

# THE DREAM NETWORK

Bulletin Bulletin Bulletin Bulletin Bulletin Bulletin Bulletin

In this issue Rita Dwyer recounts a nightmare and healing come true...your tired publisher says goodbye and new ones say hello...Colin Amery of New Zealand on the "Royal Road"...Cantankerous Dreams...poems, letters, inspired connections...

Vol. 4 Issue #3

May/June 1985

## Dream Story

by  
Rita Dwyer

Ed Butler's recurring nightmare became reality...

He was startled by the muffled but unmistakable sound of a nearby explosion. While unexpected, it was not entirely unusual -- the high energy propellants and oxidizers being synthesized and tested in the chemistry wing were hazardedly unstable.

When he heard the screams, he froze for an instant, recognizing that they had to be coming from me, the only woman chemist in the all-male department. He rushed to the doorway of my laboratory, peering through the smoke and fumes, and saw a foot sticking out of the surrounding flames. Aware that he was only in his shirt-sleeves, rolled up, and without the customary protection of his lab coat, he feared the danger of entering the laboratory, yet felt compelled to act.

Dashing in, he grabbed me by the foot and noticed with horror that my stockings were melting from the heat. He pulled me back into the doorway and tugged at a chain that released gallons of water upon my flaming body. When satisfied that the fire was quenched although my clothing still smoldered, he dragged me to safety in an adjacent laboratory and ran for the emergency phone. After assuring himself that help was on the way, he went back and saw me being cradled in the arms



of a technician who was trying to soothe me.

Agonizing over the grisly event in which he'd participated, not only moments before, but other times previously in his dreams, Ed asked himself, "Why didn't I warn her?"

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This courageous man who saved my life, both in reality and in dream rehearsals, was a special friend. Ed and I had started working together four years earlier, both fresh out of

college and excited by the challenge of doing research for one of our country's pioneers in rocketry and aerospace systems. Circumstances placed us physically close in adjacent laboratories, but we also became personally close as time went by. We had no romantic liaison but often confided in each other, sharing our ideas and ideals, our life experiences and hopes for the future. It was not surprising that he would dream of me, nor that he wouldn't share his bad

dreams, lest they spook me. Who could know they would come true?

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Although the explosion caught me unwarned and unaware, I remained conscious and tried to help myself. The fragments of shattered apparatus and the flaming liquid which had been blasted into my face and upper body pocked and charred my safety glasses so that I couldn't see to run for the safety shower, and my hands and arms were burning so badly that I couldn't pull my lab coat over my head to smother the flames. I began to scream, knowing I had to attract someone's attention. Seconds seemed an eternity as I waited for help and I reached a point where I knew for certain that I was dying.

"Dear God, here I come, ready or not," I said, suddenly feeling no more pain but hearing a strange sound that swept me up into a black whirlpool of oblivion. It was more than a faint, perhaps a near-death experience.

When I regained consciousness, I was in the technician's arms and had no idea that it was Ed Butler who had actually rescued me. The details I recounted are not meant to shock, but rather to impress the horror of Ed's dreams and the extent of the trauma I experienced.

My condition remained critical for a long time and, indeed, my survival was considered miraculous. I was transferred from a local hospital to a larger city hospital where I was placed under the care of a noted plastic surgeon with expertise in burn cases. Round-the-clock nurses tended to me and only members of my immediate family were allowed to visit, with the exception of one good friend who was like a sister to me.

It was she who wrote my dictated notes of thanks to those friends and co-workers who deluged me with flowers, cards, and gifts. In response to my message of appreciation to the person or

persons who had saved my life, I discovered it was Ed. Months passed before I learned of his precognitive dreams about the accident and his feeling that his actions had been almost reflexive, conditioned by the dreams.

In ensuing years, I struggled to become whole again, to be myself again, to be like other people, to be "normal." Repeated operations restored much of the function of my face and hands, and between the surgeries I attempted to return to work in an administrative job created for me which provided me with a sheltered environment but no real sense of purpose or value. Later on, I married a man who loved me before my disfigurement and who has continued to love me through both happy and difficult times...he's my anchor.

During the daytime, I could pretend to be like everyone else and repress my true feelings, accepting what one surgeon had decreed -- like Humpty Dumpty there was no way I could be put back together again as I had been. On the other hand, I suffered over the rejections and insensitivities of those who reacted negatively to my appearance. This tough stuff popped out at night in repeated nightmares of reliving the explosion and in equally unpleasant dreams of inadequacy and rejection.

Seeing a psychiatrist appeared to afford no cure. Talking about what had happened and how I felt made me even more sensitive to my differences from other people and to my physical limitations, things which couldn't be changed.

A turning point came when my older brother persisted in getting me to take a Silva Mind Control Course, a move I strongly resisted. However, it was there that I learned relaxation and meditation techniques, began to appreciate the power of positive thinking, and heard that dreams could be used for creative prob-

lem solving. I wondered if I might not be able to turn my negative dreams into positive experiences.

Shortly thereafter, I saw advertised an Association of Research and Enlightenment (ARE) dream seminar in our area and I attended, finding myself inspired by a battery of dream experts, such as Mark Thurston and Elsie Sechrist.

I began to record my dreams and to find meaning in some of them. Some also had a precognitive quality, but I didn't do anything about those until the day my little daughter suffered a concussion that was presaged in a dream the night before. I couldn't keep her from being hurt, but I did seek immediate medical attention which I would not have done so quickly, since she showed no obvious signs of any head injury. I learned to trust those dreams with a "special quality" and to act upon them.

Other precognitive dreams, such as those of plane crashes, were more frustrating. I could often describe the aircraft and the terrain, but didn't recognize the locality in which the event was occurring. Later news reports sometimes confirmed details which I had recorded. The first time that I remember being sure of a site was when I dreamed of Mount St. Helen's erupting in 1980. I'd told my husband I was sure it was going to happen and recounted details that were later carried in newspaper accounts, such as the sighting of lightning at the top of the volcano before it erupted. These and other experiences led me to seriously study dreams and dreaming, attending any lectures or workshops I could find.

For example, Louis Savary and Patricia Berne, co-authors with Strephton Williams of Dreams and Spiritual Growth, opened my awareness to the spiritual side of dreaming. Sister Mary Sulli-

van, a Cenacle sister who had studied under Strepheon Williams, introduced me to his Jungian and Senoi Dreamwork Manual techniques. She stressed that dreams were not merely to be recorded and interpreted, but also to be actively worked upon for growth in inner and outer life.

It was she who showed me copies of the Dream Network Bulletin and who made me aware of the importance of a dream partner or partners, of a dream community. Since there was none in our area, I decided to try to get one started and contacted a few other dreamers I knew. We began to meet irregularly in the fall of 1983, and in 1984 arranged a regular schedule of twice-monthly meetings at a local public library. For want of a better name, we called our group the Metro D.C. Dream Community, MDCDC.

Our mailing list numbers over fifty interested dreamers, but meeting attendance is seldom more than twelve. Some members attend regularly, others when they can, but the ambience is always one of gentle sharing, group support and respect for dreams and dreamers.

In the past year, MDCDC has sponsored two dream workshops, both held at Marymount College Conference Center in Arlington, VA. The first, "A Double Adventure in Dreaming," was led by Drs. Robert Van de Castle and Henry Reed. Both of these men are impressive, not only for their wide knowledge and skills in dreamwork, but also for their sensitivity and genuine caring for others. Space doesn't permit describing the healing and insights that occurred on that weekend, nor during the workshop which Anne Sayre Wiseman led in an "artful" manner. Her collage approach to dream interpretation and self-transformation was new and highly useful as a dreamwork tool.

During the latter workshop, I chose to work on a dream of



mine that seemed to have a theme of the need to "let go" in order to become alive. After letting go in the dream, I was caught up into a golden swirling motion of the most ecstatic pleasure and beauty -- a cosmic connection. Dreams do seem to have the ability to connect us cosmically and personally. My special connection with Ed has continued through the years, and we still share ideas and dreams, so it was no surprise when I received a call from him as I was working on this article. He had also been trying during those past few days to record his memories and insights of that long-ago rescue.

Ed refuses to think of his actions as heroic -- he is convinced that he acted as a channel for the Spirit whose dream warnings prepared Ed to save my life, saving it for whatever it is that only I can do, for whatever I will add to make the world a little better. Dreamwork has helped me to accept the enormous changes in my life and to acknowledge that I'll never again be who I was. Chemical papers and patents are no longer my products. Perhaps love and caring are.

