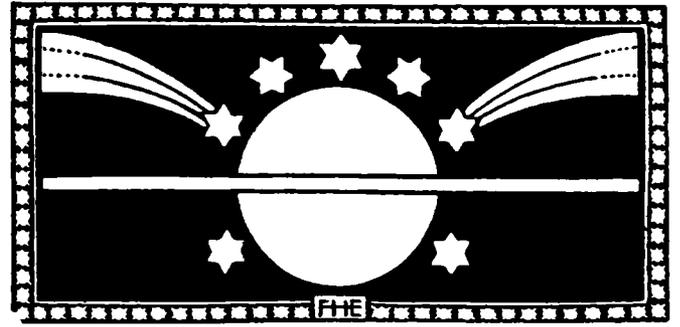


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dream network bulletin



volume 8, number 1

A NEWSLETTER FOR PEOPLE WHO DARE TO DREAM



In this issue:

DREAM ART

DREAM
TELEPATHY

LUCID &
NON-LUCID
DREAMS

NIGHTMARES &
FEAR

**THEME FOR
March/April Issue**

**DREAM ANIMALS
& MUSICAL
DREAMS
Artwork & Articles
Appreciated**

DREAM NETWORK BULLETIN

publishes six issues per year and has an international readership. The primary focus is on dreams and experiential dreamwork. Readers are invited to send in how-to tips, personal experiences, research reports, art work and poetry related to dreams, and notices of existing and desired dream groups and upcoming dream related events. We welcome sharing and communication regarding all aspects of dreamwork.

DNB reserves the right to edit all material submitted for publication. Typewritten double spaced manuscripts or Macintosh compatible disks are preferred. Reproducible black and white original art work is requested. Photocopies are acceptable. Please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope with submission.

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Cover art by Sandy Chism.*

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DNB BACK ISSUES

Vol. 6/No. 1: Interview With Ann Sayre Wiseman; "The Dream Self As Stand-Up Comedienne" by Mary Newman; "Dream Tarot: The Tiger Comes" by Strephton Kaplan Williams; "Dream Consulting" by Kent Smith.

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Vol. 6/No. 3: The Spirit of the Dream; Dream Hot Line; Dream Educator's Network; "The Sacred Dream Place" by Marta Talavera; "Latin American Liberation Dreams" by Raymond Barglow.

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Vol. 7/No. 3: Special Issue on Dream Creativity: Art & Painting, Music, Dance, Drama, Poetry, Story Form; "Dreams In India" by Kelly Bulkley; "US-Soviet Dream Bridge" by Charles Upton.

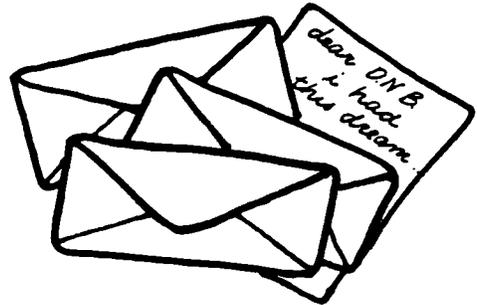
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Over Thanksgiving vacation I finally had time to read the last issue of DNB, vol. 7, #6. A great issue.

I found Jill's article, "The Cutting Edge," an important confirmation, i.e. that dream lucidity comes in many forms, and that dream lucidity is of different kinds of awareness, and not necessarily a controlled project that leads to a block-buster of a dream. Marty Folin's article, "Dream Birth," moved me greatly. The power and believability of her dream connection with her grandson, in utero and after, offers great hope for another kind of dream awareness and healing.

"Dream Bridge Complete" by Charles Upton is yet another possible way of building toward a peaceable future. His idea, "to incubate dreams on how to bring peace between Russia and U.S." is analogous to a project that a dream group with which I am involved began last June.



We are working on mutually building a peace home in our dreams, where anyone can come to this dream/space/ dimension, as long as their intentions are for the good of all, to effect universal peace in any way that they know how.

Upton's concept and ours makes more sense to me than the notions of the clowns and rogues, presently in positions of leadership on this planet, who seem to think that their peace of mind lies in always greater, more deadly weapons of destruction. As I don't think that they are capable of leading us to anything but a maimed planet, I believe that those of us who believe in the power of thought and positive spirituality, but have little power in the capitalistic arena, can take responsibility for ourselves, those whom we know and love, and those we don't know but care about in the broadest human sense, and work in these constructive ways for all of humanity.

We are willing to share any information with anyone who is interested in this route to a more constructive, liveable and workable world.

Charlotte Bell
158 Center Rd. #1 Weare, NH 03281



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AUSPICIOUS BEGINNINGS:

First Lucid Dreams

by Robert Wagonner

It's a typical morning at school between classes and I'm walking alongside the administration offices.

Suddenly, my hands are right in front of my face! I'm awestruck as I realize "I'm dreaming." I look around me and then into my hands. My hands take up my entire field of vision. Suddenly I see and feel that every fingerprint ridge in my hands is like a canyon of extraordinary depth. I keep peering into the depths—totally amazed; part of me knows this is a dream and these are only my dream hands, and part of me senses that there is an incredible actual depth to each of these fingerprint ridges. I gaze into these canyons totally shocked. As I dream, these realizations generate an emotional power inside of me that seems to be rising from my stomach to my throat. The emotions are too intense and I awake.

My first recognized lucid dream occurred in 1975 after reading Carlos Castaneda's book *Journey to Ixtlan*. In the book, Carlos' Indian sorcerer friend teaches him a technique for gaining conscious awareness of his dreams by first finding his hands in a dream; this prearranged cue of seeing his hands would prompt him into lucidity, and help stabilize his lucid awareness.

Similarly, each night before sleeping, I had stared at my hands, hoping to find them later in a dream. After three days, I had my first lucid dream.

For those people who have had a lucid dream experience, the first one is a dramatic highpoint in their dream education. I remember that night I awoke with an incredible sense of awe and power. I had done it! I had actually found my hands in my dreams and became conscious while I was dreaming. Days later, I was still marveling at the possibilities and freedoms available to me in the world of lucid dreams.

Symbolically, I felt that this first lucid dream was showing me that lucid dreaming was an immense, unexplored territory of my psyche. Simple fingerprint ridges of mine gained a fantastic depth as I consciously looked on, seeming to indicate that there was a great experiential depth to lucid dreaming awaiting me. Also, the setting was at school, outside the administration office — possibly a symbol that lucid dreaming would be an educational experience, associated with a higher self.

After talking with my teenage friends who went on to have their own first lucid dreams shortly thereafter, I was

struck by the differences. Some had dreams that seemed to be symbolically shocking or depressing; e.g. hands that were actually wooden stumps, or hands with scarred wrists. Ever since, I have wondered if one's first recognized lucid dream had symbolic importance as an indicator of later lucid dream experiences.

I requested (through [DNB](#)) people to write about their first lucid dream and how it may have foreshadowed later lucid dream development. Thankfully, a few brave and generous souls wrote back, and these are their responses. (I have made some speculations on the dream content to prompt the reader to think of their own first lucid dream and its possible symbolic content.)

Linda Tagliaferro, New York

About four years after reading Carlos Castaneda's book, Linda had her first lucid dream:

In the dream, I was in a marketplace, possibly in Morocco. It was early morning, possibly about 6 a.m. No one was there yet. I was alone and lost, and the merchants were not to come for a long time. Suddenly I realized that I could enjoy myself by walking around. And I did. Soon after, a large truck was speeding in my direction. Again, I said to myself, This is just a dream, and I defiantly threw myself in front of the truck. The driver swerved just at the last minute, parked his truck and angrily came out to talk to me. After a short period of fearing his anger, I again reminded myself that this was a dream, and I calmly faced him. When I woke up, I had a tremendous feeling of peace and power.

It is interesting to see in Linda's first lucid dream that she is in a foreign country in the morning. In some respects, the setting may symbolically parallel the "foreign" exotic nature of lucid dreams. Speculating further, the early morning may be indicative of the early development of lucid dreaming for her, suggesting more lucid dreams in the future. On an emotional level, the recognition of lucidity inspires a feeling of joy and adventure, followed by the power and resolve to make a truck move and stand up to an angry driver.

Linda wrote further that she has had many lucid dreams since this first one, but this first dream still inspires her with a feeling of inner strength.

Lorraine Grassano, California

The night after reading Patricia Garfield's book, *Creative Dreaming*, Lorraine had her first "recognized" lucid dream. From her journal...

Lucid dreams! I "wake up" in dreams, wish to fly; take a leap, fail, try again, manage to sail a few yards, then crash. I feel my hand scraped, but assure myself, "So what if it hurts, it's just a dream." Then I decide to climb up a telephone pole in order to leap off and make it easier to fly. I get to the top and stare at my hand which is stained with black charcoal. I close my eyes to jump off the pole, assuring myself it is only a dream, but then open my eyes

BECOMING A LUCID DREAMER

by Jill Gregory

The beginnings of my dream lucidity were related to a remarkable increase of change in my life as well as the effects of being in this state of transition.

I was searching for another method to induce altered states of consciousness which would accommodate my new circumstances as a pregnant woman and potential mother. Via lengthy dream recording, I had immersed myself in material from my dream life throughout the day. I was also seeking a new dreamwork goal.

Due to being in a major life transition, I was directing a lot of attention to my waking life in all matters both large and small. My former concepts of what was possible generally and in my own life were crumbling. I was open-minded, newly loving and accepting of others and experiencing a high degree of stimulation from the change in my life.

The physiology of my pregnancy was affecting my sleeping habits. I was taking brief naps and my night sleep was interrupted frequently by my need to urinate. Due to the intrauterine movements of the baby, my sleep state may have been lighter. In addition, I was no longer able to sleep on my stomach. As I relaxed, but was not comfortable enough to sink into sleep, this unfamiliar position may have had the effect of lengthening time in hypnogogia. That arena of consciousness, which spans the gap between the waking and sleep states, is conducive to the onset of lucid dreams as well as out-of-body experiences.

