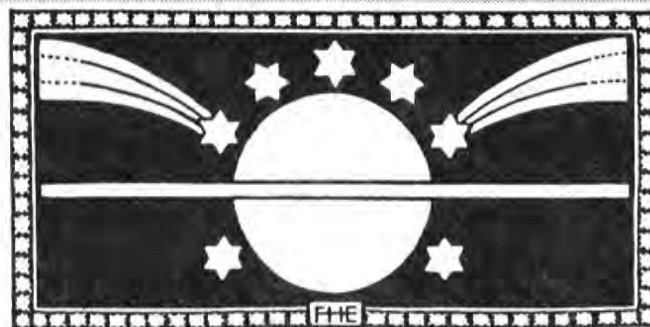


dream network bulletin



volume 5, number 1

"But first, there is something I must do"

JUDY McCAHILL

On New Year's Day I sent my family off to a party and sat down to read my journals from the past year. In eleven years this was the first time I had ever set out to review a segment of my journals systematically.

A startling theme arose from many of the dreams I had collected, which I could remember from dreams of previous years. This was my repeated instruction to myself, before I set out on some task like taking a journey or looking at something that inspired wonder: "But first there is something I must do." Again and again this "something" involved an act of cleansing.

A lifelong loner, though I am married, have four children and come from a large family, I started my journal because I desperately wanted a friend to whom I could reveal all my secrets. I was hungry for a certain intimacy, which I could not define, and I went inside myself to find it. Within a few months, this motivation underwent a curious perversion. I wrote that it would take "two years to get rid of the garbage" (through journal-writing) and

then I could get on with the creativity and playfulness which I considered real living. My New Year's review revealed this "but first" pattern in my dreams and in succeeding weeks I saw it operating in my life.

I had always remembered dreams but considered them unimportant. With the inwardness of journal-writing,

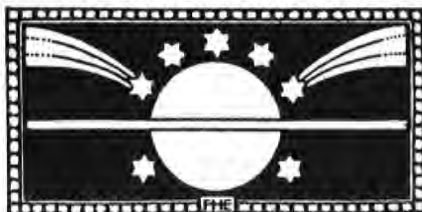


my memories of them became vivid and I began to write them down. In one of these early

dreams, I was a passive observer at a train station, waiting on the platform but without the sense that I was going anywhere. A long, shiny brown roadster moved past me, carrying a man and a woman in the open back seat. A rich blanket covered them from the waist down. It was like a scene out of the 1930's, the couple bored and sophisticated. The woman may even have been holding a long cigarette holder. In the distance there was a dark lake and a late evening, twilight sky. A man wearing a bowler hat was stumbling backward into the lake and he seemed to be both tossing and losing out of his briefcase typing paper-sized dollar bills.

At the time I had no grasp of dream language, but I sensed that the couple in the car represented my parents (I was born in 1939). I could make no sense of the dream dictionary's suggestion that brown meant feces. Though I kept my journal in a spiral notebook, I was also experimenting at the typewriter with describing my life, which explained "typing paper-sized;" but as a whole the dream left me in the dark. Years later I realized that it had been precognitive. Three years after the dream I went to England (the man in the bowler hat) with my family; stumbled

continued on page 20



dream network bulletin

Founded in 1982

DREAM NETWORK BULLETIN publishes six issues per year and has an international readership. The primary focus is upon "experiential dreamwork". Readers send in articles, personal experiences, research reports, art work and poetry related to dreams. Information about desired or existing dream groups is provided, a calendar of upcoming dream-related events, as well as reviews of books and other dream source material, including advertisements. We welcome sharing and communication regarding all aspects of dream work from both professionals and non-professionals.

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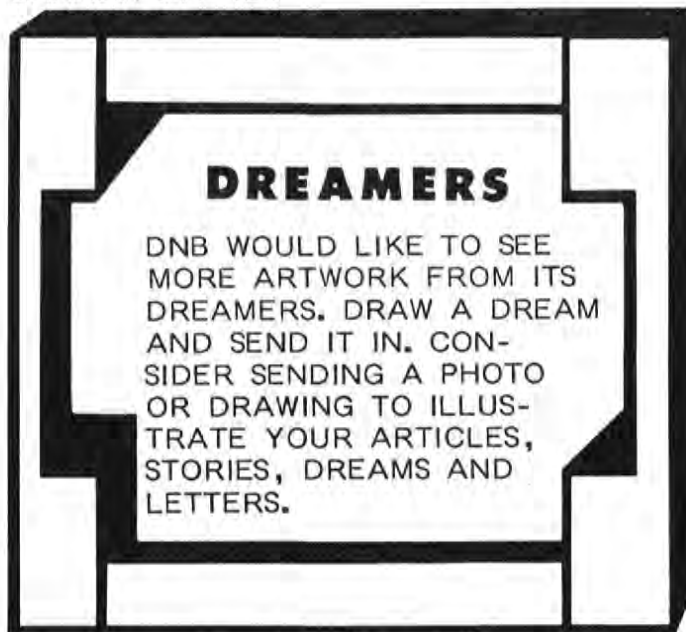
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If you have a Macintosh 512K computer, modem, and word-processor capable of formatting Apple LaserWriter, DNB would like you to consider helping us to expand our typesetting capabilities. Here is an opportunity for you to be a part of DNB and learn more about what you can do with your computer!

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People who teach dream classes and present dream workshops have formed a network, and have compiled the results of a questionnaire, to share information concerning texts, methods, learning techniques, homework, logistics of advertising and arranging workshops, personal growth experiences for dreamworkers. Contact: Stase Michaels, 7685 Malherbe, Brossard, Quebec, CANADA J4Y 1E6



EDITORIAL

Bob Van de Castle

Your Participation Makes DNB Worthwhile

This issue of DNB seems to have participation as its main theme. I was finally able to read, re-read, and re-re-read the various letters sent in as responses to the DNB Telepathy Project. My efforts to weave that collective tapestry together appears in the following pages. You can decide for yourself how close to target the submitted dreams were (after you've decided what the target was). What my summary can't adequately reflect, is the many overlapping templates of statistically rare elements that occurred repeatedly throughout this sample of dreams. It really did seem that a joint interactive project was involved with lots of mutual tuning-in going on! [] This issue contains several requests for information from readers regarding whether other dreamers may have experienced similar phenomena related to their own experiences. There are also several examples of dream art that readers sent in to share. The next issue will contain a summary of the dreams sent in, in response to the "What is this dream saying?" project. [] This participatory interaction feels good! Readers are comparing their experiences and asking for feedback from each other. It kind of has a "show and tell" quality that has both an educational as well as a fun-like aspect.

