing  
to take the slow calm road toward perfection.  
The jobs they did together often ended in quarrels.

In laying stonewall, the boy would never search  
for the right stones to lay across for binders.  
He never matched the outside edges each to each,  
as the man did, until they lay as if a knife had cut them.  
He wanted to lay ten feet of wall in an afternoon,  
and did, in spite of his father's remonstrance,  
and the wall fell down next spring with the frost  
and the cows ate clover not meant for spring eating.

which it stood was his favorite spot on the farm. So I at least had some connection. But when I blanked on the bookplate I got nothing but the copper plate upon which the design had been etched, and from which I used to print more copies on a small hand press. This seemed to be getting nowhere, and I decided it had been a false lead.

I now tried the birth scene, and the result was baffling. For the only thing I could get was a worn red book, like a text. I got almost the same image three times, and since this gave me no suggestion, I gave up on this.

I now tried the scene of the flying child. The first image I got from this was a morning sunrise over the Schoharie Valley, as it might have been seen from the big oak. I tried again and got a bird flying, which was even more logical and even less suggestive.

Having so far arrived at nothing, I went back to the beginning, the dirty hands to be washed. Again I got dirty finger tips, this time with a blue-purple cast. This still seemed of little value. I now decided to follow up the father-oak-tree image, which had been the most suggestive of all. This time I got a page of an old illuminated manuscript and the cover of a Gutenberg Bible. Neither of these seemed to have any connection.

I went back to the birth scene. Again a book, this time a green book. And after that a photo of Walt Whitman, presumably from inside the book. A copy then of Leaves of Grass. And since Walt Whitman was a known homosexual, this again seemed to bolster the original bugging idea. But I was still unsatisfied with this.

I went back to the flying child and I got again the same sunrise sky. This seemed then to mean something important, but I couldn't figure what.

I was now about ready to give up and accept the bugging interpretation, but I decided to have one more try. This time I got from the dirty hands a tall thin flag pole with a thin banner waving from the top, like a piece of ribbon. No suggestion from

## GIVING DREAMS BACK TO THE PEOPLE

by Montague Ullman, M.D.

Bill has asked me to write some thoughts about the Dream Network Bulletin. He approached me at a time when he personally felt that he had come to the end of his resources financially, physically and, my guess is, spiritually as well. The financial stress could perhaps be alleviated through more subscribers, donations above and beyond the cost of subscriptions and fund raising activities of various kinds. The physical stress is the outcome of the amount of and the degree of responsibility that falls on the shoulders of one person. And to this there is no easy answer. There is a need for an active support group to share some of the work and responsibility. Those of us who are interested in seeing the DNB continue will be assured of its continuation only by forming such a support group. But the problem cuts deeper and has to do with other factors making for low morale and that have brought Bill almost to the point of renouncing the endeavor. This relates to what Bill feels has been a failure to gain the cooperation and contribution of professionals in the field. I think there is a real problem here but perhaps not as bad as Bill has assessed it to be.

Having been a professional most of my life I think I can say something about the psychology of professionals as a group. They do tend to shy away from what they consider to be non-professional. There are healthy aspects to this reserve in many aspects of science and medicine. It is precisely in the area of dream work that this attitude is self-defeating.

I think a growing number of professionals are

this.

Since the father-oak image had consistently yielded the most fertile succession of images, I went back almost to the beginning of this. Image: a street in a city, and myself sitting in a car by the curb, under the shade of a tree, with a pool of water beside the car where I would have to step out.

This was the pay dirt. In a flash my mind put everything together. For the street in a city was a street in Guadalajara, the very spot where I always parked my car when I went to visit the

printing establishment where I was having two volumes of poetry printed. And my father was definitely the hero of one of the volumes. My dirty fingers were dirty from changing a typewriter ribbon, that thin pennant waving from a pole. On the typewriter I had written the book, and now I wanted to have done with it.

The copper plate, the Gutenberg Bible, signified printing, nothing more. The books associated with the birth scene were books first of all, but more definitely books of poetry, for now I recognized the worn red text book



beginning to see this. The approach I have been using is essentially one of deprofessionalizing dream work without in any way having less regard for its special role in the professionals' armamentarium. The future of dream work lies in equipping the public with the knowledge they need for safe and effective dream work. I find that a growing number of professionals are responding to this need both here and abroad. I have called the DNB to the attention of many professionals with favorable responses in nearly every instance. I think the DNB has to make its interest in their contributions known to them and I think that many will be willing to cooperate. If Bill agrees, this is an area where I could assume some responsibility. I work with many professionals in Sweden and I know a great many in the United States. Informally I have begun to approach some and I think that contributions will be forthcoming.