All these phenomena played a role in my becoming a lucid dreamer when I was 24 years old, 6 1/2 months pregnant.

(Excerpted from Becoming a Lucid Dreamer: An Analysis of My Development In the Art and Science of Lucid Dreaming by Jill Gregory.)



and find myself in a gaudy department store...I am disappointed that I cannot fly. I semiawake determined to have another lucid dream about diving into a big wave. I do! I run toward the rough ocean, chanting as my heart is beating wildly that it's just a dream. I dive in, feel water in my lungs, but then begin to enjoy the bobbing around in the thick powerful water. I briefly remember about seeking a treasure from this "dream enemy" as Patricia Garfield said, but then I forget about that and simply feel the sensation of the waves. It is dark, a lot of motion. Then I feel I am being dragged and there I am returned to the shore again.

Lorraine mentioned the significance of this lucid dream by writing "...since I was three years old, I had been dreaming twice a month about tidal waves engulfing me; the details varied but the feeling was always the same: terror and helplessness. In this dream, I actually jumped into the tidal wave after 28 years of trying to run away. I had one other lucid dream about facing the wave and enjoying being under water. Since then, with the exception of once or twice, my ordinary dreams have ceased frightening me with images of dangerous waters." She went on to say that facing fears in this lucid dream inspired

her to do dreamwork on other problems.

It is interesting to see such perseverance and presence of mind in a first lucid dream. After repeated attempts at flying (possibly, a private symbol for personal freedom), she perseveres, then goes on to an even more important goal of diving into a big wave — a personal symbol evoking terror and helplessness that she now chooses to lucidly confront. Throughout all of this, she recalls ideas from Patricia Garfield's book, Castaneda's hand method, the Senoi idea of receiving a gift from a dream enemy, and chanting repeatedly "This is a dream" to maintain lucid awareness. Lastly, she begins to enjoy the waves of thick, powerful water that had been so terrifying in past dreams.

Frank Szot, Florida

Though he notes in a letter that his dreams are not normally violent, Frank's first lucid dream in 1979 contained elements of violence and possibly a bit of pre-cognitive awareness.

The dream began with me being threatened by R., who I used to consider my best friend. I was totally lucid right from the start....He had a knife and was attempting to

NOT A LUCID DREAMER

by
Judith Picone

I am responding to Sherill Pocięcha's article, "Working With My Dreams" in the September/October 1988 issue of the DNB. In her article Sherill was expressing her frustration with not being able to lucid dream. Following is my own experience while trying to learn to lucid dream.

A couple of years ago I read Stephen LaBerge's book, *Lucid Dreaming*. I tried for several nights to lucid dream, but nothing happened and I continued on with my same pattern or style of dreaming. A few months later I ordered Henry Reed's *Dream Realizations*, 28-Day work-

book. I decided to use this dream incubation to further explore my patterns of dreaming. Once again I wanted to work on lucid dreaming, but still was not successful. I decided to give up on the idea of lucid dreaming thinking it wasn't for me. Then I dreamed a dream which led me to believe that dreaming without being lucid was like being an alcoholic, or in a drugged state. Even with this understanding I was not able to lucid dream.

This spring I read an article by Jill Gregory on lucid dreaming (DNB, Vol. 7, #4) and ordered her tape, "Adventures in Lucid Dream-

ing." A few days later I received a tape from YES! Technologies called "Lucid Dreaming Conditioning Tape." After listening to Jill's tape and working with the YES! Technologies method for learning to lucid dream, I was ready to lucid dream. Not so! Instead I had the following dream:
I Dream That I Am An Eagle.

I am a male eagle and as I flap my wings I feel how heavy they are as I take off from the ground. I rise up to meet a female eagle who has come into my territory. However, as I near her, she flies away over the tree tops to a place where two nesting hawks live. They chase her

intimidate, taunt and harass me. This was totally bizarre behavior for him; we had been schoolchild friends since fourth grade. I was unarmed and felt a slight twinge of fear but did not retreat or attempt to talk my way out of the situation. Then I became confident that he would be unable to harm me in any way....

R. continued to talk and verbally abuse me. Then, when he took the slightest move to advance toward me, he was absolutely pulverized by a force that smashed upon his head and drove him into the solid ground. The effect upon him was as if five tons of granite had been dropped from five stories high upon his shoulders. I did not have the feeling that I was the cause of the force which had invisibly felled him.

My response was to calmly observe the effect which had been produced. I was not displeased and did not attempt to question or offer to help....I saw he was still alive; then, he did something which astonished me. He growled and said something to the effect that as soon as he could....crawl toward me, he was going to kill me. Now, as I was looking at this person...he was smashed again with the same type of force, at an even more powerful magnitude....There was also another difference in this second strike; I was totally in control of it...and I consciously willed it to strike him....I was totally furious that he dared to threaten me like that....

Now as R. lay spread on the ground and I was ready to deliver another shot if he made the slightest move, his mother swooped into the scene and quickly snatched him away...I was now aware that she had been watching the outcome and finally decided to intervene to save her son from further pain....Also, there seemed to be a veiled presence of other people who had witnessed the event

as well.

Frank noted that he heard through friends that about 18 months later, R. died of a drug overdose.

Like a lot of lucid dreams, this one was initiated by a perceived threat. It is interesting to see that at the beginning, there is awareness without control, which later shifts to awareness with control.

Linda Magallón, California

Linda noted that her first lucid dream came on 3/8/82, International Women's Day; almost ten years after she first became interested in feminism. She also mentioned that during the time she did not pay much attention to her dreams, and it was a year later before she had a term to apply to this type of dreaming. Incredibly, as you will read, in her first lucid dream, she meets a character she had created in waking fantasy — a shocking realization that prompts her into lucidity.

Water is quickly filling the glass stall in which I am standing. Higher and higher the water level rises as I stretch desperately to keep my head above. As it reaches my neck, I begin gasping for air.

Suddenly, a Black woman clothed in a black shirt and pants appears next to the shower door. She puts her shoulder to the thick white bathroom wall and gives a mighty shove, breaking a huge, jagged hole. Through the hole is an upper story view of a city plaza.

The woman swings open the shower door, grabs me by the arm and slings me across her shoulder. She leaps out through the hole. Looking down from her back, I can see we're far above street level.

"You're flying, we're flying!" I exclaim in amazement at the superheroic implications of this feat.

back, but she flies higher yet, just out of my reach.

I am an eagle in this dream, not myself pretending to be an eagle, but the eagle. I can feel my soft feathers, feel myself reaching for the air currents so my wings will not be so heavy.

I would like to lucid dream to have the experience of it and perhaps one day I will. However, after having dreamed this dream I am not so concerned with lucid dreaming, but instead in wonderment over the wonderful gift my dream eagle has given to me — to actually feel like an eagle! Perhaps my female eagle is my style of dreaming, my way of flying, one that I don't want to let out of my reach. The nesting hawks might represent lucid dreams — a territory I

haven't explored yet.

One final comment on lucid dreaming. In the July/August issue of the DNB, Bob Trowbridge wrote an article called "Whose Dream Is This?" In this article he posed the question of what part of our consciousness is aware of the fact that we are dreaming. Is it our waking consciousness, or do we have an altered state or dream consciousness that becomes aware of the fact that we are dreaming? I found the concept of a dream consciousness that becomes aware of itself dreaming very interesting. I read the article before going to sleep and that night I was aware of my dreaming all night long — aware that I was dreaming, but not in the "waking" lucid sense. I became aware that I do know that I am dreaming and

can problem solve as I dream, but I am too much a part of the action to step aside and lucidly observe or witness my dream.

I hope this article will be of help to those of you who are not lucid dreamers, not to discourage you from trying, but to encourage you to find out what your own unique style of dreaming is. I have a friend who is also a dreamworker and we work on each other's dreams. While telling her of my frustration with trying to lucid dream she reminded me how important it is for us to know that we have our own style of dreaming. What we need to concentrate on is how to understand our own way; to honor our own dream process and let it unfold.

14007 65th Dr. Edmonds, WA 98020

We fly over the plaza and down the street through a city of skyscrapers. She makes a right turn and stops down this street. The woman turns me over on my back so that she is holding me in an embrace.

"Hello, Casey," she says softly, smiling. Her features are indistinguishable but dark in color. She is projecting a blast of emotion toward me. I am receiving an intense feeling of kindness and loving concern — the look of a master. She knows me as Casey — my ideal self!

"Will-it!" I exclaim in utter astonishment and awe as I recognize her. This mutual recognition has brought me to lucidity.

Willette lifts me to an upright position. Still embracing my body with one arm, she stands to my left. We are both yet suspended in the air.

I can't believe my eyes; here is the subject of my fantasies; a character who I made up. But I know she's a real person, a completely mature, independent adult, a master even, standing right next to me, holding me, talking to me! I can hardly comprehend it all.

"Why?" Why is she here, saving me, showing so much concern for me? Looking me straight in the eye, she says with utmost gravity, "You were once my mother."

Her mother? Where? "You mean in another existence?" I ask.

Willette does not respond verbally, but half turns and looks off toward the clouds. The clouds are white and billowing as if in anticipation. They form a corridor through which a patch of blue sky can be seen. The sky brightens, taking on the silhouette of a robed Christ-like figure.

As I watch the figure approach, I become more and more hesitant, fearful of being misled spiritually. Did Willette's comment mean that she believes in

reincarnation?

Willette gestures with her arm to indicate that this God-like figure is coming halfway to meet us.

"You mean Jesus?" I ask doubtfully.

Willette gives no answer.

I worry that the figure might not be the "true" divinity sanctioned by the Church. "Why am I hesitating?" I ask her, though I know the answer. There must be some way out of this dilemma. I mentally flail around, searching for a reason not to go. (Where am I going anyway? Will I ever come back?)

Ah-ha! I find one; Willette's answer has given me the key. I remember—I am wife and mother of my own two children. They need me. I can't go yet. In fact, as I remember, superimposed on the scene is a mental impression of standing in my bedroom just outside the closet doors.