Come to the ASD Convention

While we're discussing dreamers interacting with other dreamers, some of you might wish to consider another way that that can happen. Most of you are aware that the Association for the Study of Dreams was formed about two years ago. Gayle Delaney served as the first president and organized the first conference in 1984 at San Francisco. That was a day and a half convention. In 1985, the convention was held at

Charlottesville and lasted for 6 days. It's getting to be that time of year again and the next ASD convention will be held at Carleton College in Ottawa, Canada June 23-29. The registration fee for non members is \$150.00 and anyone with a serious interest in dreams is welcome. Workshops by Bob Van de Castle, Montague Ullman, Gayle Delaney, Pat Garfield, Ann Wiseman and Erik Craig will be offered on June 23-25 before the actual convention begins. The average fee for these workshops is \$30.00. Room and board is available for very reasonable rates at the University. [] The convention will consist of 10 invited addresses from speakers such as Montague Ullman, Bob Monroe, James Hall, Earnest Hartmann and Richard Jones. Bob Van de Castle will be giving his presidential address on "Phases of Women's Dreams." There will also be over 30 papers presented on topics ranging from pregnant women's dreams to nightmare help for children. And there will be another gala dream ball, similar to last year's convention in Charlottesville, where you can come dressed as a character from your dreams and compete for such prizes as the "Most Freudian, Most Jungian, Most Nightmarish" etc. costume. There will also be another telepathy project carried out among the conference participants as there was last year. [] For further information and registration forms, write to: ASD, P.O. Box 590475, San Francisco, CA 94159-0475

Thanks for the Help!

We've received a \$500 donation and a \$100 donation to help pay for advertising DNB. We've also received several renewals, as well as letters cheering us on. Thanks for the help, in any form!



The D.N.B. TELEPATHY Project

Bob Van de Castle

It has been a difficult job attempting to evaluate and integrate the responses sent in about this project. One of the primary obstacles has been to determine what to consider as the telepathic "stimulus." In many ways, the obvious choice would be the original black and white photograph that I focused on the night of November 17. However, I did have some dreams that night and an argument could be made that the pictorial images arising from my unconscious would provide a more potent source of energy transmission than would the conscious awareness of the graphic properties of the photograph. And then we get into the issue as to whether it's relevant to even conceptualize the process as a causal stimulus--response type of connection.

There were some unusual and statistically unlikely correspondences between DNB dreamers that had no apparent linkage to the photo or my dreams. Thus, the effect of having dreamers from widely disparate geographical locations join in a mutual project seemed to have created synchronistic overlays of specific dream content. The overall result was a blending or fusion of images without clear boundaries and which resist reduction to demarcated elements.

However, I'll make a crude effort to unravel the skein of tangled threads that emerged. Let me begin by providing the description and associations I wrote about the photo during my initial period of concentration:

"This is a Cuna woman from the San Blas Islands of Panama. She wears the traditional mola blouse, gold nose ring, large gold earrings, gold finger rings, and has elaborate bead work on her legs and arms. Her tribe believes in an Earth Mother and the large metal pot is used to brew an alcoholic beverage that is drunk at puberty ceremonies when a local girl reaches menarche. The young boy with the strained look, who is standing on the pot, wears a necklace of animal teeth. The other boy timidly looks out from the interior of the thatched palm leaf house. These palm leaves provide good protection from the rain. This is actually a council house where town meetings are held and where religious ceremonies take place. The slats in the wall are from black palm wood. I associate flute music and rattle sounds with the dancing that accompanies the ceremonies. My memories of there are very

positive. I visited there with 3 of my sons."

A total of 27 letters from DNB readers was received (18 women, 9 men). If the photo is used as the reference point, the Cuna woman is the dominant figure. Mary Mihalyi (Wash. D.C.) described sewing a suit of clothes that had a short sleeved top and skirt. When she later put them on, she noticed that the top and skirt are of different materials and also different prints. The skirt wraps around the front and someone wonders whether the skirt will stay open in the front. The dreamer also realizes she forgot to bring her Chinese shoes to wear with some dress. These images and some other relevant ones appeared in the dreams she recorded on Nov. 16-17, the night she thought the contest was to take place. Mary's correspondences were precognitive because the project didn't get underway until the next night. Her dreams the next night involved children's clothes on a rack and her mother letting the hem down on the dreamer's dress.



Rita Dwyer (Vienna, VA) described a skirt that someone had shortened for her and mentioned her aunt taking off her blouse and wearing her

slip and skirt. Carolyn Amundson (Wash. D.C.) referred to a bra and an unusual looking piece of jewelry she wore on her ankle (Carolyn found out a day late about the experiment and her dreams are from the night of Nov. 18-19). Unusual clothing was referenced in Nancy Miller's (Brandon, FL) dream of a short haired flapper wearing a head band and a sleeveless, long-waisted dress. Among several other clothing references, a T shirt was mentioned (Carol Warner, Arlington, VA.), a shirt with rolled up sleeves (Charlotte Bell, Weare, N.H.), and someone wearing a neck scarf (Susan Chapman, Brooklyn, NY).

The large metal pot used for brewing alcoholic **beverages** seemed to be picked up by Nancy Roberts (Orange, CT) who described two elliptical circles with one being larger than the other and having darker and lighter portions. (In the original photo, there are several lighter colored elliptical ridges around the sides of the pot. The woman is also wearing two large earrings, one darker than the other). Beer was included in the dreams of Gary Rogers (Abilene, TX) and Dave Argobast (Leesburg, VA) and wine in Susan Moeder's dream (Framingham MA). Mary Mihalyi (Nov. 16) acquired a round tin containing cakes.

There were several references to walls such as thick mortared walls and brick walls by Rita Dwyer, and a movable wall with a boat attached to it (Marilyn Grossman, Vienna, VA). The slats in the wall may have been represented by some cylindrical sticks or poles and a place where you can put mail into slots (Mary Mihalyi, Nov. 16), wooden sliding doors (Claudia Bienenfeld, Brooklyn, NY), and a vinyl dividing curtain around a low ceiling room with a thick support pillar in the middle (Susan Chapman).

Several dreamers had references to **children**, but the most specific link to the position of the woman and the adjacent child was described by Fay Pallaria (Lancaster, NH). She reported sharing a seat with a young black child who had her knee on the seat and it was sticking into her back uncomfortably.

Various **foreign locations** were mentioned (India, Puerto Rico, Europe, and some foreign city). Being on an island (in the middle of a street) was reported by Mary Minalyi (Nov. 17).

