

THE DREAM NETWORK

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In this issue Jeremy Taylor speculates about nightmares and the Nuclear Threat...Linda Ravenwolf takes us on an out-of-body trip....Tony and Hyone Crisp explore nightmares. Plus: Dreamwatch, Poems, Letters, Dream Calendar and sharing.

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Nightmares and Nuclear Menace

by
Rev. Jeremy Taylor

"There is a terrible storm. We struggle to the wheelhouse of the foundering ship, only to discover that it is filled with posturing lunatics who have left the wheel unattended. We are dismayed -- all this time we had supposed that the brave captain and crew were struggling to save us, using all their skill and seafaring experience to keep the ship afloat..."

A nightmare indeed, but one which, like most nightmares, depicts our true circumstances with metaphoric accuracy.

The recent ABC television film, "The Day After," was sadly lacking in emotional or even technical realism. The only scream of agony was uttered by a woman in childbirth, and the fictionalized survivors in Lawrence, Kansas, bore about the same relation to the actual survivors of Hiroshima and Nagasaki as a Hallmark Christmas card to the agony of death on the cross. In the media debates which followed, the remarks of MacNamara and the rest made it disturbingly clear that the men who have been responsible for the formulation of weapons policy in the U.S. have, despite their posturings, no idea about how to deal with the horrors those weapons have created.



But like all nightmares, the fear of nuclear war also places us more firmly in the true center of our lives and responsibilities. We must abandon the notion that we are being protected by our wiser and more informed leaders, and begin to look more seriously at what we must do to protect and save ourselves.

James Joyce said, even before the advent of the nuclear age, "History is a nightmare from which we are struggling to awake." Because the collective unconscious expresses itself in both the dreams of individuals

and the larger, collective dramas of world history we share as a species, Joyce's formulation of the problem can be seen as psychologically accurate, as well as profoundly and poetically true.

The collective nightmare of nuclear menace comes to us in essentially the same fashion as individual nightmares -- it comes as the culmination of a series of somewhat less gripping and horrific "dreams" which we have been able to forget, ignore, and repress. One thing that can be said of all nightmares is that they take the horrific form they

do in large measure to insure that they will be remembered upon awakening, so that their ultimately healing message will have a greater chance of being understood and acted upon.

All dreams come ultimately in the service of health and wholeness; and even the collective nightmare of nuclear menace is like the nightmares of individual dreamers in that it, too, has a positive, healing message to deliver. "What message?!?" you may well ask. In one sense, the answer to that question is so obvious as to be commonplace -- WE ARE ONE. The bomb unites us all in an ultimately "practical" way that reveals the pettiness and pointlessness of all the criteria we habitually use to separate ourselves into seemingly irreconcilable camps of friends and foes. In this sense, the solution to the nuclear dilemma is obvious -- humankind is one family, and we must act accordingly. Or, to put it into traditional Christian terms -- we must learn to love our enemies.

Indeed, this has always been the solution to our collective problems, proclaimed by all the great world religions and ethical philosophies over the millennia. However, in the present era, what was a rarified spiritual knowledge shared among only a few highly developed men and women has been turned into common knowledge by the horror of our increasingly sophisticated nuclear, chemical, and biological weapons technology.

Continued preparation for technological war that can only result in wiping out humanity (and all the other complex, warm-blooded species besides) is as clear a metaphor of collective suicide as we have yet developed. If such preparation for self-destruction were undertaken by an individual, it would be easily recognizable as the hysterical desire to make self-destruction seem "inevitable" and "unavoida-

ble," in preference to facing the necessity of growing and changing and letting go of outmoded ideas and self-images.

In dealing with the nightmare of nuclear menace, it appears we must adapt many of the same therapeutic strategies we would use in dealing with the dreams and self-destructive waking decisions of an hysterical potential suicide. We must gently and firmly raise to consciousness the repressed contents which are themselves the "cause" of the nightmares, as they struggle to express themselves in the homeostatic, "compensatory" activity of dreaming. We must also address with calm authority the hysterical wish to die rather than change. Most importantly, we must redouble our own efforts to come to grips with the increasing complexity of the truth as we encounter it ourselves, in our own lives -- giving up our own outmoded notions, and modeling the process of growth and change for our more frightened and repressed neighbors.

The appearance of imagery connected with the nuclear menace in the dreams of individuals regularly reveals a fear of change.

I worked recently with a woman who is employed, none too happily, as an administrator in a temporary "manpower" agency. She dreamed that her supervisor came to her with an advertising scheme focused on an image of the business world after the bomb, featuring a picture of executives in suits and ties laid out dead from nuclear radiation, in rows on desk tops. In the dream, the woman argued vehemently against this advertising scheme, speaking her mind more fully and forcefully than she would ever have allowed herself to do in waking life. However, when she worked with the dream, she realized (with the undeniable "aha!" that is the only reliable touchstone of dream work) that at one level

the dream depicted her strong but unadmitted desire to quit her job and become more autonomous and independent.

At this level, the "aftermath of the bomb" was an image of her fear that if she were to act on her repressed desires to speak her mind and express her feelings more freely, perhaps even quitting her job and becoming self-employed, her "world" would become as "barren and inhospitable" as the world after the bomb.

And yet, at another level, the dream clearly depicted that part of her life which is already "barren and dead," despite the seeming economic security provided by her job. In this sense, the message of the image of nuclear holocaust is the same at the level of this individual dream as it is at the level of the collective: "It is time to grow and change!"

The image of the world devastated after a nuclear holocaust points to changes in individual and collective social relations that we must accomplish if we are to survive. We must make changes in our lives and habitual ways of acting and relating that are as radical and complete as the changes the nuclear holocaust would bring.

Such changes appear to be inevitable. Either we will bring them about through the suicidal self-deception of nuclear "accident" and war, or we will bring them about consciously and voluntarily in order to save ourselves from that ugly fate. Time and again, work with individual dreams of "the world after the bomb has fallen" reveals that image as metaphoric of the deep need to sweep away the restrictive and self-deceptive social roles and relations with which we paralyze our lives, and to build our lives anew.

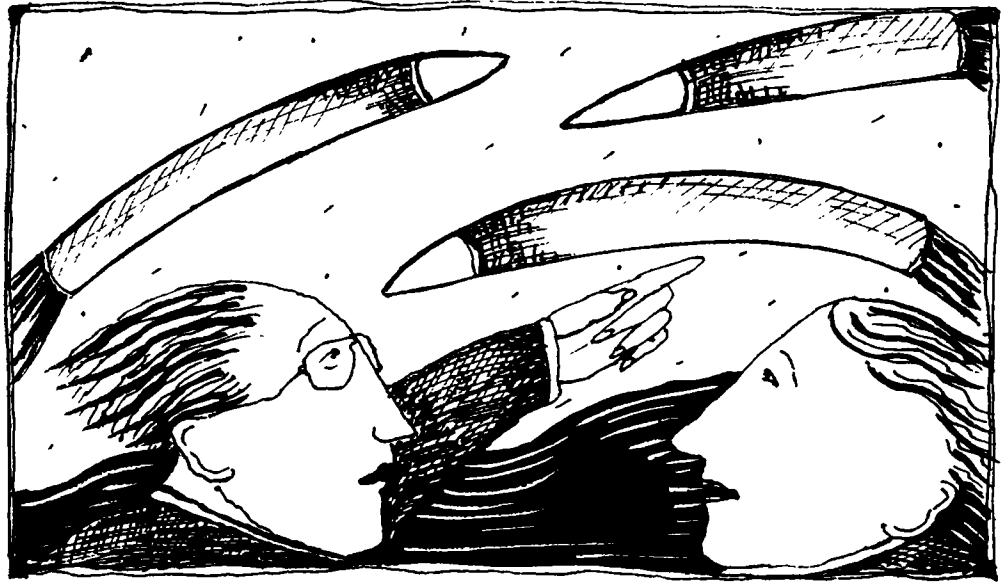
At a collective level, the nightmare of nuclear menace reveals once again the ancient truth that death in dreams is

always associated at a deep level with the growth and transformation of personality and character.

Although it is still too soon to say with certainty, I strongly suspect on the basis of experience that the woman who dreamed about the advertising campaign for "life after the bomb" may soon discover new energies and new creative possibilities for action in her life, if only because -- as a result of her work with her dream -- she has begun to call her feelings by their right names, and to reclaim the energies that she was previously wasting in ritualized, repetitive dramas of fear and avoidance in habitual social role relations.

We must all cultivate the courage to call things by their right names collectively as well, even when highly charged community feelings are involved. For instance, when President Reagan recently denounced the truck bombings in Beirut as "cowardly," he was asking us to channel our real feelings of grief and anger into deceptive political forms. Obviously, many derogatory things may legitimately be said of the fanatics who drove the trucks loaded with explosives into the Marine compound and Embassy Annex, but calling them "cowards" is not one of them. It is worth remembering that the last time "peace-keeping forces" occupied American soil, during the War of 1812, U.S. citizens engaged in similar suicidal "heroics," and we have erected civic monuments to their beloved memory.

