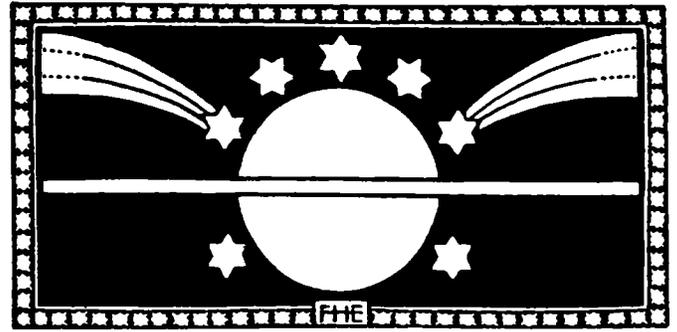


# ● dream network bulletin



volume 5, number 2

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## A Composite Feminine Dream

SHIRLEE MARTIN

Illustrations by Norma Churchill



Recent experience has led me to wonder if a new artform is evolving. Perhaps there is an artist in us all, who weaves our dreams into a composite tapestry from which we can each draw nourishment.

Since I have joined a dream group effort in Washington, D.C., I have noted an interesting phenomena. The group as a whole seems to work, from week to week, all on the same theme. There is one member of the group who has had several dreams in which we will appear. These dreams seem to summarize or focus on a particular idea which is surfacing in all of our individual dreams around that time.

Several months ago, I was asked to join a second group. Much to my amazement, what I soon discovered, was that the two groups were on the same theme, week after week, even though they had no connection with one another. Further, other sources I came in contact with also seemed to be wrestling with similar issues.

All of this is making me more and more aware of the importance of the entire dream community to the task of understanding our own individual dreams.

When a person asks me to give an opinion on a dream, I have found it useful to place myself in it. When I first began doing this, I would take a single dream at a time and work it as if it were my own. When I did this, I often came away with useful insights into my own.

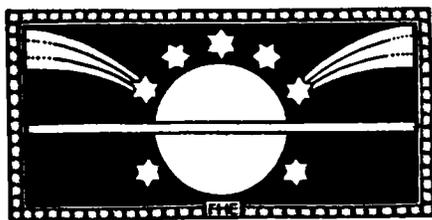
It was almost as if someone else was sent my dream because, for some reason, I was unable to receive it on my own nightly dream screen. Some other person acted as my television monitor, recording it for me for replay at a later more convenient time. I began spending more time on other people's dreams than my own.

Last week, there were so many other people's dream presenting themselves all at

Continued on Page 4

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# **dream network bulletin**

*Founded in 1982*

**DREAM NETWORK BULLETIN** publishes six issues per year and has an international readership. The primary focus is upon experiential dream work. Readers send in articles, personal experiences, research reports, art work and poetry related to dreams. D.N.B. provides information about existing and desired dream groups, a calendar of upcoming dream related events, as well as reviews of books and other dream source material, including advertisements. Those interested in advertising should see the details on this page. We welcome sharing and communication regarding all aspects of dream work from both professionals and non-professionals.

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# EDITORIAL

**Bob Van de Castle**

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This issue contains the results of another readership project - "What do you think this dream is saying?" There simply wasn't enough space to include all the material sent in but I hope the drastically reduced excerpts will give you some feel for the material.

There were as many different interpretative emphases as there were respondents, although some commonalities and overlap were detectable. Such an exercise should remind us to remain humble whenever we confront the magical and marvelous quality of dreams. They can contain such incredibly rich images and metaphors for revealing how an individual's unconscious is processing the unresolved and unassimilated experiences of waking existence.

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I want to acknowledge, with deep appreciation, the response to what many have labeled "my sauna editorial." We received two extremely generous contributions (\$500 and \$100) to help us continue our efforts to expand the network of dream appreciators. Several people also offered to share computer equipment or came up with ideas to promote awareness of DNB's existence. We have recently prepared a DNB flyer and would be delighted to send some to you for remailing or distribution at meetings or for posting on bulletin boards at schools, churches, or other community centers. Let us know how many you would be willing to take responsibility for and we'll gladly mail them to you.

You'll notice that we're undergoing further internal reorganization. Editorial contributions or material will continue to be sent to me in Charlottesville, but all subscription renewals and financial items (buying back issues, etc.) should now be sent to Lyn Reed at 503 Lake Drive, Virginia Beach, Va. 23451.

Judging from some recent phone calls from reporters, DNB is beginning to achieve a faint glimmer of national recognition. We clearly need your backing to help that light become brighter. I always ask these reporters if they will try to give DNB a plug in their article so that more folks will have a chance to read about us. That us isn't just the Van de Castles and Reeds; it's All of us dream appreciators. Is there any door you could open so that the DNB light might shine in?

I don't like the role of always being cheerleader for DNB and asking you in the stands to give me a D and now give me an N and now a B but, frankly, you're the difference as to whether we'll still be able to suit up. We think we're bringing out a better and better product, both content-wise and appearance-wise, but we need more attendance in the stands. Can you bring a friend along or talk about the Dream Game (forgive me, Anne Faraday) to some folks who might be interested? Yea, team, yea!

Your Noisy Cheerleader



Continued from Page 1

the same time, I decided to try doing a composite essay including a bit or a piece from each dream, around a single theme. As I was working on this, events which had occurred in dreams I had had in years past, surfaced. It was as if, holding old dream symbols up to the light cast by new dreams, caused me to be able to see and understand things in a way, up until now, I haven't been able to do.

Let me give you an example of fresh understandings. Several years ago, at the time of my sister's death, I had three dreams. In one, there was a scene in which she was walking into a center where she was going to watch a play. I had this dream the week before her death. The next, showed her holding a beehive golden crown and at her feet were two golden cavemen clubs, as she stood in a flaming fire. The last, showed her "going to work" in a dressy gray suit with a scarf around her neck, just hanging down on either side in front.

I realized that the analogy of the beehive seemed to fit in quite well here. Up until now, I had connected the crown and clubs only with the word "ancient," since I had seen this crown on a trip several years ago in Mainland China. It was part of the digs of the Ming Tombs. I remembered, for the first time, that we also visited a ruin of a matriarchal primitive society which had existed along the river beds in Xian and could be connected with the clubs. The scarf in the last dream seems to have no connection with China, but I did suddenly see an association with the priest's stole.

I am enclosing the composite essay, I wrote on the "dreams of the week." These were all women's dreams. The notion of a female Godhead who plays the roles of many women in our dreams came to me from the dream of the woman in the royal blue dress. Not mentioned in my essay, is the fact that the dress was clearly a costume. Since there were an infinite number of the same woman in the dream, it seemed to me to point to a divine nature. The "bull" started out in the dream as a black "cow" and turned into a bull only after she had left the rest of us riding off on the back of this animal. The Monday night group was in this composite dream which follows:

How does one see God? Imagine you have the eyes of a honey bee. You see a kaleidoscope of tiny pictures. Each one is a facet in a complicated mosaic. You see her image on your dream screen every night. Sometimes she plays yourself, but she is such a great actress and plays her part so well that she is difficult to distinguish from ordinary life.

Anytime God interjects herself into our lives, it is a small miracle. She picks the symbol she uses for a purpose. She is instrumental in enabling us to see the essence of a situation or discover a quality within ourselves.

It's not polite to talk about it; the real matters of the heart and mind. It's an



***...anytime God interjects herself into our lives, it is a small miracle. She picks the symbol she uses for a purpose...***

embarrassment. We are afraid. It is difficult to trust God, especially when she frequently does not follow the customary norms of etiquette, about how we would like God to be or act.

Take her role as Queen of the Night. She is seated at a table which stretches to infinity. With your bee eye you see an infinite number of the same likeness of her. She wears a royal blue party dress with black feathers epaulet-like on her right shoulder. (Mother has a dramatic flair.)

The moonlight streams in upon her. She is often associated with the moon. Our word lunacy comes from it. It is apropos. When she is around, things tend to get a bit crazy, but never dull. Suddenly you are seized with a fit of laughter. You relieve yourself, in more ways than one. It is akin to a yawn when you feel tense. This is serious business. Or is it?

While the male godhead is the trinity, mother is the invisible base. She is the three-legged stool turned upside down.

Our Queen of the Night plays on our dream stage nightly. She has an affinity for birds, especially black birds, although right now she is playing at the Kreeger as a Wild Duck. She is always associated with freedom and shows up in the prisons of our minds and hearts. One night one woman found herself perilously perched on her back. Mother was a black bull about to wind up!

Women, in general, don't know what to make of her. Womankid-like, we are afraid to climb the stairs to look for her. We glimpse her dimly behind a window. Intuitively, we hesitantly reach to touch

that true side of ourselves reflected in her, but we are easily blinded by the glare and dizzy from the height. We feel such tenderness and love for this precious, precious core of ourselves. We are protective of it. It has lain hidden in the desert of our dreams over the millennia.

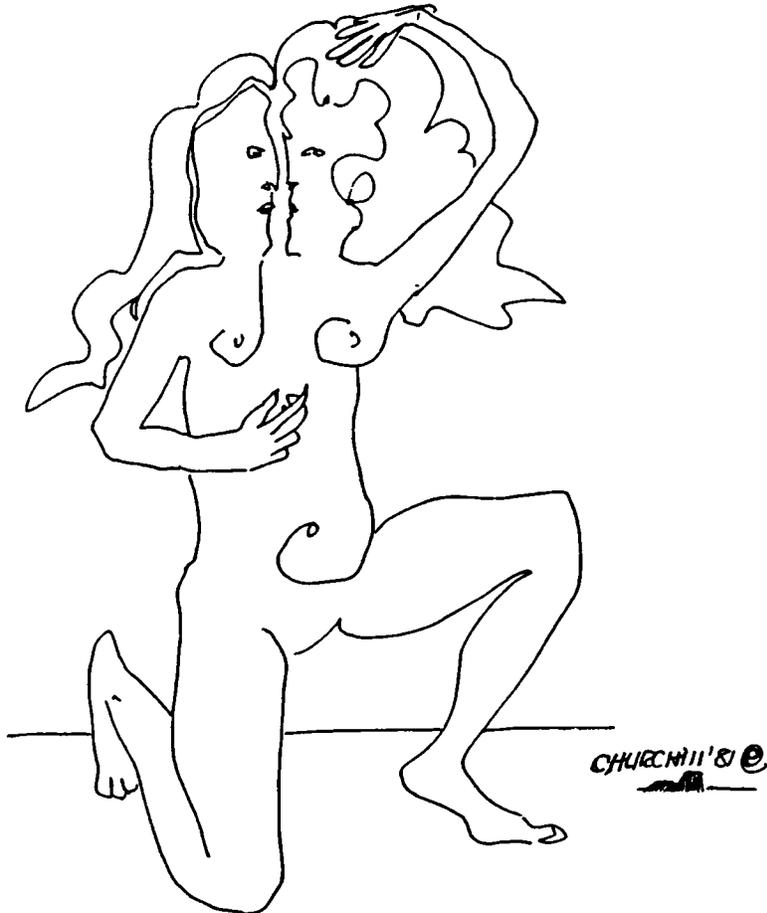
Another problem is that sex is always associated with Mother. After all, she's the queen bee! We are terrified of these animal energies within ourselves. Somebody might be looking and see us or hear us expressing our pleasure. What then?

What about the Medusa? Blood can nourish us, but it can also be violently strewn. How can we harness her energies creatively so we don't accidentally blow ourselves up!

She prefers to be faceless and nameless, as she uses fire to burn us back to our natural elements. She will clothe us with the jewels of her values. As ancient Wisdom, she may drive a chariot of wild horses or perhaps she'll choose to show up unexpectedly in a taxi!

She is black and white, but she is also gray. She has a matched set of pearl luggage. She loves scarves and wears them well... Sometimes draped like the stole of a priest. She wears gorgeous snake shoes. Carrying a healing stick and an armful of red roses, she walks sedately towards the center where she will gleefully watch the drama she has created unfold. If you go seeking her, be prepared for quite a ride! She's as Irrational as Hell.