During those nights when I dreamed of searching for the "missing piece," I was really looking for the "missing peace" of my days. In letting go of my struggle to be like everyone else, I found inner peace and myself -- in my own unique imperfection.

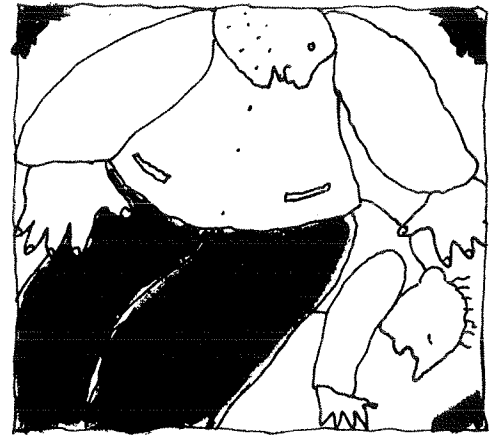
Shalom -- Peace be with you, too!

**Rita Dwyer**  
117 Kingsley Road SW  
Vienna, Va. 22180

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**Rita is also a dedicated writer and mother.**

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### **Cantankerous Dreams: Outwitting the System(s)**

by  
Roger Martin

Seldom mentioned in the newsletter's columns is the cantankerous nature of dreams. I refer to their ability to outwit systematic and rigorous attempts to control them. In 1978 I worked hard at controlling dreams. Those I recorded ran into the hundreds.

Some were especially cantankerous.

I would lie in bed and in the lamplight read an alphabet of dream rules I'd written for myself from a brew of Pat Garfield, Ann Faraday, C.G. Jung, Carlos Castaneda.

I would, I wrote, confront and conquer dream enemies.

If I fell through space, I'd drop till I landed.

I'd exact gifts from enemies.

Love up on dream gals.  
Ask enemies what they wanted.

Look at my hand and know I was dreaming.

Confront enemies. Conquer enemies.

Suddenly, I had enemies. Serious, bedeviling ones.

As I pull open a cafe screendoor, a maniac runs out of the dark, knife slicing frenziedly through the air. I'm repeatedly stabbed. I feel it.

Other assassins worked quietly.

A friend and I descend stairs, passing two thugs. "Dream figures can't hurt you," I declare to him. A knife blade passes between two of my ribs and I feel the pain. I feel it.

When I have believed myself most in control, I am mocked. Once, lucid, confident, I walked through a large warehouse, in one portion of which a highway rose to a great height. I believed I saw cars driving on it. Then I saw the highway, not the cars, was moving.

Somehow I knew at once that dreams -- the unconscious life -- were the highway, the power. My confidence was shattered. I realized I was being taken to dream prison.

In still another dream of this period, I refused to allow the dream screen to go black and a social worker came on to say, "I never saw anybody do that before." A little while later, however, an obese man sat on me and I woke gladly.

I am walking with a group of people, among them Oaxacan Indian women. I feel the menace of a man walking to my left and I stab him with a screwdriver. "You don't always have to kill your dream enemies, you know," he said.

Eventually, I stopped trying to control dreams.

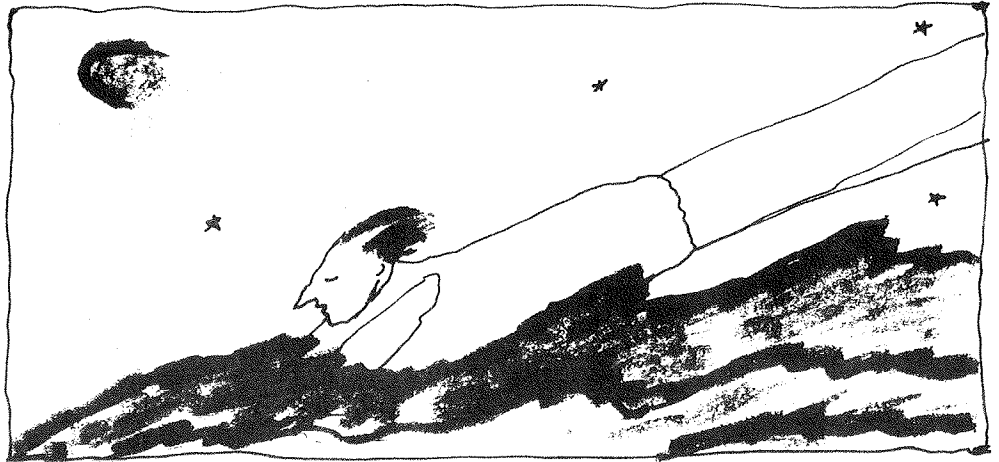
Nonetheless, I would recommend that all who dare should try, sometime, to go straight into dreamland with a program.

It seems, in my case, to have made dreams come out swinging, and I learned a great deal: that dreams humble the conscious mind every time out with their astounding intelligence and wit; that dreams will sometimes accommodate your rules and sometimes trash them.

They have minds of their own.

**Roger Martin**  
**545 North Third**  
**Lawrence, KS 66044**

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**The Royal Road of Dreamwork**  
 by  
 Colin Amery

"Dreams," declared the avuncular Sigmund Freud, "are the royal road to the unconscious." And it was a path he chose to travel down fearlessly, like a conquistador finding new territory where no foot had ever trod before. Jung, his heir apparent, spoke of journeying through a strange country, seeing wonderful sights nobody had glimpsed before. Although the crown prince and his mentor ended up taking different routes down the royal road, their work pioneered a whole new approach to dreamwork later developed by the psychoanalytic movement.

It's a territory that the ancients were familiar with, too. The first dream book was compiled on clay tablets by Egyptian Pharaoh Merikare; and Moses, Joseph and Daniel all had some skills in this ancient art. Assyrians and Babylonians, too, paid great attention to dreams.

In more recent times a German archaeologist named Hilprecht was puzzling over two separate inscriptions he had discovered in the ruins of a Babylonian temple. His sleep that night was invaded by a tall, thin priest-like figure who gave him the dream message that both were fragments from the same cylinder which, if studied together, would disclose a single inscription. It did.

The Greek sage Artimedorus wrote down his early dream interpretation treatise whose meanings are still to be found in the more modern dream books you can pick up in the supermarkets today.

Another Greek who wrote about the mysteries of the dream world under the pen name of Iamblichus said somewhat sagely, "The night time of the body is the day time of the soul." And wonderful things have occurred in that dark day time. The young Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart composed a whole musical score in his head, just after dozing off in a railway carriage. Van Gogh, that high priest of schizophrenic colour patterns, said that his pictures often came to him "as in a dream." Creative artists, of course, derive much of their inspiration from the landscape of their dreams. Robert Louis Stevenson discovered the dichotomy of Jekyll and Hyde, lurking in the anterooms to his own dream mansion.

Scientists, too, are wont to make discoveries of great pith and moment after sleeping on problems to which they could not find easy solutions. Albert Einstein, who was so absentminded that his wife had to paint the front door bright orange so that he wouldn't walk right past it, discovered the theory of relativity in a dream. Kekule, a Belgian chemist, came up with the ring of atoms theory for the benzene molecule after dreaming

he saw the picture of a snake biting its own tail. He was later reported to have said, "Let us begin to dream, gentlemen, then, perhaps we will find the truth."

Where do dreams come from? It's been suggested that the dream state corresponds to a primitive danger-sensing mechanism and so provides the most favourable altered state of consciousness for esp activity. This "psi vigilance," ready to warn us if the emotional content of the dream is too much for us to handle, can lead to creative dreaming which helps us to solve problems that demand our attention in the waking state. It could be said that our esp capacity is most likely to be deployed during sleep. Thus so-called premonitory or clairvoyant dreams occur, such as Abraham Lincoln's clear dream that he would be shot in a theater by an assassin.

So-called "primitive" peoples tend to pay much more attention to dreams than our more "advanced" western civilization. The American Indian peoples certainly have a lot to teach their more materialistic cohabitants. Dreamers should regard their night messages as vital to success in their lives, say their medicine people, because then they will receive and recall helpful dreams. In our acquisitive societies no reward is provided for healthy dreamers. In theirs there is. They believe that as you start to gain creative dreaming skills, you will begin to actually induce the manifest content of your dreams. Fasting is also used to promote sharper dreaming, since lack of food produces changes in the chemistry of the brain. And another point that fast-paced "civilized" people should note well is their belief that a quiet life style will induce dreams of a higher quality.