We are one, and to indulge in self-deceptive, rhetorical emotionalism about how different we are from our supposed "enemies" is finally only to invite the suicidal self-deception of total technological war, in the repressive effort to resist growth and fuller recognition of the common human condition we share with even our most implacable



ble foes.

Since dreams and working with dreams inevitably puts us more in touch with our self-deceptions, dream work itself offers not only a structural paradigm of the consciousness-raising and reconciliation we must accomplish, but also provides one of the best practical methods we have yet discovered for achieving genuine, supportive, growth-promoting, mutually respectful human relationships. My on-going work in hospitals, prisons, and mental institutions suggests that such relationships can be established through dream work, even with and among lunatics, thieves, torturers, and murderers. Simple reflection will demonstrate, I believe, that in a world where weapons of global, suicidal destruction are in the hands of all, the establishment of such relationships offers the only security possible.

We have manufactured the collective nightmare of nuclear war for ourselves in order to scare ourselves into growing and taking the next necessary step in the development of the consciousness of the species. Dream inspiration played a crucial role in the scientific and technological break-throughs which led to our nuclear capabilities in the first place, and the creative

energy of dreams may be brought with equal effect to the service of peace and human reconciliation.

In closing, let me offer only one small but vitally important example: Mahatma Ghandi was inspired by a dream to call for the first nation-wide hartal, or religious general strike, in India after the close of World War I. It was effective. In a matter of days the violence decreased dramatically, and the infamous Rowlett Acts were rescinded. Since then, the religiously inspired general strike has become perhaps the single most powerful tool of collective non-violent action we have yet discovered.

The nuclear nightmare is deeply menacing, but it comes to us, like all nightmares, for the purpose of awakening us to what we can become if we accept our true humanity more fully and take the next step toward individual and collective maturity.

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Increasing Awareness in Dreams

by
Linda Ravenwolf

About two months ago I began paying close attention to the changes my consciousness undergoes from waking to dreaming. On two occasions, this alert passivity led to out-of-body experiences. In one, there was no preceding interval of regular sleep. I reached the clear, open focus of consciousness that follows the hypnagogic phase, and simply rolled out.

As I rolled out, I felt a great sense of freedom, and I hopped around the living room thinking, "I did it!" I was an energy cloud of colored sparks, in shape roughly congruent to my physical body (a psychological convenience, I thought). I seemed to be walking just above the floor, and couldn't feel anything, but I could see very well.

I ran into the kitchen, just for the fun of it, then back to my bed to gaze at my body. I felt an affection for it, similar to the affection I feel for my pets, but with more curiosity. Humorously, I thought: "Poor thing, just lying there."

Some part of me decided that I should learn something as well as have fun, and a mirror appeared before my face. I knew that I was looking at my self-image rather than a direct reflection. It revealed distortions, doubts about my self-worth, that I needed to clear up. These were pictured as dark splotches on my chin and cheeks, and a misshapen nose. At this point, I spun off into deep dreaming and brought back no memories. I hope I learned something that will surface sooner or later.

After a few weeks of observing the changes in my consciousness as I fell asleep, I noted them down. The first phase, of



course, is the settling down phase. I go over the events of the day, replay conversations, feel good about what I did well, agonize over my errors, and plan the next day. I used to try to cut this phase short, but now I believe that this daily assessment is important. If I don't let the day have its say, it'll keep interrupting. Also, if there's anything we can understand while awake, we don't have to spend dreamtime on it. The more aware I've been of the day's events, and my inner responses to them, while living them, the shorter this phase. Often, it only lasts a few minutes.

As I let go of the day, I suggest to myself that I'll remain alert as my body falls asleep. (The mental stance is the same as the one in which I tell myself to wake up five minutes before the alarm goes off.) Then I enter the second phase, the hypnagogic, in which miscellaneous images come and go. Without the suggestion to remain alert as my body falls asleep, this phase leads to ordinary dreaming.

It's almost a shock to enter the third phase. At some point, the hypnagogic phase just stops. The first time this happened, I was surprised at the suddenness. My consciousness, which had been drifting, observing faces, land-

scapes, and unidentifiable configurations, became clear and empty. I could compare it to jumping off a diving board. I had no sense of weight, and my mind felt open, somehow expanded, as if it had no definite boundaries.

This in-between state is delicate; from it, I either fall "awake" again, or go straight into dreaming with my awareness intact. Right now, I can't maintain this degree of awareness for long, but I hope to sustain it with more practice. Consciously entering the dream field is the last phase. This entails an out-of-body experience or a lucid dream. Either could turn into ordinary dreaming at some point, depending on the dreamer's skill and purposes (and his "unconscious" purposes as well).

As I continue observing these changes of focus while my body falls asleep, I've been adding specific pre-dream exercises. I've developed a definite, but flexible, pattern which depends on inner guidance for direction.

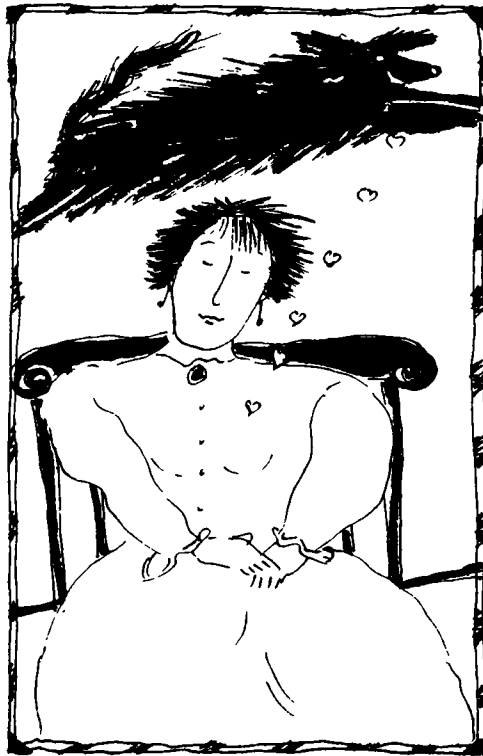
The main pre-dream exercise is to enter the dream landscape before I fall asleep. I form the landscape either by actively creating it or by allowing it to form spontaneously, depending entirely on what feels right. If I find myself forcing a scene

that keeps changing into a different scene, I become receptive and observant; but if I find that I can consciously create a scene with ease, I go ahead with it. At present, thirty percent of the time I find myself in the pre-dream scene after I begin dreaming.

Other pre-dream activities (which I've been doing for a while) include: contemplating an affirmation; contemplating a situation in which I need more information; or focusing on my heartbeat, visualizing love released into the world with each beat. Often, I feel impelled in a certain direction: toward children, the ill, or those who feel powerless, toward animals, the earth, world leaders, a particular person, or my own family. There are many variations, and I usually don't plan my pre-dream activities. When I do, I change them if my inner direction so indicates.

One impetus for increasing my awareness in dreams is my interest in the "Inner City" project of the Seth Dream Network. The project consists of creating a "platform in inner reality; a safe place for travelers," "pleasant, recognizable roads for out-of-body travelers to follow," an "inner level of freedom that gives you access to far more information than you usually have," etc. (Conversations with Seth, by Sue Watkins, pages 227-31.)

When I first heard of this challenging project, it immediately aroused my sense of adventure and my desire to learn more about my own being and the nature of reality. Also, it has added a new dimension of purpose and creativity to my dreamwork. Imagine meeting with others in dream reality and working on creative projects together -- a fantastic idea! If you, too, are interested in this project, you can get more information from Lenore Jackson, Seth Dream Net-



work, 720 Olive Way, Suite 1616, Seattle, WA 98101. We are exchanging dreams, ideas about the Inner City, and methods for meeting there.

Can we form collective experiences in inner reality as well as in outer reality? Since we're not used to doing this, it'll take time to find out. But perhaps we can learn, firsthand, whether lucid dreams are confined to our subjective minds, or whether they are valid out-of-body experiences in other fields of reality.

Experientially, I believe that the "regular" out-of-body takes place not in physical reality, but in an area or level very close to it. This area is more quickly amenable to thought; and self-created images, such as my mirror, are common. Yet it is close enough to the physical to allow us to perceive it clearly, so clearly that we may not even realize that we're out-of-body until we try to interact with the physical. This happened to me a few weeks ago. I got out of bed and tried to turn on the light (it was dim, but not dark), and my hand kept going through the

switch. Realizing I was out-of-body, I got excited and ran into my son's room. He was out-of-body, too, and I picked him up, and said, "Do you know we're dreaming? Let's see what we can do." He seemed surprised. "Just watch the window, and see if it changes," I said; and it did. It became a door, and as soon as we walked through it, the experience turned into an ordinary dream. Although my memories and sense of being out-of-body were quite clear up to that point, he didn't remember any dreams the next morning, so I was unable to verify whether he was actually with me or not.