Author's address: 3100 "Q" St. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20007



## reference library

Recent publications taken from information data bases. Enclose \$2 with any request to an author for a copy of their article. Please alert DNB to any material for our Reference Library.

"Collaborative dream Interpretation" The Journal of the American Academy of Psychoanalysis, Jan. 1986, Vol. 14, No. 1, 15-26. W. Bonime, 10 Park Ave, New York, NY 10016

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Alex Grinstein, Freud's rules of dream interpretation. Reviewed by Harriette Podhoretz, The Psychoanalytic Review, Spring, 1986, Vol. 73, No. 1, 128-129. Boyd Burris, International Review of Psychoanalysis, Vol. 13, Part 2, 1986, 248-249. N. Roth, Journal of the American Academy of Psychoanalysis, January, 1986, Vol. 14, No. 1, p. 144.

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# A NIGHTMARE FANTASY FOR CHILDREN

BOB TROWBRIDGE

I designed this nightmare fantasy to give children an experience of their ability to overcome their nightmares. I have done the fantasy with hundreds of children (and adults) in schools, churches and conferences. In most of these situations I was not able to do any follow-up with the children, but clearly it would be possible to work within the framework of the fantasy one to one to help the child overcome whatever fear the fantasy represents.

The fantasy is very simple and can be modified for your own work. I always explain ahead of time to the children exactly what we're going to do. This helps relieve any anxieties and allows me to give minimal instructions within the visualization itself. I never do a long relaxation for this or any other visualization work I do. I find it isn't necessary and I like to impress people with the idea that this symbolic information is easy to get and is right near the surface.

"You're walking on a path through the woods. You're by yourself but you're feeling good and enjoying the scenery. Gradually the woods get thicker and a little darker. You think you hear a sound off in the woods. You begin to feel a little more nervous. Then you hear more sounds in the woods and something seems to be coming your way. You begin to become a little frightened.

"The sounds get closer and closer and you begin to walk a little faster. All of a sudden you hear the sound on the path behind you. You turn around and see your nightmare monster coming after you. (The children create their own nightmare figure. It's far more meaningful that way.) You begin running and he chases you. You're frightened and run as fast as you can, but the monster is faster and is catching up.

"The monster is just about to catch you when you decide to stop running away and turn around and face your monster. Face your monster now and fight him until you overcome him. (This part is tricky. I'm fundamentally against violence and the use of weapons. Trying to kill the monster is difficult to deal with. Weapons turn out to be an excellent indicator of the child's sense of power or powerlessness, but it may be best to just instruct the children to fight and overcome or "beat" the monster.)

"Once you've overcome your monster, ask the monster for a gift. When you get your gift, open your eyes and remember your experience."

When the children do kill the monster, the monster always comes back to life to give them their gift. Sometimes the monster is transformed into something or someone else. You can see that you could do some valuable work within this fantasy framework if you have the time to work one on one with the child.

The fantasy is an excellent diagnostic tool for determining just how powerful or fearful a child is feeling at the time. If you know that a child is particularly fearful or feels powerless, you can use the fantasy to deal with the fears.

You can tell the level of powerlessness by the size or type of weapon used if the child uses weapons. You can also get an indication by seeing how easily the child overcomes the monster and whether the child is hurt in the encounter. Two bullies in the same second grade class were actually killed by their monster. Parents and teachers often don't recognize that these "problem" children are actually trying to compensate for fears and feelings of powerlessness.

The gifts the children get are always interesting and could be worked with in a one on one situation. Children are wonderfully literal and often come back with wrapped packages. When I ask what their gift is, they say that they don't know yet because they haven't opened it. Whereas young children frequently come up with obvious things like money, pets, toys and other things of value to them, older children sometimes get quite symbolic gifts which can be "opened up" using dreamwork techniques.

If you find the nightmare fantasy helpful, I would love to hear about your experiences. If you have problems or questions I would like to hear those, too.

(Author's address: 1537 A 4th St., #202, San Rafael, R CA 94901)

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# Dream Realizations Experiment

## Part One

LINDA RAVENWOLF

Illustrations by Norma Churchill

In May 1985 I finally ordered Henry Reed's *Dream Realizations*, a 28-day dream incubation workbook. I knew that I'd learn something, but I didn't expect the discoveries to continue for months afterwards.

The workbook is designed with the basic assumption that "dreams will speak to those issues that occupy your mind and your efforts during the day." You have to do as much daytime work as dreamwork by periodically clarifying and reassessing your dream quest, formulating best guess solutions, making daily contracts, and writing pillow letters. At the end of each week, on study night, the workbook guides you naturally through dreamwork methods.

I can't begin to tell the whole story in a short article, but I can give an overview of the process as I experienced it.

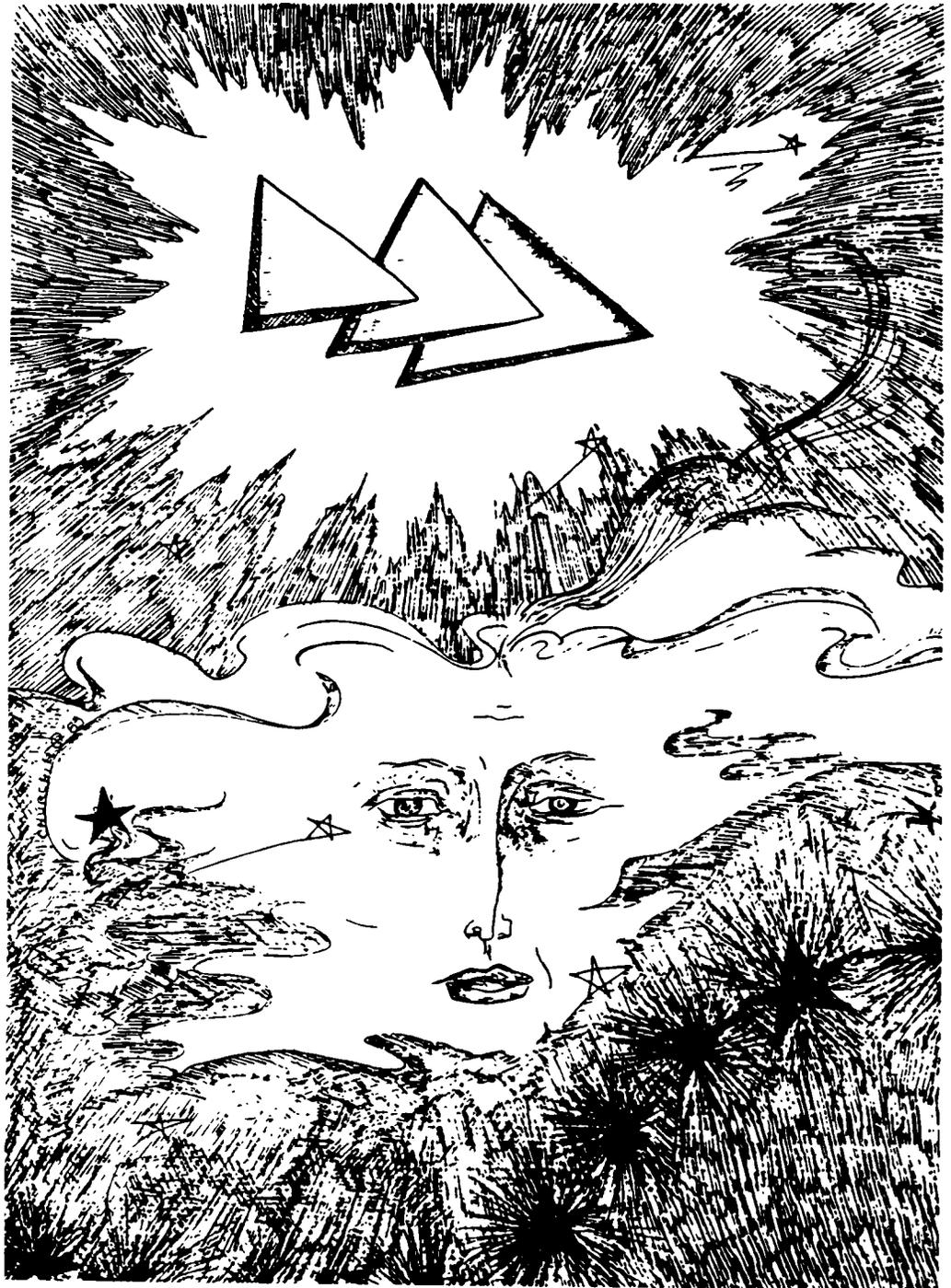
**WEEK ONE:** I recorded my dreams and contemplated my dream quest at odd moments during the day and at bedtime: "This possible move to California--what should I be aware of, take care of, consider?" I had some big decisions to make, and I wanted all the dream input I could get to go along with daytime information.

**Key Dream:** "My name is Anna, and I'm a young, dark-haired girl wandering around in a Walt Disney forest of fantastic colors, music, and animated nature. Everything is alive, full of possibilities. This is my true home! I feel a great sense of adventure and the desire to explore. Whatever the consequences, this is what I means to live.

"Now I'm Linda, my regular daytime self. My husband and I are on vacation, driving to Connecticut, when suddenly I realize that we forgot our son. He was still asleep in the motel when we left, and we forgot him! In anguish, I tell my husband that we have to go back now and get him. We drive and drive, and I begin to wonder how many days away he is."

I didn't know that this dream was a key dream until the end of the month. It didn't seem to have much to do with the move. But my Anna self, who understands that fantasy is inner fact, was just the right companion I needed for facing the unknown. She is naturally intuitive, imaginative, and resourceful. I realized that I'd always felt embarrassed about Anna and tried to keep her out of sight. She was no Walt Disney who could turn fantasy into cash, thereby making it socially acceptable.

By the end of the week I had uncovered my fears about moving, self-deception, indecision, and finances.



***"I had some big decisions to make & I wanted... input..."***



***"O.K., I thought, Intuition comes from within and we are our own midwives. What else is new?"***

Dream excerpts: "I'm wandering around at night in a big city, and I only have five dollars, not enough for the groceries we need." "Is that woman liberating those South Americans, or is she selling them into slavery? I feel very upset because I don't know! I walk up to her and angrily demand to know the truth. She just looks at me indifferently." "I'm a sandy-haired, blue-eyed woman living on another planet. I'm an artist and I've created something people don't understand. I feel very lonely." "I'm trying on some fancy blouses, and I'm uncomfortable because they don't go with my jeans, but I want to wear them both." (The blouses, I'm sure, represented California, and the jeans, Alaska.)

I examined the unpleasant dreams and began to wonder: which ones were precognitive, in the general sense of supplying valid information--data I could use for 3-D decision-making--and which ones were "self-knowledge" dreams, pointing out unnecessary fears? Given what was at

stake, it seemed important to be able to tell the difference.

WEEK TWO: My quest: "How can I recognize intuitive knowledge? How can I distinguish it from self-knowledge dreams?"

Key Dream: "I'm having supper at Mary's house (Mary is a warm, tolerant, friendly woman). Then I discover that I'm pregnant and ready to deliver. In this relaxed atmosphere, I lie down on a cot, and turn into two identical me's--standing beside myself, I deliver my own child, a beautiful Japanese girl."

O.K., I thought: intuition comes from within and we are our own midwives. What else is new? But then I wondered: does this mean that we actively, to some extent, create intuition? That it's not just a matter of passively receiving information from "out there?"

Following dreams emphasized the pursuit of self-knowledge, understanding past events, and the need to discard past

attitudes that were no longer helpful. Given my dream quest, I concluded that knowing "where one is coming from" has much to do with "where the dream is coming from" and is another aspect of determining when intuition is involved. (In Part Two I'll tell the rest of this story).

In the next series of dreams I aggressively changed dream events to fit my ideals. These dreams were exhilarating. I woke up knowing: "This is intuition, too." Rather than meekly apprehend coming attractions and passively wait for them to materialize, one could change likely events by changing one's responses and attitudes. Instead of precognating, one could pre-create.

I'd thought that intuition was different from "belief and feeling dramas," but my dreams seemed to be saying that the line wasn't quite that well-defined.