Among many primitive peoples the all important part of dream

activity is the interpretation that is put upon dreams in the waking state. In western culture, we call this "association" which forms a very important element in dream work and can show us how dreams are often concerned with unresolved conflicts which have been triggered off by the day's events.

Why are some dreams easier to recall than others? It may depend on the emotional content. If there is something we want to hide from ourselves consciously because of the intensity of the memories it evokes, then a kind of screen memory will be put there by the unconscious, masking or hiding the true manifest content of the dream. Thus it was that Freud believed in the necessity of decoding our dreams, for an in-built censor was operating, according to him, in the lower depths of the ego. Jung, however, believed that dreams were written in a clear, uncoded text which the dreamer would be able to transcribe without difficulty. Whichever the case, an anonymous scribe of the Talmud once said, "A dream which has not been interpreted is like a letter which has not been opened."

Yet some people open these dream letters more easily than other people. On this note, Jung was apparently once asked to do some dream analysis for James Joyce's schizophrenic daughter. He refused saying, "The only difference I can see between you and your daughter is that you go into the unconscious like a diver and she drowns."

But as long as the human race is alive there is hope. Some will drown, but more and more people are diving!

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**Colin is a Tarot Consultant**  
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**Zealand.**



The Dream Network Bulletin

by  
 Chris Hudson, Publisher/Editor

During the summer of '83 I was working in a dirty, crowded pottery studio in downtown Manhattan, trying to get my small business organized. My wife Dale and I had moved to Brooklyn the year before in order to help her rapidly growing illustration career. I missed the home we had built and still owned in New Hampshire where I was more used to the "laid back" attitude of country life. I also missed our 5 year old meditation group where we had frequently shared dreams. In short, I felt disconnected and miserable.

One day, while glazing some teapots and listening to the radio, I heard about the "Self-Help Clearinghouse," a service that people could call for information about meditation groups, self-help groups, and other activities. I called that day and asked if there were any dream groups in Manhattan. But I got the number of the Brooklyn Dream Community instead. I met Tom Cowan the director, and a week later found myself in a group of 15 strangers at his apartment in Brooklyn, where I volunteered to

share a recent dream. Bill Stimson was leading the group that night, using Montague Ullman's method of group adoption of the dream in a protective environment. Here is the dream I shared:

"I am teaching a baby -- a gorgeous infant -- how to swim underwater. I begin by teaching him how to hold his breath, then we work our way to progressively more difficult things. He is fat and happy, learns fast, and loves the water. I am astonished at how well he swims underwater. There are other people watching us from the beach -- I sense there may be some disapproval of my actions but I ignore their fears. I don't think the baby is my child but am unsure."

As the group, led by Bill, adopted and worked with my dream, I felt a powerful insight that I was about to embark on a new project in my life, one that would involve a spontaneous exploration of my unconscious that would be witnessed and shared by others.

I felt strangely moved and sensitized, and wrote Bill a letter the next day, which he published in his two year old project, The Dream Network Bulletin. Bill began the DNB about the same time that he started The Manhattan Dream Community the winter of '81. He was looking for a way to connect people to one another through the sharing of dreams in groups and everyday experience. His motivations were personal. He was looking for a way to connect with himself, and also for a way to help others connect with each other. For two years, through exhausting bouts of poverty, late night organizing and letter writing, he established a network of individuals interested in dreams throughout the US, Canada, Europe and even the Soviet Union. Soviet parapsychologists met clandestinely and shared their insights through

DNB, as did Roman Catholic nuns, psychoanalysts, "shamanistic" dreamers, lucid dreamers, and other varied people. He always printed their names and addresses and hoped that interested people would contact one another, especially to form dream groups. Often they did, and articles, letters, and experiments in group dreaming came into being.

I met with the Brooklyn Dream Community for several months and also kept in touch with Bill and his work. One day he suggested I attend a Dream Leadership Training Workshop with him at Monte Ullman's home north of New York. I called Monte only to find that the workshop was filled. "Does anyone ever drop out?" I asked him. "Extremely rarely," was the reply. "Well if anyone does, please put me at the top of your list!"

That night I had the following dream (excerpted from my journal):

"Dale and I are driving Bill Stimson to Monte's workshop... Monte and his wife are very gracious. We all sit down. I'm aware that Dale and I will only be staying a couple of minutes. I say to the group, 'It's nice to have a home so full of light.'... there suddenly seems to be room for Dale and I to attend, because someone cancelled. We decide to stay."

The very next morning, Monte called to say that a woman had dropped out and there would be room for me if I wanted to attend. At this point, I felt I had no choice! I drove Bill up and back each day of the workshop, talking over dreams, plans, and goals for the future. At one point Bill asked, "Why don't you take over the Bulletin?" Touched by his offer, but not feeling ready for such a venture, I was hesitant. I really felt I didn't want it, but I began to have powerful dreams encouraging me to accept it. Here is an excerpt from

one of several such dreams:

"...I sense Yoda's presence, the beauty of being joined through his eyes to an ancient, permanently connected Unconscious Mind that I usually deny. I think of Bill Stimson and how we are so alike in strange but similar ways, that the DNB is his "baby" -- that to give it up would be hard for him...I feel a vision of the sharing of dreams realigning our perceptions to take in another, "unseparate" sense of other people, especially the ones we care about. I feel love reawakened. I feel joined to others in a sweet, "sexy", primal intelligence that does not "think" about love but "feels" about love, and reveals loving faces in my mind so gently that I can hardly bear it. I feel at one with these people and my self."

I awoke crying, overwhelmed by the connective power in dream work, and in sharing dreams, so strongly that I felt I had no choice but to accept editorship.

So, for over a year and a half I have buried myself in writing letters, developing a new graphic look for the DNB with computerized typesetting and Dale's beautiful drawings, have enlarged it to 20 pages and 6 issues a year... other people have generously volunteered to help with editing, paste-up, computerizing the subscriptions and a dozen day to day details. As a result, the DNB has more subscribers and more exchanges of dream-work ideas and experiences. And I still have dreams about the importance of this network.

However, after 8 issues I've become overwhelmed by the worry and work, and am passing on the editorial torch to Bob Van de Castle and Henry Reed, who in the past have offered to help out. The editorial staff and advisory board (as well as the general tone and format) will remain basically the same. I hope Henry

and Bob will put their own fire into it...financial needs especially have pulled me in another direction and I have to devote time and energy to my new wood-working job in Claremont, New Hampshire.

I laid awake several nights over this decision and finally received some clarity from some dreams. In one, I was a construction worker at the woodshop where I now work, with a small group of other men. My right arm was covered with silver bracelets which the other men regarded as odd. But I felt a deep sense of belonging and peace. When I awoke I also knew the silver meant prosperity.

Although the DNB has always (usually just barely) paid for

itself, there has never been money left over to pay editors and so forth. But a lot of attention and time are required to keep the thing rolling. Perhaps a shared editorship will make it less of a time-consumer. Many of you are aware of Henry's involvement with The Sundance Community Dream Journal and Bob's long involvement with dream study through The University of Virginia at Charlottesville. Both men have been active in dreamwork longer than I have and are also more experienced. Their success will be your success; DNB is ripe for another growth burst.

I never intended to take the Network on permanently, but it truly has been "my baby" for awhile, and not easy to give up.

I hope to write occasionally on these pages and help out where I can. You can help with letters, articles, resubscriptions and any feedback.

One of my abiding interests in dreams is their relationship to the "Inner Voice" or "that of God in every man" (as the Quakers phrase it). This is because I came into dreamwork from meditation and prayer as well as being a 5 year student of an attitudinal healing workbook called A Course in Miracles. Edgar Cayce remains still today one of the clearest voices for the connection between dreams and God. My prayers led me into dream study because for me it was the clearest way to understand my feelings. It is possible to meditate







very hard for years and still not know how one feels. Specifically, dreams made me aware of feelings toward members of my family. Subsequent healings have occurred between me and my father, mother, brother and sister... all attributable indirectly to feelings I came upon through dreams. All the members of my family send me dreams or discuss them over the phone and when we see one another. The family can be the best dream group!

When I was cutting wood with my older brother Pete last winter at his home in northern Maine, we got up around 5 a.m. It was dark and sat groggily around the stove with coffee, discussing our dreams. He later said it was one of the best visits he ever had with me. He knew nothing of "technique" but as a voracious reader his whole life his awareness of metaphor was sharp.