I've found that I can combine my ideas of the Inner City with other dreamwork. For example, one night I wanted to focus on the Inner City, but I also wanted guidance about a business risk my husband and I were considering. I'd been feeling very anxious about making the right decision.

As I relaxed, the image of a park-like area in the Inner City came to mind then I saw a large flat rock, and I got the idea that it was located on a coordinate or energy point, an excellent place to ask for guidance. I imaged myself sitting on the rock, meditating, and continued this as I fell asleep. While imaging, I also affirmed that all the information I needed was readily available and would come into my awareness.

My dream: "I'm walking in a park. I come upon a depression in the ground, and it's full of beautiful rings of all kinds. I stoop to examine them and pick out a silver ring with a large, light blue stone set between two smaller stones of the same color. I examine the other rings, but come back to this one. Light blue isn't my favorite color, I think, but this ring seems perfect. I want it very much, and I put it on. Should I just keep it? But where does it come from,

and how much does it cost?

"I look up, and twenty feet away I see a small, cottage-like house, partially hidden by large trees. Several friendly people, two men and a woman, are joking in the doorway. I know that these people make the rings. One of the men is leaving the house. I put the ring down and go to meet him. When he sees me, I say, 'I really like your work. I want the ring with the blue stones in it. How much is it?'"

"We walk over to where the rings are, and he picks up the ring and just looks at me. I pull some money out of my pocket, and ask him again how much it is. He shakes his head. I understand that money won't buy it. What will buy it, then? He smiles at me as if I should know. This confuses me for a moment, then I say, 'Okay, I'll accept peace, then.' He smiles and hands me the ring."

Though this wasn't a lucid dream, it was a successful dream. The next day, two days before we had to make a decision, I looked for that shade of blue in my surroundings every time I felt myself getting anxious. During my quiet time (or meditation), I visualized clear, light blue energy filling my head, heart, and body.

It worked. When it came time to make the decision, my husband and I were able to consider all aspects of the situation without unsettling emotions, and our decision became self-evident. My previous anxiety had been needless. The Inner Counselor was right again.

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Nightmare

by
 Hyone and Tony Crisp

Darkness...a sound suggesting danger...in the murk something touches you obscenely...you run...but doors are not thick enough to keep it at bay. The unknown...your muscles not powerful enough to fend it off. You scream and wake cold and shaking. Thank god it's only a dream, you say with a relief as tangible as a clasped bosom.

Where do the fears come from which lie hidden in the darkness of sleep to haunt us in our dreams?

I remember a night when I woke screaming from the grip of hands round my throat; hands on a corpse that had risen from the tomb; hands connected with a face on which the flesh peeled, and eyes glazed in the long dead body borne from the grave.

We all have our own particular terrors in our sleep. Is yours a ghost which beckons, or a rainpaging mad thing like loosed insanity which hunts you in the night? Or it could be an apparently ordinary person or place which yet contains for you extraordinary threat and fear. Perhaps you see your children killed as you watch helpless -- or even know the world is ending and there is no safety anywhere.

The prize fighter, Sugar Ray Robinson, on the eve before his title fight with Doyle in 1947, woke from a nightmare in which Doyle died from a punch. As he woke he could remember hearing the crowd shouting, "He's dead...he's dead!!" Sugar Ray tried to postpone the fight, but

was told he was being foolish. In the seventh round Doyle went down and never rose again.

Sugar Ray's nightmare did not deal with fantasy but with a truth. Although only a tiny percentage of dreams exhibit such fearful predictions, nightmares are nevertheless truths not fantasies. They portray a reality about ourselves which we are usually otherwise unaware of.

A woman in her fifties told me that since childhood she had been troubled by a recurring nightmare. In it she walked down a street near where she lived as a young girl, and passed some railings. There appeared to be nothing obviously awful in the dream, yet she always woke crying and fearful. In her early forties she told her elder sister about the dream. The sister said that when the dreamer was about three they had been attacked by a group of boys. To stop them the sister had said her mother was dead. At this the boys had left them, but the dreamer had been badly shocked.

Since the time of hearing about the childhood incident from her sister the nightmare ceased. This indicates that her troublesome dreams were an attempt to make her aware of a part of her past. A more useful description might be that a part of her nature -- the unconscious -- has information and experience of which she is not aware. The nightmare is an attempt to integrate what she unconsciously senses but may never have defined or put into words. This description applies in general to all our dreams. It shows them as a link between the distant opposites of our nature, harmonizing the deep unconscious biological functions, memories and intentions, with our conscious everyday social self.

But however clever, theory does not explain the depths of horror and emotion nightmares involve us in. If a nightmare is a truth, just what unknown hones-

ty is shown in the particular monsters of our own dreams? Let's take a nightmare apart piece by piece and see if we can find some answers.

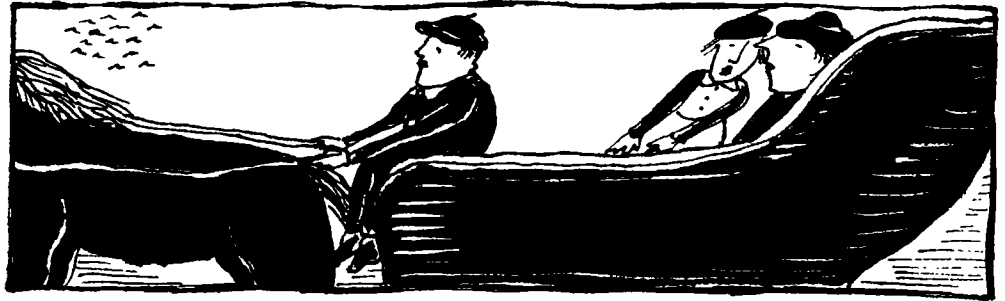
Here's one a woman relates:

"Last night I had a dream/experience which shook me somewhat, and I wonder what you make of it. I am a mature 41 years old, don't normally dream, and am not unduly fanciful, but this dream has shaken me. It felt like death.

"In the dream, my husband and I are at some sort of social club. The people there are ex-workmates of mine and I am having a wonderful time and am very popular. My husband is enjoying my enjoyment. Then he and I are in an open horse-drawn carriage travelling down a country lane. It is very dark and in the area where we used to live. We come to a hump-back bridge, and as we arrive at the brow of the bridge a voice says, 'Fair Lady, come to me.' My body is suddenly lying flat and starts to rise. I float and everything is black, warm, and peaceful. Then great fear comes over me and I cry out my husband's name over and over. I get colder and slip in and out of the blackness.

"Then I start to wake up. It takes a tremendous effort as my body is very heavy. I am extremely cold and absolutely terrified, with a feeling of horror. There seems to be something evil here. I force myself to get up in the dark and go downstairs. Even with a light on I still feel the presence of great evil."

Here a woman reveals a great fear. The first part of the dream and what she says of herself shows her as having an outgoing, happy disposition. She enjoys the company of people, they enjoy her, and she is most likely a good looking woman and healthy. Her dream image of



herself is created out of her own confidence and pleasure as a female.

Dreams frequently summarise the quality of one's life, and the "story so far" is such a first scene. It is against such an opening that the following scenes, whether in a dream or film, gain their quality.

The second scene is made up of several factors such as a journey; relationship with her husband; nature and its energies in the horses and countryside; and a place of change and the unknown in the bridge and voice. In understanding what truth this shows of the dreamer, the vital clues are what she has said about herself and what she felt in the dream. If one strips away images to see what attitudes or emotions are exposed, one sees the forces which create the dream plot. So the vital fact is that the dreamer said, "...it felt like death."

If we take the central image of the dream, the hump-back bridge, and add it to what she says about her age, the approach of death makes sense. When one approaches a hump-back bridge one always ascends, but at the very brow, a decline begins. And isn't that a powerful symbol of life, which in our younger years is an ascension of our strength, our ability to meet life with resourcefulness and independence and of our sexual nature? At middle age the process of decline begins. One crosses over, as with a bridge, from one type of experience or view of life to another. The natural forces of our own being, seen here as the horses, propel us toward this

change.

The beauty of the dream, its depth and drama, however, are portrayed in the voice and the feeling of death. They tell us something not of one woman's struggle and loneliness, but of every woman's inner life. For in the very middle of her life and ability a woman may confront death in a way few men do.

"Fair Lady," the voice of death calls, "come to me." Come to me with your health and vigor. Come with your body full and rounded by the forces of femininity in you. Come with the richness of childbearing. Come with a beauty which like the petals of a flower are ripe and colourful with life from the forces of sexual attraction. Come and I will take them away.

For many women, perhaps most, their sense of value as a person arises largely out of having the qualities we call female attractiveness. To lose whatever it is that makes them sexually desirable, socially popular, and makes men bond to them, would mean the end of the life they know.