WEEK THREE: Back to my original quest: "To receive any guidance and information about the move." I decided that it'd take time to learn how to distinguish the more probable, 3-D incipient dream events from the less probable ones, so I might as well get more material to practice with. Also, I'd take into account my part in dream-creating (and changing) future events.

Two kinds of dreams emerged. In one kind, I was distressed because we had not known when, where, and how to take care of various things; simple inexperience would cause problems. The knowledge and skills I needed in order to solve the coming problems could only be gained through having the problems. God couldn't help me. It could only sit tight and keep its fingers crossed.

But my Anna self could. Anna, undeveloped at the expense of reason, was my greatest ally. She would automatically see the situation as a movie, a novel, a board game, an adventure, and a playground for finding out what she was made of and whether her convictions worked or not.

In the second kind of dreams, I was enjoying my new environment. These dreams were colorful, full of plants and friendly people. In one, I'm eating at a big table with others in a fancy place and the man on my right asks me about my interest in dreams (this one literally "became physical" last December).

Dream summary: "Some problems due to inexperience are just about inevitable. All you can do is your best. In the long run, it'll all come out in the wash, and things will work out well."

WEEK FOUR: My quest: "To develop my Anna self!" At first I thought that I'd deviated seriously from my original goal (I hadn't yet realized the significance of this dream), but following dreams revealed Anna's intimate connection with intuition--precognition.

Key Dream: "Night. I'm in a parking lot; it's drizzling, and I'm very dizzy. Can't walk, I keep falling down, and I can't find my car. A young man comes up and

puts his arms around me. This feels wonderful and I like him very much. We walk through the city, and stop to watch a little girl and her dog. I tell the girl in Spanish how cute I think her dog is. We laugh and walk on. I continue to feel very good until I notice my wedding ring and think, "What would my husband say if he saw me right now? Has this man noticed my wedding ring? If so, what does he think about me, so willingly wrapped up in his arms?" I break away from him and with difficulty manage to find the car. I crawl inside and try to sleep, but the door won't shut, and there are some shadowy figures lurking nearby. I'm afraid."

In this and following dreams, my imaginative-intuitive self took on different forms, many of them masculine. This part of me wasn't just a little girl and didn't



Norma Churchill

consist exclusively of feminine qualities. It first came into my awareness as a girl child because the process of shutting it out began in childhood. The wedding ring is a good symbol for convention and social rules; it unifies, creates consensus, but also isolates and restricts.

In another dream my intuitive self was portrayed as a forgotten lover kept in an

old woman's house in a dungeon, while I was a robot from another planet with a string of pearls--was there still time to go to the bank and cash them? Yes: "A beautiful bird flies into my house."

Henry's workbook was a great help. It provided structure and support when I

needed it the most. It also opened a can of worms that are gradually turning into butterflies. But as I hinted at in the beginning, the experiment was only beginning when the 28 days were over....

(Author's address: 704 N. Verdugo Rd., Glendale, CA 91206)

# SEND FOR YOUR PERSONAL DREAM QUEST WORKBOOK

Designed by HENRY REED

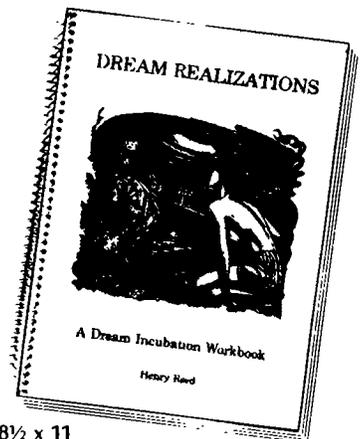
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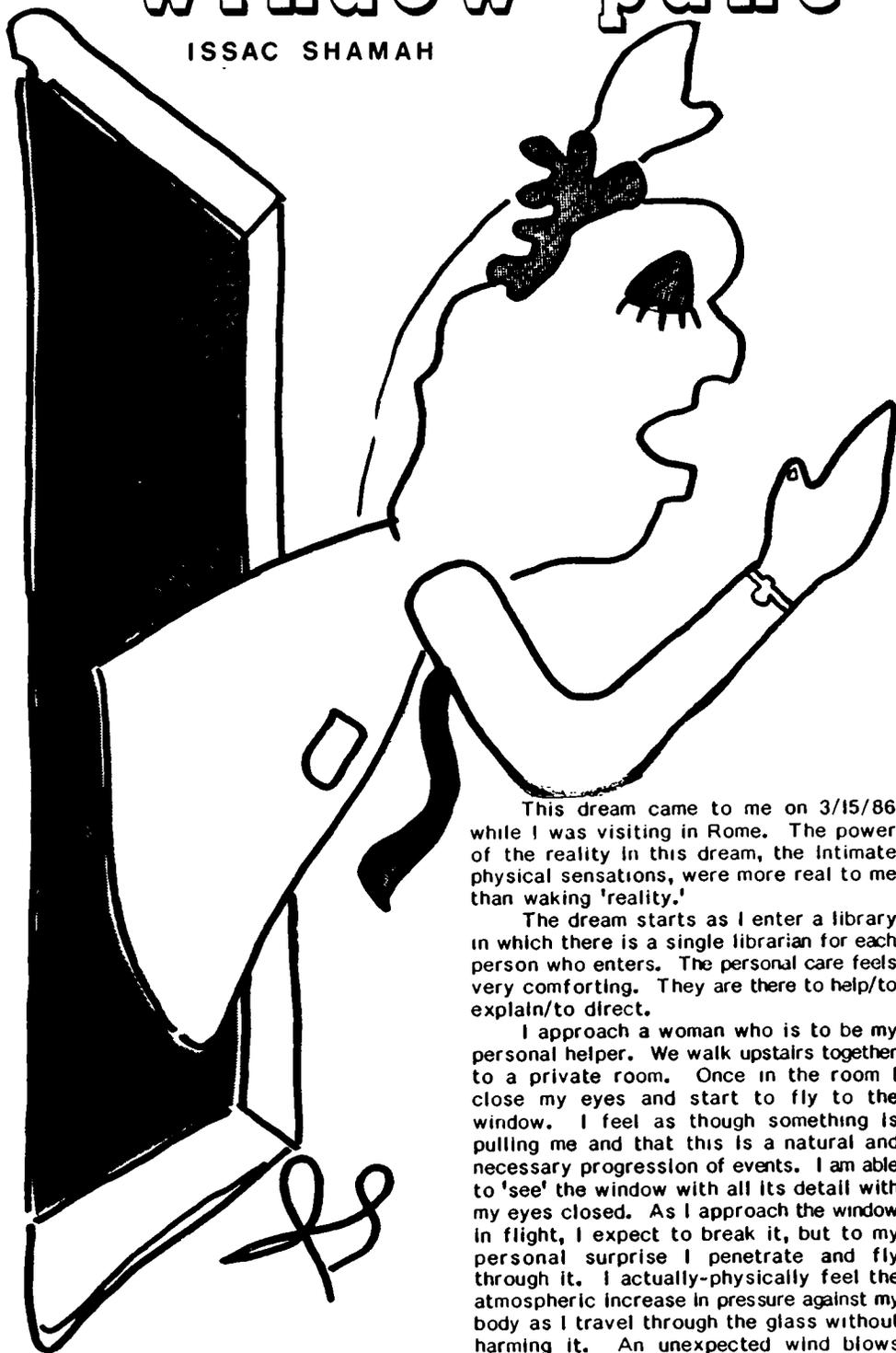
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# sensing pain through a window pane

ISSAC SHAMAH



This dream came to me on 3/15/86 while I was visiting in Rome. The power of the reality in this dream, the intimate physical sensations, were more real to me than waking 'reality.'

The dream starts as I enter a library in which there is a single librarian for each person who enters. The personal care feels very comforting. They are there to help/to explain/to direct.

I approach a woman who is to be my personal helper. We walk upstairs together to a private room. Once in the room I close my eyes and start to fly to the window. I feel as though something is pulling me and that this is a natural and necessary progression of events. I am able to 'see' the window with all its detail with my eyes closed. As I approach the window in flight, I expect to break it, but to my personal surprise I penetrate and fly through it. I actually-physically feel the atmospheric increase in pressure against my body as I travel through the glass without harming it. An unexpected wind blows strong on the other side as I flap free and

liberated through space. The sensations are intimate. I have left physical reality, its constraints, for another. While flying, I am also aware and amazed in that I realize that everything on all planes is made up of living energy in different configurations. All realities are one. All 'space' on all dimensions is 'full' of substance.

After a short time I feel that I need to travel back. I know instinctively where the window is and start traveling back through. It feels as though I am being sucked into a vacuum. The wind stops and I feel the constraint of physical reality within the room and within my body. As I am re-entering, I make a very audible gurgling sound which seems to be a form of re-balancing the pressures within my body. I feel the limits of this moment but also am able to trust the limitlessness of all beyond. I feel nourished.

As I return I see the woman standing by a man who is scared and shivering. This is someone I was not aware of before. I realize that this must be a form of my body and she has stayed with it as my spirit traveled. The body I re-enter is stronger and closer to the window, so it seems there are three of us.

Upon opening my eyes in the dream body, the woman tells me that she heard me gurgling and was concerned about this shivering carcass. I awake from the dream and realize the unlimited dimensions and realities that exist and the constraints/fears limiting my present life. (Note: this is a direct result of being able to fly through the glass.)

**Interpretation:** In waking life I keep active and maintain (too) many platonic relationships with women. When it comes to intimacy, I get scared and numb out. I am presently bored and want that intimacy, but am just watching and waiting. In the dream I see the library as a place of learning where I am able to experience the intimacy of a close relationship with a woman. We go off alone into a room away from the others.

**The dream has two messages at once:**

1. The woman's presence grounds me and helps me trust life so that I am able to travel to other emotional and mental dimensions that I am afraid to travel alone. She is there to protect and care for me with her feminine support.

2. I also interpret my flying as fear. The intimacy with her creates a need in me to leave unnoticed through the pane of unbroken glass, through the constraint of the situation, and to fly free by avoiding reality. The gurgling seems to be/feel like the pressure and constraint I go through in living with situations that are intimate. How afraid I am! The scared man needs love-needs to shatter the glass-needs to live that 'expanded' reality in life.

The choice is mine. I am sharing this with you all so that I can make the choice to live, and to risk and breathe freely, and finally to love. Thank you. I welcome all and any responses.

(Author's address: 56 West 11th St., New York, NY 10011)

# DREAM EDUCATORS' NETWORK

A special-interest group for teachers in the dream field was formed at the 1985 conference of the Association for the Study of Dreams (the ASD) held last June. Calling themselves the Dream Educators' Network, about fifty people voiced their concerns and interests as educators. Carol Rupprecht and Stase Michaels agreed to act as coordinators in setting up a newsletter and to serve as a crossroads for projects helpful to all.

An initial action the group took was a questionnaire which explored backgrounds and opinions. Highlights are the following:

Training as a dream educator was obtained by most people by working in a dream group, augmented by considerable work with personal dreams. Lectures and workshops given by professionals did a great deal to supplement the experience of many, and to expand dream outlooks. Many current educators cited participation in groups and some supervised experience as a good baseline for becoming an educator.

Lectures, courses, seminars and workshops are taught at colleges, in churches, schools, homes and at conferences. People agree publicity is easier when the course is part of a larger event such as a conference or curriculum of a college. Yet the best publicity was unanimously mentioned as word-of-mouth; personally talking to groups and individuals is what most enhances interest in getting involved in dreams.

The greatest reward for most people for working as a teacher in the dream field lies in satisfaction rather than in dollars. While most educators do receive fees ranging from \$50 at a conference for a lecture to a per person fee of \$20-\$40 for weekend seminars or evening classes, many felt financial returns were inadequate for the time and effort involved. Size of classes ranged from 8-10 people if publicity is carried out privately to 15-50 per class where colleges advertise a course.

Despite low remuneration, educators are much encouraged by the enthusiasm of their students and the institutions which they work within. Students particularly enjoy sharing dreams, visualizations, drawing a dream or symbol, and narrative or poetry exercises with dreams. Teachers often feel, quoting one who appeared to speak for many, "...like a collaborator in a wonderful world of discovery." The teacher's own enthusiasm often becomes contagious, and mentioned by many, may be our most effective teaching aid.