I had associated ceremonial **music** and dancing with the photo. Singing also accompanies these ceremonies. Carolyn Amundson reported an impromptu music session started in her dream. Marilyn Grossman heard some singing with the word "poonim" used in it instead of the Yiddish word "punim" (for face). Thirteen year old Dulcie

Dwyer dreamed about dancing around with a lot of other girls and her mother, Rita, had three dreams involving dancing, music, and singing. Rita also reported a dream in which a tiny dog got his sharp teeth caught in her clothing. This connection between animal teeth and clothing is fairly close to my comments about the boy wearing a necklace of animal teeth. Claudia Bienenfeld described a reception room with low benches along the walls where many young women are excitedly getting ready for the first meeting of a church choir for which everyone has to wear a green dress. The dreamer wants to join because she likes to sing. (A council house has low benches along the walls).

After long deliberation, I feel that Claudia Bienenfeld was the most successful percipient. This is because of the singing scene just described, her earlier reference to the sliding wooden doors, a mention about using her hands to climb down a structure of beams and poles (note the boy's hands on the pole across the beam) and a reference to awakening to find her left hand and her husband's hand clasped together. (Note the joining of the woman's two hands). Claudia also described some imagery which was strikingly close to some of my dream imagery. In order to illustrate these, I will report a summary of my dreams for the night of Nov. 17-18.

I awoke at 3 AM with a long dream involving a fishing scene. I sometimes was on a boat and sometimes on shore. The man I was with caught two large flounder and some woman insisted that I put them on the top of boat and gut them. I attempted to cut the fish open with a razor blade. Some blood came out and the fish's face turned into the man's face and he was bleeding. I told him to rinse his face with water and that I would need his advice as to how to cut around his ears and nose.

Around 4:30 I dreamed about providing drinks for a group of students working on a project. They were 41 cents each. There was also something about a cake or dessert and a mother dividing it into two portions. Also something about people being late and hurrying to work.

My last dreams occurred around 7 AM. A pile of leaves was going to be used for compost and I was watering the top with a hose and someone was inserting a hose into the sides to get water to the interior. In another scene, there was a large number of people in a slanted auditorium. Some board members and I were sitting down to eat at a table on the main floor or lecturing area.

Here is a summary of Claudia's dreams, with verbatim remarks from her 11:30 PM dream:

"I am outdoors, perhaps on the deck of a ship ... mounting the fresh, whole wet skin of a small whale or whale's head (fish-sized) on a board, for artistic and may be ritual purposes. After removing one eye (the only one, it's a side view) with the knife I'm using, I hear a conversation ... [All of this could be influenced by a recent waking experience of washing flounder for cooking, but not removing their heads]. I feel a kinship, or sympathy, with the whale, which at some point transforms into a person. The wet, stretched mounted skin is now of a man's face, reddish--brown, Eskimo-like ... I don't seem to notice the change from whale."

Claudia next describes being atop a snow covered building and wanting to dive into the sea below and becomes lucid. She describes climbing down the outside structure of beams and poles with her hands and has trouble using one of them.

In her 3 AM dream she had jointly participated in the theft of money with several other people. The money is sitting in stacks on the floor. The dreamer's 5 year old daughter is with her. The dreamer offers to count out one of the other's share of money and writes down figures which are an "odd amount of dollars and cents." The dreamer then asks the others to count out a share with "equal denominations." The dreamer plans to leave town and packs a few things. Then she hears rain beginning and realizes she hasn't packed an umbrella.

In her 6:30 dream, she had the dream about the women going to sing in the church choir, opening wooden sliding doors and clothes on a rack or closet rod. She also described a room with many people seated and watching a film or video depicting college students and an instructor working on an art project.

In a personal note, Claudia mentioned that she had drawn a small picture of the whale/man's face next to her dream account about 5 minutes before getting ready to mail it. When she couldn't find her regular stamps, she looked in another box and found a stamp labeled "Indian Art" that portrayed a mask from the Bella Bella area that duplicated almost exactly the drawing she had made. This Eskimo mask has several lines over the face and the ear, nose and mouth areas are colored red.

In terms of my description and associations to the target photo, Claudia reported her 5 year old daughter (young boy with necklace), snow-covered roof of a building (thatched palm leaf house?), rain falling and no umbrella (palm leaves provide good protection from rain), reception area with low benches (council house), upcoming meeting of a

church choir (meetings take place and religious ceremonies are held in council house), poles and beams and sliding wooden doors (slats in walls of wood). She also reported some emphasis on her hands and a joining of two hands, hers and her husbands (gold finger rings).

Claudia achieved even more success when my dreams are considered the target material. She reported being on a ship, skinning with a knife a fish-sized whale or whale's head that transforms into a person and then a reddish-brown man's face. I reported being on a boat, gutting a fish with a razor blade and the fish's face turned into a man's face that was bleeding. My fish were flounders and Claudia mentioned washing flounders recently.

Claudia dreamed about an odd amount of dollars and cents and having the money divided equally among the participants. I dreamed that the drinks cost 41 cents each for the students working on a project. I also dreamed about a dessert being divided into two portions. She dreamed about stacks of money and I described a pile of leaves. She indicated a desire to dive from above into the sea and I was directing water from above onto the leaf pile with water also going into the interior. Claudia described seated college students watching a movie that involved an instructor and students working on an art project. I've already referred to my dream about students working on a project and I also had a scene involving a lecture area with many people in an auditorium.

Rita Dwyer had an image of an animal face and a wounded animal with an open wound like an incision or cut several inches long that she wants to sew up or heal before too much blood is lost. Her son Damian had a very brief dream in which he received a gift package containing an outdoor knife.

In my dreams, water was involved in the fishing scene and in watering the pile of leaves. Stan Krippner (San Francisco, CA) mentioned a pool of water and Carolyn Amundson and Dennis Schmidt (Boston, MA) both described swimming pools, Fay Pallaria reported a tank of water, an ocean was reported by Nancy Minturn (Oak Ridge, TN), an ocean trip by Carolyn Amundson, a sea by Claudia Bienenfeld and a river by Drew Calhoun (Arlington, VA). Carolyn Amundson referred to a yacht, Marilyn Grossman to a boat and Susan Moeder to oars for a rowboat. Fishhooks appeared in Don Middendorf's (Seattle, WA) dream and just after referring to a cutting board, Mary Mihaly mentioned a hook and made a drawing of it.

Several people perceived motion in connection with the water. Carolyn Amundson's pool had a wave machine, Dennis Schmidt was trying to create

movement in his pool with his foot so he could bring his glasses to the surface and Fay Pallaria was splashing water in her tank to bring her turtle to the surface.