This is what makes the dreamer call for her husband, and feel he is not with her in her dread. At such a time a woman needs reassurance and love. At such a time she may carry with her an aura of indecision, even decay. She may subtly deflect the advances of her man out of her own feelings that he does not want her, even though in fact he does. But, from her point of view, she feels like a flower whose perfume has disappeared and whose petals have dropped off.

Fortunately we are not plants; and human personality, even though reared in identification with what the body looks like, what it can do, what sex it is, what age, and how others react to it, can grow to mature independence. Identifying herself as the young, attractive woman who holds the man because of what she offers him as a sexually nubile female, she invests the changes of middle age with evil emotions and dread.

Some people create such horror movies in themselves about leaving school or taking exams. When it comes to it, middle age is just another part of life, with as much potential for growth and love as any other part -- or as much room for failure. The woman's fear, then, is of what she dreads middle age might do to her, not an intuition of her future. The revealed truth is her terror of where the loss of youth might leave her.

Nightmares can arise out of any aspect of our past, present, or future for which we feel anxiety or strong emotions. For instance, a male reporter who was interviewing us about our work ended by asking what the meaning was of a nightmare he had experienced that night. In it he was walking arm in arm with his wife across fields, followed by his four-year-old son. Looking back, he saw his son fall into a small but deep hole. He ran, but his child had disappeared beneath water in the pit, and he wondered whether to jump in. Then his son was out of the hole, his heart faint, but still beating.

The man was anxious in case his dream predicted some dire event which might claim his child. The original scene, however, was marital togetherness, and we said the dream was about a recent threat to his marriage. Astonished, he agreed his marriage had hit a bad time. "But", he said, "why did I dream of my son?"



In the dream the son represented what had been created by their life together. The interesting points for us were that the symbols linked with real life events. We felt that the dream action of the man running to help the child showed how deeply he cared for the family unit, and how much of himself he was willing to give to save it. That the child in the end had survived, demonstrated another function of dreams. From all the information and past-experience it holds, our unconscious can shrewdly sum up in a dream the likely outcome of present situations.

In this way the dreamer, having explored even the most disturbing of his emotions, came to the conclusion his marriage will survive.

Thus nightmares are a helpful part of a healthy person's dream life. A woman whose husband was leaving her dreamed she opened a trap door in the floor and stench came up from something she felt was evil. At the time of the dream she was suffering severe and prolonged depression. The stench shows all the emotional pain and rottenness underlying her marriage break-up, and causing the illness.

Later, as the illness disappeared, she dreamed she opened the trap door with pounding heart, but there was no vile smell. Instead, light and warmth arose. She could hear people, and saw a normal business running -- a bank!

The negative feelings which caused her illness are transformed into real assets and energy -- the bank. Energy, like money, can be used either destructively or creatively. The dream gives a clean bill of health, achieved by actually opening the trap door, and meeting the corrupting emotions and attitudes she had within her.

Just as we learn to swim by gradually facing and overcoming our fear of sinking, so we learn to love, be creative, successful or expressive by meeting in our dreams and in life the fears which hold us back; the fear of losing our mother, the fear of being alone, the fear of ridicule, the fear of being neglected, fear of the dark, and the fear of failure. All these are anxieties we can meet and pass beyond in some degree in our process of maturing. But there is no final boundary to our growth. So if you dare to mature further, you are bound to meet a few nightmares. If you do, risk seeing what truths they state about yourself. What have you got to lose except fear?

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BOOK REVIEW

by
Edith Gilmore

Jeremy Taylor, Dream Work, Techniques for Discovering the Creative Power in Dreams. Paulist Press, 1983.

In her forward to Dream Work, Ann Faraday points out that Taylor sees dream work as being much more than a tool for individual self-awareness. He believes that such work can bring about the inward changes that may overcome the alienation that lies at the heart of our personal, social, ecological and planetary ills. But the book is by no means a sociological tract. Taylor draws richly on myth and history, as well as on many dream theories, with special emphasis on Carl Jung.

In an historical chapter on the universality of dreaming, Taylor draws on his experiences as a minister and dream worker to assert that there is, in fact, no difference between the dreams of normal people and those of disturbed individuals. The latter can no longer, on this basis, be rejected as essentially less than human.

By belonging to a dream group, people develop not only community among themselves, but they also lose the prejudices that stand in the way of social change and attain creative insights in how to actually achieve such alterations.

After some very practical advice on dream recall and recording, Taylor goes on to suggest methods of understanding one's own dreams, illustrated by interpreted dreams of his own.

After suggesting some very ingenious techniques for dream groups to use, Taylor discusses community dream work, with mention of the Sausalito group, and the role of dreams in non-technological cultures.



A controversial chapter argues that all dreams are multi-layered and that all major schools of interpretation are valid. The problem, as Taylor sees it, is that the adherents of any one school tend to think their method yields a total explanation.

The author lists many of the elements that he believes are present in every dream and suggests that a dream fragment is a kind of hologram of the complete dream. Erotic imagery in dreams, he says, has a traditional connection with spirituality, and a thorough discussion of the Jungian archetypes shows how they relate to both personal and societal life.

An interesting chapter delves into the mythical-historical shift from matriarchal to patriarchal culture and the implications of this for present-day life. Finally, a section on lucid dreaming offers practical suggestions for inducing lucid dreams with examples from Taylor's own experiences.

The book concludes with one of the most extensive and useful annotated bibliographies on dreams and dream work that you can find.

A reader new to dream work might wish to begin with the practical advice sections of the book, but the scholarly portions, which are never ponderous, should be of interest to many readers, both lay and professional.

Tony Crisp, The Instant Dream Book, Spearman, 1984.

This book is based on exten-

sive dream work by the author and his wife in England. Though its title might suggest that it is one of those naive "dictionaries" in which you look up your dream image and get an instant meaning, it is, in fact, a serious work and by no means promises immediate illumination. Presumably, the title comes from Crisp's feeling that so much pioneer work has been done that if we use appropriate techniques, the road to understanding has become more quick and easy than it used to be.

The first eight chapters are extremely down-to-earth, with emphasis on dreams as they aid in personal adjustment and in attaining health. An interesting point is made about the connections between dreams and our habits.

Like Corriere and Hart, Crisp recommends a very close observation of the reactions we have in the dream itself: the feelings experienced, the modes of functioning, psychic attitudes and behavior, such as whether the dreamer is active or passive in the dream. Very specific step-by-step questions to ask oneself are included in these chapters as are the implications of the answers. All this material is illustrated with many examples from actual dreams. The steps are nicely summarized with a commentary at the end of the book.

An excellent chapter deals with nightmares and how to cope with them. It also discusses the role of fear in human life in general, a topic that should be of interest to many people in today's world.

There is a fine description

EDITORIAL

of a dream work technique based on what the author calls the "key word." By using many examples, he shows how to interpret a dream by working with the key word, a strategy that many readers will find interesting and useful.

Succeeding chapters deal with dreams as they relate to sex and physical health. Crisp also describes his "co-ex" method, a technique for purposely letting the unconscious with all it has to offer us "break through" into waking life.

The last two chapters are called "New Dimensions of Your Mind" and "Finding Your Spiritual Life." As the titles suggest, they deal with many varieties of consciousness, though never lose sight of the dream as a potential connection between us and the cosmos. Crisp gives some fascinating examples of his parapsychological and transcendent experiences and insights. Relationships and possible relationships between dream life and traditional religious systems and concepts are explored in depth. According to the author, the ultimate ideal is spiritual -- the dreamer as the fully realized, aware and integrated person.

Like the Taylor book, this is a good one for those who are just beginning to do dream work. But its detailed descriptions of techniques and its scholarly, religious discussions are wide-ranging and should be of interest to all who love dreams and work with them.

Edith Gilmore
112 Minot Road
Concord, MA 01742

Edith Gilmore, a writer/dreamworker, is graciously providing book reviews for DNB. She has a PhD in literature and languages from Northeastern U.. [both books reviewed here are available for \$9.95 each, postpaid, from DNB]

This issue (Vol. 4 #1) marks the beginning of DNB's 4th year. To those who have stuck with us through the changes (let's say "improvements") I'd like to say thanks. To those who recently joined; welcome!

DNB's main function continues to be helping/encouraging people to work with their dreams in small groups, in journals, with "dream buddies", over the phone, whatever. If you want to be active in dreamwork, DNB can help:

- find a dream group in your area if it exists or help you start your own group
- give you the names of other nearby DNB people
- help you start a dream journal
- sell you books about dreams (books we recommend we also sell)
- generally encourage, share with and connect you to what's happening in the dreamwork movement through articles, letters and events. DNB is also a place to share your own dream experience.

You determine what appears in each issue. So share, share share! There are no experts in this field, except yourself with your own dreams.

Thanks for donations of \$25 or more for this issue to:

The Metro D.C. Dream Community, Dean McClanahan,
Kay C. Greene, PhD.