"My children!" I proclaim.

Willette looks at me seriously. "There is something unresolved here," she says as she releases me. I fall backwards and down into the waking state.

My view of reality is never the same again.

Talk about a wild first lucid dream! A waking-fantasy character saves Linda from suffocation by breaking down walls, then freely flies her across the city and confronts Linda with her real existence in the dream and their interrelatedness, as a Christ-like figure approaches in the clouds. The symbols and implications boggle the mind!

From other writings, I know that Linda has had more dreams of Willette. And in keeping with my initial concept,

Continued on page 19

THE BANQUET

by Dorothy M. Rossi

The dream series that inspired the Banquet painting deals with the idea of serving and being served within an atmosphere of ambition and competition. Through time and experience I have grown acutely aware of the clutches of power born from misunderstanding or ignorance.

At the time of these dreams I was involved in sorting through goals I had created. I began looking more carefully, weighing, judging and analyzing the priorities I had set up in relationship to the opportunities available to me. I came to recognize that the process of painting could guide me to a deeper, more satisfying perception of the inner changes I must make. I extracted those images in the dreams that I felt would ultimately lead to a practical understanding.

In the first scene I am captured with some people. A friend of mine (who is a well known poet) is there. He is some kind of dignitary for a little town in Mexico. He is both there and not there. We are taken into a room with a long banquet table and made to stand on one side of it. The people sitting down on the other side of the table are being served as guests. We are prisoners. Even though my poet friend is a dignitary, he is also a prisoner. We are allowed to eat anything we want as long as we help ourselves. The plates we use have already been used by the guests and are not clean. Where we stand the table is covered with sweets, like cakes, pies, cookies, etc. I am not happy with this. I see that there is some red meat at the other end of the table but I can't seem to get to it. I am very concerned about the meat and know that it is important for me to have a balanced diet. I tell those with whom I am standing how I



feel. But they are satisfied with what they are getting and show me how to help myself to the sweets. I am disgusted and do not want to eat just the sweets. I know that they will make me sick. I want to change my situation.

Then the dream shifts and I am in place where the people are appearing and disappearing. They are able to travel this way from place to place and be invisible if they want to be. I am impressed but I also know that these people are doing this to corrupt because they have some sort of political influence. I am very concerned because I am a prisoner and I know this is not the right way for me to secure my freedom.

Again the dream shifts and I am in a place that is very much like the back room at a library. There are racks and racks of books from floor to ceiling. I am very confused and know that the information in the books is being telepathically fed into me.

Then I am back in the room with the large banquet table. Most of the people have left. The table is still ample with food; yet I can't get to the meat. I hear someone call my name. I turn and see a friend coming

towards me from the other end of the table. She has something in her hand and is reaching out to me. At first I can't make out what it is but as she gets closer, I see that it is a clump of burnt meat.

What strikes me as interesting and profitable to my psyche in this particular dream series is that once I became aware of the situation, I watched it progress into a definite shape. By painting part of the dream I was able to get in touch with my inner workings in relationship to what was happening in my life, which showed me how to be comfortable with recognition on a more demanding level. Determined to create a way to translate ambition and competition in an arena within which I could operate without losing my integrity, I began to think about motivation and the purest reason that lies behind desire.

I discovered it is the seed of desire that determines the outcome; the form manifested will always reflect the seed no matter how distorted it may appear. Sometimes we are not particularly aware of our desire in its purest form and because of this distortion we are duped.

Dreams, I have found, can be a wonderful aid in sorting through the self deceptions which we all have and which unconsciously manipulate us from time to time. The dream acquaints us with what is deep inside and how it comes forward to the conscious mind. I extend this process through painting. The product becomes collective even though the images may not be mythical.

Each dream is individual and the art work that develops from it always expands this message to a point of transformation. I do believe, nevertheless, that for those who view my work, a process of their own can emerge if they are receptive to it. Periodically I am struck by the realization that it is the people, the places and the events that surround one, coupled with the tone of one's dreams at that time, which ultimately creates the great conduit that connects one to a world of knowing oneself in a clearer light.

Because these dreams had a haunting quality, I tried to create an ominous mood. When the painting was finished I felt that I had failed.

But after I had exhibited the painting, I heard that a number of people had been frightened. Now it is not my intention to go about scaring people but I am of the philosophy that art should move and shift us in the same way that dreams do. Serious dream-workers know that a nightmare can be a gift in disguise, but one has to be willing to look at it openly and honestly recognizing the fear as one's own. If it is good, art will touch and move something deep within the viewer. This isn't always a comfortable experience.

Some of us know it can be a difficult thing to have an eye for beauty and harmony, to strive for that which is right and yet look out in the world and see ignorance and the ugliness that it produces. Yet I am comforted by knowing that because I am a participant in creating that ugliness by my own ignorance, I can also transform it by aligning my ambition with a desire to cooperate with life.

The dream and its product, the Banquet painting, taught me to be willing to see not only that which is

sweet and lovely but to become hearty enough to digest what is not. The dream showed me what to change in myself regarding ambition and competition so that I could go forward with a clear conscience. It showed me the prisoner can easily free herself by letting go of blind obsession; because I realized there has to be a balance between being served and serving in conjunction with what one aspires to accomplish in life; I changed the objects on the table so that there was more of a balance in the painting. I also included the animals to highlight the emphasis on transformation and in the hand of my friend I put a serpent, the ancient symbol of transformation and goddess wisdom.

I believe that this dream and painting gave birth to a new me. I begin to understand the nature of desire. I begin to appreciate the benefits of looking inward and outward, knowing that these two directions are, after all, parts of one aspect, the whole self.

831 45th Ave.
San Francisco, CA 94121

TIME TO RETURN
FROM THE DREAM
by Norma Churchill

I know I am fading to the
inside
Where the light shines deep
In the splendid darkness

Where my heart of hearts lies
Amongst the embers, orange
bright
Ever glowing

Where the dark moist sala-
manders
Float effortlessly through their
Silvery iridescent caves

Of home, their birthright, the
Mystery of opposites in
harmony
And here am I

Joined by the Jet Serpent
tearing
Through the curtained
membrane
Of the two worlds

Slithering over the damp rock
To rest near me, face to face
We stand poised

While a firey crown hovers
moth-like among
The many chambered depths
Drifting precariously

Close to our heads in the
blackness
Where only the sound of the
living flame
Is heard

Descending now, upon our
two heads
United as one, we suffer the
fateful
Blazing ring

And I am coming up now with
the news
Like the morning sun breaking
darkness
Cautiously

MY FOOT

*My foot whimpered.
Ignoring it,
I danced, ran, walked.
My foot furiously screamed.
I hopped on the other foot and then
crawled.
When I was told to go to bed,
I slept for eight days
allowing the infection to rage.*

*Reviewing my dreams,
I found my foot
playing a major part,
hinting, speaking and
finally yelling for my attention.*

*I left the movie set,
giving up my starring role,
to ride my tricycle
with my father hanging upside
down
in front.
I worried because I had to pedal
barefoot,
trying to keep up with the other
cyclists.*

*I sadly watched the crippled dog
attempt to climb down stairs
dragging her rear legs behind.
I cried for her struggle,
then lifted and carried her,
wanting to teach her to cope.*

*I am excited.
I have met my teacher and I follow
her
as she roller skates out the door.
She falls beneath a moving car.
The driving woman refuses to stop.
I confront the driver,
demanding that she listen,
and she stops reluctantly.
I take my teacher in my arms.
Eventually I feel strong enough
to pull her out,
lift her up
and help her stand on
her own two feet.*

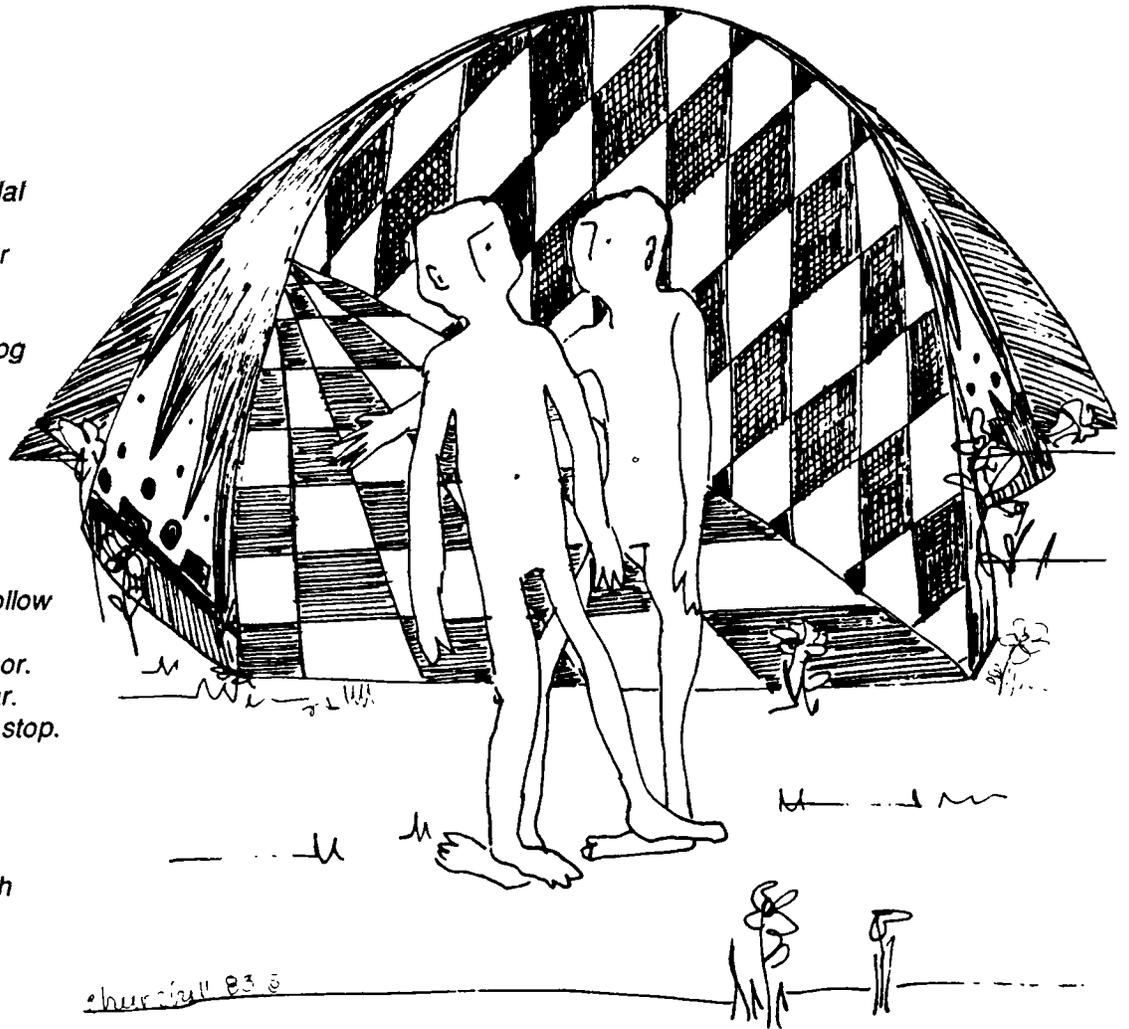
*I walk slowly now,
dreaming and listening
for her next message.*

LET THIS BE A WARNING TO YOU!