Bill has poured his enthusiasm, energy and all his resources into the DNB. There is the basis now for a nation-wide structure that should be nourished, not ended. It is a structure which can fulfill the much needed task of giving dreams back to the people who dream them. It is a grass roots undertaking, the survival of which is in your hands.

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**Montague Ullman, M.D.**, who with Nan Zimmerman co-authored the book **Working With Dreams** (Dell Press), holds regular dream groups in New York City and in Ardsley, N.Y. For information call (914)693-0156 or write: 55 Orlando Ave., Ardsley, N.Y. 10502.

In March, Dr. Ullman is giving an all-day workshop in Brooklyn to benefit the Dream Network. For details contact Chris Hudson (212) 499-2776 or Tom Cowan (212) 858-2237.

as my old copy of Shelley's poems, and the moment I realized that, I knew the image of the flying child, for I seemed to see the first two lines of Shelley's "Ode to a Skylark,"

Hail to thee, blithe spirit,  
Bird thou never wert. . .

where Shelley's use of the antiquated form "wert" has always annoyed me. The twice-seen morning sky and the once-seen bird were nothing more than my mind's shorthand for "skylark." And in my memory of Shelley's

lines lies, I think, the key to the whole dream. For it was Shelley's desire, expressed explicitly in the "Ode to the West Wind," that his poetry should go abroad as a quickening influence among humanity.

Neruda, the Chilean poet, once said that any poet who has ever written in recent years hopes someday to receive the Nobel prize. I've never aimed that high, but I have certainly longed for a better reception of my poetry than it has so far received. My interpretation of the dream then is this:

The child which my father bore in the dream is the book of which he is the hero. In my recall of the dream I remark that the birth was much like that of a ewe bearing a lamb, and there is even a poem in the book about my father helping a ewe to deliver a lamb. The child flying into the air represents my desire for the book to attract attention, just as Shelley had desired his poems to be scattered abroad.

But why should my mind have gone to all this deviousness in realizing that desire? Why did I so suppress the desire? The best explanation seems to be that the conscious, the restrained, mind said, "Don't make yourself ridiculous. You know the book won't get anywhere, so don't claim it will, Keep your self-respect." But the subconscious mind was not convinced. It was going to have recognition.

Anybody who wishes is free to make another interpretation of the dream. Certainly parts of the dream, the dirty fingers, the naked body of my father, and the photo of the homosexual Whitman, may point to the bug-gery interpretation. And for anyone following this assumption, I will assure the interpreter that I will not put it beyond my subconscious mind even to imagine -- well, shall I call it incest? . . . with my father. If one is going to interpret his dreams, he cannot afford to discount any hint, however repulsive. We all have the beast in us.

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**Fred Lape**, is Director of the George Landis Arboretum, Esperance, New York 12066. He has taught at Cornell University, Stanford University, and Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, and has made his living also as a freelance writer and farmer. He is currently looking for a publisher for a new book he has written on dreams.

Interestingly enough, Mr. Lape is a connoisseur of apples and is the author of the definitive volume "Apples and Man" (Van Nostrand Reinhold Company). Another book of his, "A Garden of Trees and Shrubs" is a guide for planning and planting an arboretum.

## LUCID DREAMS

continued from page 3

Yale, retired from college teaching to give more time to creative writing. She has written for teenagers and younger children. An informal lucid dream group met at her apartment for some months in 1982. This seemed to have the effect of increasing the frequency of her own lucid dreams. In some instances members had their first lucid dreams. Various commitments prevent her from organizing another such group at present, but she is particularly interested in possible connections between lucid dreaming and creativity. She would be glad to talk with or hear from lucid dreamers or would-be lucid dreamers in the Cambridge-Boston area. For information write: 3 Walker Street Place, Cambridge, MA 02138.



### LAMBING TIME

by Fred Lape

In the lambing time they were up all hours of the night. The man went out in the dark with a lantern. The boy followed shivering. He kept out of the way. He stood back and watched in the sheep shed.

The ewe refused her lamb. The man rubbed the lamb with her juice. Sometimes it worked, sometimes not. Sometimes the ewe was stubborn, and under his arm the man carried the bunch of woolly life into the kitchen. They fed it there with a bottle.