An upcoming highlight for dream educators will be special sessions for educators at the 1986 June ASD conference. Four topics planned are:

- Integration of Dreamwork with Traditional Courses
- Using Themes as a Teaching Tool

- Dream Theatre as an Educational Tool
- Visualization as a Tool for Enhancing Dream Study

If you'd like to join with us as an educator in the dream field, or as a prospective educator, send in your name and address to:

Carol Rupprecht, Dept. Comparative Literature, Hamilton College, Clinton, NY 13323

A \$10 membership fee for newsletter costs is requested.



## Jean Piaget - HYBRID FUNCTIONING OF DREAMS

LINT HUTCHINSON, Ph.D.

Many theorists regard dreams as either compensatory or adaptive in nature. Jean Piaget viewed dreams as being a hybrid incorporating both of these functions. His concept of dream functioning straddles Adlerian, Freudian and Jungian theories. Piaget believed that dreams were multi-purposeful. He designated six categories to describe their relationship to waking reality (Piaget, 1962). His six categories were also applicable in the realms of unconscious symbolism and symbolic play.

On the one end of the Piagetian scale, dreams have the capacity to fulfill wishes. This concept is very similar to the Freudian concept of dream functioning. The wish fulfillment occurs according to Piaget, without secondary symbolism, which indicates that wish fulfillment occurs through unconscious assimilation. Assimilation is that process in which external reality is incorporated into psychological or biological structures by modification of external elements. The unconscious, assimilative functioning of the dream is manifested in the symbolic representation of daily experience.

Secondly, dreams are seen by Piaget as capable of fulfilling wishes through a process of conscious assimilation as opposed to unconscious assimilation. In this

classification scheme, there is a direct one-to-one correspondence between dream object and waking object. The dream symbol is the same object that is being dealt with during waking reality.

In the third category, Piaget viewed dreams as having compensatory capabilities similar to Jung's perception of dream functioning. For example, events that are unpleasant to the individual during waking reality are represented and expressed in dreams as pleasurable experiences.

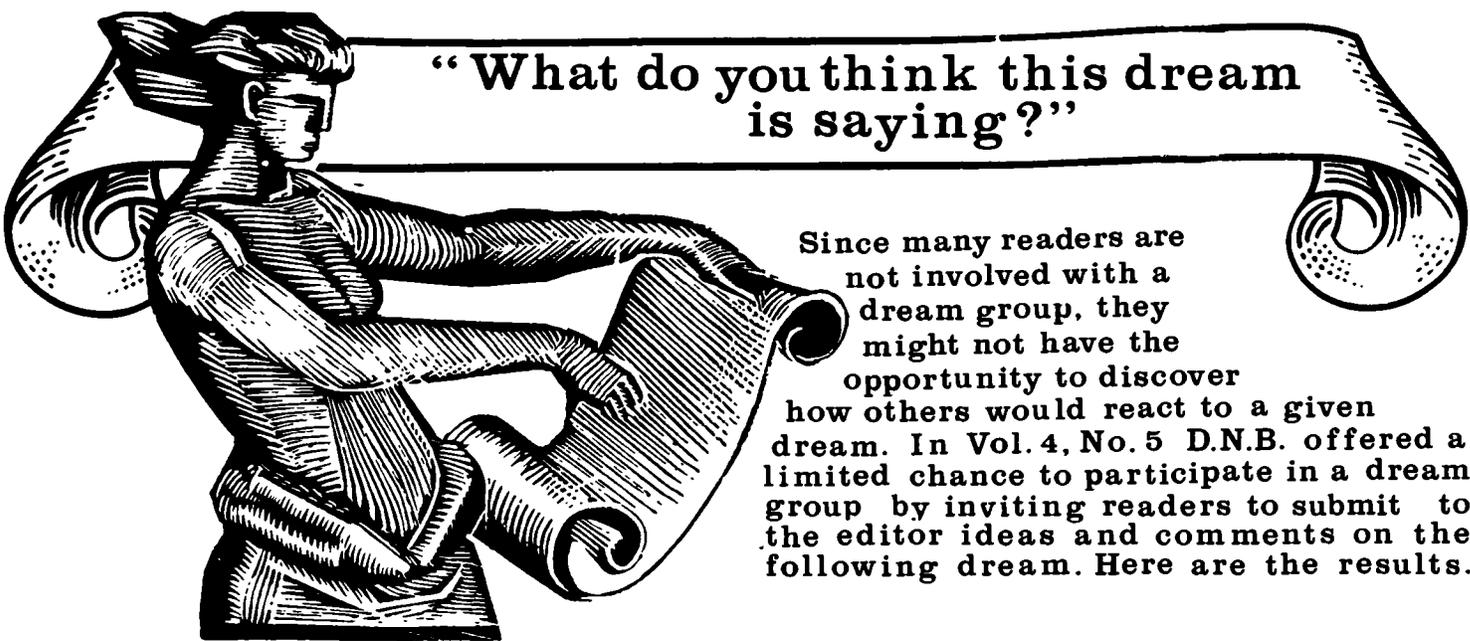
Nightmares occupy the fourth category. They are considered the counterparts of waking play in which fearful events are deliberately created by the individual. The function of the nightmare is to simulate, manipulate and experience situations and events that would otherwise have irreversible consequences if created during waking reality.

The fifth category is comprised of dreams that function as punishment for actions contrary to the individual's accepted perception of right and wrong.

Lastly, dreams function as direct translations of organic stimulus from waking reality. One of Piaget's examples is the child's dream of watering a garden which would correspond to a child wetting the bed in reality.

### EARN GRADUATE CREDIT FOR DREAM STUDY!

Atlantic University offers "The Inner Life: Meditation, Dreams and the Imagination" (TS 506, Instructor: Henry Reed, PhD) on an independent study basis. Earn three credit hours towards a Masters degree in Transpersonal Studies or transfer credit to your school. Contact James Windsor, President, Atlantic University, PO Box 595 Virginia Beach, VA 23451.



## “What do you think this dream is saying?”

Since many readers are not involved with a dream group, they might not have the opportunity to discover how others would react to a given dream. In Vol. 4, No. 5 D.N.B. offered a limited chance to participate in a dream group by inviting readers to submit to the editor ideas and comments on the following dream. Here are the results.

### The Dream

“The setting is the annual meeting of my Church Board in a large coliseum-like building with many entrances. My tunnel-like gate is flooded because of high tide. I enter finally, and don't recognize many people. I choose a seat front and center and watch an amazing performance of a Board officer playing with extra large playing cards on a wide grate (apparently suspended in air) until the audience is assembled and ready. He makes a speech designed to arouse enthusiasm at the end of which he introduces a movie with the suggestion that a source of difficulty will be removed at the end of the movie.

I have volunteered to sit in a seat where the spotlight can fall and am aware that the speaker is trying to push a large rubber snakeout from under his shirt and wrap it around me. But I am not aware that the movie includes footage of me being awakened by bright light, looking startled lying on my back, nude, and two unidentified women are washing my chest and genitals with soap and water. I am to go through another tunnel to make an entrance after “starring” in this show, but it gets smaller and smaller and at the end I feel like it will close in on me from behind and not open up in front—something I try to prevent by jamming my file of papers into the hinges of the door that would close. I wander through the coliseum, others avoiding me, til I meet Fran at a lunch table in an open dining area. I share with her the hurt that I feel. The President of the Board finally appears, looking thinner, and comes to shake hands. But there is no sense of apology or reconciliation.”

We received 15 replies containing some interpretive suggestions along with enthusiastic comments about how these readers really enjoyed the idea. We also got a letter from a woman who felt this piece was “the last straw” in her total disappointment with DNB because “you came out with a feature that promotes exactly the kind of foolishness I've been trying to educate people against” (interpreting someone else's dream without input from them).

To set the record straight, we're not trying to derive the “correct” interpretation of this dream and are unfamiliar with the dreamer's life circumstances at the time of this dream. The dream was selected from a file because of its rich imagery which we thought would lead to many different possible speculations (and it did). We're reminded of the example from the Talmud where a man took a dream to 24 different dream interpreters in the marketplace at Jerusalem and received 24 different interpretations, but they all had some feature that was subsequently verified in the dreamer's life. Dreams have many levels of meaning and the most powerful symbols are those that can connect with many strata of significance simultaneously.

The purpose of this exercise is to sensitize readers to the obvious fact that the same dream can be initially reacted to in very different ways and that certain objects and actions will be selected out for attention by some interpreters and ignored by others. Without the dreamer's associations and amplifications, without knowledge of the dreamer's past and current personal history, without familiarity with his previous or subsequent dreams, we cannot accurately extract the important message that was intended for the dreamer. However, by examining a few selected commentaries, you can hopefully develop

some flexibility in your own approach to dreams and expand your creative horizons in considering what dreams might be saying.

Let's begin by looking at the titles that were suggested for this dream by readers.

1. Many Ways To Enlightenment (Claudia Carton, MS)
2. Light At the End of the Tunnel (Jeffrey and Susan Goldstein, NJ)
3. A Birth Trauma (Gary Rogers, TX)
4. Born Again (Nancy Campbell, CA)
5. Arena of Rebirth (Jim Klein, NC)
6. Starring In the Coliseum of Life (Don Haselwood, FL)
7. A “Star” Stands Out But Risks Fall Out (Rita Dwyer, VA)
8. Examining a Risky Deal (Ruth Mendell, OH)
9. A Warning Dream (Carolyn Amundson, DC)
10. Trying To Over-Compensate Leads To Being All F\*\*\*ed Up (Charlotte Bell, NH)
11. President of the Board (Judith Picone, WA)
12. Afraid To Move Forward (Reader's Name Lost)
13. Why Continue To Struggle? (Linda Ravenwolf, CA)
14. Unauthorized Exposure (Bob Krumhansl, MD)

To amplify a few of the titles, here are some excerpts from the analyses offered by readers.

(A Birth Trauma) “The tunnel-like gate would represent the cervix, the spotlight might be bright hospital lights in the delivery room, and the large rubber snake might be an umbilical cord or delivery paraphernalia.”

**(Why Continue To Struggle?)** "An organization which is supposed to be superior and important is submitting me to judgment and indignity. It is difficult to approach this organization, my emotions interfere, but when I do get close, I see the main representative is playing a game that is out of touch with reality. He also tries to force enthusiasm - false energy like a rubber snake."

**(Light At the End of the Tunnel)** "The rubber snake threat may mean the dreamer sees through any possible intimidation from internal and external authority; the 'snake' image may as well point to the molting aspect of transformation, the dreamer saves himself by his 'file of papers' hinting that his professional laurels are a way out of the compression present in his current situation."

**(Unauthorized Exposure)** "The tunnel leading to a grand 'entrance' turns out to be some kind of trap which is only escaped by backing up and using some 'organized' and stored paper records to survive (accumulated evidence from the past)... How about a 'tempting' snake which represented evil forces back in the Garden of Eden?"

**(Examining a Risky Deal)** The dreamer is honest and fair in business but doesn't know many others with these qualities in his work field. He centers himself and

watches a play back of a big business deal he's involved in and is surprised to find he's gambled on something risky and is in danger of losing money and reputation ... He feels trapped and fearful of a deal which may appear shady and realizes that his only hope is to file a law suit."

**(Afraid to Move Forward)** "The dreamer is facing an internal battle with his religious beliefs (possible pun: church bored?). He enters the conflict by way of a flooded tunnel, possibly indicating that the issue has been forced into the open by a flood of emotions which the dreamer feels unable to contain ... he has had a revelation (awakened by bright light). This event laid bare all of his hidden, private beliefs for the purpose of spiritual cleansing ... The dreamer must choose to either follow his own vision into the unknown, or go back to the familiar comfort and limitations of the church."

**(A Warning Dream)** "The dreamer is being asked by his spiritual self to take a good look at his emotional/sexual life, which may result in his feeling exposed and humiliated. He is gambling and may deprive himself of both a meaningful past and a meaningful future."

Fred Olsen gave this dream as an assignment for his dream class at California State University at Hayward and sent two composite interpretations from his classes.