The compost pile of leaves getting wet may have been represented in Arzelie Stewart's (Minneapolis, MN) image of a thick magazine with rippled pages that suddenly appeared underwater, then became dry and something was being "poured, splashed, and dripped" on it like coffee or tea. Don Middendorf described a scene where it starts to snow, he stops to pee and then it's hailing. Gerald O'Connell (Willmantic, CT) goes to a lavatory where he had earlier encountered a toilet full of feces, but now finds it empty and "urinates with great relief." This dream was a very important one for Gerald as he later became fully lucid in the dream and his subsequent experiences "represented a breakthrough in my life style."

In my last dream of the night I described a meeting in an auditorium with some board members and myself sitting down to eat at a table. Four dreamers had tables in their dreams and 10 dreamers had food references. Susan Chapman described a meeting in civic auditorium with a senator, mayor, and other politicians present. She also mentioned tables and a tray of tea rolls. A politician was present in Nancy Miller's dream, a manager in Judy Fogarty's (Wheeling, IL) dream, President Eisenhower in Carolyn Amundson's dream, and Ed Dwyer (Vienna, VA) was a chairman of a group trying to decide on a time for a meeting. I had implied that there were different elevations in the slanted auditorium when I referred to activities taking place on the main floor. There were 11 dreamers who made references to their activities taking place upstairs or downstairs, or to their being up in a grandstand, sitting high in a theater, being on stage, in a balcony, etc.

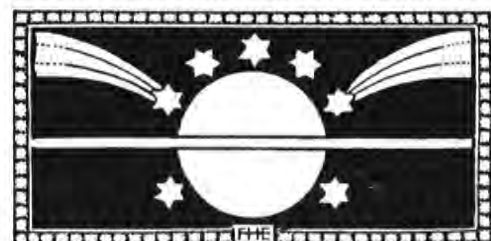
So far, all the linkages I have mentioned were in regard to the photo, my associations to the photo, or to my dreams. There were many other examples of overlapping dream content between two or more dreamers that would be statistically quite rare - apples, potatoes, poetry, smoke, etc. that were probably not part of the stimulus context I provided. An interesting metaphor for this project was provided by four dreamers. In Don Middendorf's dream "we're working on a joint project and two different things were coming from two different directions and they were meeting (and I drew 2 arrows that came together at about a 45 degree angle and a third arrow originating there off to the right)." In Gerald O'Connell's dream "a guy asked us directions." Fay Pallaria indicated that at one

point during the night she wrote down the only thing she could remember: "The four points of the compass." As she later played with some hypnagogic imagery she began to write the phrase "good tower meat" next to the other earlier phrase and "was struck by the meaning of the two together - good tower, meet the four points of the compass. So, Good Tower, I hope you do!" When Rita Dwyer awakened her husband Jim at 4:25 AM and asked him what he was dreaming he replied, "Some men were talking about plotting stars or meteors or man-made objects, such as spacecraft, and they had at their disposal charts of the heavens obtained by various technical means over the last twenty years, so that such a search could be done. However, it would be incredibly painstakingly slow because of the vast data base."

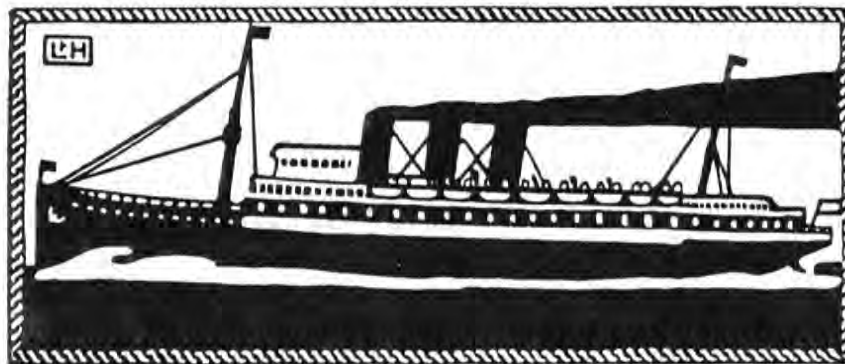
After going through the limited data base of these 27 dreamers, I feel sure that dreamers from the four points of the compass were giving each other directions and journeying together in meaningful ways. I also feel that if we were to ever collect and thoroughly study a vast data base of shared dreams, we would truly have at our disposal, a "chart of the heavens."

An example of how ESP dreams are not tied in with clock time was provided by Mary Mihalyi and Carolyn Amundson. One dreamed the night before and one the night after the Nov. 17-18 dates, yet both had impressive correspondences to the overall stimulus complex. Another example was provided by Esperanza Rogers (Abilene, TX) who promptly sent in her dream from Nov. 18. Here's her verbatim report: "It had to do with a magician doing flying card tricks. He could send cards flying through the air. Anyway, a scene that stands out in my memory is the man lying on the floor, arms outstretched" Sound familiar? Read the dream again that was selected and presented for readers to "interpret" two months later. The magician doing flying card tricks sounds like the Board officer playing with playing cards on a grate suspended in air. And the man lying on the floor sounds like the dreamer lying on his back.

That's over and out from the Good Tower,



DREAM ANALYSIS:



The Self-Steering Process

BOB GEBELEIN

I see psychotherapy as education, and dream analysis, for me, was an extension of that education. I had the most profound and intense education of my life in the winter of 1966-1967, which I devoted entirely to interpreting my own dreams.

It started in December 1966, when I read *The Basic Writings* of C.G. Jung. It seemed that his evidence of archetypes and other things came from dreams. So I set out to explore my own dreams, in search of archetypes. But the dreams had another purpose in mind. They were picking up where my psychiatrist had left off, three years before. The psychiatrist had told me I was OK, but obviously there was more to learn. So I decided I would do what the dreams were suggesting -- pick up where the psychiatrist left off and continue my self-development by analyzing my own dreams.

But one question bothered me: What would happen if my dream-interpretations were wrong? Would I go around in circles, as I had done once before, trying to psychoanalyze myself? Or would I just sail off into some fantasy-land? The answer didn't come to me right away -- evidently because there weren't any serious errors in my interpretations.

Then, in March, I began having what I interpreted as "homosexual" dreams: stiff military men with bayonets erect (erectations), a gay couple lighting a huge fire in the corporate chimney, and so on. I had always wondered whether I might be a latent homosexual. Now it seemed my dreams were telling me I was. So I decided that was my "problem." I began making mental adjustments to

lead a homosexual life. Then came the correction:

3-14-67 Dream: A beautiful, dark-haired woman is lying totally naked on a couch, absolutely drooling with desire for me. As I start towards her, the scene suddenly shifts, and I am in a car full of "boys" -- teenagers or homosexuals -- who are riding around town having a great time. I am desperately struggling to get out of that car and back to that woman. Finally I lunge with all my strength and manage to get out the door -- and wake up.