Always in March a lamb or two was living behind the kitchen stove as if by right. They grew up like children, but quicker. In April they ran in the yard, they jumped and butted, they ran and played, and the boy played with them.

Often in later years he thought of his father's face bent over the ewe and the lamb, the tenderness, the gentle fingers working.

### LAST WHIPPING

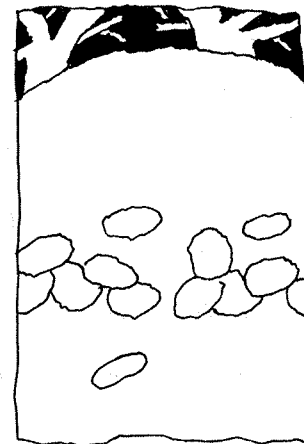
By Fred Lape

The boy was twelve, big for his age. He had disobeyed. The man said, "For the last time, will you do it?" The boy said, "No."

They stood in the kitchen. The man grabbed a slab of wood from the woodbox and advanced. The boy met him. "No you don't!" They grappled. The man struck blindly, the boy howled and fought, the woman stood terrified. They rolled on the floor, the man panting. The man's blows went wild, he gave up at last. The boy got up too. They retreated, each ashamed. The man sat down. "I've hurt my back."

The boy said, "I'm sorry." And the man, "It's the last time I'll ever tell you what to do. From now on I have nothing to say. Do what you will."

And the boy was terrified by a life of decisions all his own. But the man kept his word.



### KEEPING COWS OUT OF CLOVER

by Fred Lape

His father was back in his work, fences unmade, the cows needed pasture, so his father turned them into the swampy meadow half swale and half new clover. "Keep them out of the clover," his father said.

The boy sat on the tumbled stone-wall at the field's edge. He basked in the morning sunlight, but he was never quiet long. The cows always wanted the clover more than the swamp grass. They knew how to outrun his stone throw. They even knew how to outrun him when he tried to catch them unawares and whack their haunches with a stick. They always leaped far enough to let the stick go swishing through the air.

The boy thought nothing was more stubborn than a cow, and he complained bitterly to his father, who said, "You don't know much about humans yet. Wait a while. Someday you'll wish you could always stay in the sun and keep nothing more stubborn than cows out of clover."

The boy remembered that later when his father was gone. Sometimes when he saw cows, he felt gentle toward them. "I kept them out of clover once," he said, "or tried to, in the spring of my life, in June, in the sunshine."

## MEANINGFUL MESSAGES

continued from page 1

ent circumstances which seem hopeless?" . . .

2. The following dream was an answer to the inner question: "What to do?" The dreamer is climbing a very steep rock, covered with ice and snow. The wind is stormy and tears at him. His fingers are bleeding and his nails are broken because of his efforts to hold on to the icy rocks. It is dark and cold. He is tired but he climbs and climbs . . . Then he feels that he cannot endure more and decides to go back. He looks down -- and feels the absolute impossibility of returning, of going back, into the dark abyss . . . He realizes it is much more dangerous to climb down than up. So he makes his last effort -- and sees himself on a very small platform, where he can rest a little. But he knows, feels that his way is up again, to the top of the rock. The sun appears, the summit is clear and golden. He resumes his efforts to reach the peak. He knows that there is no other way -- only up to the light, to the truth at any cost! . . . He feels this message clearly inside of him.

3. The inner question which the following very significant dream addresses is why the person has to suffer all the ordeals of an almost hopeless fight, which is dangerous, incommensurable with his forces, lasts many years and seems to have no end . . . The answer: The dreamer sees himself near a long road, covered with sunshine. From the other side of this road comes a big crowd led by a clergyman in white garments. There is a shining banner in front of the crowd, with a white cross on it. The crowd takes the road. The dreamer feels that he too should go the same road. And he hears the following words in French: "Tout pour les autres" ("Everything -- for the others"). He understood that his predestination is to give all his forces, all his life for the others and to go with them, following the white cross of spirituality, on this sunny road . . .

4. Still another guidance-meaning dream: The dreamer is between a dark and cold valley and a



Barbara Ivanova

high shining mountain. He feels: "I'll have to go down to the poor people who live there, in that darkness -- but that will be later. Now my task is to climb this steep snowy mountain." He begins the ascent. His ascendance is as if it were a light dance! It is fast, energetic, seems like a flight of a bird! He proceeds in a strong and sure, very happy state of mind. On the way appears a stout, petty, Philistine man with a kind smile who says: "It is very dangerous to climb like this, at this speed and in this manner. Be more careful." The dreamer answers: "Yes, I know. Thank you! But I am so happy in doing so!" And he proceeds in this gay, rapid, birdlike ascent, higher and higher!