By Alexa Singer

When the dream body speaks in dreams, how do we know to listen? Here is an example of the dream body manifesting physical symptoms after three months of sending warnings in my dreams. The messages

started quietly and continued until finally a woman driver (me) appeared who refused to stop her car even though she was about to run someone (me) over. Two days later my foot exploded in a furious infection. As a dancer, I had to pay attention. I couldn't walk, much less dance, for three weeks. This forced retreat allowed me the rest and slowing down I needed. In hindsight, I was trying to move too fast. I am presently taking time in Mt. Shasta to allow my body and dreams to be my teachers - to find my own pace and inner rhythm and to develop a new way to walk in the world.



How about standing on your own feet for awhile?

Presenting **DREAMAGIC**

Beginning this issue, **DNB** introduces a new section especially devoted to the psychic dreaming arts.

Upcoming topics will include: dream telepathy, dreams of the deceased, precognition, out-of-body experiences, divination dreamwork,

dream aerobics, incubation, guidance, mutual dreams and psychic dream analysis and models.

We will address such themes as dream humor, overcoming fear, controlling dreams, distinguishing between dream states, levels of awareness in the dream, dream characters and accessing past/present/future realities.

As always, we welcome your comments and contributions.

WITH MY BROTHER AGAIN by Dave Jenneson

I opened my eyes to a quiet Mexican street. It was narrow, shaded and cool. I couldn't believe James was there. I was so happy to see him and was amazed that my little brother lived in such a beautiful place. I saw the dappled shadows on the white walls, the rays of sun slanting down through broad, green leaves, and sensed the wonderful casual air of the place. There was a breeze which was sweet. "James!" I said, and held open my arms.

He invited me into his room. It was just off the narrow street where I was standing; just a door. We went in and talked. I was so happy to be with him again. It was a small whitewashed room with a stereo set up on boards at one end. There were a few pictures and posters on the walls. It was enough for a young man. I was sitting in a chair while he relaxed on the floor. It was almost in suspended disbelief that I was actually seeing him again.

He put some music on and we talked for awhile. This was his place. He locked his hands behind his head, leaning up and making himself comfortable. We talked for a good long time. Suddenly the ground was shifting beneath my feet, or the air was moving. Something was changing. I looked at him and we both knew what was happening. I was waking up.

"James," I said, "I think I've got

to go. What is this? How often does this happen? Can you come back any time you want?"

He paused for a long moment. I could see he wasn't thrilled about being killed in a freak motorcycle accident at twenty-four, like a too-early retirement. The emotion he displayed was incredibly subtle yet totally in character. He was miffed. He raised his eyebrows and nodded with a slight smile. "Yep. Anytime I want."

Then I did wake up. For a moment I had no idea where I was. It took more than a few seconds to realize I was back in bed, beside my wife. It was six-thirty in the morning. My sobbing and crying woke her up. It was uncontrollable. Tears rolled down my face and it took her a few minutes to understand what had happened.

My little brother had been suddenly killed two weeks before. His motorcycle had gone into a harmless slide off a country road and his neck had been broken by a sapling. Our family had never had to deal with anything like this before, much less the sudden death of the much loved baby of the family. I am a writer, by nature sensitive, and had gone into shock and become very depressed. Unable to accept it, I had become obsessed with finding him again. The idea of going back up to that country road and looking for him had become lodged in my mind, although I knew it was completely irrational. Yet I sensed that somehow I would have to find him if for nothing else than to tell my grieving and confused family he was all right

after all. I sensed deeply that it was up to me.

Now that I had, I went back into a state of shock and disbelief. Simply waking up was like emotionally experiencing his sudden death all over again. I was crying as I showered and dressed. Foolishly I drove to work. I had no idea what I would do when I got there. As I pulled up in front of the office, my mother, father, another brother, Bob, and his son who lived miles away on an island, were simply standing on the sidewalk where my car pulled up. They looked as if they were actually waiting for me, and for a few moments it felt like I was dreaming again. Bob had simply come into town unannounced and they had all decided to go for coffee. I had no idea what to say to them. What I had so recently experienced seemed in sudden retrospect almost mad.

I went into the office and saw the personnel manager who immediately sent me home and made an appointment for the same day with a psychologist. I had one question and one alone; was it just a dream, or had my brother come to say he was all right? The psychologist said he had no doubt it was the latter and I should take it as that. He suggested I should also inform my family.

A few days later I was able to tell Bob. He said that the same evening of the dream he had walked out onto the porch of his home on Gabriola Island, which overlooks the sea. He had spoken a few words to the night air.

"James," he said, "I would

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DREAM TREK

by Linda Magallón



DREAM TELEPATHY

Telepathic dreams can be defined as dreams which involve the transfer of information derived from other than the five senses. In common usage, dream telepathy refers to the ability to pick up knowledge about either living individuals or an objective target such as a location or painting.

When you keep a dream journal, you can compare your dreams with current events and symbols. In fact, journaling becomes crucial to this type of dreaming. To track correspondences with telepathic information, you need a recorded copy of dreams which are titled and dated for easy access and cross-referencing.

Dream lab experimentation

During the late '60's a series of dream telepathy experiments were held at the dream laboratory of the Maimonides Medical Center in Brooklyn, New York. Several people were involved in that work: Montague Ullman, Stanley Krippner, Calvin Hall, to name a few.

Subjects were brought into the lab and hooked up to various devices, such as the EEG or electroencephalogram, to measure brain waves. Other electrodes were attached close to the eyes to measure the REMs or rapid eye movement, and some to the chin to measure muscle tension. Together, these devices would serve as indicators of different sleep states.

The subject's indicators were watched on a screen during the night by a scientist who was called the monitor. When screen data indicated that a sleep cycle was beginning, the monitor would signal another person, in an entirely different room. This person, called the agent, would start trying to "send" the target information.

Well-known art prints were used as the targets for these experi-

ments; the rationale being that they would probably contain universal emotional appeal. Each print was chosen using random selection procedures, sealed in a manila envelope, and given to the agent who would not open the envelope until it was time for the experiment. Then he would pull out the art print and do whatever he wished to try and send the information to the dreamer.

When the equipment indicated the end of a dream period, the monitor would awaken the dreamer. The dreamer would then write down his or her dream, go back to sleep and the whole cycle would begin again.

In the morning, the dreamer would be given eight art prints, including the target picture, and asked to rank the prints one through eight as to how close he or she thought they were to the information dreamt during the night.

If the target picture was rated one through four, it was considered a "hit". If five through eight, it was a "miss". All the information, including pictures and dream reports, were also sent to an independent judge or judges who went through a similar procedure. From the results thus attained, nine out of the thirteen major studies yielded "statistically significant" results.

Setting up a personal dream telepathy experiment

One needn't go to a dream laboratory to participate in a dream telepathy experiment, however. Ever since that time, at conferences and workshops, through periodicals and among individual dreamers, people have enjoyed dreaming to an objective target and I've enjoyed facilitating each of these kinds of projects. In this way telepathic dreaming becomes both a game and an opportunity to begin practicing even more comprehensive group dreaming skills.

It's one of the easiest steps that move us from viewing the dream as a private world to realizing our inherent interconnectability in the dream state. Most important, we don't have to wait for spontaneous synchronicity — we can set up the circumstances ourselves.

Only three items are needed for a telepathic dream experiment: a dreamer, a target picture and a "sender" to concentrate on the target picture.

Selecting a target picture

1. Pick a target picture which tells a story. Emotion is often the bonding connective to the target picture, so whereas a still snapshot of a bouquet of flowers may be lovely, the lack of action may not translate too well — that is, unless the dreamer is fascinated by flower arrangements! Thus it's also good to keep in mind the interests and preferences of the dreamer.

2. Keep the target simple, but not stark. Too much in the picture gives the dreamer more to grasp, but may also confuse the issue. Too little may be boring. Experiment to find the right combination. Try color as well as black and white targets.

3. Choose a single target. One night I chose a target picture, rejected, it, then chose another. The dream incorporated both targets. Nowadays I select several targets in advance of the sending date and place them in numbered manila envelopes which are chosen by the roll of the dice. If I'm involved in "double blind" experimentation, someone else will choose the targets for me.

4. Be aware the target includes everything on the sheet. One fascinating aspect of targeteering, which opens up some intriguing

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I believe that all dreams come with a healing intent, an intent and even desire for growth, for wholeness, for what Jane Roberts' spook, Seth, calls value fulfillment. All dreams tell us what we need to know about ourselves in order to move on to a more expanded more fulfilled version of that self.