There will be two benefit workshops for the DNB this Spring. See Dream Calendar for details. Montague Ullman will lead an experiential workshop of his methods (we have a few of his books available for sale, please inquire), and Kaye C. Greene will lead another (detailed information available). Participation will be limited to 20 each so reserve a place now.

Dale Gottlieb's illustrations have recently appeared in The New York Times, MS. Magazine, Sports Illustrated, and The Society of Illustrators Annual. Congratulations, Dale! Someday we may even pay you for your labors.

Due to space problems in this issue, our advisory board was deleted. They are still with us and will appear intact in the next bulletin. Also arriving too late for inclusion was this announcement for a dream group: On-going Dream Group

Wednesdays, 7:30. Contact:
 Michael Robbins
 96 Elm Street
 Somerville, MA 02144

Please don't forget Connie Dehard's Prison Dream Network (see page 17). If your group, or you as an individual want to "adopt" an inmate by paying for his/her subscription and functioning as a dream-buddy, please write Connie for details.

We need your help! Because we operate on a shoe-string budget, members take publicity into their own hands by sharing sample copies (\$2) with friends, relatives and others, by plugging DNB to local newspapers or radio programs, and generally pushing the thing however possible. Our only money is from subscriptions and an occasional benefit workshop. Most of the new subscriptions are member-generated. That is the heart of a network. It must be self-sustained through individual efforts.

Have you fallen asleep yet? Enough of this stuff and on to some sharing. I'd like to tell you a story from my own dream life:

Three years ago in March of '82, I had two dreams in one night that changed my life. Here they are:

"Dad is driving this truck -- backing it into a loading ramp in an old house. I would like to direct him but he doesn't want advice. He comes in so quickly that he misses the narrow opening and knocks off a tire on the corner of the house. In several other harried attempts, he smashes up the corner of the building. He then approaches me furiously, blaming me, but his anger doesn't faze me."

Dream #2:

"I am tied up by a couple of hooligans in the basement of our house. I escape and smash my way up the stairs, lock the door and throw things down to keep them at bay. They suddenly change into a young boy who continues trying to get upstairs. I keep him down, but realize that I can't keep this up forever. Maybe I need to get to know him a little better."

I had been dogged by nightmares about being chased for years. Recently I had begun a difficult dialog with my Father about our relationship that brought up feelings of anger, abandonment, and assorted "childish" emotions almost like temper-tantrums. The first dream reflects my witnessing of these feelings without becoming controlled by them. Although outwardly the dream appears negative, it was a positive reinforcement of my continuing dialog with Dad.

The important clue is in the second dream: the metaphor of these hooligans turning into the little boy....for years I was unable to express some deep grief I had experienced in a difficult family situation. The hooligans were my fears at acknowledging this little boy within me. Finally, through talking with my Dad about this "little boy" without feeling controlled by the strong emotions involved I was able to acknowledge my grief and share it with him. My "chase dreams" generally stopped. My relationship with Dad improved dramatically. We became friends again. We talked and shared together in ways I'd never thought possible.

At some level generally hidden from my waking awareness, healing images are being presented to me. My personal healing metaphors. More than just a camera recording unconscious events, they brilliantly, persuasively present my life to me with all the drama necessary for me to then take action.

Publishing the DNB is one way that I thank my dreams for all they have shown me. Thousands of other people have had similar experiences of revelation and healing. Through the sharing of these experiences we may grow to understand ourselves so well, that the painful perceptions which now tend to separate us may eventually dissolve.

Chris Hudson
487 4th Street
Brooklyn, NY 11215



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DREAM NETWORK BULLETIN
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Deborah Hillman
Tony Crisp

ILLUSTRATOR:
Dale Gottlieb

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487 FOURTH STREET
BROOKLYN, NY 11215
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DREAM CALENDAR**FREE!!**

This Dream Calendar is space made available to subscribers* at no charge to publicize dream-related workshops, groups, books, and generally to make contacts. Write your information on a postcard and send it well ahead of time to:

DNB Calendar
487 Fourth Street
Brooklyn, NY 11215 (or call)
718-499-2776
 *[subscriptions are \$15 a year]

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Benefit Workshops

There will be two benefit workshops given to raise money for the DNB this Spring:

The first will be in late March, 10 to 4, a dream workshop with Dr. Montague Ullman, date and place to be announced. For further details contact the DNB.

The 2nd will be Sunday, April 28, a one day workshop with Kay C. Greene, PhD, 10 to 5, place to be announced. Both workshops will be \$40. Contact DNB for info:

[see Chris' Editorial also]
Dream Network Bulletin
487 Fourth Street
Brooklyn, NY 11215
718-499-2776

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Brooklyn Dream Community

March 20: Spring Equinox Ritual conducted by Barbara Shor. 7:30
 April 23: Poem out of Dream, a workshop with Caroline Kandler.
381 Atlantic Ave
Brooklyn, NY 11217
718-858-2237

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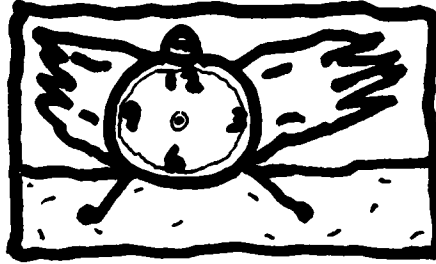
Dream Psychology Northwest

We are an educational center focusing on dreams. For a listing of our many programs, write:
1602 East Garfield #B
Seattle, WA 98112 or call:
206-325-6148

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Dreams: New Frontiers

A one-day seminar sponsored by The American Academy of Psycho-



analysis on March 9, 1985. For further information:
Am. Academy of Psychoanalysis
30 East 40th Street
New York, NY 10016 or call:
212-679-10016

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Dream Group

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

Margot McCain
Sheridan Street
Portland, ME 04101

-----**-----

Would anyone like to join a mail network using "planned" dreams and comparing notes?

Carolyn McDonald
3912 205A ST
Langely, BC Canada
V3A 2A3

-----**-----

Introductory Dream Course

Cal-State Hatward Extension, Spring term, 1 credit. Meets Saturdays, April 4, May 6.

Also:

Individual, Group Dreamwork
Fred Olsen
1872 Via Barret
San Lorenzo, CA 94580
415-357-0482

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Dream Group Forming

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

Bob Zindorf
3105 Hillrise Drive
Las Cruces, NM 88001

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Looking for a Group

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

Lee Lane
10260 Plainview Ave #32
Tujunga, CA 91042

-----**-----

Isolated Dreamer

I am an isolated dreamer! I need a group in my area or am willing to start one.

Don Tereno/609-346-9783
9B Chelsea Garden Apts.
Stratford, NJ 08084

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Weekly Dream Groups

We use Monte Ullman's method.

7:30 Sundays
9:15 Fridays, \$15 a month
Ellyn Cowels
1003 Rivermont
Lynchburg, VA 24505

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Ongoing Dream Group

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

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

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Dreamworks

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

Linda Ravenwolf
PO Box 80582
Fairbanks, Alaska 99708

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The Dream Connection

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

Jeanne Cairo
1675 East Kent Drive
Aurora, CO 80013

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Practical Dreaming

Ongoing classes in dreamwork offered by:

Will Phillips
PO Box 17431
Orlando, FL 32860
305-293-6330

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Dream Appreciation Group

We meet at the Summit Unitarian Church on Mondays at 7:30 PM. Contact:

Abby Davis/273-8693
412 Morris Ave #45
Summit, NJ 07901

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Dream Group

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

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

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Dream Group

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

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

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A.R.E. Dreamgroup

We meet regularly every Monday.
 7PM

Leon Van Leuwen
435 E 57th, #12-D
New York, NY 10022
212-888-0552

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Dream Interpretation Courses

Several levels of dream interpretation courses:

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

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Dream Group

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

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

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Dream Craft

Quarterly newsletter on dreams, articles, events and workshops. Recommended! Send \$2 for sample:

Suzanne Keyes, Editor
PO Box 61960
Virginia Beach, VA 23462

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A Journey of Self-Discovery-
Art in Exploring Realms of

Dreams and Imagination

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

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On-Going Dream Group

Gayle Delaney
337 Spruce Street
San Francisco, CA

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Dream Realizations

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

Henry Reed
503 Lake Drive
Virginia Beach, VA 23451

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Dream Workshops

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

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

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Ongoing Dream Group

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

-----**-----

Dream Group

Lloyd Schwartz
1192 Flower Lane
Wantagh, NY 11793

-----**-----

Dream Group

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

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Metro DC

Dream Community

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

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

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Lucid Dream Experiment

Lucid dreamers interested in sharing their experiences in the lucid state are invited to participate in the Lucidity Project of the Seth Dream Network.