5. The following dream has a very deep meaning and a clear guidance-message: The dreamer is in a dark, swampy forest. It is night. He has lost his way and is desperate, not knowing where to go, wallowing in the morass . . . He is not religious, but he falls on his knees and begins to pray, imploring the Higher Forces to help him out of this predicament and to show him the way! . . . Suddenly a clear ray of light appears from the black sky, moving and showing a stable way among the boggy mess. He rushes forward! But after several steps on the right path -- he loses it and feels very frightened and lonely. He falls on his knees again, praying and begging for guidance and help . . . The golden ray reappears from above, leading him out of the dark and swampy dangerous forest . . . Three or four times he goes astray, losing the right way. The helpful golden beam always reappears after he offers a sincere and deep prayer to be shown the right direction, where to go, the way out of the darkness and bog . . . His prayer

was right: he asked no favors, no gifts, only the right way.

Persons, who are favored with this kind of dream have an important task and goal to fulfill in life. If a person goes the right way -- all is well. The main thing is: to understand and to follow, to respect the guidances, which everybody is getting, in different ways, and not to misuse these channels of information for petty, mean, egotistical goals.

Many people now know that we are constantly receiving this kind of help and council -- not only in dreams. We may get sudden impulses: not to go this or that way, to do or not to do certain things, to undertake or not undertake certain ventures, etc. If we learn to distinguish the real "hints," the real guiding impulses, from fear, laziness, pride and other false, misleading feelings -- we are happy! This is important not only for us, for our own little personal lives, but also for the many others whom we could (and must) help on their way, fulfilling the main task in our existence, learning to recognize it clearly and to follow the very important councils we are constantly receiving (even if unconsciously) from the Higher Dimensions.

Another very important side of the problem is how do we distinguish those real messages from the Higher Realms from the false and low ones? It is not as difficult as it seems to be: the right messages are connected with and accompanied by feelings of gratitude, happiness, joy, deep positive emotions. They appear in an atmosphere of a profound sense of duty, bliss and absolute truth. If we follow these guidances our life changes dramatically for the better, and -- much more importantly -- to the benefit of all our surrounding. We are happy, more and more, in any circumstances! And so are all our friends and co-fighters, all the people around us, who follow us on our way of life.

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**Barbara Ivanova** is a parapsychologist. For further information on her work and many publications write: Barbara Ivanova, av. Vernadski 50A, flat 89, Moscow B -- 454, U.S.S.R.



## QUARRELS

by Fred Lape

A farm is a lonely place for a man and a woman to find themselves mismated. These found it so. She wanted people and life, crowds, neighbors to talk to. He wanted to be alone, he wanted quiet and time to think. He was tight mouthed, never telling his secrets. She wanted to know his tiniest intimate thoughts.

So they quarreled, again and again they quarreled. The man saw his dream of a strong silent helpmate go. The woman saw her life becoming cramped and lonely. She saw joy go out of it, nothing but work and the love for a growing boy come in.

Often all day they quarreled, the woman hysterical dropping on the bed and crying, the man pacing the floor, back and forth, back and forth, the boy terrified. One awful moment he always remembered, when he heard his father's pacing suddenly stop, and hear a grown man's sob, the terrible rush of breath through the throat, the wrench to the body.

Divorce was not for them, they always stayed together. She always said, "For the boy's sake." The man stayed perhaps because he lacked courage to make the break. He fought it out with himself. Sometimes he would sit out on the pasture knoll all day, but at supper time reappear. They sat down to eat together. No words were said.

## DREAMWORKERS AND DREAM CENTERS

**RICHARD P. GOLDWATER M.D.**, a psychiatrist in private practice, calls his approach to psychotherapy "maieutic psychiatry." From the Greek for obstetrics or midwifery, "maieutic" was Socrates' term to describe his philosophical method as midwifery to ideas -- to conceptions. In a maieutic psychotherapy, it is the "self" or "self concept" which is delivered. Dreams may be the instrument of delivery, or they may represent the self in its drama of birth. Either way, Dr. Goldwater believes that dreaming and the therapeutic relationship are the complementary aspects of psychotherapy. He may be reached at (617) 492-1364. His office is in Chestnut Hill, MA. His book is looking for a publisher. For more information: 36 Audubon Drive, Chestnut Hill, MA 02167.