But dreams tell us about two different kinds of truth and it's very important, in deriving the maximum benefit from our dreams, to be able to distinguish between these truths. One kind of truth has to do with our beliefs, attitudes and emotions. Our dreams are continually showing us what we think and feel, what we believe, what we're afraid of. Our dreams show us how we perceive ourselves and how we perceive others and the world.

These dreams are true dreams but they are only truths about our attitudes and beliefs, not truths about our basic being. The other truth that dreams continually attempt to show us is the truth about who we really are. These are the dreams that present to us powerful and heroic figures, wise and spiritual beings; dreams that show us that we can fly, that we're magical creatures. The form that these truths take could be powerful religious, mythological or archetypal figures. They could be powerful animals, spirits, objects or even places. Whereas most of us are willing to look at and work with the so-called shadow figures in our dreams, many of us shy away from accepting these more powerful symbols as also reflecting who we are or can be.

When it comes to nightmares or other fearful dream experiences, they are always of the first type; that is they are dreams about our beliefs and attitudes. Now some of you will tell me that you have had dreams that have warned you of real dangers or you know people who have had such dreams. I know of a number of such instances myself, of dreams that have saved people's lives. If a fearful dream tells you about a real danger, then isn't that dream a truth about the

WIZARDREAMS FEARFUL DREAMS & FEARFUL LIVES

by Bob Trowbridge

way things are? It depends on how the world really works. I would like to propose a radical view of how the world works and specifically how fear and danger work in the world. This is a Wizard's view of the world, a dream view of the world.

Ordinarily, when someone has a nightmare, I would say that the nightmare is telling that person about some fear that they have. Nightmares actually tend to be easy to work with. Through various types of dreamwork, it is possible to de-energize or transform frightening dream situations and characters. Usually, the dream never recurs and the individual is stronger for having confronted their symbolic fear. If the

frightening dream symbol or situation represents a waking fear, then facing that fear, even in a visualization, is an act of courage which changes your waking experience.

It's not too difficult to see how fears create fearful dreams in order to help us deal with our fears. But we still tend to believe that in waking life there are *real* dangers, dangers that exist regardless of our fear. My Wizardly world view is that the world is metaphorical, that it works in exactly the same way as dreams. In the metaphorical world no fear is real or justified, and no danger exists without fear to create it. Danger does not cause fear; fear causes danger.

This can be seen in the way that certain animals will respond to fear in humans. Scientists say that we put out powerful pheromones when we're afraid and animals can detect these. I think that we put out pheromones of the psyche all of the time, whether they're fear pheromones or bliss pheromones, and these psychic pheromones go out and build up over a period of time until they become powerful enough to create or attract the thing that we're energizing.

If you have a dream about an accident and then the accident happens, it's not simply a precognitive dream. It's very likely that you have been putting out energy to create that accident for a long time and it's very likely that your dreams have been telling you about that energy for a long time. The actual accident dream is simply the last in the series and its message is, "This is your last chance to change your thinking or your beliefs before this particular fear gets manifested."

We do not live in a fearful world because we live in a dangerous world. We live in a dangerous world because we are afraid. Both our personal world and the world at large are dream images that tell us what we're thinking, how we're feeling and what we believe. There's nothing more powerful that we can do, in



order find personal peace and global peace than to uncover and heal our own fears. When we are no longer fearful, there will be nothing to be afraid of.

The proliferation of weapons to insure peace is absurd. Weapons symbolize fear; the more weapons, the more fear. When we no longer feel we need to protect ourselves, we will no longer need protection. Look at some of your fear dreams and some of your waking fears; those that you're aware of. See if there isn't some way, even symbolically, that you can confront and transform those fears. There is nothing quite so powerful and yet so non-threatening as fearlessness.

Telepathy continued from pg. 12

speculation on the nature of telepathy, is that the dream can pick up information on the entire sheet of paper, though the sender is not concentrating on or even aware of it. For the dreaming mind, the target consists not just of a single photo on a newspaper, but also the remainder of the page and what is on the back of the sheet. A clear, one-sided image is the least confusing choice for a target, unless you want to demonstrate these possibilities to yourself.

Projecting the target information

The sender can try anything to concentrate on and deliver the information to the dreamer: act out the picture, have a mental dialogue with one or more dream characters, or repaint the picture. These two techniques I have found the most helpful:

1. Free-associative writing.

Simply put pen to paper and begin to write whatever thoughts come to mind as you gaze at the target picture. What are your associations to the day? What emotions come up?

This kind of writing serves five purposes for me: (1) I let loose the cares of the day and start to

concentrate on my night task; (2) I switch gears from linear language and begin to speak the vernacular of dream symbology; (3) the story that the picture conveys becomes more evident and vivid to me; (4) I become more aware of the many components of the picture: not just surface content but subtleties like the feeling tones, the juxtaposition of shapes, the most emotionally packed element, the strongest color, the movement of my eyes as they survey the picture; (5) my written record can serve as a basis of comparison for the upcoming dream report.

2. Memorizing the picture.

Look at the entire picture. Then close your eyes and notice the afterimage of the picture as it appears on your retina. Fill in any blanks from memory. Then open your eyes and try again.

Do the same for individual sections of the picture, especially those which are the most blurry and indistinct. Finally, bring all the elements together and view the picture as a whole.

I don't spend much time on this process — just a couple of minutes, because I know my own boredom with the picture can set up psychological blocks. If something creative occurs spontaneously, I go with that idea, knowing that in this kind of experimentation, intuition is the best guide.

Tips for the dreamer

1. Give yourself a break-time between day and sleep.

Create an atmosphere that will most encourage dreaming. Provide a peaceful place to sleep. Choose a time when you are not fatigued, in which you have not indulged in stimulants or heavy food. Have your notebook, pen and light available for recording the dream or use a tape recorder. Retire at a reasonable time.

2. Focus on the target.

Imagine yourself looking over your friend's shoulder as he or she gazes at the picture just before sleep time.

You can develop and repeat to yourself a single line affirmation, such as "Tonight I will dream about the target picture."

3. Sleep and dream. Trust your dream maker to respond to your request. If you don't get a dream the first night, try again. The dreamstate is free of time or space considerations, and the dream can appear on a succeeding or even a preceding night!

4. Record your dreams. As you write down your dreams, be sure and note from which level of consciousness your impressions came. Was it from hypnagogia (that period of flickering imagery just before you fall asleep)? Was it a voice as you awoke? A lucid or non-lucid dream? Was it a false awakening or out-of-body experience? Is there a special feeling tone or hue to the dream? Answering these questions will give you clues as to your best mode of operation as a telepathic dreamer.

Brother continued from pg. 11

really like to see you again, but if you can't come to me, you must see your brother, Dave. He really needs to see you."

He came, and I did see him. I was able to put my family's anguished doubts to rest by telling them that I had seen James and he was just fine. They intuitively sensed what had happened and simply took it for what it was — a visit. A great burden had been relieved for all of us. I have no anxiety when I think about it now. I dreamed that I saw him, but the sense of contact is far deeper than that. It was almost as if special permission had been given for him to briefly return and set things right. It literally put me at ease for the rest of my life. I know where he is — in a little room off a shady street with the music he loves. There is no doubt I will be with him again.

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Hellbent For Heaven:**LIFE BECOMES THE DREAM**

by Anthony Dubetz

Five years ago, driving home from a party, I was detoured into hell. Wrapped up in thoughts of the bitter argument which precipitated my premature departure, I was deep in its replay. That microdream, as Dr. J.L. Mitchell's *Out of Body Experiences* calls it, left my life's blood speeding along 50 m.p.h. unattended until I was struck with a terrible hit from behind. Lights from the diver's car lit up our hatchback. In the indulgent seconds of that self-righteous argument's memory I tried to get away but lost control of my own momentum. I screamed, hurtling down into the highway's ditch.

Well, that was five years ago. Today I woke up with a dream that showed me lying in the mud of a ditch. I've gone to a party today and now, on the way home I've asked my wife to drive (though not telling her why) so as to limit the possibility of my becoming my dream. I have even insisted we take an odd route to avoid duplicating that fateful night of blood and glass. There is a big argument about this new route while hurricane Gilbert is whipping up a terrible storm all about us. As we near home, the argument's memory dwells on me. But this time I look away to break the spell. Crash! A loud jolt slams into the car from behind just as it did five years ago. But there is no other car on the road. There is nothing to explain that sickening reentry into a nightmare that won't die — nothing but the devil who rode with the hit-and-run maniac five years ago. I knew we were going to attract him again when my thoughts tempted my life direction. This time I was ready and strong and beat him to the



punch. It was as if he could only kick the car in fury, not cripple us.

Carl Jung knew this in an instant one night while arguing with Freud. "...there was such a loud report in the bookcase, which stood right next to us," recounts Jung. (1) Jung said it was coming again. There was no reason for it to have happened in the first place; it came out of nowhere. And yet Jung knew it would happen again. It did.

Freud was chilled by the occurrence and was forever wary of what Jung knew of such things.

Though I do not pretend to have the savvy of Jung, I know now what I didn't know five years ago—that thoughts are like dreams. And, as my method of dream interpretation teaches one not to become one's nightmare, I am positive that thoughts should be treated the same way to avoid danger. I know. Believe me, when you are your thought and not yourself, you might as well be out of your body. And, such an unattended state of being is vulnerable to all that brings no good, be it from this world or the nether land.

1. Jung, C., *Memories, Dreams and Reflections*, Pantheon, 1973, p. 155.

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FIRST GRADE
by Kyle Houbolt

The walls of my room are painted
dark pink and the furniture is all pushed
together
because there is no heat.
I no longer dream
of the little fairy with magic wings.
I learn that my Daddy does not have
a million dollars.

Despite my huddled furniture
I dream of the bears
who roam about the dark air,
who have real bear claws
but also carry knives.
My big cousin William tells me
That's life
and puts a bandaid on my cut
so I will not wake up dead.

I learn I cannot sit with the garbagemen
who stop beside our house to eat their
lunch,
because even though they give me
a compact that says Alice
and a necklace of real pearls,
these men and their gifts
carry germs.