I can hardly wait to discuss a dream my sister Anne sent me. It turns out that we have a mutually occurring scary dream that I'm certain has a common history that we can explore together. I know it will bring us closer.

The most important attitude

I have learned while nursing DNB is that dreams can be trusted to bear the truth. They will not maliciously fabricate metaphors that are meaningless or random. There is a message and the message has meaning. Generally my eyes are closed to my self, and my life is like a iceberg. I am dumbly convinced that the 10% I can see above the surface is all there is. Until I run aground on the other 90% under water!

There can be a danger to excessive dreamwork if it is an attempt to escape from waking life. If this happens, the dream images will point one back to life responsibilities and grounding activities. At least this was true with me. The more common problem is the lack of attention to inner life.

The personal healings within my family through dreamwork were accompanied by a gradual dissolving of distressing feelings of separation from other people and society in general. Feeling "separate" is one of the severest of social diseases in our time, one that can be helped through group study of the workings of the personal unconscious. Once last

year when I was feeling disconnected from others I had a dream filled with images of family and friends, alive and deceased, that was so vivid I awoke literally shaking with joy. The only other place I have experienced such rapture was when I have surrendered my will up in prayer and felt wordless connection to all life... healed, safe, forgiven and whole.

Another element in dreamwork is the accompanying force for change. When I resist the nightly messages it is because I'm afraid to change, I want to hang on to my little neurotic securities. My ego does not go happily into sleep. I drag it there. In the hypnogogic stage before early sleep, conscious thought is released as another level of the mind steps forth. In my way of looking at things, that's where God speaks to me. My problem is that every night my timid definition of God is shattered once again. "How could a loving God give me such awful images?" "Why can't God be straightforward instead of metaphorical and speak verbally instead of in images?" I don't know. I only know that



DREAM CALENDARFREE!!

This Dream Calendar is space made available to subscribers\* at no charge to publicize dream-related workshops, groups, books, and generally to make contacts. Although it looks the same every issue, the new information is toward the front, while older notices are moved to the end. Write your information on a post-card and send it well ahead of time to:

DNB Calendar

670 East Rio Road  
Charlottesville, VA 22901

\*[subscriptions are \$15 a year]

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Dream Talk Clubs Forming!

You can bring a Dream Talk Club to your community. Nationwide. Write for free information to:

Adrienne Quinn

DREAM RESEARCH  
PO Box 1142  
Tacoma, WA 98401

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Dream Group

I would like to join an on-going group or start one here in the San Francisco to San Jose area.

Mark Heinzinger

222 N. Ellsworth Ave  
San Mateo, CA 94401  
415-342-5149

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Dreams and Dimensions

by Kathleen Mark

An informative 70 page book; how to interpret your dreams.  
\$6.50 ppd or for more info:

Katherine Mark

PO Box 46177  
Mt. Clemens, MI 48046

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Dream Workshop

A dream workshop was started in Edmonton a month ago. We are a branch of a Seth Study Group.

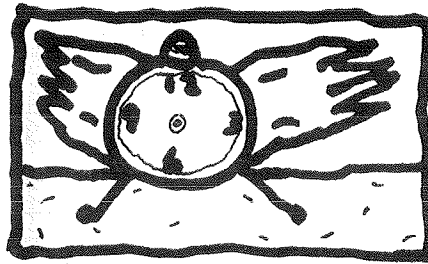
Joyce Beshara

31 Greenfields Estate  
St. Albert, Alberta  
Canada T8N 2G2

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Knowing Your Dream Self

A 3 hour dream course by Steve Carter and Elsie Trimble. \$29.95



plus \$1 postage or more info:

Steve Carter

Box 2305  
Witchita, KS 67201

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Dream Groups

Looking for a dream group or contacts in the Hurst, Eules, Bedford, Fort Worth area of Texas.

Jeanne Thompson

2802 Tumbleweed Trail  
Grapevine, TX 76051

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Pen Pal

Please send me info on an on-going group or name of a pen pal 30 miles west of Cleveland.

Sandra Molick

4160 Renyon Ave  
Loraine, OH 44053

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Montreal Dream Network

For more info about the news and activities of this group please write:

Daniel Deslauries

4482 deBullion  
Montreal P.Q.  
Canada H2W 2GH1

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Dream Group

I am hoping to start a dream group here on the Kona side of Big Island.

Jivian Akeva

RR #1 Box 143  
Kailua, HI 96745

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Dream Group

If anyone is interested in being in a dream group, they can write or call me at:

Ted Garrison

951 Gladmer Park  
Regina, Sask. S4P 2X8  
Canada 359-1871

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Dream Group

I am in a three person dream group at Blue Ridge Center.

Anyone close by can contact me if interested!

Renee Lindenaux

PO Box 823  
Micaville, NC 28755  
1-704-682-2111

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Dream Process Workshops

Dream therapy and individual therapy groups. For more info:

Elizabeth Arkley

1163 Santa Fe Ave  
Albany, CA 94706

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Looking For a Group

I am looking for a group in the Chicago area.

Brian Higgins

2129 N. Dayton Street  
Chicago, IL 60614  
312-929-5498

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On-going Group

We meet the first Wed. of every month at 7:30 pm. For more info:

Michael Robbins

96 Elm Street  
Somerville, MA 02144  
617-628-9204

-----\*\*-----

On-going Group

One on-going group in Weare, and several time-limited groups in Concord and Manchester, NH.

Charlotte Bell

Rt. 3 Box 1191  
Weare, NH 03281  
603-529-7779

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Dream Psychology Northwest

We are an educational center focusing on dreams. For a listing of our many programs, write:

1602 East Garfield #B  
Seattle, WA 98112 or call:  
206-325-6148

-----\*\*-----

Dream Group

Our dream group meets on the 2nd and fourth Mondays of each month at 7:30 at my place, we use Montague Ullman's method.

Margot McCain

Sheridan Street  
Portland, ME 04101

-----\*\*-----

Dream Group Forming

such questions as "Who is X?" "What is X like?" "What is Y?" and so on throughout the dream being reported.

Much of the book deals with Delaney's technique for dream incubation, with which she has had great success. Very detailed step by step instructions are given.

Incubated dreams can help us cope with anxieties, bad habits, sexual conflicts, health or job problems. They can be useful in connection with ongoing therapy or meditative and spiritual endeavors.

I found especially interesting the portion called Cinema Veite, which deals with the use of dreams to find out what our actual self-image is, and how this image may be affecting our behavior and relationships.

The whole book is illustrated with lively accounts of Delaney's and other people's dream experiences. Particularly fascinating are those she describes in the part of the book which deals with mystic states, psychic phenomena, flying and lucid dreams and astral travel. Here too, Delaney is specific and practical, telling us how to induce such states, maintain them and make the "most" of them. I was intrigued by her suggestion for achieving lucidity; that you select a daytime trigger object which will cause you to become lucid when you encounter it in the dream.

The appendix tells the reader how to recall dreams, how to record them, and how to form a dream group using the book as a basis. Advice is given on how to incorporate children as members, and on dream incubation.

I like the fact that Delaney, for all the emphasis on technique, always respects the beauty, mystery and autonomy of the dream.

**Edith Gilmore**  
**112 Minot Road**  
**Concord, MA 01742**

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# EDITORIAL

We were very disheartened when Chris called and informed us that various circumstances were forcing him to relinquish the reins of DNB. His earlier dreams had told him to accept the torch from Bill Stimson and his current dreams were now telling him the time had come for him to pass it on. Chris has done a splendid job with DNB and when he asked Henry Reed and I to serve as foster parents to the ever growing DNB child, we felt honored but unsure that we could fill the size 14 editorial shoes he was leaving behind. We will try.

The challenge seems rather large because DNB is becoming such a multi-faceted entity. That's why we chose so many metaphors to describe it; a spirited horse, a torch of illumination, a precocious child endowed with the wisdom generally associated with more ancient wisdom.

Many people have breathed life into the DNB and we aspire to be worthy stewards of the legacy we are inheriting. We plan to continue with the familiar format that DNB has evolved into in response to your needs. We hope to expand it to include some research projects that interested readers can participate in and we'll invite reader's interpretations of dreams that will be presented. Several interpretations will then be selected and published to show how dreams can communicate at many levels simultaneously. We ask for your patience as we go through our initial labor pains to bring forth our fist issues.