**THE BROOKLYN DREAM COMMUNITY** is a learning and support organization for people in the Brooklyn area who work with dreams. We come from many backgrounds, are of all ages and stations in life, and are united in our deep interest in the unconscious and the creative use of dreams to enrich our personal and professional lives. We hold free monthly workshops at 381 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11217. Write to us or call (212) 858-2237 for more information about dream activities in Brooklyn.

## THE PINES OF ROME

About a week before Pope John Paul I's death I had the following dream:

"I was this enormous pine tree -- it seemed over 300 feet tall -- halfway up there were branches that someone had maliciously burned, yet there were still healthy green branches near the top of the tree. It was rocking gently back and forth, then quite unexpectedly it toppled to the ground. Despite my shock, I saw it hadn't fallen on any houses or people, and where it had stood

there was a large, open, sunny space that seemed to presage happier days."

I am not a Catholic and had never given much thought to the role of the papacy in the world, yet this dream showed me that at least some of my consciousness was aware of this as an important event on a world scale. In fact, when I recounted the dream at our weekly dream group meeting, somebody remarked it sounded like the death of an important personage. The day the Pope died, another member telephoned to remind me of my dream. I saw almost immediately the connection with the "Pines of Rome."

**Peggy Specht** #302 -- 2339 Lakeshore Blvd. W., Toronto, Canada, M8V 1B7.

## REQUEST FOR BIOGRAPHICAL SOURCES

I am spending this year in the Bay Area studying dreams and writing a book for young adults and (hopefully) a dissertation on the topic. I am planning to devote a chapter in the book to Kilton Stewart and his lifework as it related to dreams and visions. I would appreciate any leads that anyone could supply on possible biographical sources.

I would also be very much interested in hearing from anyone in this area who has worked with adolescents or (better yet!) is one and likes dreams.

**Lois Munson** 2952 California St. #6, San Francisco, CA 94115. (415)563-1598.

## DREAM GROUP FOR WOMEN IN PHILLY

I am part of a dream group for women which has been meeting for about 8 years. We have a low-key approach, learning about our struggles in a patriarchal society, giving each other support, and often laughing or crying about the way our dreams tell us what we believe about ourselves.

**Ruth Dreamdigger** 4600 Springfield Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19143.

## INTENSIVE JOURNAL

I became interested in dreaming through my work with the intensive journal workshops developed by Dr. Ira Progoff. I'm interested in meeting other dream people, and would be especially interested to visit with anyone doing dreamwork as a part of the intensive journal methodology.

I'm also interested in any workshops or lectures offered in the greater New York area, and would like to find or start a dream group.

**Richard Whitney** 206 Bloomfield, Hoboken, NJ 07030.

## A COMPLETE BEGINNER

As a complete beginner in dreamwork I could use some suggestions on how to do better at remembering my dreams. I would appreciate any suggestions.

**Joe Bernstein** 115 Kettle Creek Rd., Weston CT 06883. 227-3492.

## STUDY GROUPS IN WEST VIRGINIA

My own involvement has been intense but sporadic with the dream state. I recorded my dreams (using a small tape recorder beside my bed) during a 4 month period several years ago. Even today when I take out the tapes and replay them I have a very strong response.

There are several folks around here who have loosely organized into "study groups."

**Daniel L. Stevenson** 115 Shamrock Dr., Lavalette, W. VA 25535.

## IT'S GREAT!

It's great to know that there are that many people out there engaged in dream work!

**Tom Hart** 1817 Esplanade, Chico, CA 95926.

## A TURN-OFF

I met Clara Stewart Flagg and

attended a lecture she gave on the Senoi and their dream culture. Have to say that I was thoroughly "turned off" by her presentation.

**Phyllis L. Pipitone, Ph.D.** 224 Pheasant Run, Wadsworth, Oh 44281.

## THE CREATIVE PROCESS

I am hard at work on my Ph.D. working with a group of artists on their dreams and looking at the relationship between their dreams and the creative process demonstrated in their work. It is exciting to see what happens when people really get in touch with their "true self" through dream work.

**Helene Fagin, A.C.S.W.** 1010 Cove Road, Mamaroneck, NY 10543. (914) 698-1645.

## OUR COMMON SPIRIT

My mother and I both had the same dream of me crash landing in a small plane across the road from our summer home. I walked away unharmed. She told me of the dream after I had dreamed the same. I had not mentioned it to anyone. Recently a woman in my office greeted me in the morning and described the same dream that she had had of me the previous night.