By now
the bright orange hole in the sky
is a star,
the grass has grown grey with stones.
I remember the bears
apologized with grave delicacy.
It was their job, you see,
to frighten, kill, draw blood.
Still, deep in the back yard,
beneath the snowman's corpse
the long green hose lies coiled
for spring.



dream drama:

An Effective Use of Dreams (Part 3)

by Harold R. Ellis, M.Ed.

Hank. Hank, a psychologist from California, came to the Center for Dream Drama in New York City to experience dream drama techniques after hearing about a demonstration session at the Association for Humanistic Psychology. He was willing to share his dream, and ran through the narrative.

Hank's Dream. *I'm standing on top of a high place, like a small mountain. Looking down on the scene below, I see my father wading into a stream. His footing appears to be unsteady, and he's floundering. I know he can't swim. I want to call to him to be careful, or to get out of the water, but the wind is blowing into my face, and he would never hear me. If I run down to rescue him it will be too late. I am agonizing over how to get my father's attention, when he slips and submerges. As I watch in horror, I see him get back on his feet, in water waist high, and in his outstretched arms he is carrying a large dead fish. I wake up frightened.*

Clarification. "My mother died recently. My brother and I have been pleading with him to retire, but he doesn't. We're afraid he's working too hard for his age. He really doesn't know how to swim".

The Dream Drama. A high pile of large pillows made an unsteady mountain, with our psychologist on top. A long blue-green cloth was the river. At that time we owned a big beautiful papier-mache fish and used it as a prop. Our oldest male was selected as Father. The dreamer played himself, as Son. The Son talked to the Father a while, giving the latter a good understanding of who he was, and his situation. It

was a simple, short scene, but Father played his role like a real mime, very expressively and seriously in trouble in the water. The rest of us waved in Son's face (the winds) and bunched up against the mountain, blocking the too-difficult long way down. When Father pulled the dead fish out from under the water (the cloth) he was almost in tears as he held it close to his chest. The Son was visibly affected.

The Feelback Go-around. The dreamer immediately asked the Father re-enactor what he had felt. "Like a fish out of water," was the reply. That did the trick. After a short silence, "Maybe I didn't understand," said the son. "I guess dad was trying to tell me something. It was I that couldn't hear him, not the other way around. Maybe my head was in the clouds, up there on the mountain. If he stopped working he'd be a fish out of water — a dead fish. I should have known that. Maybe deep down I did, or I would have at least tried to run down the mountain. I will call my brother in California tonight to tell him I think we should not pressure our father to quit his job."

We asked our new friend how he felt now. He beamed. "I guess I didn't tell you, but I was carrying a load of guilt. You know, acting it out really helped; it got me back into the dream. It wasn't just words."

Julia's Dream. Julia took the Director role in her Dream Drama some 15 years ago:

I have to cross a river, stepping on floating pieces of ice in my bare feet, to bring some pastries to my boy friend on the other side. It's difficult, but I don't mind doing it.

The Dream Drama. In those years we didn't ask clarifying questions, but went right into the Dream Drama. The Director selected the enactors for the roles, but did not take one for herself. My task was to play the dreamer's role. A jolly stout man was nominated to be the expectant recipient of the pastries on the other side of the cloth river. Nobody wanted to be ice floes, so to represent these we used small well-stuffed pillows with books on top. The rest of us got into our bare feet, and followed the leader across.

It was tough going, demonstratively unsteady underfoot, keeping our balance while holding platters (pastry trays) carefully upright. Our sounds expressed the cold and wet our feet were feeling. The boyfriend focused only on the goodies. He was a real glutton. Julia stared, said nothing, as the dream was objectified and her dream behavior became concrete for her. We exaggerated the scene by repetition.

The Feelback Go-around. We sat on our ice-floe pillows in a circle. First someone wanted to know specifically what were those pastries.

Julia: They were Danish.

Harriet: What's Danish?

Julia: (A pause) Oh! (A pause) I've been having an affair with a man from Denmark. And I've been ignoring some of my feelings about all I'm going through to keep his affection! It really feels treacherous and cold, and I wondered what it would be like living in such a climate. It really isn't as happy a relationship as I've been telling myself it is. I'll have to work on that one. Thanks.

Cynthia. Cynthia was not

new to group process, having for years been an active participant and facilitator of free dreamsharing groups. She wanted to learn Dream Drama, and shared several dreams with us. With some we used a conventional "interview" method, which is basically a one-on-one style within a group setting; and with others a true group method which I call "Rogerian" style. However, the times we used Dream Drama meant the most to Cynthia. I believe her career took a sharp turn after the following experience.

Cynthia's Dream. *I am at work, as the assistant head nurse in a ward of the psychiatric state hospital. Looking out the window I see the patients; they aren't doing what they're supposed to. I have a bull-horn, and through the open window I bark instructions at them.*

In the next scene I am cooking in the hospital kitchen. My supervisor, Mrs. Cassell, is watching me, making me nervous. I have a ceramic casserole in the oven, and it's time to get it out, but it's heavy and has a short handle which I know must be very hot, and I'm afraid of it.

Clarification. "It's very realistic, in that in real life I am the head nurse's assistant in the dream hospital, although I certainly don't know why I would see myself as a cook. The idea of shouting out the window to pressure the patients dismays me; it sounds like Nazi Germany. And yet, I wonder if I was feeling some sense of power. In fact, I'm under pressure myself to accept an advancement, which will put me into more administrative work, and less nursing. I guess the bull-horn scene shows that I'm afraid it will change me in ways I don't like. I'm struggling with the decision that must be made—up or out. It's so hard to decide!"

The Dream Drama. Cynthia wanted to be the Director, and asked a man to play the bull-horn scene, while most of us were the cowed patients. Cynthia showed no particular reaction. Then we played the

scene in the kitchen. Among our props we actually had a heavy earthenware casserole with a stubby handle. For re-enacting her supervisor, Cynthia chose a robust female group member, who enjoyed playing the "heavy" role (quite out of character for her!).

Cynthia was in the spirit of the play, and hovered near the "cook," giving instructions, but also showing a good deal of uneasiness, especially as the cook struggled to lift the vessel by the short stub of a handle, using a small towel to keep from "burning" herself. Cynthia said it was too dangerous, and that we ought to stop at that point. When the dreamer says "stop," we stop.

The Feedback Go-around.

The "supervisor" commented that she felt rather left out of the action; Cynthia dominated the scene. Cynthia agreed, saying she felt her supervisor was getting out of the picture in real life, anyway, and that was why Cynthia had to decide whether she would take Mrs. Cassell's position if, as she suspected, it was offered. The "cook" volunteered her feelings that the pot really wasn't too heavy for her; she could have managed it alright, except that it was too hot to handle. She was disappointed at Cynthia's ending the scene.

The Consultant's feedback was: "So the Cassell-role is too hot to handle?" That did it! Cynthia decided to leave the position.

Conclusions. It is ancient common knowledge that a picture tells more than a thousand words. Equally true is that a lived experience tells more than a thousand pictures. Within the few preceding examples one can easily sense that the dreamer who actively played a role in his Dream Drama (Hank) expressed a stronger reaction than the ones who were in the role of observing Director (Julia, Cynthia). Therefore, if the dream narrative run-through is clear and subjectively full enough to be enacted without much help from the Director, the Consultant may urge the

dreamer to take the lead role, and to turn direction over to the Consultant or someone else.

It is also common knowledge that we may more readily see someone else's mistakes and flaws than our own. This is the position we take when, as Director, we observe our dream objectified. In this event the insight may take longer to develop, and we often replay the scene to have the lesson sink in, as was done in Julia's dream and, to help the dreamer to re-own the dream projection, request her/him to take over a role temporarily, to show us exactly how it was in the dream. We fit the method to the dreamer, the dream, the mood of the group, the place where we are.

It is understandable that the reader may feel some frustration at not knowing precisely what some dreamers gained from the enactment experiences. Group members are often able to read between the "lines" of the drama, because of their knowledge of the dreamer. It is contrary to our method to ask the dreamer for a "debriefing," although naturally we would be very pleased to be told.

The above examples of Dream Drama worked on common, very ordinary interpersonal situations: transition period in parent's circumstances, decision whether to divorce, a career decision. The dreams brought into an ongoing dream-sharing group by its members reflect school or worksite, time, money or career management problems, romantic dilemmas, struggles to achieve independence or unleash creativity, and a hundred other affairs of the emotions.

Dreamsharing group facilitators would do well to consider adding Dream Drama or dream theatre to their group's customary practice. We would like to hear from dreamsharers who have experienced something of this sort. The play's the thing!

Harold R. Ellis
45 Satellite Lane
Levittown, NY 11756

For the past six years I have been teaching dream seminars and leading dream groups. I have also recorded approximately 2000 of my own dreams. From these experiences I have synthesized 10 dream principles which relate to common questions many people have about dreams.

The first principle is *All Dreams Have Meaning*. This principle is major because some people feel, "Some of my dreams have meaning and others don't." Or, "This dream is nonsense, and that one is meaningful." There have been articles written on dreams as nonsense and some of these articles imply that no dreams have meaning.

The reason I believe that all dreams have meaning is that every part of us has meaning. The conscious and the unconscious, the outer and the inner; each part is a reflection of the other part. The only reason a part would not have meaning is that we have not yet understood the language of that particular dream. We have not worked with it enough.

The second principle is *All Dreams Have Several Levels of Meaning*. The common mistake in beginning dream interpretation is taking the dream too literally. For example, if I have a dream with my mother in it, I may interpret her as my mother literally. This is one level and very valid, but not the whole picture. There are deeper levels: i.e. the "mother" aspect of myself, the feminine principle underlying the "mother" aspect and deep feeling instincts connected to the feminine principle. Therefore, it is important to look past the surface level of dreams.