For a week afterwards, I was trying to get back into that dream and back to that woman. Never again have I entertained the notion that I might be a homosexual.

The dream also answered the question of what would happen if my dream-interpretations were wrong. Carl Jung saw dreams as a compensation or correction for the conscious attitude. Taking his observation one step further, if the interpretation of a dream becomes part of the conscious attitude, then future dreams will correct it. There is a self-steering process operating in dream analysis, very much like the self-steering mechanisms on ocean-going yachts, to keep the individual on course. The self-steering process manifests itself in several ways:

If your interpretation of a dream is wrong, future dreams will correct you.

The farther you are off course, the stronger the pull will be to bring you back on course.

If you ignore a dream, or forget it, the message will be repeated.

If you don't understand a dream, future dreams will present the message in a different

way, or break it down into smaller pieces which are easier to understand and digest.

If your interpretation of a dream is right, future dreams will go on to other subjects.

If your interpretation is right, but you aren't sure, future dreams will either reinforce you or focus on your uncertainty as the key problem.

Of course, the self-steering process can only work if the same person doing the dreaming is also doing the interpreting. Also it is no help in interpreting a single dream. In order to operate, it requires the interactions between dreams and dream-interpretations over a period of time. The conscious effort of analyzing the dream is as important as the dream itself: If the student does no homework, the teacher has nothing to correct. It also helps to take a definite stand on what the dream means, to make the interpretation a part of the conscious attitude -- as opposed to the "liberal" kind of stance, "It might be this and it might be that."

The self-steering process gets around the classic question, "Who psychoanalyzed Freud?" By compensating directly for the errors and distortions in one's own thinking, it makes dream analysis an accurate method for approaching the truth. When I am off the beam, it pulls me back in the right direction, like a piece on a checkerboard traveling a zigzag pattern on its way to becoming a king -- never going directly to its goal, but getting closer with every move.

And where did this process lead me? It

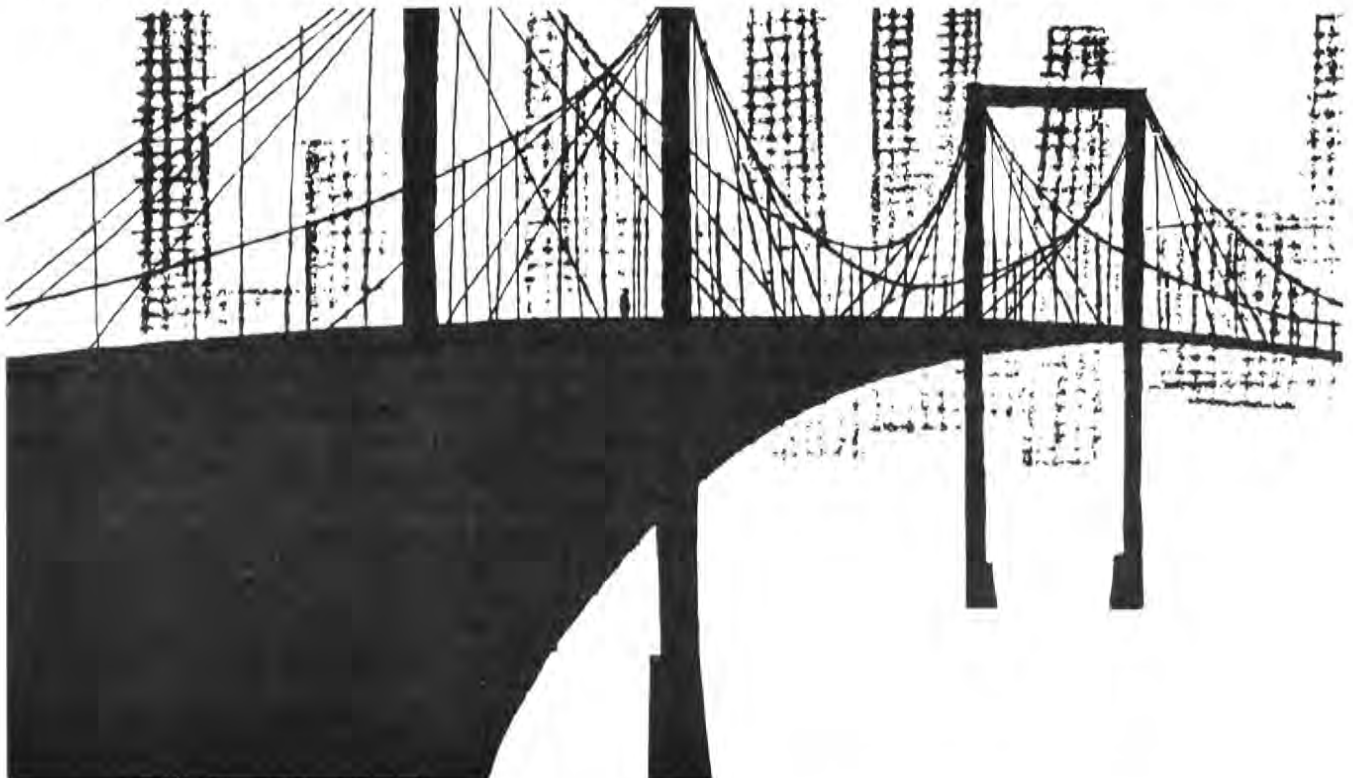
uncovered a traumatic experience that my psychiatrist had missed. It led me to something beyond "normal" which I call "emotional maturity." It steered me through the straits into another ocean ... That's all the subject for a very long chapter in my book.

In 1974, I met David and Judith Bach, who had also discovered the self-steering process, and were teaching other people how to interpret their own dreams. They have since founded the Berkshire Center for Psychosynthesis, in Monterey, Massachusetts. So it seems that other people have taken advantage of the self-steering process, but I haven't yet seen it mentioned in any published work, other than my own.

The self-steering process is the key or law or operating principle that makes dream analysis work as an educational process. It has worked for me -- maybe it will work for you.

(This article is taken from Chapter 19, "Dream Analysis: The Self-Steering Process," in RE-EDUCATING MYSELF: An Introduction to a New Civilization, by Bob Gebelein, copyright (c) 1970, 1985 by Robert S. Gebelein. Excerpts from the book are reproduced with permission. The book is available for \$9.95 (Mass. residents add 5% tax) from Omdega Press, P.O. Box 1546, Provincetown, MA 02657. Readers may write to the author at the same address.)

(Author's address: 438 Commercial St. Provincetown, MA 02657)



A MESSAGE FROM THE INNER WORLD

Fariba Bogzaran

... I stand by the door in a gallery staring at a painting on the wall. It is my painting, however, it looks unfamiliar to me. As I step forward to look at the detail of my work, my dream becomes lucid ...