Please mail all articles, correspondence and subscription renewals (and subscription renewals and subscription renewals) to:

**Bob Van de Castle**  
**670 East Rio Road**  
**Charlottesville, VA 22901**  
**804-924-2365**

Thanks again, Chris, from all of us, for all you have done to enhance our dreams. May your own dreams continue to illuminate your path for you.

Bob Van de Castle (address above)

In our sleep, pain  
that cannot forget falls  
drop by drop upon the  
heart and in our own  
despair, against our  
will, comes wisdom  
through the awful  
grace of God



-----\*\*-----  
DREAM NETWORK BULLETIN  
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**PUBLISHER/EDITOR:**

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670 EAST RIO ROAD  
CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA 22901  
-----\*\*-----

DREAM CALENDAR**FREE!!**

This Dream Calendar is space made available to subscribers\* at no charge to publicize dream-related workshops, groups, books, and generally to make contacts. Although it looks the same every issue, the new information is toward the front, while older notices are moved to the end. Write your information on a post-card and send it well ahead of time to:

**DNB Calendar**

670 East Rio Road  
Charlottesville, VA 22901

\*[subscriptions are \$15 a year]

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**Dream Talk Clubs Forming!**

You can bring a Dream Talk Club to your community. Nationwide. Write for free information to:

**Adrienne Quinn**

**DREAM RESEARCH**

**PO Box 1142**

**Tacoma, WA 98401**

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**Dream Group**

I would like to join an on-going group or start one here in the San Francisco to San Jose area.

**Mark Heinzinger**

**222 N. Ellsworth Ave**

**San Mateo, CA 94401**

**415-342-5149**

-----\*\*-----

**Dreams and Dimensions**

by Kathleen Mark

An informative 70 page book; how to interpret your dreams.

\$6.50 ppd or for more info:

**Katherine Mark**

**PO Box 46177**

**Mt. Clemens, MI 48046**

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**Dream Workshop**

A dream workshop was started in Edmonton a month ago. We are a branch of a Seth Study Group.

**Joyce Beshara**

**31 Greenfields Estate**

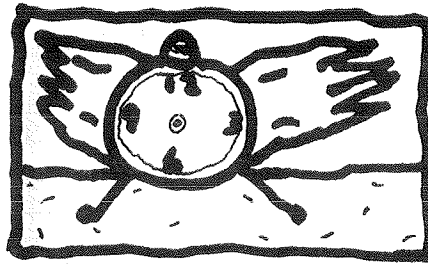
**St. Albert, Alberta**

**Canada T8N 2G2**

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**Knowing Your Dream Self**

A 3 hour dream course by Steve Carter and Elsie Trimble. \$29.95



plus \$1 postage or more info:

**Steve Carter**

**Box 2305**

**Witchita, KS 67201**

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**Dream Groups**

Looking for a dream group or contacts in the Hurst, Eules, Bedford, Fort Worth area of Texas.

**Jeanne Thompson**

**2802 Tumbleweed Trail**

**Grapevine, TX 76051**

-----\*\*-----

**Pen Pal**

Please send me info on an on-going group or name of a pen pal 30 miles west of Cleveland.

**Sandra Molick**

**4160 Renyon Ave**

**Loraine, OH 44053**

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**Montreal Dream Network**

For more info about the news and activities of this group please write:

**Daniel Deslauries**

**4482 deBullion**

**Montreal P.Q.**

**Canada H2W 2GH1**

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**Dream Group**

I am hoping to start a dream group here on the Kona side of Big Island.

**Jivian Akeva**

**RR #1 Box 143**

**Kailua, HI 96745**

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**Dream Group**

If anyone is interested in being in a dream group, they can write or call me at:

**Ted Garrison**

**951 Gladmer Park**

**Regina, Sask. S4P 2X8**

**Canada 359-1871**

-----\*\*-----

**Dream Group**

I am in a three person dream group at Blue Ridge Center.

Anyone close by can contact me if interested!

**Renee Lindenaux**

**PO Box 823**

**Micaville, NC 28755**

**1-704-682-2111**

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**Dream Process Workshops**

Dream therapy and individual therapy groups. For more info:

**Elizabeth Arkley**

**1163 Santa Fe Ave**

**Albany, CA 94706**

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**Looking For a Group**

I am looking for a group in the Chicago area.

**Brian Higgins**

**2129 N. Dayton Street**

**Chicago, IL 60614**

**312-929-5498**

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**Somerville, MA 02144**

**617-628-9204**

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**Charlotte Bell**

**Rt. 3 Box 1191**

**Weare, NH 03281**

**603-529-7779**

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**Seattle, WA 98112 or call:**

**206-325-6148**

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**Margot McCain**

**Sheridan Street**

**Portland, ME 04101**

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**Dream Group Forming**

I wish to start a group to work with dreams. Anyone in my area with a similar desire?

**Bob Zindorf**  
3105 Hillrise Drive  
Las Cruces, NM 88001

-----\*\*-----  
Looking for a Group

I'm looking for a group in the Los Angeles area.

**Lee Lane**  
10260 Plainview Ave #32  
Tujunga, CA 91042

-----\*\*-----  
Weekly Dream Groups

We use Monte Ullman's method.

7:30 Sundays  
9:15 Fridays, \$15 a month

**Ellyn Cowels**  
1003 Rivermont  
Lynchburg, VA 24505

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Ongoing Dream Group

We meet at the Delray Beach Eckankar Center at the address below every month on the first and third Mondays. For further info contact:

**Nancy Shirley**  
1845 NW 4th Avenue  
Boca Raton, FL 33432  
305-395-0987

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Dreamworks

Neighborhood dream group, 1/2 Mile Murphy Dome Road, 1/8 Mile Coyote Trail in Goldstream Valley. Every Teusday at 7:30.

**Linda Ravenwolf**  
PO Box 80582  
Fairbanks, Alaska 99708

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The Dream Connection

My friend Jean Gordon and I have been interpreting and/or assisting people with interpreting dreams for over a year.

**Jeanne Cairo**  
1675 East Kent Drive  
Aurora, CO 80013

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Practical Dreaming

Ongoing classes in dreamwork offered by:

**Will Phillips**  
PO Box 17431  
Orlando, FL 32860

Dream Appreciation Group

We meet at the Summit Unitarian Church on Mondays at 7:30 PM.  
Contact:  
**Abby Davis/273-8693**  
412 Morris Ave #45  
Summit, NJ 07901

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Dream Group

I hope to start a dream group here in Mt. Shasta. Anyone interested contact me:

**Ron Otrin**  
900 N. Mt. Shasta Blvd #38  
Mt. Shasta, CA 96067

-----\*\*-----  
Dream Group

I'm forming a leaderless dream group here in my Concord home if there's enough interest. I'm particularly interested in lucid experiences.

**Edith Gilmore**  
112 Minor Road  
Concord, MA 07142  
371-1619

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Dream Interpretation Courses

Several levels of dream interpretation courses:

**Ruthann Forbes**  
PO Box 411  
Oldwick, NJ 08858  
201-850-8086

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Dream Group

I would like to form a dream group or join an on-going one. Please contact:

**Shonni Brown**  
150 Tiburon Court  
Aptos, CA 95003  
408-662-3256

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A Journey of Self-Discovery-  
Art in Exploring Realms of  
Dreams and Imagination

Monday Evenings, 6 to 8.  
**Elizabeth Caspari**  
30 Lincoln Plaza, 30N  
New York, NY 10023

-----\*\*-----  
On-Going Dream Group

**Gayle Delaney**  
337 Spruce Street  
San Francisco, CA

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Dream Realizations

A 28-day Dream Incubation Workbook, teaching dream journal interpretation techniques in the process of guiding creative problem solving. 8 1/2" by 11", 210 pages, spiral bound. \$15.95.

**Henry Reed**  
503 Lake Drive  
Virginia Beach, VA 23451

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Dream Workshops

w/Kaye C. Greene, Ph.D.  
On-going groups on dreams and healing.