The third principle is *Dreams Relate our Past, Present and Future*. We experience every moment as a part of our past, what that past means in the present and what the present will mean for the future. This same premise is evident in dreams. In the first two principles I discussed the meaningfulness of dreams. In this principle, that meaningfulness is placed into the context of time and

10 Dream Principles by Randy A. Wasserstrom, ACSW

how it relates to our lives. For example, we will often see people from our past appearing in our dreams in a current life situation. At other times we may dream about seeing someone we have not yet met and then actually meet them at a future time! In either dream, we have an opportunity to learn about ourselves in the present.

The fourth principle is *Dreams of the Same Night Have a Unifying Theme*. It is possible to remember as many as five dreams in a single night. The immediate feeling may be that they have related meaning. However, because we dreamt them on the same night, there is a theme weaving them together. This theme was precipitated by issues from our waking lives that we bring to this particular night. This process of connecting diverse dreams together is also a basic part of dream interpretation as a whole.

The fifth dream principle is *Most Dreams Have a Beginning, Middle and an End*. The exception is when we only remember a dream fragment, because with a fragment, there is not enough content to have a beginning, middle and end. With this exception, dreams have a plot like a short story. As in a short story, the beginning introduces the *theme* of the dream. This theme is elaborated upon in the middle of the dream and concluded at the end of the dream.

By using this plot/theme structure, we can decipher the flow of dreams more easily.

Dream principle number six is *Dreams Have Short Term Themes and Long Term Themes*. This principle becomes important when we have recorded many dreams over a period of time. There are evolving outer themes such as relationships, career and family, and inner themes such as self awareness, intuition and spirituality.

In one night we have one piece of a theme. In one week we have a larger selection, and in six months we have a much larger "piece." Six months is a good limit for looking at short term themes. Anything longer than six months can be viewed as a long term theme. For example, there can be short term and long term themes about relationships. What we can get is an overall theme about relationships that was drawn out by the little messages along the way.

The seventh principle is *The Deepest Meaning of Dreams Always Comes From Feelings*. The key is deepest meaning. Dreams are really coming from our feelings, our hunches, the intuitive side of ourselves. The more we understand our feelings, the more we understand our dreams. The more we work on the intuitive aspect of ourselves, the clearer our dreams will appear to us.

Dream principle number eight is *The Dreamer is the Only Expert on His or Her Dreams*. I have done several radio talk shows in which people call in and the host asked me to analyze their dreams over the air. It put me in the role of "expert." They shared a dream and I analyzed it because I was the "expert." What I told them was, "You're the expert on your own dreams, because these are *your* feelings."

In the old method you lie on a couch reciting your dream and there's a man in a tweed jacket saying, "Uh huh" a lot. Finally, he tells you what your dream means in terms of deep seated childhood complexes. He plays the role of expert and you play

the novice.

But we know our own feelings. Nobody else can tell us what we are feeling. That is a big part of working with dreams because they are so sensitive. If someone tells us what our dreams mean, there is often a defensive reaction. Therefore, we are the experts and are best helped by a questioning, not an answering, approach from others.

The ninth principle is *The More We Work on Our Dreams, The More We Understand Them*. This is a major theme when we first start working on dreams. The more we apply ourselves, focus and try to understand our dreams, the more we will understand them. It is a less clear process than an analytical, scientific approach. This is not A, B, C, D to get an end product. With dreams, it can feel like a murky process to the rational part of us even while the feeling part is opening up to more and more "Ah hah!" experiences. The key is if we put an effort in over time, we are going to understand our dreams and enrich our lives.

The tenth principle is *Dreams Are as Real as Waking Life*. This is a good controversial one. A lot of our culture supports the idea that sleep and dreams are "unreal" and that waking life is "real" life. If a child has a nightmare, a parent often says, "Don't worry, honey, just go back to sleep. It was just a bad dream," implying it was something not to worry about. However, the child is worrying about it because they know that dream was real! That feeling was real. Dreams, then, are as real as waking life, but they are a different kind of reality.

Waking life is a rational, concrete reality while dreams come from the non-rational, intuitive reality in sleep. We sleep between one fourth and one third of our lives. It is in this intuitive reality that we discover our deepest wisdom.

Randy A. Wasserstrom, ACSW, is a dream and astrological counselor in Raleigh, NC.

1st Lucid Dreams cont. from page 7

her first fantastic lucid dream has led to a rich and impressive lucid dream life.

Dave Jenneson, British Columbia

Around age four is the time that Dave remembers his first lucid dream. And though it seems somewhat melodramatic or prophetic, he notes that young kids do not have a large collection of dream symbols from which to draw.

I was walking along a road. It was dusty and led up and down over rolling hills. Odd trees dotted the dry, yellow grass which ran off to either side. There was a slight embankment on either side, as if the road had been cut into the earth. As I walked I noticed a dark shape, almost like a silhouette up ahead. As I got nearer I could see it was a man, a tremendously tall man, dressed in black and sitting at the side of the road. I am not sure but I believe he was on the left hand embankment. I knew he was tall and thin because even though seated on a two foot bank, his knees were almost higher than his head. His height was further empha-



sized by the tall, black cylindrical stovepipe hat he wore. He had a dark, cropped beard but no moustache.

I wasn't afraid of him. I told him I was tired of walking and wanted to stop. He said, "The road you are on is long but you must never stop. It is going to be very hard but you must keep going," and he pointed in the direction I was to go. I remember thinking that this wasn't fair. I was so little and my legs were so tired and now here was this man saying I had to go on, no matter what. I could see more hills ahead as the dusty road disappeared over the horizon.

I said, "Okay," or something like that and kept going. He remained sitting there like an angular black scarecrow. I was thinking that these were pretty serious instructions for someone as little as myself, and I wasn't too crazy about it. Nonetheless his instructions were clear and I kept walking.

Dave wrote that this dream has always stayed with him, and from that moment on, he assumed that everyone had lucid dreams like this. The seeming simplicity of the dream suggests interesting questions about age and dreaming; for instance, as we grow older, do our dreams become more crowded and complex with symbols and unresolved sub-conscious strivings?

For those dreamers, who have yet to have their first lucid dream, I suggest that they read a book on the subject like Patricia Garfield's *Creative Dreaming*, or Stephen LaBerge's *Lucid Dreaming*.

Lucid dreaming is a skill available to most everyone. Like many lucid dreamers, you will probably find that your lucid dream experience is linked to your lucid dream expectations. And the thrill and wonder of being conscious in the dream world can only be likened to the exhilaration that must be felt by any of the world's great explorers.

*Robert Waggoner
934 Brookridge Ave.
Ames, IA. 50010*

essentially Jungian book, drawing its primary principles from Jung's views on the role of dreams in psychological development. Indeed, Mr. O'Connor makes an especially powerful case for the validity of Jung precisely because he has taken such care in considering the strengths and weaknesses of Freud. Rather than positing a sharp and irreconcilable split between the two, Mr. O'Connor seeks to highlight the values in both of their theories, thus enriching our understanding of dreams all the more.

This even-handed treatment of Freud and Jung falters in only one place, when Mr. O'Connor asserts that Freud did not have any direct or important influence on Jung's psychology. Mr. O'Connor recognizes that his own book "could easily create

the impression, which some people appear determined to perpetuate, that Jung was a pupil of Freud. Nothing could be farther from the truth. They had independent careers, Jung's specifically in a mental hospital, where he developed his own individual views about the psyche."(6) I disagree sharply. Freud had a massive influence on the development of Jung's thought; Jung was very much a pupil, if not a disciple, of Freud's for close to eight years; and even after their break almost all of Jung's writings are on one level responses to Freud. Sociologist Peter Homans has written a book called *Jung in Context* in which he details this deep influence of Freud on Jung.(7) Incidentally, Homans has also written papers on Freud in which he shows that much of Freud's later works can be read as responses to *Jung*.(8)

Mr. O'Connor also makes

excellent use of the thought of James Hillman, perhaps the most prominent post-Jungian dream theorist. *Dreams and the Search for Meaning* is almost an introduction to the works of Hillman, as Mr. O'Connor discusses his ideas about *soul*, about the notion of "befriending" dreams, and about the specific techniques he uses in the exploration of our dreams.

Unfortunately Mr. O'Connor fails to use inclusive language in his book. He speaks of how "man is a symbol-forming creature," how "dreams have intrigued mankind since the dawn of time" and how "primitive man" views dreams.(9) As I have argued in these pages before, it is especially important that those of us engaged in the study of dreams use non-sexist, gender-neutral language in our writings: if we are working to effect a transformation in the ways that people view conscious-



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ness and reality, we must ourselves be responsive to new advances in consciousness. One such new advance is the recognition that the use of the word "man" to refer to all people implicitly depreciates the status of women.

Mr. O'Connor has succeeded in writing a fine introductory book on dreams. *Dreams and the Search for Meaning* is clear, well-researched, up-to-date, based on obviously extensive clinical experience, and open to the broader social and religious implications of dream interpretation. For anyone who wants a good introduction to the study of dreams in the Jungian tradition, I would gladly recommend Mr. O'Connor's solid work.

1. O'Connor *op.cit.*, pp. x-xi.
2. *Ibid.*, p. 40.
3. *Ibid.*, p. 71. For my own understanding of this point I am indebted to my friend Richard Heinemann and his essay "Freud and the Cosmology of Mind in *The Interpretation of Dreams*" (unpublished manuscript).
4. *Ibid.*, p. 55.
5. "Thus the censorship between the Ucs. [unconscious] and the Pcs. [preconscious]...deserves to be recognized and respected as the watchman of our mental health.... No matter what impulses from the normally inhibited Ucs. may prance upon the stage, we need feel no concern; they remain harmless, since they are unable to set in motion the motor

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NETWORKING

ASSOCIATION FOR THE STUDY OF DREAMS. 6th Annual Conference, University of London, July 25-29, 1989. Call For Presentations due January 20. Johanna King, Ph.D. Counseling and Career Planning, California State University, Chico, CA 95929-0702.