... The painting, approximately 6 by 7 feet in size, displays an image of a wall destroyed in the middle, but with the four wall corners still intact. An imprint of a triangle and circle are inside it. Inside the circle, a figure of a nude man and woman stand.

No sooner had I recorded this image in my mind, than my awareness shifted. I was awake, and began making a sketch of the painting I had experienced in my dream. The painting was different from my usual style of painting; the painting in my dream was surrealistic, and, at the time, I painted in a realistic style.

Why did I have this dream, I asked myself? What did it mean? Maybe I thought, this dream occurred because my painting was rejected from a state-wide art show the previous year. Or, maybe I should interpret the dream to mean that I must devote more time to my art. I concluded, perhaps the dream would bring me personal insight if worked with at a later date.

My last conclusion turned out to be prophetic truth. Exactly a week later while in Minneapolis, I walked into a bookstore which had a

special sale on psychology books. The first book which caught my eyes was Man and his Symbols, by Carl Jung. Never having the opportunity to page through it--though I had heard often about aspects of the book for years--I began looking through the book. I stopped suddenly at page 246. My heart started pounding hard and my body filled with twinkling sensations. On that page was an exact duplicate of the painting in my dream (see figure below)!

The description of the painting read: "The symbolic alchemical concept of squared circle symbol of wholeness and the union of opposites." And also further in the page described: "The alchemists not only recorded their work in their writings; they created a wealth of pictures of their dreams and visions--symbolic pictures that are still as profound as they are baffling."



I bought the book right away.

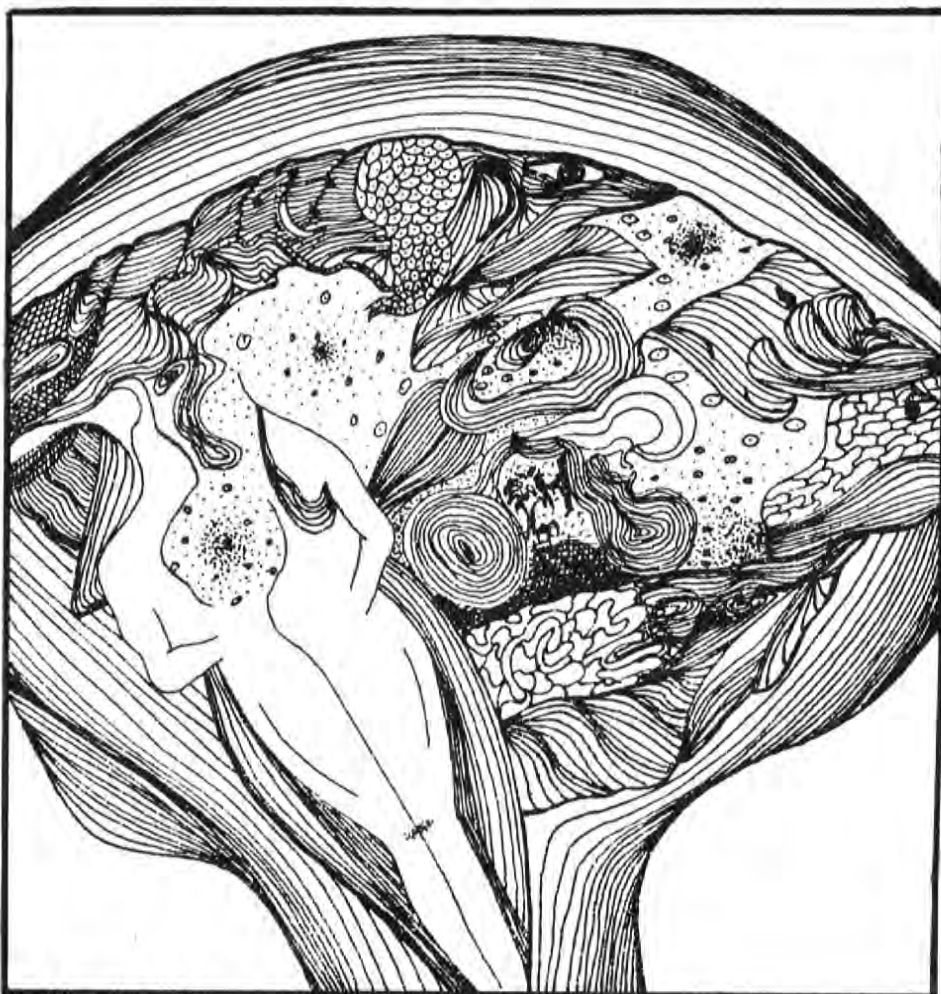
Soon, I was inspired to paint the image I had dreamt. Weeks went by, planning and preparing for a marathon affair with my canvas and oil paints, but nothing was brushed onto the canvas.

Instead, I started a new painting which was unfamiliar to me as the one I had dreamt. It was a painting of a brain which was portrayed with symbols that originate from nightly dream images. With fluent ease and content, I sketched the dreams into shapes and figures, and painted them the same day. Soon I realized my painting was filled with symbols and messages that could be interpreted by its viewers in many ways.

Meanwhile, the deadline for application to the annual State Art Show drew near. I was disappointed in myself -- my only piece for the show was the painting of the brain. I was certain the unusual style of the painting would result in its rejection.

Soon, I was surprised with a letter from the director of the gallery stating that my painting was accepted for the show. My elated feeling matched an equally puzzled feeling, for my paintings were rejected from the annual show for several years, and now my first try in a new style was accepted!

Before the opening of the show, I realized that my initial dream of the painting could have been a symbolic, and that



F. Bogdanov

Note: This picture is a pen-illustration of the original, exhibited oil painting.

the painting of the brain was a mysterious product of that dream. If my conclusion was true, then I could arrive at the gallery and know the exact location of the painting.

I stepped into the entrance of the gallery -- a deja vu feeling controlled me ... I stood in the same place ... felt the same expression ... stared at the same wall.

At that moment, my life merged into one moment: a sense of unity between my unconscious and conscious, a timeless moment which led me to a never ending process of unfolding the mystery within.

NOTE: The significance of this dream is to confirm the importance of lucid, symbolic, precognitive and creative dreaming.

The painting from my dream is the unique product that comes from the inner self. It unfolded the side of me that was "sleeping" and struggled to be awakened.

The importance of lucid dreaming showed its part in this dream. If I did not experience lucidity, I would not have been able to recreate my dream. In fact, since the time of this event, 1982, I have been painting mainly from my dreams -- and

lucidity is playing a major part of this process.