Contact:  
**Kay C. Greene, PhD**  
30 Waterside Plaza, 13E  
New York, NY 10010  
212-889-7956

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Ongoing Dream Group

Unity Church of Santa Maria  
**Angela Trissel**  
3643 Lakeview Court  
Santa Maria, CA 93455

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Dream Group

**Lloyd Schwartz**  
1192 Flower Lane  
Wantagh, NY 11793

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Dream Group

**Peter Gross**  
5238 E. Warren Ave, Apt. A  
Denver, CO 80222  
303-758-2986

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Metro DC  
Dream Community

We meet twice a month, free. For further info:

**Rita Mary Dwyer**  
117 Kingsley RD S.W.  
Vienna, VA 22180  
703-281-3639

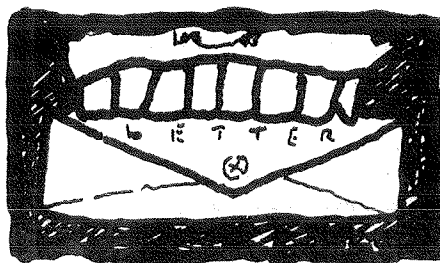
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ASD Newsletter

The Association for The Study of Dreams holds an annual conference and publishes a quarterly newsletter. For further details:

**ASD**  
337 Spruce Street  
San Francisco, CA 94118  
415-668-7444

# LETTERS

TO THE EDITOR



-----\*\*-----

I became interested in keeping a dream journal and trying to interpret them as a result of some expressive therapy courses I have been taking this year. I was particularly interested in the Jungian method of working with dreams, but would be interested in any information on using dreams for psychotherapy.

**Charlotte F. Pallaria**  
15 Prospect St.  
Lancaster, NH 03584

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I have kept a dream journal since 1977 and have had the occasional lucid or semi-lucid dream as well as other notable dream experiences.

It's maybe not so surprising after having read the DNB that it stimulated my subconscious or whatever to produce one of the more interesting dreams I've had in a while. It went like this.

Night of March 18:

In Egilsstadir, hiding from a mysterious figure who talks loudly and is completely out of touch with his immediate surroundings. He is carrying a flashlight. I hide behind a building, but for some reason can't get away. I follow the light in order to know in which direction this figure is moving. I feel scared, but as the figure approaches me, I decide to confront it/him. The figure is a shadow in the shape of a man. I have read about the "shadow self" in dream interpretation and think about this during the dream. The shadow immediately becomes a friendly, middle-aged German with a book of piano music. It also changes from night to brightly sunlit day. The title of the book seems to be German beginning "Ebben.. von dotliebe." The name Karill

is also on the title page. I want to record the name of the book in my dream note pad. Whilst still dreaming, I reach for the notebook. I am concerned I will forget the title as I am dreaming. I put the pencil to my lip to make sure that I am not just dreaming, that I'm writing (even though this is still dreaming). I feel myself awakening, still within the dream, but manage to hold the imagery. I see an atlas showing Russia and Israel. Someone asks me about it being strange to find Americans in that part of the world. (I connect this for some reason to last year's trip to Turkey and Finland) I also see a page of highly coloured postage stamps. The green used is rather dark, without variation. Printed in the early part of this century. I then awake and find that I haven't written anything in the dream notebook.

**David Knowles**  
Solvellir 3  
700 Egilsstadir  
Posthof 101  
Iceland

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I have to tell your that I was upset by Jeremy Taylor's sermon [see jan/feb issue] more than I was by the nightmares or nuclear menace he was attacking. His article was preachy, rhetorical and simplistic.

First off, so many contributors share their dreams with us making DNB "personal" to each reader. On the other hand, Rev. Taylor's "There is a terrible storm..." feels more like a literary device used to kick off his sermon. He never identifies it as his own or anyone else's dream.

Next, his "sermon," like most piously motivated exhortations "appears" to make moral and intellectual sense. It is riddled with the emotionalism and the bad judgment he condemns. Any thinking person knows that the complexities of international competitiveness are not going to be resolved by simplistic slogans, ie., "we are one," or "we must learn to love our enemies." His appeal to dreams is equally farfetched when he uses the example of Ghandi's religious general strike that he claims was dream-generated. Rev. Taylor makes changing nations look easy. Maybe he should read the news out of India over the last six months with India's religious warfare, political assassination and industrial disaster. Does anyone have a dream for these situations?

There are limits that we can expect from our dreams and from ourselves. If we lack breadth and depth of comprehension of the world around us, so will our dreams!

Please spare me anymore "We must this and we must that." "We must gently and firmly raise to consciousness the repressed contents which are themselves the 'cause' of the nightmares as they struggle to express themselves in the homeostatic, 'compensatory' activity of dreaming...etc." Please, spare me from this therapist's "dream theory one" course material and his illusions of knowing the "what it is" that we refer to as a dream.

I thought dream manuals were dead until I read "death in dreams is always associated with growth and transformation of personality and character." For Rev. Taylor's information, the last time I dreamed of death I had indigestion during the night!

Last, I love looking at and sharing dreams. I usually learn something in the process and may even discover a little self-deception. I think that Rev.

Taylor disproves himself when he says that "dream work inevitably puts us more in touch with our self-deceptions." It might be more accurate and modest to say that working with dreams may be useful to us if it is done with a decent measure of common sense and modesty.

**Edward M. Stephens, M.D.**  
**179 East 79th St.**  
**New York, NY 10021**

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You asked how the Montreal Dream Network and its quarterly newsletter -- the Bulletin -- began. To my knowledge, it began as an idea in the mind of George Baylor, who is an Associate Professor of Psychology at the University of Montreal where he has given a course on dreams for many years plus carried out research under the auspices of a research grant from the Canadian Federal Government. Having participated in the Poseida "group dream" experiments begun by a group in Virginia Beach, George wondered what might transpire if similar group dream experiments were done in Montreal.

While George mulled over this idea with his colleague, Daniel Deslaurier who is editor of the Bulletin, I am grateful that Chris Hudson at the DNB sent me a note with Baylor's address, putting me in touch with this budding group effort. By early 1984, some 6-7 local teachers and dream workers were ready for our first "group dream" experiment. We picked two evenings on which we would all incubate a dream to answer the question: "Is there enough group will and purpose to form a dream group here in Montreal?" The results were fascinating.

One dream visualized the group spirit as a raft on which others came and went, taking rides along the banks of a river with grassy slopes. Another member who wondered within himself whether a commitment to the idea of a group was worthwhile, dreamed of a road

flare in the middle of a road late at night. At first the light was extinguished because the dreamer ran over it. But this greatly distressed a nearby family, so the light was re-lit and sheltered, so that its small glow would remain as a beacon, underscoring the importance of "keeping the light aglow." Another dreamer saw a social gathering with much fun and warmth, which turned into a business meeting, settling details of policy and goals towards democratic, service-oriented outcomes. As a result of these and other fine dreams, the Montreal group began with a pot-luck supper one spring evening of 1984, followed by its baptismal discussion of goals and overall actions to take. Daniel took up the energy re: a newsletter, and he produced by the fall of '84 a very fine product. Short articles of 200-300 words or book reviews are welcome. The Bulletin is bilingual, containing both French and English announcements and articles, reflecting Montreal's dual-language society. Articles may be sent to:

**Daniel Deslauriers**  
**4482 de Bullion**  
**Montreal, PQ Canada**  
**H2W 2G1**

In the past year, activities included presenting a video of Scott Sparrow on Lucid Dreams (obtained through the A.R.E.) which was thoroughly enjoyed by some 57 people. We also had an evening lecture by Charles Thomas Cayce as an opening event in the fall of '84, plus a fine weekend seminar with Dr. Montague Ullman on Experiential Dream groups in February, 1985. With this short but dynamic history behind us, we feel the Montreal Dream Network is off to a good start, with plans in mind for further workshops for the 50 dues-paid members and the general public, continuing the Bulletin, plus cultivating links to other parts of Canada and the U.S. As the

group vortex of energy grows, together with a commitment to bringing the potentials of dreams out into the community, plans are underway for the long-term towards a Center for Dreams. God willing, we'll get there.

**Stase Michaels**  
**1700 Avenue Dr Penfield #35**  
**Montreal PQ Canada**  
**H3H 1B4**

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Richard Neff's dream of the Father, "I am within you," prompts me to ask if others will share their dreams of divinity with me. By divinity I mean any event, personage, or feeling which the dreamer himself identifies as the presence of the divine. I suspect this evidence of the Greater Self within is very common and I would like to share it with as wide an audience as possible.

My own most recent divinity dream, similar to Richard's, is as follows:

"Please make me one with you," I prayed to God.

"I'm already one with you," God replied.

"I know, but I want to be aware of it," I said.