My feelings are not of a foreboding nature. Just a shared anxiety, picked up by our common spirit.

**Paul Segelman** c/o Mark Glatstian Assoc., 1 Bridge Plaza, Suite 400, Fort Lee, NJ 07024.

## A CONCRETE DIALOGUE WITH THE INNER WORLD

I have kept a dream journal off and on since 1969. In the past few years I have participated in several discussion groups to share dreams and dreamwork.

I am a potter. THE POT TREE is my studio. One of the ways I have tried to integrate my dreams with waking life is to use them as a source of form and function in certain pots. This seems to be a

way of having a concrete dialog with the inner world.

**Sue Dean S.R.** 20971, Fairbanks, AK 99701.

## DREAM NETWORK AS ARTFORM

Perhaps there are parallels between the work you are doing with the Dream Network and what artists do in the sense of public reaction. We become quite accustomed to misunderstanding, hostility, rejection and alas, even indifference but the support and understanding we receive from each other along with some strange sense of purpose helps sustain us. Whether or not we are "making a contribution to mankind" at least we are trying, and if we look around we can see there are a lot sillier ways of spending a lifetime.

**K. Gillis** 2280 chemin Ste-Foy, Quebec, Quebec, G1V 1S8 CANADA



## LINKING MINDS TOGETHER

I would like to call to your attention a book recently published by Shambhala Press entitled: The Sphinx and The Rainbow by David Loye. Concerned with future forecasting and the inner workings of mind/consciousness; the author offers interesting theories and speculations on the nature of precognition and telepathy. The text and format of presentation is helpful to layman and professional alike; offering a historical overview of both the hard and soft sciences involved and a treasure of a bibliography. Much of the writing would be of

interest to your network I feel, in terms of understanding the processes involved with your efforts in realizing the potential in linking minds together.

**Jane Butler**, Virginia Kidd Literary Agents, Box 278, 538 East Hartford St., Milford, PA 18337. (717) 296-6205.

### SERIOUS ABOUT DREAMS

More people should take dreaming more seriously, because it's as much a part of oneself as consciousness is, maybe even more.

**Janice F. Blair** R.D. #1 Box 187, Jefferson, PA 15344. (412) 883-3944.

### SISTERS

My kid sister in Michigan and I have started to trade dreams recently, not knowing anything about your network of dream communities. I would be agreeable in joining the nearest local dream group if they would be agreeable to have me as a member.

**Nancy L. Campbell** 5522 No. McCall, Clovis, CA 93612. (209) 299-9053.

### PRECOGNITIVE

For most of my life (32 years) I've had dreams which appear to be forecasts of relatively unimportant future scenes and events in my experience. I'm very interested in your dream communities and in exchanging information with or lending any help I may give to you.

**Ms. Terry Okopski** 2028 Prentiss Dr., Apt. G102, Downers Grove, Ill 60516.

### TELEPATHY

I am very much interested in the possibility of telepathy occurring spontaneously during sleep and being picked up by other

### DREAM NETWORK BULLETIN

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members of the family and also by close friends. Based on my own personal experience, this seems to be the case.

Any information anyone could provide me on Dream Communities in my area would be greatly appreciated.

**Alice A. Fontaine Kelly** 250 Limerick Road, Wexford, PA 15090. (412) 935-4473.

### STORYTELLERS

I am involved with a community of New England storytellers and we get together to share the dreams of current and ancient humanity once or twice a month.

**Jerome E. Puzo** 491 Beacon St., Boston, MA 02215.

### EMOTION IN OUR SOCIETY

I used to love to read Greek tragedies all the time (Euripides was my main man) for the catharsis. I used to love to connect with the extremes of emotions — both zenith and nadir — that you experience in just one short but

powerful play. And I would always complain to people that you just don't see any powerful displays of emotion in our society except at sporting events and rock concerts. Now I have it in my dream work and it is ever-confirmed by weekends like the one I recently spent with Monte Ullman — very cathartic and uplifting for me.

**Medea Eder** Voorsanger & Mills Associates, 30 W. 57 St., N.Y., N.Y. 10019.

### DREAMS & ASTROLOGY

I have been involved in group dreamwork here in Los Angeles with great success. The group was formed under the guidance of a dream researcher named Alvaro Lopez who has correlated the language of dreams with the language of astrology.

Subsequently one of Alvaro's students formed a group of writers who did group dream assignments in order to create television shows. Alvaro's work was much more concentrated in the realm of pure research rather than commercial ventures.