NEW ENGLAND DREAMWORKERS. Greater Boston/Cambridge area. Contact Dana at (617) 661-6615 or Dick at (413) 774-3982 or write *New Dreamtime*,

- apparatus by which alone they might modify the external world." Freud, S., *The Interpretation of Dreams* (trans. J. Strachey) (New York: Avon Books, 1965), pp. 606-607.
6. *Ibid.*, p. 45.
 7. Homans, Peter, *Jung in Context* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1979).
 8. Homans, Peter, "Disappointment and the Ability to Mourn, De-Idealization as a Psychological Theme in Freud's Life, Thought, and Social Circumstance, 1906-1914," *Freud: Appraisals and Reappraisals*, ed. Paul E. Stepansky (Hillsdale, NJ: The Analytic Press, 1988).
 9. O'Connor, *op.cit.*, pp. 16-19, 201.

Mr. Kelly Bulkley
1400 N. State, #5D
Chicago, IL 60610

Dick McLeester, PO Box 331, Amherst, MA 01004.

DREAMSHARING GRASSROOTS NETWORK. New York City area. Newsletter of local dreamsharing groups: \$5 for 4 issues to NYC Self-Help Clearinghouse, Inc., 1012 Eighth Ave., Brooklyn, NY 11215.

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SAN FRANCISCO BAY AREA DREAMWORKERS. Support Group meets monthly and provides support personally and professionally for members who pursue careers in dreamwork. Contact Jill Gregory, 29 Truman Drive, Novato, CA 94947. (415) 898-2559.

SETH DREAM NETWORK. Those interested in learning more about the activities of the SDN, please send a legal size SASE to: M.E. Mang, 226th Medsom, Box 188, APO, NY 09138 or Muhlweg #9, 6797 Knopp, W. Germany (for mail outside of U.S.).

WOMEN'S DREAM NETWORK. Women's dreams teaching yourself and others. For information send \$1.00 (postage and copying fees) to: Catharine Calder, 138 Country Club Dr., Florida, NY 10921.

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EDITH GILMORE, 112 Minot Road, Concord, MA 01742. (617) 371-1619. Ongoing monthly, lucid dream study group, telepathy experiments. Open to new members. No fees.

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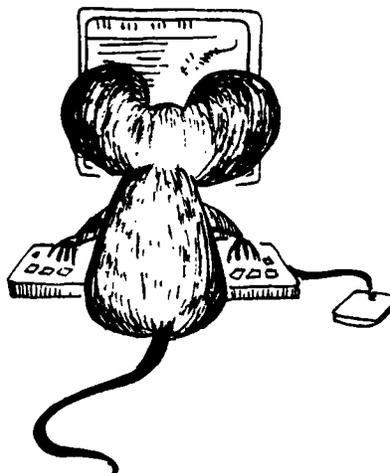
ROBERT LANGS, M.D., author: *Decoding Your Dreams* (Holt). Dream Group, Wednesday nights and more. Beth Israel Medical Center, NYC. (212) 420-4543.

EDGAR CAYCE Dream Group. Leon Van Leeuwen, 435 E. 57th St., New York, NY 10022. (212) 888-0552.

JUDY WINE. Brooklyn Dream Group open to new members, 883 E. 28th St., Brooklyn, NY 11210. (718) 338-1051.

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to DNB volunteers
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Kelly Bulkley, Norma Churchill, Jill and Bob Gregory, Suzanna Hart, Manny and Vic Magallón, Henry Reed, Kent Smith and our many fine contributors.



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RANDY A. WASSERSTROM, ACSW.

Dream Group, Monday nights, 3017 Leonard St., Raleigh, NC 27607. (919) 781-0562.

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12-STEP PEOPLE interested in forming a dream group, contact Tony S., P.O. Box 148006, Chicago, IL 60614. (312) 929-2083.

BRAD MAY would like to start a dream group in San Diego. (619) 546-0132.

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THE INNER WORLD OF DREAMS by Psychologist Dr. P.L. Pipitone, for beginning and intermediate dreamers, individual or class work, to explore dream formation, symbols, interpretation, and the many kinds of dreams, in easy-to-read style. 121 pgs. \$8.95. Dorrance & Co., 828 Lancaster Ave., Bryn Mawr, PA 19010.

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BASIC HINTS FOR DREAMWORK with extensive, annotated bibliography, by Jeremy Taylor, Dream Tree Press, 10 Pleasant Lane, San Rafael, CA 94901. 40 pages, \$3.

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WOMEN'S DREAMS for an anthology about healing ourselves, our planet, and all of our relations through our powerful dreaming process. Commentary about yourself and/or the meaning the dream has for you optional. Enclose SASE only if you wish response or dream(s) returned. Anonymity assured. Elizabeth Good/Dreams, P.O. Box 524, Santa Cruz, CA 95061.

DREAM SWIMMERS: Please send me any dreams of swimming, especially ocean swimming, or dreams in which the water is almost too shallow to swim. For possible article in the Bulletin. Anonymity assured if you wish. M.K. Flanders, P.O. Box 5267, Wakefield, RI 02879.

DREAM DICTIONARY. Wanted: Information on how to develop one. I have thought of cards, categories, alphabetizing. Anyone with good ideas please write. Ted Harrison, 951 Gladmer Pk., Regina, Sask. S4P 2X8. (306) 359-1871.

THE SELF-STEERING PROCESS: If your interpretation of a dream is wrong, future dreams will correct you. Have you experienced it in your own dreams? If you have, please let me know. Bob Gebelein, 438 Commercial St., Provincetown, MA 02657.

ADULT CHILDREN OF ALCOHOLICS: Have you had dreams which have been an important part of your recovery? Please share these dreams, along with your interpretations, for a book by and for ACOA's. Anonymity assured. Linda Bickel, 902 Tulip St., Apt. 4, Liverpool, NJ 13088.

DREAMS OF COMPUTERS, PROGRAMS, PROGRAMMING, LOGIC OR ILLOGIC sought by clinical psychologist. Include associations & circumstances in your life that helped illuminate their meaning. Write or telephone collect: Raymond Barglow, Ph.D., 2416 Russell St., Berkeley, CA 94705. (415) 540-0457.

MOUNTAINS AND BRIDGES: dreams wanted in which mountain or bridge imagery predominates, especially those for which you can provide a clear interpretation relating to your life. Tracy Marks, PO Box 252, Arlington, MA 02174.

DREAMS OF RECOVERING SEX AND LOVE ADDICTS sought by author for manuscript. Anonymity guaranteed. Karen Paley, L.C.S.W., Counseling Services, 60 Central St., Topsfield, MA 01983. (508) 887-5090.

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BOOK REVIEW by Kelly Bulkley

Dreams and the Search for Meaning, by Peter O'Connor (N Y: Paulist Press, 1986). 231 pp., \$8.95.

It's getting harder and harder to write genuinely original and innovative introductory works on dreams. There are a number of excellent books already on the market that lay out the basics about the reasons why dream interpretation is valuable, the historical background of dream interpretation, the fundamental how-to tips, the contributions of Freud and especially Jung to our understanding of dreams, etc. We thus have to admire the bravery of Mr. O'Connor for simply offering *Dreams and the Search for Meaning* into this very crowded field.

O'Connor deserves more than just our admiration, though, for he has written a truly thoughtful work that does a good job of introducing readers to what might be called a revised Jungian approach to dreams.

O'Connor, a resident of Australia who has written books on Jung and on the mid-life transition, ties both of these interests together in the present work. He says in his preface that "The aim of this book is not to provide some comprehensive or authoritative study of dreams and their interpretation. Indeed it is as much to do with psyche, or soul, as it is with dreams. It is fundamentally about the middle kingdom of dreams and the restoration of this realm of imagination to a legitimate position: the overriding concern is one of restoration, not interpretation..." The book is basically concerned with how to approach a dream and thereby one's unconscious mind, rather than how to interpret a dream.(1)

After outlining the history of dream interpretation theories from prehistoric times through the Middle Ages, Mr. O'Connor discusses the pivotal influence of Freud and *The Interpretation of Dreams* on the

West's view of dreams. This is the most balanced and insightful treatment of Freud that I have ever encountered in a popular book on dreams, particularly a book that derives its main inspiration from Jung. O'Connor not only gives Freud credit for pioneering the modern study of dreams, but indicates those ideas of Freud's which have continuing relevance for today's dream explorer.

While acknowledging that Freud probably exaggerated the universal importance of sexuality in dreams, Mr. O'Connor also notes that sexuality certainly continues to play a large role in many people's dreams. (2) Furthermore, Mr. O'Connor reminds us that our translations of Freud have obscured some of the important broader meanings of his ideas. While the German word *seele*, which Freud uses, has religious or spiritual connotations much closer to our word "soul," all translations of Freud render it as the much drier "psyche."(3) As a result, Freud has been unfairly criticized for an excessively mechanistic view of human nature, and the potentially religious implications of his work have been for the most part ignored.

The most significant feature of these efforts to renew our appreciation of Freud is Mr. O'Connor's argument that Freud's theory of dreams as wish-fulfillments may be compatible with Jung's view that dreams are unconscious compensa-

tions for the excesses of consciousness. Mr. O'Connor says that we may define "wish" as a desire, an incentive to action, and an inclination to do something; if we take the concept of wish in this sense, then, "one could reinterpret Freud's use of the term from wishful thinking to the more correct sense of wish-fulfillment. Are, then, the irrational contents of dreams that Freud focused on representative of material, thoughts, needs, and feelings that need to come into consciousness? Do they reappear in dreams in order for us to face them and integrate these aspects of ourselves into consciousness in exactly the same way that Jung talks of compensation? If this is so, then Freud's view of dreams as wish-fulfillment could be seen as the wish to fulfill ourselves, to complete ourselves, to move towards individuation in Jung's terms."(4)

I'm not so sure that this compromise works as smoothly as Mr. O'Connor suggests, for Freud often states that the censorship and repression of our unconscious wishes is a healthy and necessary thing for us, a position far from that of Jung.(5) Still, Mr. O'Connor has made an excellent beginning to what should prove to be a very fruitful reappraisal of Freud's dream theories.

All in all, however, *Dreams and the Search for Meaning* is an

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