A second category of dreams I would like to collect are those having to do with mythological creatures and why you think that particular creature appeared in your dream. I was first introduced to this subject in dream-state by a talking griffin:

I turned to the griffin.

"Do you really talk?"

"Yes," it said. "May I talk with you?" I asked.

"Of course!" she answered, "but do speak simply." The griffin came over and perched near eye level.

"What is your name?" I asked.

"Miss Rheingold," she said. "Actually, I belong to Mr. Rheingold."

This dream led to a fascinating exploration of mythology, wherein I learned that Rheingold and the



griffin are intimately connected. Griffins guard the sacred gold which lies in a river of the North -- a legend which forms the basis of Wagner's opera "Das Rheingold."

Now that I think of it, mythology is another aspect of divinity, so perhaps the subject is one after all.

**Carolyn Amundson**

**Apartment 822**

**3801 Connecticut Ave. N.W.**

**Washington, D.C. 20008**

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Just read most of March-April issues of DNB. It is in tune with our time. I do believe it will go down as one of your most important issues. Fantastic! I feel we are in the beginning stages of a spiritual and awareness raising renaissance, and DNB is a big part of it.

**Ray B. DiPietro**

**205 S. Central Ave.**

**Minoa, NY 13116**

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I belong to a creative writing class for senior citizens. The average age is about 65-80. We are going to publish our second book this Fall. It is a great class. One of our assignments was to write about a dream we had experienced. The dream I shared with my class is not exceptional but it is a recurring one. I don't worry about it because it is so comforting. I am sitting on the floor inside an open door looking out over vast stretches of sand and cacti until it reaches the horizon. The sky is very blue, the sun is shining. I can feel the warmth on my face and chest. When I normally would reach for my sun glasses because the sun is so bright a small cloud appears casting a shadow across my face at eye level. It is very quiet and peaceful, no sounds at all as I awake with a sense of well being.

I've dreamed this dream at least five times with very few variations. I have no idea what it means. Several years ago, howe-

ver, I had moved away from the desert to be near family. It took a while to arrange my life getting back to the desert, the warmth, the dry air and abundance of sunshine. I am trying to remember when I first had this dream -- anyway I am back in the desert and this is no dream! Living in the desert southwest works great for me.

Another dream? I had this one only once and I'm not sure it was a dream at all. After my husband died I could not bear to look at his empty bed and solved this dilemma by changing beds, sleeping in his. I was awakened from a deep sleep with his voice saying, "Honey, are you alright?" as he touched my shoulder. This happened about a year after he had died. I do not think I was dreaming. It was his voice. It never happened but the one time.

**Ruby Rae McMurtry**

**PO 4133**

**University Park**

**Las Cruces, NY 88003**

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I'd like to clarify an unintentional ambiguity that occurs in my "Entering the Mirror" account (DNB, March-Arpil, 1985) and add a few reflections. In the article I describe an encounter with a "still and silent young woman standing near a window" while I was having an out-of-the-body experience. I explain the reasoning that took place in that state: since I perceived myself to be out of my body, I concluded that this figure was a "spirit" whose presence would go unnoticed in the "ordinary physical world." Later, I wondered what I might have learned by attempting to communicate with this image. I expected that such an effort might "teach me more about myself and the nature of the world she -- and I -- inhabit."

Does this mean that I think this figure was really a spirit? No. I believe that she was a part of myself just as she would have been in a dream. Thus, by commu-

nicating with her I would be entering into a dialogue with an aspect of my own inner being. The result would be greater self-knowledge and, perhaps, some insight into the way in which our inner and outer worlds mirror each other. Why the latter? Well, for one thing, this part of myself may be wiser than my waking self in these matters.

If this figure was an image created in my own mind, why, then, do I say that I was having an out-of-the-body experience rather than a lucid dream? I apologize to readers for claiming to define my terms in conversation without offering clear definitions in the article. In what I (and others) term an out-of-the-body experience, there is the feeling that one's consciousness is spatially separated from one's physical body. This is accompanied by the belief that one is not dreaming but, rather, is experiencing an objective phenomenon of consciousness. This belief is not arrived at through reasoning; it is a cognitive "given." A lucid dream, on the other hand, is perceived to be a dream. Though the dreamer is conscious in the dream world, the locale is understood to be purely subjective.

I refer to my "Entering the Mirror" episode as the "borderland between lucidity and out-of-the-body experience" because it is characterized by an experiential blending of the two. It has the cognitive quality of an out-of-the-body experience, yet it was initiated by an "instinctive" technique utilizing images that were clearly perceived as dream images. It is worth noting that often the setting of an out-of-the-body experience (if it is a known one) contains incongruous and surprising elements. These typically seem, during the course of the experience, to be part of an environment outside the self. I think that by venturing further into this borderland, and disco-

vering more about the similarities and differences between lucid dreams and out-of-the-body experiences (and, I might add, by learning more about the near-death experience, a phenomenon that seems closely related), we will be able to develop a new theory of the nature of consciousness.

I do not believe that because out-of-the-body experiences often contain dream elements they should automatically be classified as dreams. Nor do I believe that dreams -- lucid or otherwise -- are necessarily contained neatly within the physical boundaries of the self. Was my image of myself standing before a mirror as I tried on a dress really outside of me as it appeared to be? Or was the image of the room in which I slept itself a part of my imagination? Do we have an accurate concept of what "inside" and "outside" mean in regard to the activities of the mind? Perhaps we need to reconsider the whole relationship of subjective and objective phenomena.

**Deborah Hillman**  
1 University Place, Apt. 12C  
New York, NY 10003

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Just a quickie to tell you how much I appreciated your decision to use "Tidal Wave" with attached letter in your recent issue of DNB. I found this issue very interesting -- especially the letters from readers. I can't get over what a field of information we all have if we just know how to find it within ourselves.

The letter and/or comments from Rita Mary Dwyer of Vienna, VA, whose letter preceded mine was most fascinating. I wanted to mention that her comments about my comments regarding "clustering" amazed me, since she said she had learned about it from Gabriele Rico's book Writing the Natural Way. Well, so did I! And I've not only been using this method for all my poetry but some of my essays too. I have become

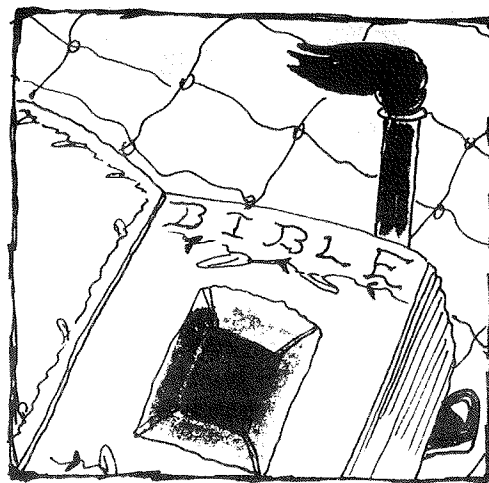
so intrigued with the right hemisphere method of writing and studied Gabriele's book so tenaciously that I started corresponding with the woman -- a real charmer. She not only made exception to her rules about critiquing work from people like me, but she critiqued as though I had a private writing course! She uses my work on slides in her workshops and seminars given for teachers all across the U.S. so my work has been given exposure to thousands -- not hundreds. It is a dream come true.

I tell you this story for it is a dream-fantasy of every writer to have someone become his or her private mentor, helping learn how to write better and more creatively than ever before. This I believe she has done. Dreams can really happen and become fulfilled prophecy. We have become devoted friends, have learned we have a love of music as well as other interests too. Although she is my junior by 20 years or so, there is no line when it comes to meeting of the minds. In her book she introduces the reader to dreams as a valuable source of writing material, and I have certainly found it to be true...I understand there are many people who aren't interested in writing better, but when right hemisphere writing is tried with "clustering," "shifting," etc., one attains a kind of euphoria, hard to describe or imagine. Writing becomes fun, a real labor of love, and the rewards are unimaginable!

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I have been doing research on my dreams for many years, and am grateful to be able to find others who are courageous enough to go beyond "the outer courts of the temple," who "brave the perils of flashing of lightning, peals of thunder, earthquakes, and storms of hail, and those who



venture out from the outer realms of polluted consciousness." Recently, I had a dream in which my father, who is now deceased some eleven years, myself, and an older woman are seated on a wooden bench in that order. My father whispers to me, "Be cautious this woman plans to murder a certain man." The next instant this same woman asks me to hand her her Bible. It is in a red case...I open the case, to expose another case, and another, and another, to find then a pistol in a secret compartment inside a black Bible. Immediately, I say to my father, "Let us charge her with attempted murder." "No!" my father says, "Charge her instead with lying and fraud. This will be a critical case."