I feel certain that some value can come from group or network dreaming. I would like to make contact with the local branches of the dream network.

**Sally Lerierrliger** 133 South Elm Dr., Beverly Hills, CA 90212.

### HER DISTRESS REACHED ME

I had one experience that I believe was telepathic. I dreamt of an old acquaintance calling me in the middle of the night, asking for my help. I woke up wondering why, and continued to be puzzled about it. Two days later, I learned that her brother had been killed in the middle of the night — around the same time of my dream.

The unusual thing was that I did not have a close friendship with her at any time, but somehow, her distress reached me.

**Marian Mastroilli** 3 Manhattan Pl., Cliffside Park, N.J. 07010.

## DREAM STUDY COURSE IN ARIZONA

For years I've taught a "Dream Study" course in my home. We are into Lucid, reincarnational, group, health, sex, and educational dreaming to name a few. We work with restructuring our beliefs and a thousand other wonderful challenges daily.

**Bev Barney** 1930 E. Camelback Rd., Apt. #555, Phoenix, AZ 85016.

## MUSIC IN DREAMS

I am interested in participating in a dream community in Northern Michigan and Western New England. I am a high school senior attending the Interlochen Arts Academy in Interlochen, Michigan and I live in Bennington, Vermont. As a pianist and composer, I am particularly interested in the role of music in dreams.

**Daniel C. Stevenson** HU-5, Interlochen Arts Academy, Interlochen, Michigan 49643.

## LAWS & LICENSING

I am interested in attending any meetings or classes for dream therapists in my area.

I am a seminary student studying the Kaballa and spiritual counseling. I would like to apply myself to dream counseling in the future. If anyone can provide me with any information regarding laws, licensing or the difference between counseling and therapy, it would be greatly appreciated.

**Deborah Kaplan** 715 Plainfield Ave., Plainfield, N.J. 07060.

## GRAEME MITCHISON REPLIES

There are few aspects of knowledge which have not, in some general or poetic manner, been anticipated by ancient wisdom. But this does not mean that the quest for knowledge should cease. Dalton would not have felt that his atomic theory had been in vain because Lucretius in his time had written about atoms. And of course, Dalton's theory is precise

and extraordinarily rich in its consequences in a way which Lucretius could not have envisaged. The theory of dream sleep which Francis Crick and I proposed is not in this happy state, yet it does have some counter-intuitive consequences. For instance, an important aspect of the theory, which Stimson does not seem to have grasped, is that what we call reverse learning should have the effect of improving the organization and accessibility of previously stored memories. If the novice in Stimson's anecdote of the Zen master had experienced an episode of reverse learning, he would have had his previous opinions more thoroughly consolidated, and this would scarcely have suited the master's book.

In our paper we said little about the psychological import of the theory. In fact, parasitic modes might be expected to reveal something of what preoccupies a person, and might appear in the form of bizarre or symbolic conjunctions. This is quite consonant with the general character of dreams. In Stimson's second dream, the parasitic mode might be represented by the tangle of lies which his mother told him about his father. Reverse learning would weaken their hold, and allow him to perceive other aspects of the man. I should argue that, when this process (which proceeds in small steps according to our theory) had reached a point where the emotional denouement was impending, then his dreams became particularly intense, memorable or liable to awaken him. What our difference amounts to is this: He says that he, in his wisdom and self-knowledge, did the unravelling. We say that dreaming had already done it for him. I leave you to decide which is the more modest proposition.

In general, we were concerned with the question of what the purpose of dream sleep might be. The discovery that there are a number of short dream episodes throughout the night which are completely forgotten makes it difficult to believe that their purpose is to serve as a channel through which the unconscious can address the conscious mind. This issue was important to

Freud, who went to some length to argue that all dreams were in principle recollectable, and that any failure to do so could be attributed to the activities of a dream censor. We argued against this, not against the possibility that individual dreams might incidentally give insight into character and individual psychology. Of course they might, but then so may events in waking life. Personally, I believe that our powers of introspection are better applied to the latter, where we may read moral lessons rather than the little riddles of our selfish natures.

**Graeme J. Mitchison, Ph.D.**, THE SALK INSTITUTE, P.O. Box 85800, San Diego, CA 92138-9216.

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## DREAMWATCH

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continues to give Barbara's life strength and purpose. They need her as she needs them. But they are few in number. A recurring figure from her own childhood is the lonely image of the forgotten sentinel left on duty after all the others had been relieved. She now realizes why that image made such a lasting impression on her as a young girl and why she has never forgotten it. She is the forgotten sentinel, but her eyes sparkle as she stands at her post. She is jovial and optimistic. She says that she grows stronger as the challenge to continue her work grows more overwhelming. She has not lost heart. As we talked, she broke into frequent chuckles each time she told me how much I still had to learn -- about how they live, how they suffer, and how they are winning. But I found it hard to chuckle at how little I knew and at how much they struggle just to keep on dreaming.