Here is a slightly edited version of one of them:

"The dreamer could be on a spiritual journey as suggested by the Church Board meeting and by the tunnels. The many entrances to the building might mean that there are many possibilities for him to choose from. The choice is difficult because he is overwhelmed by material from the unconscious (his gate is flooded) or he is feeling trapped or in a restrictive place. He seems to be in danger internally due to an elevated opinion of himself (choosing a center seat in the spotlight, suspension in air) and during the movie he is vulnerable (flat on his back, under a bright light and nude). This sequence with the women seems to suggest the possibility for healing from the feminine as they are washing him and water is healing.

But there seems to be danger in that he is "not aware" or passive as he watches a movie in which he is the central figure but he's unconscious about his part in the movie.

The difficulty that is to be removed at the end of the movie might be a resolution of his mid-life transition (as postulated by his age) or an involvement with and acceptance of his feminine side. Things are bad but certainly not impossible. The end suggests the need for forgiveness and reconciliation."



# Combining Dreams and Poetry to Find Personal Power

JUNE A. EGGLE

Writing poems and working with dreams both seem like subversive activities to me. That is, according to our larger world, and not within the dream community or the circle of poets that read and support each other. My interest in my dreams goes back to my childhood where they were never talked about. They were as taboo as sex was, but less understood. The nightmares I had as a child weren't discussed or made use of. Poetry, like dreams, in our society is only used marginally. Poems focus on feelings, moments condensed into poetic verse, they are dark, shadowy, illusive as our dreams and as fleeting. Metaphors encapsulate a milky-way of images. Poems and dreams are how we read the world, our condensation of life into images from our personal experience. From our own mirror of the world we can claim our power to connect with all humanity.

In my dreams I experience my fears through haunting images of powerlessness. I am the outsider watching, unable to make changes that would heal the situation. Outside looking at the pain, I become one with it. I watch a family locked in a car, they sink into a puddle that rises into an ocean. Little black boys cry out to me for help but I cannot reach them. Deformed hands beg for money I do not have. I am watching the world bleed until I turn into a spider that shrinks away to nothing, fearful I will be stepped on. My dreams often show me powerless in a world that places its emphasis and money into military buildup instead of into enrichment of human life. My dreams are common to many who also dream of nuclear destruction, crime and victimization.

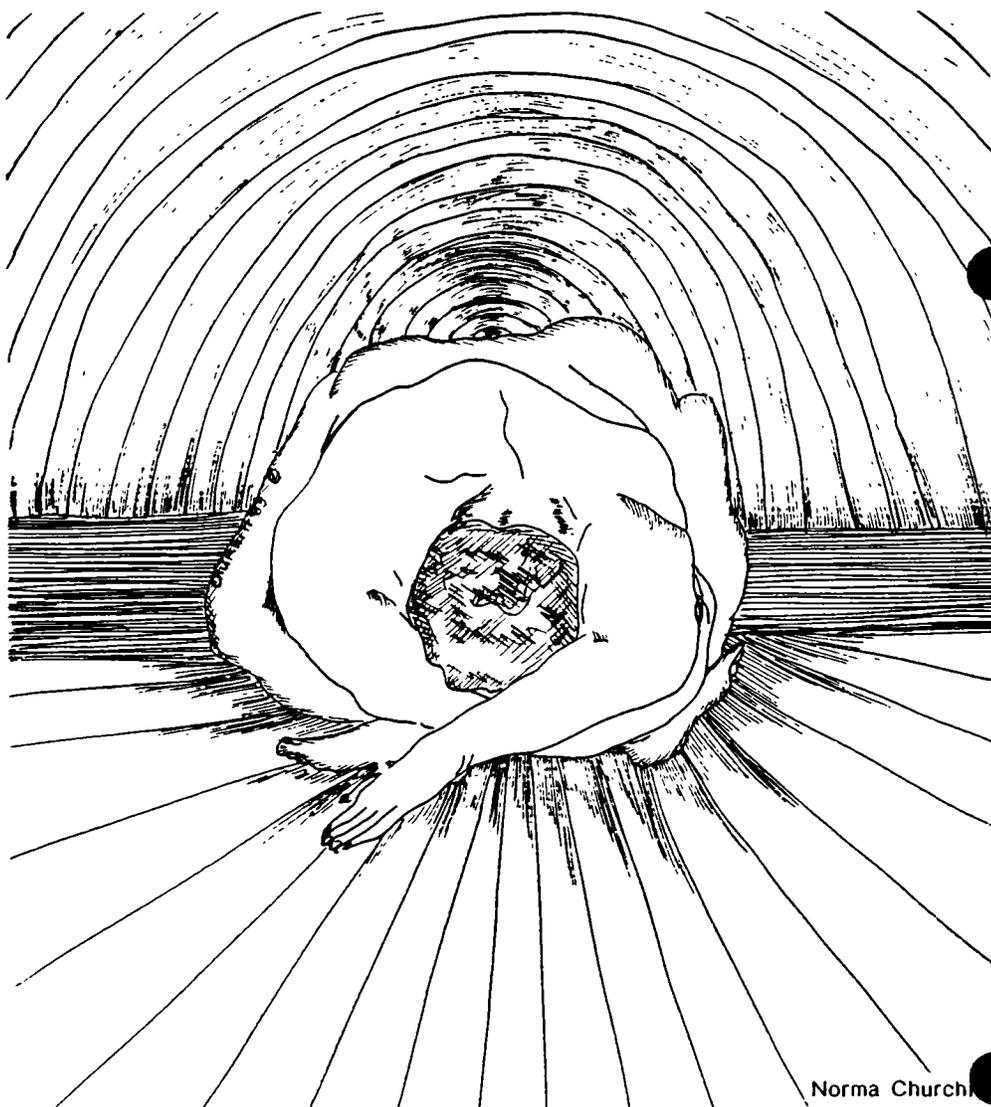
I write poetry as a passion to share my visions and my fears, and to confirm that we all share a collective unconscious. Often I dream of events that are in the news soon after. When I use my dreams for my poetry I am unlocking their power. I am taking the images from my dreams, my symbols from my experience in this world and giving them life. I am channeling the power that lays dormant in the dream. From our dreams we can begin to reclaim our shared inheritance; we are all more

than the families we are born into. Dreams and poems combined connect us in a way that depersonalizes through shared fears, perceptions and experiences. I believe we are all a part of everyone else. I am the little black boy in Atlanta, I feel the pain of all humankind. Giving dreams life through poetry releases energy back to the collective universe that helped shape them. My poem-dreams remind me of the war we have on this planet and the implications on the quality of life. As my dream images intertwine into poems moving from the personal back to the larger collective, they become mentors in my own life and in the lives of others.

I am reminded to be more forgiving, more aware of other people's problems. If I am angry, it is easier to understand the person near enough to blame, is probably

not the cause despite appearances. I am reminded love between people is essential for healthy coexistence; I am not as different from my neighbor as the same. The deepest part of our being is to our connections despite race, creed or sex. My poems are my way of reaching out and sharing my visions. My poems and dreams are tools for communication and growth between the commonalities and the differences we all share.

As soon as I sat down and wrote the poem "The World As We Know It," the awful fear caused by the dream released. Putting the despair of my survival on paper, I was utilizing the energy of the dream in a powerful way. I turned my fear inside out. The dream and the poem become one with life, someone else can read it and identify with it.



Norma Church

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**"WHEN I USE MY DREAMS  
FOR MY POETRY, I AM  
UNLOCKING THEIR  
POWER"**

---

THE WORLD AS WE KNOW IT

Disneyland all those rides  
 lateness comes early skies darken  
 shadow overcast pushes me into the canal  
 topped with pulverized glass cold wet  
 hanging onto rope fragment of substance  
 crazy skin falling off body dissolving jello

someone pulls me in dries me off  
 asks no questions I can watch earth off  
 a huge screen people splinter smack  
 against walls  
 cars crush in pinhead collisions scrambled  
 faces

down the roof slate cracks the shell of my  
 brain blood drips into my eyes I scream  
 I must go home  
 resurface between nude breasted women  
 men staring up from murky water  
 huge hands reach out of the fog  
 along the wall begging a woman dressed in  
 rags heavy legs  
 wading in bloated water sludge on her  
 thighs  
 men cheer throw coins  
 her smooth face no vent for tears distorted  
 as the pennies gnarled hands cannot reach  
 muted mouth of screams she comes closer

let me out how can I get home  
 home home there is no getting home  
 only Disneyland and all those rides

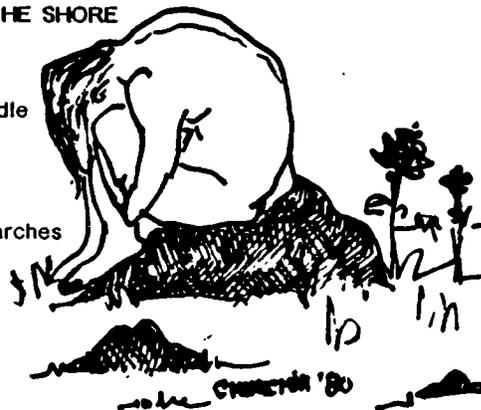


UNDER MY FEET BELOW THE SHORE

I was watching  
 faces peering out steamed  
 windows sinking into a puddle  
 locked in a car

music fills my ears  
 loud street radios  
 sermon raps and funeral marches  
 hum into brown paper bags

numb ride  
 as family passes go  
 tears drip  
 puddle rises into an ocean



MURDERS IN ATLANTA

little black boys plague my dreams  
 calling for help I cannot reach them  
 white and above crying in my sleep  
 waking to the daily count  
 saying a prayer

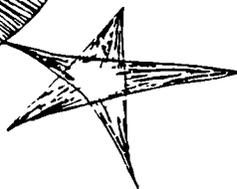
DISAPPEARING

driving me backwards  
 through the back roads of time  
 me in the backseat  
 talking to myself  
 saying, turn the car around

back me into a camp of orphans  
 I am a moment in a life of empty

a girl leaps into my arms  
 clings with claws  
 I hug her close  
 listen to her tears  
 promise  
 I will write  
 she shrinks into a spider  
 never makes it back

I know someone has stepped on her  
 however accidentally



June A. Egler  
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 New York, NY 10021

June A. Egler is currently finishing her  
 B.A. in Creative Writing/Women's Studies at  
 Hunter College. She has studied with  
 renown poets Audre Lorde and Joan Larkin.  
 She ran a workshop entitled "Dream  
 Crossover: Twilight Poetry" for the New  
 York Dream Community.

Illustrations by Norma Churchill

# The Start of a Long Walk Home

Marguerite Flanders



Induce such an appealing dream, I would have more chance of attaining it. I also tried to increase my chances of lucidity, by concentrating on a particular ring I would wear in the dream, which would trigger an awareness of the dreamstate, hopefully without waking me. I found that concentrating on these images made me tense and irritable. Only when I let up did I fall asleep.

In the morning I had my dreams, but not the ones I wanted. Of note, though, was the awareness of a blank space between two dreams, that I incorporated into the second dream. The image was of waking up from a strange state of consciousness and finding myself in a plain, institutional room with a young doctor who was there to care for me as I made the transition back to a normal state. It was as though I had been in a trance for weeks, the blankness of which I could almost physically remember, but I felt safe under his care. Awake, I wondered if he might be a dream guide who might come to me again. The blankness reminded me of dreams I had had of being dead, though some say such a dream is not possible.

For several nights I continued trying to incubate the same dream of the room full of writers and my ring, with less forced attention, returning to the image like a mantra when I found myself drifting away. But not only didn't I produce the desired images, I began to filter my dream memories, as though if the content of the dream did not seem sufficiently "interesting" or inventive, I would then discard it before returning to sleep or the next dream. I was developing a sort of snobbish, self-critical attitude about my dreams,

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**"My dreams go on about their business with or without me, and I must earn entry... by patient attention ..."**

---

and that was cutting me off from two or three dreams a night, though I could sense them vaguely just beyond my memory's reach. I recalled pleasant or humorous dreams, like discovering I could skate well enough to play ice hockey, or finding a picture of an old friend as a child standing on a chandelier, studying a huge gilded-framed painting, but any dream with an ordinary setting, I let slip by.