The precognitive part of this dream appears in two parts. One is finding the exact painting in a book, the other is the location where the painting was exhibited in the gallery.

Thus, due to this dream and its part in the transformation of my creative potentials, I now share these messages through art forms with others.

(Author's address: California Institute of Integral Studies, 765 Ashbury St., San Francisco, CA 94117)



letters

Questions From Readers

Edith Gilmore (112 Minot Rd., Concord, MA. 01742) asks:

Have other lucid dreamers found that travel away from one's home environment stimulates lucidity or near-lucidity? She has experienced this on several occasions and wondered if the change of routine, or possible new leisure, might serve to stimulate more intense awareness of one's waking and dreaming surroundings.

Charlotte Bell (address in her other letter) reports:

She can sometimes recover a "just lost" dream by gently rolling from one side to the other and pressing with the heel of her hand under the pillow against the back of her head. She wonders if the process is unique to her or whether others have found a somewhat similar technique useful?

Bob Van de Castle would be very interested in receiving accounts of any luminescent dreams (those containing some source of light, ranging from a flashlight, to the sky lightening up, dream characters with auras, etc.) along with a brief description of how this dream affected the dreamer.



MY HOPE

Everyone in the world shares the language of dreams. What if everyone in the world began to communicate through dreams? If, as dream artists and creators, we choose to make peace with our dream characters, we may lay down our sword with the guy next door or in the Middle East. If we could meet as one in dreams, speaking the same universal dream language of peace, couldn't we aspire to meet as one on this planet and create the peace we so desire? It begins with each of us as dreamers who dare to dream and visualize. Peace begins in the world with my own peaceful dreams.

Ilona Marshall, Dream Consultant, 3227 Steiner St., San Francisco, Ca. 94123
415-346-6516



Nuclear Nightmare or Dream?

Mike was leaning against the breakfast bar. Rene, our daughter, and I were leisurely nibbling lunch at the kitchen table. The weekend vacation had been soothing except for the erratic September storm that approached the beach. We heard news of snow 25 miles to the north and tornado and hurricane warnings from the Coast Guard at sea. Before we had time to discuss these



strange weather events, four or five flashes of light filled the sky. Mike peered through the living room skylight and without emotion said: "They've dropped THE BOMB." I felt resigned too, not angry but expecting it and at the same time honestly hoping the light flashes were just the sun speaking of the storm. I grabbed Rene and went under the table. Within seconds my entire body began tingling like millions of microbes moving along the surface. It was a warm, nice feeling. But I knew the radiation was piercing through to my inner organs. For a moment I felt sad. Mike had looked up into the sky and I knew he was blind but we were all dying, so why did it matter? I reached for his leg so he could find his way to join us. I then felt a great sadness, a weighted mourning. But also a strange perverted peace, that all of us would depart this mad world together, rather than

unexpectedly and singularly. I then felt myself emerging through the various layers of wakefulness, my entire body still warm and buzzing from the nightmare. I lay still for what seemed hours, suspended, until the experience wore off. The bedside clock read: 3:57 AM Easter Sunday 1985. Was this a Resurrection Event? A vision into our future; a representation of a new life beyond this old one? Or was it my unconscious getting my waking attention to my own personal Resurrection and other symbolic metaphors that lie ahead in my life?

NOTE: Later that night, the news reported the USSR announcement of a nuclear weapons production freeze and request to Pres. Reagan not to deploy more warheads in Europe. Two weeks later the writer discovered she was pregnant--approximate due date: Christmas 1985.

Carla Rollandini, 4705 Exeter St., Annandale, VA 22003



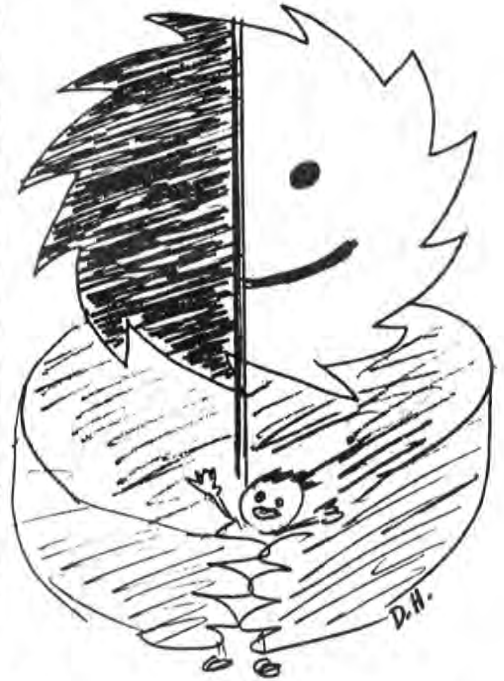
Sunflower Monster

In my dream, I visualize the end of the world: God collects all things and the whole collection disappears. However, I wonder if there are different Gods and universes. I am in the garage (of the house where I grew up), at the back door to it. It is dark. I decide to go out and look (to see if there are other universes). At the doorway I'm pulled back by a black figure (it has a head like a giant sunflower--all black so that no features, such as eyes, that can be discerned). I'm frightened and cry out, flailing and trying to strike him. I also entered the note that he was

frightening, but there was a benevolent aspect.

Later that month I attended an advanced personal development workshop with Newt Fink and Susan McKey. I "worked on" the nightmare during the workshop--it was a tremendous experience. Before my eyes, without any conscious effort or control, the "monster" turned into a good-side/bad-side one with a pink line at the interface. This monster is the supreme being, i.e. he has the power to rub-me-out, and he also protects.