Linda Magallon
Lucidity Project
1083 Harvest Meadow Court
San Jose, CA 95136

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The Dream Group Experience:

Personal, Clinical

Psychohistorical Applications

Presented by J. Donald Hughes, Paul H. Elovitz, PhD, March 30-31, 1985 (Sat and Sun), \$150 (\$135 if paid by March 1st).

Paul H. Elovitz, Director
Psychohistory Forum
246 Highwood Ave
Ridgewood, NJ 07450
201-444-5792

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Dry Country News

An excellent collection of thoughts on evolution, altered states, desert gardening, dreams, etc, with an emphasis on the Southwest. Published quarterly by a worthy publisher/editor. Samples, \$2.

Dry Country News
14250 N. Hwy 85
Las Cruces, NM 88005

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ASD Newsletter

The Association for The Study of Dreams holds an annual conference (this year's will be held in Charlottesville, VA, on June 19-23) and publishes a quarterly newsletter. For further details:
ASD

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

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Readers of The Seth Material

Bi-monthly newsletter, Reality Change (2.50 sample), annual conference. An excellent collection of material experientially based on Jane Robert's writings. Highly recommended. Dream material.

Maude Cardwell
Austin Seth Center
Austin, TX 78712

LETTERS

TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editors,

I'd like to say how much I've enjoyed the publication over the last year. It's a unique and valuable source of information and makes me feel, when I receive it, that I belong to a limitless, spiritual community.

Michelle Plunkett
83-02 Cornish Ave 4-K
Elmhurst, NY 11373

Dear Editors,

I dream a lot and because I write about my dreams in poetic form I have learned much about my hopes and frustrations. I usually use the "right brain" method for writing, to see what comes out in clustering. I find that writing about my dreams in poetic form is a marvelous method of coping with negativity, because my dreams as a rule reflect negative rather than positive feelings and are usually bizarre.

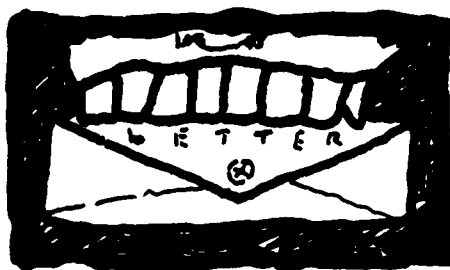
Have others found this idea as useful and as fascinating?

Mennet Jacobs
14706 carolcrest
Houston, TX 77079

Dear Editors,

I had owned my Kaypro 2x computer for two days (long enough to have plunged into the green unknown) when I had the following dream:

"I am sitting outside with my girlfriend watching some sort of theater al fresco. Babies are rolling off the eaves of a small nearby house but land safely, giggling, onto large pillows. The audience at one point begins to call out something inaudible to one of the actors. It is clear that this person is in fact part of the performance. Finally, after several unsuccessful attempts



at understanding him, the actor on stage sharply announces that the play is over.

At that moment, from a small swamp about 50 yards straight ahead, comes an enormous Frankenstein monster slurping out of the muck and walking directly toward the audience (we are seated in the front row, of course). I feel almost terrified as the monster approaches, and lower my head, close my eyes and pray for whatever it is to be over quickly. When Frankenstein literally passes over or through us, I realize (in the logic of the dream) that he was a hologram. The knowledge came as a swell of peace.

Suddenly, again from the swamp, another monster arises, this one a huge Stegasaurus. With the knowledge that it, too, is completely harmless, I remain in my seat as it lumbers up to the audience, singles me out and brings his great green face right up to mine. I bring my face out to meet his and we remain that way for a while, my nose brushing his snout. It very quickly becomes a "play" that we're engaged in, and I begin to feel an intense sympathy for this green dinosaur, as though we are old friends, long separated and finally reunited.

The last thing I remember is the audience beginning to chuckle behind me, enjoying the scene as much as I am."

Since then, I've had several dreams in which animals appear for whom I feel a deep, almost unsettling kinship. What strikes me most about the dream recounted above is the dramatic shift from fear to sympathy. By the way, I'm

writing this on a computer.

Brian Hickey
763 9th Avenue
New York, NY 10019

Dear DNB Folks,

Please find enclosed my renewal of subscription check. Your collective dedication to this enterprise is evident; DNB is getting better and better. It's an important part of my life, living as I do, on an island rather far from cultural groups of people with similar interests. My sincere thanks to all of you.

Linda Campbell
PO Box 945
Friday Harbor, WA 98250

Dear Editor,

After many years of lucid dreaming (afternoon naps mostly), I started to experience more states similar to astral projection -- normal bedroom environment with dream elements, including one scary awakening in a different place. I sometimes felt like my body was convulsing or my teeth were chattering. I was sure it wasn't the physical body.

One day I thought I was awake and was ready to get up after an uneventful nap. I found I couldn't move. Then I felt a force in my stomach near my solar plexus. It went around and around and made me nauseous. Then it shot up and out through the top of my head. It hurt. This was followed by a strange astral projection experience and another force which didn't hurt quite so much. When I awoke I felt sick and the top of my head was sore.

I've experienced this a few more times, sometimes with a feeling of great "acceleration". It didn't hurt after the initial time. The idea of losing one's virginity comes to mind.

I don't think these experiences are simply astral projection which feels more like a click in the head or a slight sinking feeling in the stomach. From what I've read it could be

Kundalini or something similar. The literature on this is pretty scary but I haven't noticed any drastic effects.

Does anyone have any ideas or similar experiences?

Gabriele Strongoni
3103 E. Palouse River Dr.
Moscow, Idaho 83843

I've enjoyed reading your bulletin. But it hasn't added a whole lot to my knowledge of dreams and how to use them. I guess I was pretty experienced and comfortable before I even saw your publication. I hope your bulletin helps others to get as much out of their dreams as much as I get out of mine. You have a worthwhile cause.

Suzanne McKay
401 East Harvard #12
Glendale, CA 91205

Dear DNB,

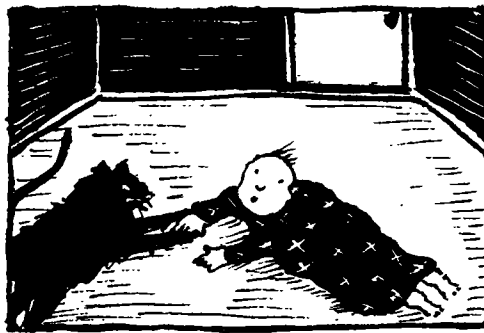
Thank you all for being there! So often, while working on my dreams, I have been discouraged by the difficulties of interpreting them. It is comforting to know there are so many who take time to share their views.

Recently while bringing some of my own research up to date I rediscovered some important messages. The following is one example:

"I am upstairs in a small dining room -- two couples are leaving as they have finished eating. My book, "Living your Dreams", by Gayle Delaney, is in the center of the table. I am surprised and pleased that they are reading it. I hope they will read it more often."

This past week I made the decision to make my research one of the focal points in my life. The following night I had two dreams:

1) "My cat is going out the door. He is now my baby -- he is in pain, stung by a strange bug with



a blue feather for a tail. I quickly step on it. Someone tells me he did research."

2) "My friend Kathy gets up to dance. Her arm gets caught on the back of her partner's neck. She hesitates then quickly sits down. We all have our hands up and ready to clap. Everyone feels bad. They don't clap -- I think they should have.

I am holding a pearl necklace that you get for subscribing to a writer's magazine. The tiny pearl inside is over to one side -- that means it helps your dreams. The necklace with the pearl on the other side helps your thinking. I think I will get this one."

My first reaction was: OK, drop the research, it's not for you. The next day my fingers were cramped from writing (obviously not giving it up) and I thought -- oh, it was telling me about the pain.

By the end of the week I got a warm, knowing kind of feeling. The work is painful but don't give up! And I won't.

Marie Jennings
PO Box 892
East Falmouth, MA 02536

Report From a Turkish Dreamer

Dear DNB,

These days I'm working on a dream-telling terminology which might be useful if we consider that people dream alone and have some difficulty telling to others what they dream. Dreaming is a universal process but the dream universe offers a large variety

of experiences. I think it's time to use some common key-words to help proper communication in dream groups. There are dreams in which you're "on the scene", there are some you just watch, and another kind in which you're both on the scene and in your seat, as if you were watching a movie and its biggest star as well. Here are some examples:

-Dream A: Dreamer is lost in the dream world. She feels that there's no link with the wakeful state. Completely belonging to the dream universe, the dreamer doesn't know where she is, so she may think that she's awake. In this case, there's no watcher so there's no feeling of watching a movie, so she may be terrified. There's no story! The dream is just as real as waking life! I think this is the deepest experience. (When I have this kind of dream, I feel I'm in a different dimension of reality as a stranger. There is no story. I'm still lying on my bed but can't move. So much energy is needed to move and to leave this specific state. This is interesting in that in this kind of dream there seems to be a sexual motive: A strange creature is often trying to make love with me. I'm a male and so is he -- it might be an unconscious homosexual tendency on my part. He can move my body as he likes but I can't see him. I think he's too ugly, he doesn't want to show himself. I feel a very good feeling in different parts of my body, almost everywhere. It's much more fulfilling than wakeful love, but I try to persist even though I feel he's a bad creature. He gives me bad vibrations so I hate him. He's disgusting! He tries to calm me with my dog which has been dead for two months. It is cold, inert. I hate the dog, too. At last, with telling prayers and great energy, I move my body so that I can leave the dream.)