I think this demonstrated a preoccupation with content over experience that could come from my being a writer, where it is necessary to dismiss images that are not absolutely vital to a story. So the next night I abandoned the forced incubation, hoping to break the habit of filtering, and believing that by focusing on a certain image I was further justifying the dismissal of ones that didn't match it. I felt I had to start again at square one. After all, the basis of my dream work was that all dreams are valuable and that my experiencing of the elements in the dream would be more a key to control of them than the elements themselves. It was discouraging to think that by "trying too hard" I was alienating myself from my dreams, and it seemed that I needed to develop a lighter touch in dealing with them. This was not a new lesson: I have in the past "blown" a number of lucid dreams by getting so excited at some proof of lucidity that the dream dissolved into wakefulness.

Without trying to incubate, I did seem to remember more dreams, and was able to recall dreams that were more an embodiment of an emotion than a set of physical details. One had to do with uncomfortable socializing at a wedding, and in the dream without specific detail of place or person, I did sense an unpleasant time turning into a pleasant one, in part because of me, my first hint of control in a dream, with just a whisper of awareness.

So by the end of my first week of dream attention, I had learned, or re-learned, an important lesson: My mind is not easily turned in a certain direction; my dreams must be handled gently and generously, not pushed. When I make demands on my dream imagination, it shuts its door. When I expect all my dreams to be colorful, active and brilliant, I risk letting my vanity stand between me and some valuable, solid, down to earth dreams. My dreams go on about their business with or without me, and I must earn entry to their secrets, by patient attention over a period of time, before I can expect to be more than a "silent partner."

And then I had a dream that was, in some way, a reward for my week's work, and made me feel I was on the right track. It was night, but a night full of light and warmth, and I was on top of the tallest hill in the area, with a long walk home before me. It would probably take all night, I reasoned, looking over the vast networks of hills, roads and neighborhoods to cover, but I was in no hurry, and the walking itself would feel wonderful.

(Author's address: 675 Ten Rod Road, North Kingstown, RI 02852)

Although I have been interested in dreaming for a long time and have kept a record of dreams for ten years, I have only recently turned my focused attention to this aspect of my life, in an attempt to gain some control over my dreams. What follows is an account of the first week of my exploration, the beginning of my personal dream research.

Up until now, my interest has been mainly watching how my imagination works when my subconscious is less hampered by the restraints of the waking state, as a way of helping me in my work as a fiction writer and in my personal growth. But now I have shifted my attention from what my dreams present to me in terms of material, to how I can interact and even control that material. I felt I had the skills of gathering and "reading" my dreams, but I hardly knew where to begin in terms of control or incubation, and I could only hope that I would learn as I went along.

The first night of my dream exploration, I prepared by reading the Dream Network Bulletin just before sleep, hoping to imprint an awareness of dreaming in general. Then with the lights out, I tried to incubate a particular scene, of me in a room full of my favorite writers, who were encouraging me. I hoped that by trying to

# A Nightmare Walking the Mountain Mists

Beelzebub\* knows the footing here. Mountains  
infested with a cold smoke leer  
over the town set thorning in rain.

Fields to the east clot with birds.  
The pond thickens, a throat with phlegm.  
A motel user walks his dog, catches

the steam from its' piss and flinches  
at the intimation of death and God.  
Beelzebub has found a witness.

Figures autograph the mist,  
the dog growls without direction.  
Diesels groaning up the highway

condense water on their hoods.  
The cemetery has opened.  
The escaped lizards, the phantoms

roam the countryside, the wind  
in their stomachs. Horses alert,  
thin spasm after spasm.

A hitchhiker gambles on the road.  
The bloodsmell runs from his lungs,  
stings the hunger, the unclean need

bats swarm to this like Piranha.  
The hitchhiker turning from the road  
sets up the scene for appetite

and dream to nightmare by the stream  
that feeds the pond the Loons plead  
on nightly til morning. Fire decreases,

the world burns out. Water is a language  
of frogs, ditches. His eyes catch, snakes have  
their victims, everything feeds on transposition.

The dog walls with a snapped spine  
a tire breaks when driver and alcohol  
speed on. The motel walker screams,

sends the woodsleeper an erie dream  
of burning, nerves lost in the blood. He awakens,  
panic syringed into his veins.

Into the pond with its shrinking  
waters, ringed with flats, scruffs  
of grass, he runs, a wild bull

hit by shrapnel into the thickness  
before the bottom. Mud flumes up,  
a great, black cloak.

He comes to his senses.  
The dog's wall drowns his screaming,  
the half-formed and lizards

group in clumps by the shore.  
He blooms there, gets his footing.  
The fire burns completely out.

\* From Milton's Paradise Lost, A demon

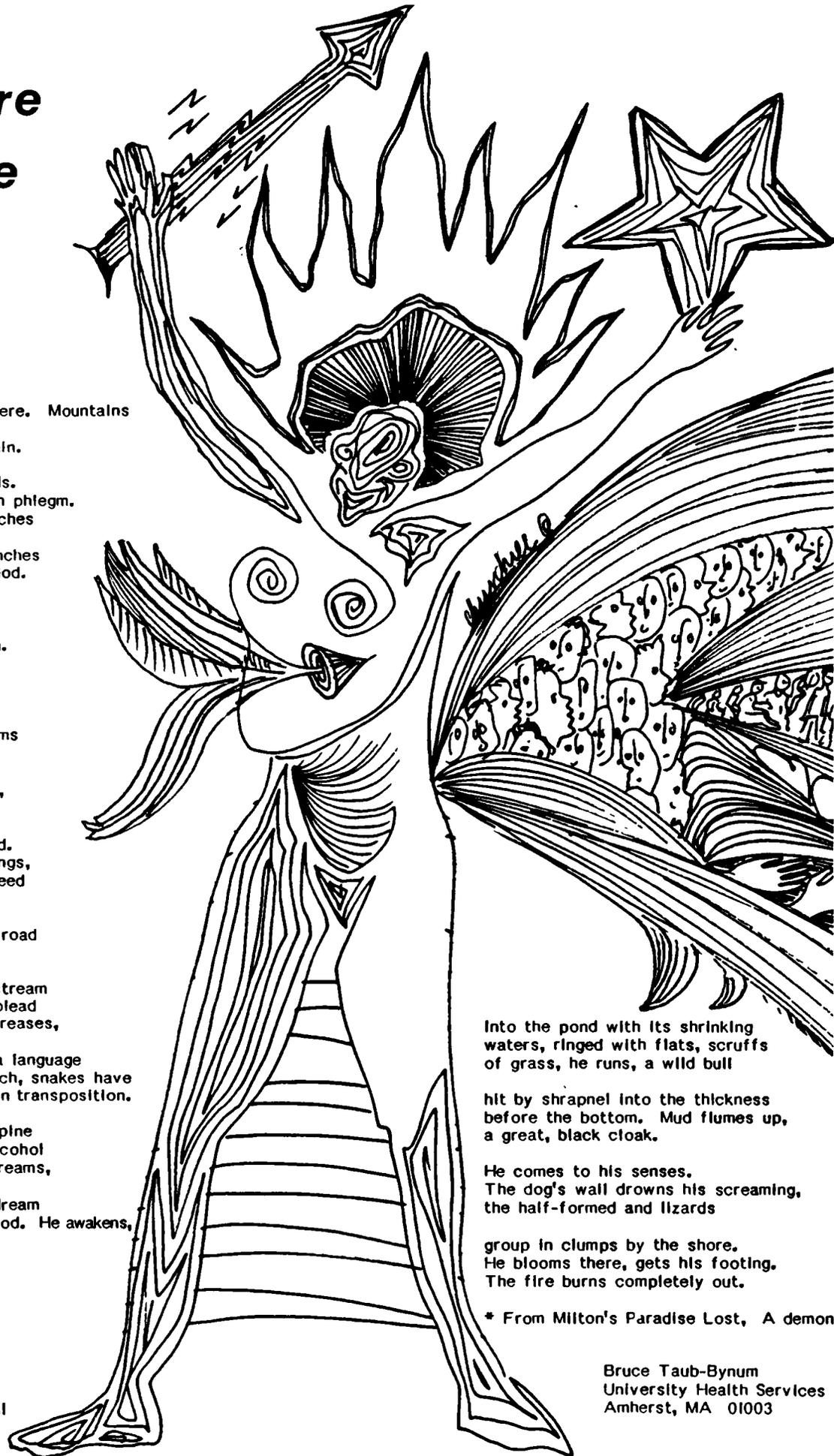


Illustration by Norma Churchill

Bruce Taub-Bynum  
University Health Services  
Amherst, MA 01003

# DREAM TREK

LINDA MAGALLON

## The Gift of Lucidity

Demand a gift from a dream character? That idea, attributed to the Senoi, has never appealed to me. Whenever I get pushy with dream characters, they respond in kind. I don't blame them. Yet, dream figures have spontaneously presented me with both a gold necklace and a golden music stand.

Befriending the dream seems to be the key. Other dreamers report the benefits of this approach. By valuing the lucid state, members of the Lucidity Project have gifted themselves with some especially precious dreams:

"I am lucid and flying near a city viewing it from the harbor. It is partly a live city with tall brown skyscrapers; partly huge cracker boxes painted with designs and graphics, like Maurice Sendak's *In the Night Kitchen*. I say to myself as I fly past the changing scenery, 'This dream is a gift, I'm fortunate to be experiencing something so beautiful and so much fun.'"

Later, the same dreamer related this dream: "I was in a large room when I became lucid. I started to fly out when I noticed that the room was very beautiful, so I changed my mind and explored the room instead. First the ceiling caught my eye. It was made of shimmering silvery panels. The room was filled with flowers of many kinds and colors. I had the feeling of being on the inside of a beautifully wrapped Christmas gift, looking out."

Being awake and aware of the beauty of the inner self--now, that's a dream to treasure! Dreams can be a rich source of creative inspiration. Unfortunately, much can be lost in the process of awakening. Lucidity helped Elaine bring her gift of creativity to the waking state:

"I see three small posters on the wall. The two top ones say "Mourning" as a title and the bottom one says "Moaning." I am reading the center one and as I begin to wake, I manage to memorize the lines:

"Let everything move with measured step and slow.

Let the waters run over the rocks in quiet contemplation.

Let the sea have dark and impenetrable depths.

Let the skies roar in anger with thunder and lightning."

Here's a practical present: a head--start with dream interpretation, when Robert asked a dream character what an

unusual symbol meant and got an answer!

"I am in Minneapolis on a sunny, mild winter's day. There is a foot of snow on the ground. I am standing near the top step of a porch--on the porch are about four people. Covering the porch steps are hundreds of amber and emerald colored gems and crystals. Suddenly, I realize I'm dreaming. Instead of flying around, I look around and see my good friend, Andrea, at the bottom of steps. I think, 'This is my chance'--so I bend down and pick up an amber gem, which I hold between my thumb and forefinger. I look down at Andrea, and loudly call her. 'Andrea, what does this represent?' Andrea looks up at the gem and me, and quietly but firmly states, 'Hope and Consciousness!'"

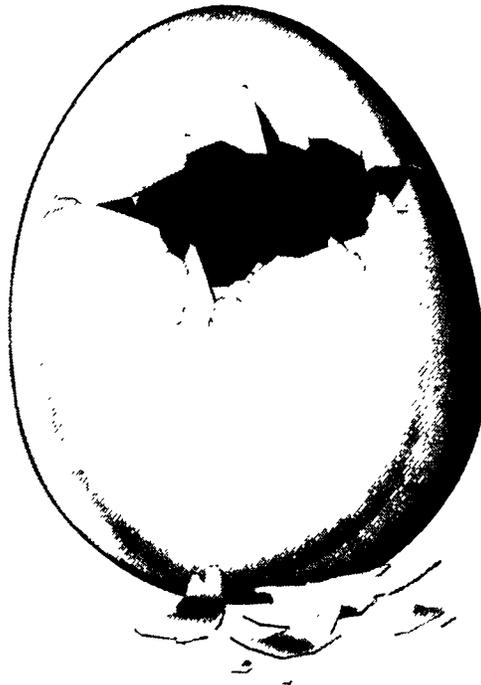
What insight do lucid dreamers gain? One dreamer reported: "My wife and I are sitting across a table from each other engaged in discussion. I look down between my hands on the table and into a mirror. There are three standing figures in the mirror. It appears in my mind that

these three figures, all dressed in white, are my spirit guides.