I have not reached any conclusions or interpretations to this dream with which I am comfortable. I do feel that it may speak generally to the times of this gentile era, and possibly may be a recapitulation of some thesis of history and is a restatement in other metaphor.

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CHECK YOUR MAILING  
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TIME TO RENEW DNB

# POEMS

## Dreamers

I dreamt your face  
 was a golden disc  
 with ruby eyes  
 staring at me.  
 I wanted to hold  
 you like an album  
 collecting rare photographs,  
 on its cover your name  
 monogrammed in gold leaf.  
 When we walked home  
 from the Japanese Garden  
 you spoke to me of amethyst nights  
 and rock planets.  
 I believed you.  
 I sent for moon relics,  
 the kind the astronauts authenticated,  
 and pledged myself to you.  
 We sampled our dreams,  
 exchanged them for a thousand seeds  
 and planted them in our breasts,  
 but we forgot  
 to weed the garden.  
 A double image  
 of our roots embedded in our dreams  
 became an omen.

## The Cosmic Dancers

The primal lovers  
 inhale the cosmic breath  
 and dance upon the planet steps.  
 Dream after dream  
 frames their image  
 as Eve balances his sun.  
 Its violent rays  
 blind the two,  
 until her left hand  
 holds the cool moon  
 reflects the fiery light  
 and shifts their pendulum.  
 Two spheres  
 kaleidoscope  
 into a family of dancers.  
 Adam/Eve  
 maker of myths, multiply  
 the spinning race,  
 explode the Heavens  
 and inherit the mask of dreams.

## Eve's Dream on Creation

1. Adam  
 in his orchard  
 becomes a man-god  
 breathing rituals with her name:  
 Woman.
2. Eve's dream  
 as Adam's bride  
 reminds her of rain clouds.  
 Their thunder unearths the garden's  
 promise.
3. moon stones  
 set in gold rings  
 charm the savage lover;  
 their white sorcery can create  
 magic.
4. budding  
 in a glazed vase  
 crimson lights blossom gold --  
 tall candles igniting the stars'  
 opus.
5. sungold  
 ceremony  
 sparking the seventh day  
 where moon shadows crave the lovers'  
 nectar.
6. colors  
 kaleidoscope  
 encircling two love shapes,  
 submitting to fire and ice  
 lightning.
7. drinking  
 fruit from the core,  
 Adam toasts Eve's offspring  
 seeding green landscapes with golden  
 octaves.

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Virginia Bagliore is president of the  
 National League of American Pen Women  
 (Manhattan Branch) and editor of Eve's  
 Legacy/Adam's Apple. These poems are from  
 her forthcoming book, Oracles of Light.

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valuable as the epics. Dreams without beginnings, middles, and ends have just as much to say to us as the dreams that would get an A in English composition.

Let's let dreams that are dreamlike be dreamlike. This is not to say that we should not work on them and try to understand them, bring them into focus as it were. But let's not distort their original "distortions" by giving them too sharp a focus.

Recently I had a dream in which I was going back into a church to find my place in the pew where I had left some stuff. Stuff! As I wrote the dream down I tried to remember what the stuff was. I knew if I shared this dream with a group they would grill me on it. Books? Coat and hat? A satchel? A small animal? I suppose I could strain my memory and decide that it must have been a coat and hat but that would be inserting a new dream image that may have not been there originally.

Similarly, if a dream begins in Memphis and ends up in Moscow and I can't recall how in the dream I got from Tennessee to the Soviet Union, I should let it ride. Let's let a dream character that shifts from one's relative into a celebrity be both. It doesn't become a better dream by deciding that it was really just one of them or to fabricate a scenario in which one left and other arrived. If you can't remember how the shift occurred, don't play Aristotle and try to reason out some logical explana-

tion for it.

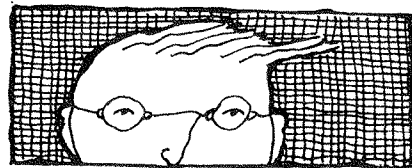
There was some reason that your dream came to you in the form that it did. Not an Aristotelian form, perhaps, but who cares? The fat lady shouting four-letter words at the moon is as important as the path forking in an autumn woods. No dream image is second-class, nor does any have to be cleaned up or sanitized.

We live in two worlds (at least). If the content of our waking world slips into our dream world, we accept it as it comes. We even welcome it. We like to dream about the stuff going on in our waking lives. It makes us feel whole. But we live on a two-way street. Let's let the stuff from our dream life -- pigeon skulls and all -- come into our waking lives as it is.

I think that equally important as understanding a dream is the need to keep it alive, keep it from fading, preserve its own peculiar unities -- or lack of them. To write a dream down as lists of images, without punctuation, in sentence fragments, with dangling participles, may be truer to the dream than to polish it up so you feel good, or your dream friends will feel good when you share it with them, or so you'll get an A in Pintchwort's class. There are no A's for dreams. There are no grades for dreamers. There's only pass-fail. Two four-letter words. And only the fat lady at Coney Island knows which one's for you.

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# DREAMWATCH



by  
Thomas Dale Cowan

Aristotle is going to have a lot to answer for. So will all the great thinkers of the past. They let loose certain "great ideas" into the world, and like them or not, we can't shake them out of our way of thinking about things. It's true we are partially to blame for misusing those ideas, and possibly if the great thinkers were alive today, they would take out full-page ads in the major newspapers announcing, "We didn't mean that at all!"

But I have a suspicion that Aristotle really meant everything he said. He may argue that he never had my dream life in mind "at all," and he has had numerous disciples over the centuries who are also partly to blame, but the buck has to stop somewhere.

Aristotle should have nothing to do with my dream life. Yet I catch myself trying to use Aristotelian logic and his three unities for dramatic action almost everytime I write down a dream. It doesn't do me much good to remind myself that dreams are frequently not logical and seldom sport the three unities. I still want them to.

Worse, I really want them to when I share dreams with friends -- even friends who know (as I do) that dreams seldom have the unities of place, time, and action. At the Burger King of Dreamland, Aristotle could have it his way, and my dream would occur in a single place, over a single period of time, and be a complete action with beginning, middle, and end. But give me a break! I don't dream Oedipus Rex

or Medea,

Some dreams start out in Memphis and end up in Moscow. They begin on the placid afternoon streets in the South St. Louis of my childhood and end up in the 42nd Street station of the IRT at midnight. They scoot all over. And when they do, I can easily wake up with the a feeling that I failed. I didn't have a neat, linear dream, unified in time, place, and action.

When I tell the dream to friends, they'll ask, "C'mon, decide! Who was it? Was it one of your sisters or Cher?" And I'll have to say, "I don't know. It was like both of them. It was both of them. It started out as my sister and turned into Cher." And I can see written all over their faces that look I saw in English composition on the face of Professor Pintchwort. A look that says, "Nice kid, but F!"

We need to remember that it is not a goal to have linear dreams. We must resist taking a dreamlike dream and writing it up "neater" so it seems to make more sense than it does, have more unity than was really there? After all, some dreams are truly surreal, which means dreamlike. And they should stay that way, just as surreal poetry isn't rewritten so that's easier to understand. "Garcia Lorca dreams"

should not be rewritten to read like a "Robert Frost dream." And it isn't "better" to have a dream where I'm walking through yellow woods and the road diverges and sorry I can not travel both and be one traveler, long I stand and look down one as far as I can to where it bends in the undergrowth. Neat! Dream friends would have no problem helping me with that one. They'll whip out all the "great decisions" they know I've made in the past and tell me how noble I was to follow the road less traveled by -- or how stupid I was not to take the road not taken.

On the other hand, I may have a Lorca-like dream about a fat lady at Coney Island, pulling up roots, wetting the drum-skins, turning up cuttlefish and leaving them to die wrong side out, racing through streets, yelling obscenities at the moon, and leaving pigeon-skull trails in the corners. Try sharing that dream with a group of friends. They'll start asking you to spell "cuttlefish" and describe pigeon skulls. It doesn't help anyone's reputation (except an ornithologist's) to be able to describe a pigeon skull in any great detail.

There are no first and second class dreams. The fuzzy ones have equal rights with the clear ones. The fragments are just as

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