-Dream B: Dreamer isn't playing a

part in the dream, but is a witness, maybe in a different costume. This kind of dream might be watched comfortably. But who is watching the dream? I think that it's not the wakeful me, but something independent of the conscious state. Maybe another self...

-Dream C: Dreamer is in the dream and also watching it, too. There's little difference between "B" and "C".

We can use the movie terminology when we tell our dreams. Surely dreams are much more real than movies but the fact that both are "watched" and there's no other thing as similar to a dream leads me to think that such words as "close-up" and "flash-back" might be useful.

Thank you for reading, I wish you all success and happiness!

H. Ercan Arisoy
Portakalcicegi 4/3
A. Ayranci, sondurak
Ankara, Turkey

Dear Chris,

My personal thanks to you for your effort in bringing the DNB to us. I have been more than pleased with this publication and feel it has further stimulated my interest and broadened my contacts. Upon my initial contact with DNB, I began a devoted effort towards the study of my dreams. I soon encountered a major stumbling block, and became frustrated almost to the point of abandonment of my study. The problem: I found it extremely difficult to remember my dreams on a consistent basis. Through the DNB I was contacted by a man who was almost fully responsible for my success in dream recall. I'd like to thank him for the wealth of information he provided me with for a mere \$2. I suggest to any readers who have found dream recall difficult to contact Henry Reed and share in his sim-

ple but effective techniques. I'm pleased that I'm now able to recall two or three dreams a night with little effort.

I have had an interest in dreams since I was eight years old, and have recently begun to pursue this interest, fueled mainly by lucid dreams. I first heard of them while reading Carlos Castenada's books and became engrossed in the idea. I've recently read more on the subject, including, "Dreams and How to Guide Them", by Hervey de Saint-Denys. I have experimented with lucid dreams with some (not overwhelming) success but it still continues to be my main motivation for dream study. I would be interested to hear your thoughts, or your staff's, on the subject. Doesn't the very idea of guiding your dreams void the validity of interpretation? This question has puzzled me as have read many personal experiences [with guiding dreams] published in the DNB. I would appreciate any input on the subject if you could find the time.

Keep up the good work and please continue to provide us with a medium for correspondence vital to dreamers.

Curtis Petersen
5510 Holland Drive
Arvada, CA 80002

Dreams and Divorce

Dear Editors,

Dreams alluding to divorce often bring forth an emotional response.

A woman, age 28, married 3 months, had recurring nightmares. Her dream:

" I awaken, it's dark outside. I get into my car and drive down the highway. I come to a bridge. As I pass onto the bridge and approach the center, it collapses into the river. At this point I awaken terrified, having a difficult time catching my breath."

Questioning revealed her nightmare began within a few days

of her marriage. I suggested she examine her marriage for possible problems. She insisted there were no problems. Several months later, while shopping, I met her again. I asked, "Are you still having problems with your nightmare?" She replied, "No. Not since I filed for divorce!"

Bridges often represent transitions, the means by which we pass from one state to another. The single state to the married state is an example. Recurring nightmares or dreams, as a general rule, can be eliminated by taking action of some kind. Do something you are not now doing or stop doing something that you are now doing.

Another woman, age 39, married 4 years, dreamed:

" There is only a voice. I don't see anything. The voice says, "You are going to get a divorce! I immediately awaken feeling depressed."

Her attempts to interest her husband in mutually seeking marriage counseling failed. She told me, "Divorce is inevitable."

Several months after my own marriage, I too experienced a similar "voice" dream which followed me through my 9 years of marriage. It ended only when my wife and I separated and subsequently divorced. This dream always left me with a feeling of disappointment. Carl Jung believed the "voice" in dreams revealed a truth or condition that cannot be doubted.

I would like to hear from those who have had this type of dream experience.

Dean M. McClanahan
PO Box 8143 Jewell Station
Springfield, MO 65801

Dear Chris,

I heard about your bulletin in the Seth Newsletter -- I love the way the ideas are being presented in such conscious and exciting ways through publica-

tions such as DNB. We have a dream group in Portland, Maine which has been active for over a year. I've shared the newsletter with the people in it and to a meditation group I'm in. I'm looking forward to coming issues of the Dream Network!

Margot McCain
53 Sheridan Street
Portland, ME 04101

Dear Chris,

I wanted to say how much I enjoyed the Nov/Dec issue: I agree with Lynn Hallam [Letters: Nov/Dec] that it's nice to see more sharing from readers -- we need a balance between these and the "pro" articles. Having been a newsletter editor for years, I am fully aware that the amount of "sharing" one can publish depends entirely on how much the readers send!

It's fascinating to read other people's dream experiences, and I hope P.A.S. will recognize that in DNB it's "safe" and she needn't conceal her identity for fear of ridicule. (Although caution in one's daily life does seem necessary). As an example: for many years I had a recurring dream in which I "discovered" several extra rooms in a house I was living in -- I was always very pleased to find all this extra room that was "all mine" and it wasn't difficult for me to analyze this dream even then. I was trapped in an unhappy, restrictive marriage and definitely needed more room. After this marriage ended, so did the dream -- after 9 years of living alone quite happily. I recently remarried (again quite happily). But not long ago, I had that dream again. I am not particularly worried about it -- I am having a certain amount of difficulty adjusting to a double harness again after 9 years as an independent career girl -- but I consider this normal and the dream only a reflection of the process of adjustment. But: while I would

share this dream with DNB, I certainly don't plan to tell my husband about it! This is why DNB is so important, it brings together people of like mind whose interest in these very personal revelations is objective rather than judgemental. So three cheers for all your good work, Chris!

Carolyn McDonald
3912 205A Street, Langely,
B.C. V3A 2A3 Canada

'85 ASD & ARE Dream Conferences

Dear Editors,

The 1985 Association for the Study of Dreams (ASD) convention will be held June 19-23 at the University of Virginia. Several outstanding speakers have agreed to make presentations at the convention and acceptances have been received from prominent dream workers to lead experiential workshops on Tuesday and Wednesday, June 17-18, before the convention begins. These workshop leaders include Dr. Montague Ullman, Dr. Patricia Garfield, Dr. Arny Mindell, Dr. Stanley Krippner, Dr. Phyllis Koch-Sheras, Drs. Van de Castle and Reed, Drs. Delaney and Flowers, Strephon Kaplan Williams and Anne Wiseman. Their workshops will emphasize a wide variety of approaches to dreams such as body work, Jungian techniques, Gestalt dialoging, telepathic sharing and collages. Most workshops will last for two half-day units and the cost will be \$50. The fees for the workshops have been standardized so that the fee for each half-day unit is \$25., regardless of which workshop is involved. [There are many other exciting details which cannot be detailed due to space] For further information on cost, housing and other details, please write:

ASD '85
Bob Van De Castle
6 East, Blue Ridge Hospital
Charlottesville, VA 22901



Prison Dream Network

by Connie Dehard, Coordinator

Many thanks to the following individuals and dream groups who have sent donations or subscriptions for men and women in prison:

Gerald O'Connell
"One Possible Human"
Blanche Pollock
Chris Hudson's Group
"Dreamweavers"
Ronald Otrin

Special thanks to:

Al Bouchard
Human Achievement Foundation
PO Box 1668
Asheville, NC 28802

Al has kindly offered to analyze and give dream associations to prisoners who request them. This service is offered free to inmates who wish help in understanding their dreams.

I would like to share with you a portion of a letter I received from inmate Diane, because it really pertains to everyone who has contributed to The Prison Dream Network.

"I want you to know that your efforts are tremendously needed and appreciated by prisoners like myself who are attempting to constructively redirect our lives. The support, concern, and help of people like yourself are truly helping to bring more light into our lives."

Thanks to all of you. Please keep sharing your light with men and women in prison in 1985.