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**Tom Cowan** is director of the Brooklyn Dream Community which holds free dream workshops open to the public. For information call (212) 858-2237. For information on how to form a Dream Community in your own area write: 381 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11217.

## DREAMWATCH

by Thomas Dale Cowan, Ph.D.

As a professional parapsychologist, Barbara Ivanova (see her article, page one) came to the conclusion that psychic powers — such as clairvoyance, visions, healing, dream incubation, and other forms of extrasensory perception — could be taught to others. Her more-than-twenty years as a Soviet scientist involved her in numerous technical experiments exploring psychic phenomena in a wide range of individuals. She acquired an international reputation as a psychic healer and continues to work many of her cures long-distance over the phone. Writing from her personal experience both in and outside the research laboratory, she has published over one hundred articles in nineteen countries and several languages. They attest to the reality of psychic phenomena and the various ways psychic power can be taught and used.

In the course of a long and distinguished career, she realized that the knowledge and power acquired in parapsychological training can be potentially dangerous. In the wrong hands, the ability to harness and utilize this unique energy of the human spirit could be misused to control and even destroy that human spirit in others. What we might call "dream power" could be exploited by unethical people to destroy the very "power to dream" in other individuals. Barbara came to the conclusion that instruction in parapsychology needs to be accompanied by instruction into the moral responsibility incumbent upon those who learn how to use these techniques. Without a sound ethical base, a sense of the sacredness of all life, and a respect for the spiritual integrity of other human beings, it would be dangerous to teach others indiscriminately the methods of parapsychology. It was her recommendation that only people committed to what she calls in her article "those real messages from the Higher Realms" should train and be trained in this type of sacred knowledge.

She paid a high price for that recommendation.

Her laboratory was closed in the mid-seventies. Since then she has had no real work and consequently no salary. She cannot lecture or participate in scientific conferences, visit colleagues, teach formally, or even gather an informal group of students for an evening in someone's apartment. She applies for a visa every six months to attend the international conferences to which she is invited. She is always refused. She receives no books or magazines from friends in the West. She asks her foreign correspondents to send multiple copies of their letters to her in different envelopes so that perhaps one may "get through." Regular correspondents number each letter so she knows if she receives all of them. When I met with her in Moscow over Thanksgiving weekend, she showed me a list of items she would be grateful to receive. It included SOS pads and refills for ballpoint pens. She and her friends dream for "any opportunity, any little hope for contacts, any visit of friends, any notice about what is going on outside."

Yet as Barbara says in her article, "we are happy!" She continues to meet with her dream group every Wednesday evening on the sidewalk outside the Star Cinema in Moscow. Known in the area as the "Star Club," her little group gathers in rain, snow, sleet, and subfreezing temperatures every week to meditate, share dreams, perform their healing work, and, as she said to me, "we open our hearts to each other."

Routinely the police break them up, and they move into a nearby park where they continue to pray and share dreams in smaller groups of two and three.

Barbara's "Park Academy" dreams in a world where good and evil find sharp edges and vibrant colors, where "friends in the boat" fight with the storm and never lose hope, where the tired mountain climber pulls himself up the icy rocks to the very top, knowing it would be more dangerous to return "into the dark abyss" below, where a dreamer realizes the true road to follow is the one on which he will be able to expend all his or her strength "for the others." Barbara Ivanova sees herself as one who is favored with a special kind of dream, a person blessed with an important task and goal to fulfill in life. In whatever ways are available to her, she keeps the spirit of the true dreamer alive. She heals the physically and emotionally sick. She awakens in others the moral obligation to care for and love one another. Barbara looks much younger than her sixty-six years and when she says that "you know you are on the right path because you experience gratitude, joy, deep feelings of happiness," you believe her. She exudes that "profound sense of duty, bliss, and absolute truth." She is a warm and vibrant moral voice opening her heart to others in the bitterly cold streets and parks -- if no longer the lecture halls and conference centers — of Moscow.

It is her tight little band of friends and dream-cohorts that

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## DREAM NETWORK BULLETIN

487 4th St. Brooklyn, N.Y. 11215