They reach out a hand, each one of the three, and bring forth a light into one merged beam--which leaves the mirror and strikes me directly in the forehead. I become lucid momentarily as I feel my head recoil from the impact. As I awake, I realize the light beam contained a message to me: "Psychic Power."

He continues: "Whether the light beam is a symbolic gift, or an awakening of my own abilities, or both, I don't know. I appreciate only the gift, regardless of the source, but the mirror makes me think it comes from within me...Incidentally, my wife dreamed that night of our meeting at the same location."

Mutual dreams, creative and problem solving dreams, sexual and flying dreams, dreams of reading and revelation, role-playing and rehearsal, refreshment and rejuvenation, reconciliation and resolution... yes, even precognitive dreams can be gifts of the lucid state.



PSI DREAM



THAT NIGHT IN THE MAD DREAM  
WHEN THE SNAKE BEHEADED  
MY SISTER YOU LAY SLEEPING SHIPWRECKED

AGAINST MY HEART. THE BREATHING  
SWELLED, BROKE IN THICKETS  
OF COUGH, ANNOYING

THE FEW IMAGES THE BLOOD STREAM BROUGHT.  
YOU MOVED SIDEWAYS,  
SLIPPED OUT OF THE LOCK. THEN MORNING

INHABITED EVERYTHING. A MEMBRANE RED,  
A MOUTH. TURNING  
TO ME YOU ASKED THE TIME.

HURRIED TO COFFEE, SHOWER,  
THE MIRROR THAT SEIZES VISION.  
OVER BREAKFAST YOU MENTION DROWNING.

A SNAKE ONCE HACKED BY A FRIEND.

Bruce Taub-Bynum  
(Author, The Family Unconscious)  
University Health Services  
Amherst, MA 01003





# Letters

## EARTHQUAKE IMAGERY IN DREAMS

I would like to encourage contributors to include dates with their dream records and the first verbatim notations on how the dream material was worked. I strongly believe an influx of uncut, unadorned contributions from our dreamers, (as well as from our experts,) is the key not only to increased subscribership, but also the key to a sudden new enlightening turn in the course of dream work as a whole.

"Right brain, left brain" articles lead me to believe dreams are one of the ways the visual, feeling, "right brain" makes itself heard in the world, as people on all levels work cheerfully and persistently toward becoming "whole minded" persons.

I heartily recommend INTERNATIONAL BRAIN DOMINANCE REVIEW, 105 Laurel Drive, Lake Lure, NC 28746, as an example of the totally delightful synergy that results when theory and technology put their heads together.

Here are 2 dreams of mine and how I worked on them.

### Mt. Rushmore, 4 Faces

(10-1-85 Last dream of the sleep period)

Movable props on tracks simulate a city during an earthquake with walls moving around. The surrounding scene is tall mountains ringing the valley with sunshine on the peaks and the 4 Mt. Rushmore faces like bright gold in the middle.

### A Noteworthy Event

(11-4-85 waking up dream)

In a western town, at a place like a laundry. Woman brings a large baby and sets him in a tub to soak. Child is large, fair, appears sunburned or has a skin condition. Woman leaves. Placid child plays happily in the tub, back to me. Large girl, (sister?) comes in later and watches the child in the tub. I suddenly notice the child is singing classical music perfectly (in baby sounds). I have to smile. The child is probably a genius in the hands of a woman who gives him all the space and time he needs to develop.

The town is astir with political factions. I have to leave to go to the sheriff's office to meet a group going to the funeral of an important person. I run

back to the laundry place to check on the child, but the girl is taking him home OK. She is trying to make him jump up a curb or boardwalk step much too high for his short legs. I protest, but another person says he is able to do it. It dawns on me he is able to levitate (or fly). I lift 3-4 feet off the ground, and ask, Like this? The person talking to me asks: "What kind of person can learn to do that?" I answer, "I have never tried to teach it to anyone who was unable to do it, but that doesn't mean everyone can."

We start to go to the funeral when suddenly an earthquake strikes. A woman like my mother-in-law gets her leg stuck in a crack in the ground, but pulls it out without even tearing her pantyhose. We continue by going through the woman's house to go down the hill. Everything shakes. When we get down to her back patio, a cold wind has come up. She gives her coats in the back closet to the ladies who came without them. She gives a short jacket to a small girl who is frozen in a sitting position out of fright. I put the jacket around her and carry her. She is very tiny and scared.

We get to the burial ground. They manage to get the electric lights back on in the Mission style church buildings.

A black knight with 2 cattle dogs for horses is under a swaying booth getting ready to be an Indian mounted honor guard. I am glad when he proceeds safely from under the swaying ritual rooftop.

Other Indians follow him behind the Mission type building toward the burial ground in back. The land is stark and western looking. The sky is gray and threatening. The funeral proceeds as scheduled in spite of the apparent continuing earthquake.

**Note:** This western scene is like a composite stage setting reminiscent of the earlier earthquake dream with the movable props and the Mt. Rushmore presidential heads spotlighted in the background.

**Translation:** The day of President Reagan's funeral, an earthquake shakes the heartland of America.

(Nancy Campbell, 5522 No. McCall, Clovis, CA 93612)



## A SPIRITUAL DREAM

Your "sauna" editorial worked and inspired me to write in a dream and renew my subscription for the following year to DNB. I have been on an immense spiritual journey which started with the onset of the following dream. I have always believed that the spirit speaks through my dreams. Life is going along so well right now and giving me such limitless gifts that it is a little frightening and totally consuming. Here is the dream:

My cousins Ron and Joan (who are about fifteen and sixteen in the dream) are coming out of a huge barn and their dead father is talking to them from the spirit world. Henry's voice is sweet and calm, as it was when he was alive 24 years ago. There is a beautiful simple church with a sparkling white steeple directly in back of the barn. The air is crisp and the sun is shining brilliantly. I then go into a room with a big family dinner and fall into my sister's arms and cry out of joy for hearing my uncle's voice after so long.

**Interpretation:** The barn symbolizes my deceased Uncle Henry's life style - he was a wonderful gardener, farmer and guidance counselor. The church represents my strong and growing faith in God and the power of my dreams in connection with the Holy Spirit. (I told this dream to my father who is the brother of Uncle Henry and he stopped in his tracks. He said that the morning I had the dream was Henry's birthday. I had no recollection of that.) The barn and church also symbolize (respectively), earthbound forces and grounding and the spirit world and inner growth. My graduate studies involve social work and I believe my uncle represents the "guidance and down-to-earth" qualities I need to keep focused on, to get through my rigorous studies.

I would like to unite group psychotherapy with spiritual healing somehow. I have illustrated this dream and have merged the steeple into the roof of the barn to demonstrate that union.

If anyone has books they would like to recommend about the union of social work and theology I would be very appreciative.

(Jeana Whittredge, 58 Dunster Road, Jamaica Plain, MA 02130)



## WEATHER DREAMS

Let me begin by saying that I enjoy the bulletin's new format. I have a particular interest in seeing more dream poetry, drawings and dream interpretation in the form of individuals exchanging their personal ideas of other dreams, such as you describe in Vol.4, #5. Thank you for the spark of inspiration returned.

The following words that I am sending to you is a conscious daydream to dream incantation that I purposely contrived with the hopes of aiding my nocturnal dream state. I tried working consciously contrived words, such as these into a sing-song incantation form with the hopes that it would act as a 'caller' into my subconscious, and also to the 'earthly spiritual', or the spiritual essence of certain earth elements. Its ultimate intention was for specific healing purposes for the heart. My hope, or expectation, was for a specific nocturnal dream to form a kind of symbolic answer or 'call back.' It was interesting to note the next morning on the 'kind of' dream I had.

The dream was more a recall of movement, as if swimming in dark and deep water. There were no particular images. The dream held more of a sense, or knowing without seeing. I felt empowered upon awaking, as if I communed with the elemental force's spiritual entity; an entity most of us do not recognize as reality.

I also have another interesting dream experience to share concerning non-objectionable earth element forces. I dreamed that I was at this rowdy square dance caught up in the high fervor of the fiddling music. The music becomes so spirited, that it strips me of all inhibition and I jump up to dance jubilantly. Suddenly I start spinning, and I begin to spin faster and faster. I extend my arms outward, and this incredibly spiraling force over takes me. I awoke abruptly. That morning I hear the weatherman announce the development of 'hurricane Gloria's eye.' A strange feeling washed over me, as if I went momentarily within the eye, or else felt the initial winds...

I am interested in hearing from any others who may have experienced similar dream 'sensations' that coincidentally fell within certain weather patterns, phenomenon, or other earth elemental changes. Also, others are welcomed to experiment with my own particular 'daydream to dream' incantation, or visualization poem, and I would be interested in hearing of any results. On a regional basis, I am interested in exchanging information experiments, etc. from parents that work with their children's dream recordings in the northern West Virginia area.

## Incantation

(Copyright 1986 cjm 'color Incantations')

I shall dream that I am blue  
 I shall dream that I am blue upon the  
 ocean shore  
 I dream that out among the air over the  
 sea I hover  
 I shall dream that I fly even and low along  
 the line that sea and sky share that  
 seem where I am to belong  
 I whisper there  
 A hushed song  
 I hover low and calm  
 I learn from the sea as the sky breathes  
 for me  
 I dream the sea moving  
 A deep universal roll, a turn into infinity  
 I shall dream that I drift onto the very  
 point  
 where the storm is born to travel east, and  
 so  
 where the western storm falls to rest  
 as the vortex  
 It is there that I hear the mermaids sing  
 tale-filled songs of the depths down  
 under  
 Songs with hexed laughter of those that  
 come after  
 Such dreams...  
 I dreamed that I learned  
 and carried for protection those gifts  
 Gifts that can only be given, not taken,  
 and so  
 I am given the dream of continuance  
 That continuance is the return  
 And I am washed alive, as that moving  
 sear seals behind me,  
 And for me the encircled symbol

(Jay Lee, 31-A Monongahela Ave.  
 Morgantown, WV 26505)

## VIEWPOINT ON LUCIDITY

I'm writing because you may find my view point, though of a minority, pertinent. I have been a successful lucid dreamer since the late 60's. Though 40 now and down to 1 per year, each dream is as vivid as last night. If dreams are of therapeutic use, and I'm sure they can be, the relative change potential in my view is overshadowed by efforts made to understand how we function dynamically!

To me, dreams are to be exploited into lucidity. The dynamic element of dreams is the conflict experienced. The correct universal behavior that results in lucidity is giving into the object of the conflict in gesture of "Facing the music," of opening your dream arms toward whatever is threatening.

The only reason we are not all lucid in dreams is that we are not lucid during waking life.

My sole interest is in understanding "lucidity," not the dreams it produces or doesn't produce. Articles such as those which appear in DNB are helpful for those who relate to dreams as some forum for the self in some external "dream world." To my way of thinking, the dream is

something to be manipulated, a vehicle you drive to lucidity. So, it is difficult for me to understand why you are not spending more time with articles on brain studies such as the 3 trine brain, the RAF, Hubert Blin's mind model in "Supreme Doctrine" and "Let go," Tibetan Dream Yoga, floatation, Oliver Fox, Ophiel, or J.H. Whitman's the "Mystical Life" that attempts to categorize lucid experiences beyond the dream world. Best of Dreams.