Connie Dehard
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POEMS

Wood Floor Dreams

1.

i have come upon the visage again
of crows at four flying across the
winter moon

of wolves watching shadows on the flowing dark

of faces brushing the older trees

2.

i sit near the vacuum of sleep

i run with my kin to the snow forest where
words rest as from a long journey

3.

somewhere turning in the river
of winter

these few
with their lives

sing in the rush
of water over smooth stones
leaving their names

on our mantles
at waking

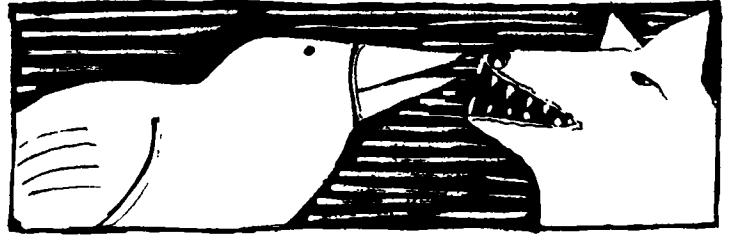
Moth

what falls before us like snow
does not remember its own

light returns from a long
journey without its brother pain

for no reason upon waking we find
our questions

hanging from the
old
sky



Sleep Watch

you enter the areas beyond veiled light
there is in your attitude a calling of entities

the heavy darkness bears up
giving you a boundless void
and at once

oblivious to summer and the moving
webs
you
drift toward the child
within you sleeping

Flock

across the road
ice huddles against the trees

there is only a whisper of
leaves among the cottonwoods

and over the joyless valley

snow moves
like an ancient herd

Lance Henson is a Cheyenne and an ex-Marine whose interest lies in expressing the inner mythic being of the Native American, his God, his views, his spiritual participation in the contemporary society of his native land.

I only buy in airports and on nights when I sleep in the shelter. It quoted Jimmy Carter and was written from Atlanta, so I guess something triggered that old story of the former president being attacked by a killer rabbit while he was fishing on a sleepy pond in Georgia. I'm not sure I ever believed that story but the wonderful thing about dreams is that the stuff that gets into them doesn't have to be true. Once inside the dream, however, it becomes true. (Got it? Okay, let's go on.)

On the other hand, small animals in my dreams are frequently caught, trapped, in pain, screaming, or mad at me. I attribute this to living with two cats who are masters of psychological warfare and so I don't make a big deal of it when it pops up in dreams. My Tuesday night dream group, however, always makes a big deal of it. They think these trapped animals are me. Maybe they are. Anyway, this nightmare was too tidy to mess up with that interpretation. I'm entitled, just like everyone, to a no-nonsense, blockbuster nightmare. One I'd go back to see again.

Next, the woman who looked like Sigourney Weaver was Sigourney Weaver. I stood behind her in line going to a movie over the weekend. She is tall and beautiful just like in the movies, but I am no longer a fan of hers because the manager called her out of line and let her into the lobby and she didn't have to stand in the bitter cold with the wind chill factor somewhere in North Dakota. I did. In my waking life she was on the other side of the glass door and safe. I wasn't.

I suppose she was dressed in a ghostly white gown because before I feel asleep I had been reading an occult novel in which a priestess saves a man with an asthma attack by calling a doctor. Just like the pimp and the

prostitute getting from 42nd Street to Brooklyn without any money, there's more to the story than just that. But it's a long story. Trust me. My screaming in the dream was asthmatic, breathless, and what I needed was the police, not a doctor. Even though Sigourney Weaver doesn't care about me in real life, in the dream she had the sense to know that I needed help. Bless her.

But most of the dream was about "Gladys", a borderline bag lady, who drinks tea and coffee in the middle of the night. She has been staying at the shelter for about a week, and instructions from Mary included not letting her get up at 2:00 a.m. and go to the kitchen to drink all the tea and coffee. This seems to be her nightly habit. Who knows? Maybe it's "Gladys'" way of warding off evil in the night. And maybe it works. At any rate, there's no tea or coffee in the morning for anyone else after "Gladys'" nightly raids.

About 1:30 I woke up and remembered Mary's warning about "Gladys;" and, thinking I heard someone in the kitchen, I got up to look. Coast was clear, but I took the tea and coffee into the tv room with me and hid them behind a chair. (The next morning I learned that I had forgotten to hide the hot chocolate. Not "Gladys'" favorite, but she improvised. Bag people wrote the book on improvising.) When I returned to bed, the thought flashed across my mind as I fell back asleep that I hoped she wouldn't come in looking for the tea and coffee. As she progresses on her way to becoming one of New York City's fulltime street people, she undoubtedly has acquired uncanny powers of tracking down food, drink, and cigarettes.

Around 6:00 a.m., when I had the nightmare, "Ruthie," another guest, was looking for coffee for her husband, "Eddie," who works

early at the Empire State Building. The two of them regularly get up before anyone else at the shelter. "Ruthie" fixes him a cup of coffee and sees him off. The kitchen is right beside the tv room where I was sleeping and I may have heard their frustrated whispers in my sleep as they searched the shelves for the mysterious disappearing coffee. Later after I got up, "Ruthie" said the coffee must have vanished in the middle of the night because she saw it there at 1:00 a.m.! I didn't ask her how she knew it was there at 1:00. I didn't want to make my nightmare more complicated than it was. I was trying to protect this nightmare. It was a good nightmare. Not a game of "Clue."

So following the Crisps' approach that what the dream starts out about is what the dream is about, I assume this dream is about sleeping at the shelter. It's about the uneasy feeling of sleeping with relative strangers. It's also about my concern over meeting my responsibilities, among other things guarding the tea and coffee. Since I worry about such things in waking life, why not continue the worry into the night? And should I object if the dream takes on a "Raiders of the Lost Ark" quality? Not on your life! Sure it's terrifying. But consider the alternatives. Dreams of growing old and nuclear holocausts and metaphysical anxieties that have hounded sleepers since ancient times.

What a relief to have a nightmare that can be understood simply in terms of the residue of the past few days. It's like being a kid again. Asking for a spooky bedtime story. Then paying for it. With nightmares. Really scary ones. And loads of fun. The kind of nightmares I'd like to have more of.

Tom Cowan's latest book, How to Tap Into Your Genius, is available for \$6.95 through DNB.

[DREAMWATCH



by
Thomas Cowan

Recently I had a wonderful nightmare. Not about nuclear holocausts. Not about painful childhood memories. Not about growing old. With all due respect to Jeremy Taylor and Tony and Hyone Crisp whose articles on nightmares appear in this issue, I enjoyed my nightmare. It was fun. Filled with good guys, bad guys, animals, a beautiful priestess, and spine-tingling terror. It was a good old-fashioned nightmare about a bag lady drinking up all the tea and coffee in the middle of the night. I think.

I had this rip-roaring nightmare while sleeping at a shelter for the homeless here in Brooklyn where I do volunteer work once a month. It went like this:

"I am sleeping on the couch in the tv room at the shelter. I hear a great commotion outside and open the door and see that a band of thugs, about 9-10 men and women, have taken over the shelter. They have weapons and are securing the premises. I am terrified. I slip out through the rows of cots to the front office where Scott, the other volunteer on duty that night, is sleeping. His cot is gone! He's nowhere in sight! The invaders had absconded with him, probably locked him in the basement with Underfoot the Cat. As I go back to the tv room, I notice that all the guests at the shelter have disappeared too. Probably wiped out by the thugs. For some reason, no one notices me and I get back into the tv room unharmed.

I go to the window and think of jumping out, but the back yard goes nowhere as it is bounded on three sides by other buildings. I look out another window and see a small rabbit on the other side of a wire fence and caught in it. He screams either at me or because he is in pain. He seems threatening and I am afraid he too will come and get me. Then a tall beautiful woman who looks like Sigourney Weaver, dressed in a ghostly white gown, comes across a yard of grass. She comes up to a glass door and I read her lips that say, "Do you want me to call the police?" I shout, "Yes!" and I push on the door to open it and escape, but it won't open, and I desperately bang on it as the thugs hear me and come to get me."

Now here's why I think it's about the bag lady drinking the tea and coffee.

Unlike the more cosmic nightmares described by Taylor and the Crisps, mine can be explained simply by the "residue" of the preceding day or two. That's why this dream was so satisfying. It had all the unities that Aristotle says make good drama. And it was exciting.

First, I may have been disposed to having a nightmare (although I certainly didn't try to incubate a nightmare in the weird

surroundings of a shelter for the homeless! I'm not stupid!) because I typed the Taylor and Crisp articles into the word processor that afternoon. Maybe nightmares were on my mind.

Secondly, Mary, the director of the shelter, told me a funny story about herself that evening at supper. On her first day as director of the shelter and still rather inexperienced, she mistakenly admitted a man and woman who turned out to be a pimp and a prostitute! Seems they had a classic New York hard-luck story about being mugged and robbed at the bus station in the Port Authority Building minutes after they arrived and had no place to stay. How they ended up in Brooklyn is too long to explain. But Mary believed them. Later in the evening as they continued to quarrel in pimp-prostitute fashion, Mary realized they were just using the shelter as a place to hang out and asked them to leave. So perhaps "undesirable" or "low-life" characters getting into the shelter and causing trouble got into my dream as a "band of thugs."

The screaming rabbit caught in the fence is Jimmy Carter's fault. The night I had the dream was the eve of the new Martin Luther King holiday and I had been reading an article on Coretta King in USA Today, a newspaper

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THE DREAM NETWORK BULLETIN
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