(Bill Rowe, 3836 Medowlark Lane,  
 Cincinnati, OH 45227)

## A DREAM OF THE SHUTTLE DISASTER?

I had this "dream" Tuesday morning (Jan. 28, 1986):

I see faces of people from my past...and the whole...living person...of various television news people, and local newspaper people I know, friends I have not seen for a while. They all gather at one end of a huge room. I sense a magical circle in the center of the room. A cylindrical tower of air seems to be coming up through it. My mother is there. I see a beautiful short length kimono robe, and a lovely silk or satin scarf...and a small rectangular box that has a bottle of perfume or jewelry in it...are all floating around. I am most fascinated by the silk scarf and kimono. I grab the kimono and let it go again marveling at how it floats and looks almost like an invisible person is wearing it. I take it and give it to mom and tell her to psychometrize it...as I sense a strange energy around. When she puts it on she holds her arms strangely and seems to be distressed, even sickened. I clutch the scarf with apprehension...as she tells me to bless it...with a magical circle ritual. I begin to do the salutes to the 4 directions...but I accidentally start in the south and do it's fire element salute twice...then go on to the west and north. Then I realize I forgot the eastern salute with the element of air. I think I should do it now... then Bang! there is a huge explosion! I am blown down flat on my back, then I bounce up into a sitting position...legs straight out in front of me. I feel a burning stinging sensation all over my body.

Once awake...a little more than an hour later the shuttle story broke across the TV screen.

I did not know the number of astronauts, nor their ethnic origins nor genders except for the school teacher. I had not seen nor read much of anything on the subject. I had never seen a photograph of any other members other than the 2 women and one of the men.

But I had a "day-dream" of an elderly oriental lady in an ankle length gray kimono putting white candles and flowers around a statue of the Buddha...she puts a large black pillow and an incense burner in front of it. I feel she is in mourning.

I figured there must have been an oriental person on board the shuttle. An hour or more later I discovered I was right.

When I found out it was a Japanese American man, on his second shuttle ride, and that there were 2 women on this trip...I thought perhaps the kimono and scarf and perfume (or whatever) were gifts he brought aboard for the two women.

I wonder if I have precognitive dreams...I could send tape cassettes of them. Writing gets to be a drag sometimes. I had one about President Reagan-truly fantastic. I'd like to share. I also had extraordinarily accurate dreams about the deaths of Natalie Wood and John Lennon...months before they actually happened.

(Merry Loona, The Moonflower Box, P.O.Box 452, Davenport, IA 52805)

**LUCID POEM**

The following poem was written in my Advanced Dream Studies Class taught by Dr. Robert Van de Castle. In class that night, we worked with an exercise from Henry Reed's book, Getting Help from Your Dreams. We each picked one of our dreams and chose the five most powerful words from it. We used these words as the basis for writing five sentences for each word chosen. Then we used one or two sentences derived from each word group to write a poem working with those phrases.

My poem is meant to be a comment on Lucid Dreaming as my dream was.

Lucidity is a control one holds loosely,  
 too much and you lose fluidity,  
 too little and you become a leaf in the current;  
 manipulation of this state is the key,  
 great forces carry me, and yet I steer.  
 Lucidity is the fine balance to seek;  
 control is the yes and the no,  
 one does, and does not do it.

(Rob Davis, Charlottesville, VA)

**DREAMS OF THE DEAD**

Dr. Marie-Louise von Franz and I are at present working on a research project for the purpose of investigating dreams in which figures of the dead appear. This project will also furnish data for my diploma theses, at the C.G. Jung Institute in Zurich, titled "The Alchemical Transformation in Death"--an analysis of dreams concerning post-mortal existence. Dr. von Franz is acting as supervisor for this thesis.

The most important question which the research and the thesis will attempt to answer is:

What does the unconscious have to say about death and about life after death

(a) through dreams which occur shortly before the death of the dreamer; and, more especially,

(b) through dreams which occur after the death of an individual, in which the departed appears to surviving family members and friends?

Our principal difficulty, of course, will be the evaluation of the objective and subjective levels of such dreams, and, in category (b), of the figures of the deceased; in other words, whether the dream figure represents a subjective factor--an aspect, a "complex"--of the dreamer, or whether the dream is making a statement about the dead person himself, thus giving us "objective" information about his or her after-death existence. We hope, however, to be able to distinguish between the two levels and to work on those dreams, or parts of dreams, which, when interpreted on the objective level, will contribute to our theme.

It is not very easy to find dreams of this nature. Both Dr. von Franz and I would therefore be most grateful if you would be willing to share any such dreams you may have had with us. All such material would, of course, be treated with the utmost discretion.

If you are prepared to help us make this project as meaningful as possible, please send (air mail) your dream material to me at the address below:

Emmanuel X. Kennedy,  
 Speerstrasses 42, 8738 Uetliburg SG,  
 Switzerland

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## NETWORKING

**THE WAKING DREAM WORK PROJECT** is designed to develop a base of knowledge and understanding about the practice of waking dream work and to establish an active network of inquiry and sharing among those who use waking dream techniques in their work. Of particular value are case studies, descriptions of approaches and methods along with specific indications of what worked or didn't work. References in the literature are also of value. Send inquiries to Fred C. Olsen, M. Div., 1872 Via Barrett, San Lorenzo, CA 94580. (415) 357-0482.

**PEACE PROJECT:** On December 31, 1986, millions of people all over the world will be joining together at noon Greenwich time, to think, visualize and pray for peace, wholeness and harmony in our world. Send SASE to: The Quartus Foundation, P.O. Box 26683, Austin, Tx 78755

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## TO BUY

**SUNDANCE COMMUNITY DREAM JOURNAL** (288 pages of illustrated dreamwork methods). \$5. Henry Reed, 503 Lake Drive, Virginia Beach, VA 23451.

**NIGHTMARE HELP FOR CHILDREN FROM CHILDREN.** A Parent's Guide. By Ann Sayre Wiseman. \$10 Postpaid from Ansayre Press, 264 Huron Avenue, Cambridge, MA 02138

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## HELP NEEDED

**DREAMS OF ALCOHOLICS**, both recovering and active, sought by researcher, Reed Morrison, Ph.D., 711 W. 40th St., Suite 207, Baltimore, MD., 21211

**PLEASE SEND INFORMATION** on the dreams of historical persons to Paul H. Elovitz, Psycho-Historical Dreamwork, 246 Highwood Avenue, Ridgewood, NJ 07450.

**DREAM ARTICLES NEEDED!** North Atlantic Books announces a special issue of io devoted to dreams. The book-length anthology will use original and reprint material ranging from personal dream narratives to theoretical explorations to fiction, poetry and visual art. Russo wants work that "illuminates the role of the dream in our lives while preserving its essential mystery." Possible topics include Lucid Dreams, Dreams and Healing, Dream-sharing Communities, Visionary Dreams, Dreams and the Creative Process, Geography of the Inner Landscape, Dreams in Non-Western Cultures. Deadline for submissions is July 15, 1986; send SASE for guidelines. All queries, submissions, suggestions should go to: Richard Russo, P.O. Box 7768, Landscape Station, Berkeley, CA 94707-9991.

## GROUPS

**LINDA RAVENWOLF.** 704 N. Verdugo Rd., Glendale, CA 91206. (818) 500-4833.

**SHIRLEE A. MARTIN.** 3100 Q St., NW, Washington, DC 20007.

**JUDITH PICONE.** 14007 65th Dr., W., Edmonds, WA 98020. 745-3545.

**JUNGIAN ORIENTED Dream Study Group.** Walter Nyberg, 420 Bristol, Stockton, CA 95204. (209) 946-2161.

**EDGAR CAYCE Dream Group.** Leon Van Leeuwen, 435 E. 57th St., New York, NY 10022. 888-0522.

**WHOLISTIC RESOURCE CENTER,** Eilyn Hartzler Clark, 1003 Rivermont Ave., Lynchburg, VA 24504. Sunday Evening Dream Group. (804) 528-2816.

**THE DREAM WORKSHOP,** Introductory Lectures, one day workshop/retreat. Brochure on request. Sandra Magwood, RR 3, Tweed, Ontario, Canada KOK 3J0

**WANTED:** In Lower Fairfield County, CT, or Westchester County, NY, a group for new subscriber Lila Murphy, 410 Soundbeach Ave., Old Greenwich, CT 06870 (203) 637-3484.

## EVENTS

**ASD CONVENTION.** Carleton University, Ottawa, Canada. June 24-30, 1986. Dream Interpretation Workshops and Research Reports. Write the Association for the Study of Dreams, PO Box 590475, San Francisco, CA 94159.

**JUNGIAN-SENOI INSTITUTE** Summer Dreamwork Intensive and Professional Training Seminar, with Strephton Williams and others, at a Lake Tahoe resort. July 13-17; 18-20. Contact J.-S. Institute, 1525 J Shattuck Ave., Berkeley, CA 94709.

**DREAMWORKS.** Unless you have a dream, how can you have a dream come true? A workshop on finding and fulfilling your life's passion (July 27 and December 7). Understanding our Dreams Workshop (November 30). Understanding our Dreams course (8 weeks, beginning June 12 and October 15). Tracy Marks, PO Box 252, Arlington, MA 02174. (617)-646-2692.

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# **DREAM JOURNAL**



## **The Shoes of a Dreamer**

I'm going through the tedious, but fascinating process of transferring all my dream journals onto computer disks so that I can more conveniently study my dream symbology. In doing so, I was struck by the number of times my dreams contain reference to shoes. Here's one of the dreams that caught my attention by its simplicity:

**I'm polishing my shoes.**

This dream occurred on the eve of a new semester of teaching. It clearly reflects a preparation process, getting ready, getting my act cleaned up, trying to look good. I rarely polish my shoes except for special occasions. The start of a semester was a special occasion. There are many special occasions for which I do not polish my shoes--rubbing them against the back of my pants as I head out the door is often sufficient. For me, polished shoes are a minor detail--say, compared to having my shirt ironed--but one I have learned that may subliminally affect other people's perceptions of me. If the occasion calls for impeccability, then perhaps the shoes should be shined--a perfectionistic ritual.

I can think of another occasion that called for perfectionism--ROTC inspection! For that I would have to also polish my brass buttons and brass belt buckle, not to mention my shoes shined with spit. ROTC is a long distant memory. It makes me realize, however, that on many occasions since that time, I'll shine any jewelry that I may wear, especially silver or copper, because of its corrosibility, but I still won't shine my shoes, just dust them off a bit. What does it mean then to shine my SHOES?

What are shoes? They provide comfort and support for my feet. What are my feet? They are what I walk with, what I use to contact the ground. Depending upon the type of ground I am going to walk on and the way in which I want to walk on that ground, I choose an appropriate pair of shoes. I have many to choose from--sneakers, moccasins, sandals, slip-ons, lace-ups and boots; and they may be casual, formal or just plain comfy. Shoes seem to be an interface between feet and ground that can take into account my intentions and desires and the conditions I'll encounter.

I can pick a pair of shoes that will match the occasion, and that feels good. I've also known the pleasure, like David Letterman, of being dressed up except for my sneakers--it does provide a bit of rebellious pleasure as well as compensatory relief from the constrictions of a closed collar and tie. On the other hand, in my dreams I've found myself in a situation with inadequate shoes, like walking in snow while wearing sandals, a trying experience!

Having the right pair of shoes on makes you feel just right, and having the wrong pair on can ruin your pleasure and make you feel "off." So what are shoes?

Somehow, metaphors and figures of speech involving shoes may provide a clue to the meaning of shoes. "If the shoe fits, wear it." Why not say, "If the shirt fits, wear it"? We say that a person who is financially well off is "well heeled," meaning the person can absorb a lot of scrapes and scuffing without the wear showing. "Walk a mile in the other person's moccasins." "If you were in my shoes..." "Nothing fits like an old pair of shoes." Do you know of others?

I'd like to suggest an experiment. I would like to invite readers to submit their dreams that contain images of shoes, different types of shoes, being without shoes when that is an issue in the dream. I would also like you to submit as many figures of speech that involve footwear as you can think of or find other cultural expressions involving shoes. Write me a few lines about what you think shoes mean.

I'll collate the material you send in, add all my own shoe dreams, and see what I can come up with. With Bob's help, perhaps we can do some content analysis of the dreams with shoe imagery and see if they differ from dreams with imagery of other types of apparel. What other kinds of analyses might you suggest? If you respond soon enough, I can publish the results in the issue after next. If this collaborative process seems to work, then after shoes, we can go on to shirts and skirts, and then to automobiles. I suspect that tires may relate to shoes.

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