Don Haselwood, 1771 Braxton Bragg Ln Clearwater, FL 33575

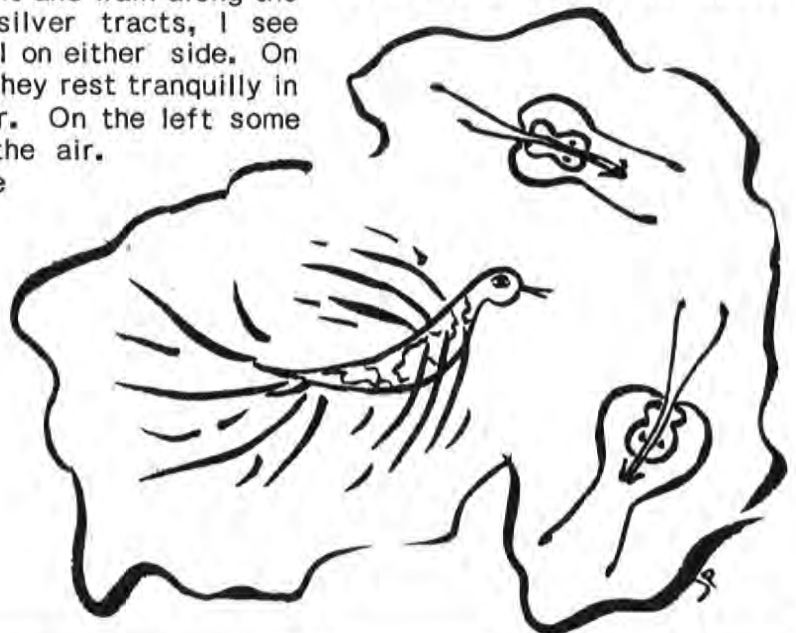


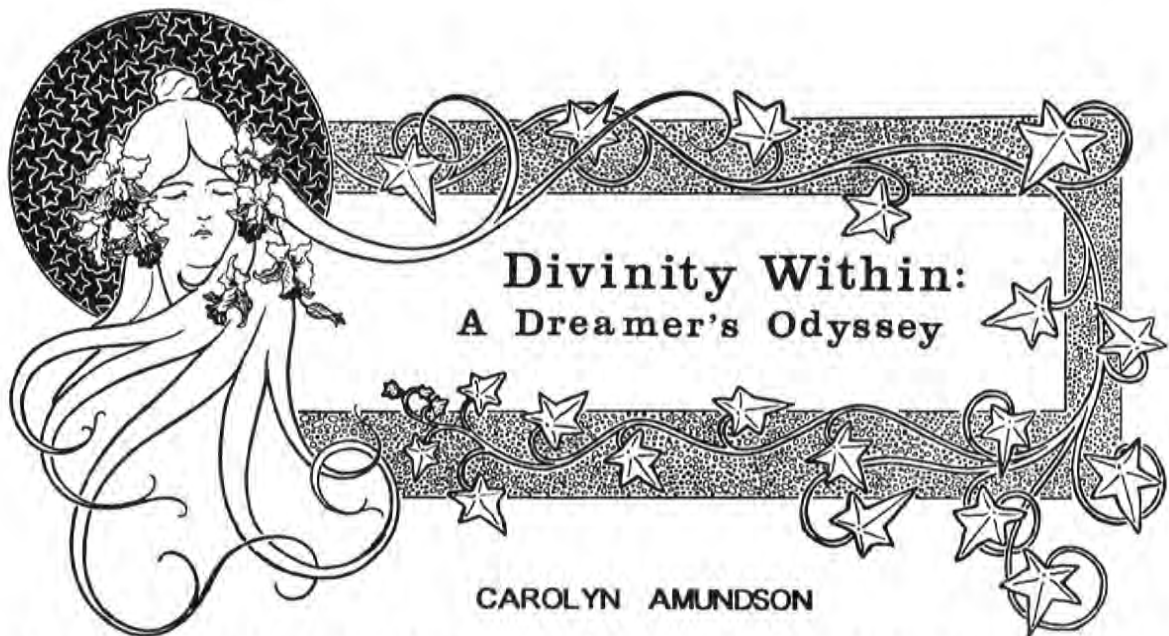
"The Path of Love, Giving and Beauty"

(Dream 4/80): I am walking along a path that leads down through a field and toward the sea. There is water on either side of the path. I walk toward the church and the children. Mother says, "it was meant for you." She knew it would come to me - the calling. As I turn to the right and walk along the path of silver tracts, I see water fowl on either side. On the right they rest tranquilly in the water. On the left some fly into the air. They are

multicolored. Their feathers are of translucent, shining pastels. One, in particular, is white with patches or circles of pastel blue, pink, green and rose. The light shining on this bird makes him glow, illuminated by the sun. I cannot, in words, explain the beauty. The magnificent brilliant colors.

Judith Picone, 14007 65th Drive, W. Edmonds, WA 98020





Divinity Within: A Dreamer's Odyssey

CAROLYN AMUNDSON

If humanity is divine and capable of knowing its own divinity, as held by world religions and teachers of wisdom, then awareness of divinity should be a function of man's consciousness. Should he be unwilling to encounter his own divinity in the physical waking state, he may yet find himself in the less inhibited state of dream consciousness.

In recent years I have experienced dreams of divinity (as self-defined) and assumed that others were experiencing the same thing, that as a people we were "waking up". My dream group, though producing wonderful archetypal themes, could not come up with anything which represented to them the presence of divinity. Surprised, I turned to readers of the Dream Network Bulletin and even there received only two responses. Perhaps, as Abraham Maslow said, "Far more strongly than we resist revealing the seamy side of the unconscious, do we resist discovering the godlike in ourselves."

I would like to share, therefore, my own dreams of divinity with the hope that it may prime the pump of collective consciousness and we may come to know better what we are. Some people feel that no dream is private (especially in study group context) but speaks to the common experience. In that spirit, therefore, I quote without comment from my dream journal:

Feb. 3, 1980: Jesus and I were embracing. He allowed as how we ought not to do that and we parted. Then we embraced once more and parted again. I told him I would like to serve him. He was surprised and asked why. "It's not because of who you are but what you are," I said, thinking that God should be served.

Feb. 5, 1980: The gods were dancing ballet, and so were we, and we were they. But it was

time to get down to business and even the gods had to work hard. We--the female human--had a large basketball floor to practice on....We went running across the field, I pursuing the god.

Mar. 8, 1980: The sound was going to be added to "the true story of Jesus". Then I heard it referred to as a "scratch track" and knew it had already been altered, that there could be no "true story".

Oct. 11, 1980: I (a man) am getting ready to leave the place where I have worked in a mutually affectionate relationship with a wonderful, sort of God-like robot for many years. The machine suggests I go, saying she must make the settings for The Flood. I begin to protest, seeing that she is trying to save man from this awful responsibility. "Adios!" she yells savagely, indicating the matter is settled, and her voice echoes "Adios! Adios! Adios!" as her eyes become active with patterns, which will become momentarily a pattern known in illustration throughout time, followed by moving lights in which I almost expect to see a real eye appear in the eye holes, a sort of personal statement of farewell at the end--but they remain moving lights.

Dec. 25, 1980: (After a joyful sequence about two women, in which one recognized the other by a physical sign or remnant and called the other by a past name):

I wanted to check this out in the book (a well-known book whose name I have forgotten) and went to the library. Walking across to the library, I was naked and liked it, but wondered if it would be acceptable to people in the library.

Entering a side door, I found myself in a stairwell. I wondered if I should explore upward for a route to the main library. I walked into the

hallway and found myself wearing a wrap of some kind.

In the hall, one excited woman told another, "It's rising! It's rising!" We ran to a viewing window looking down on a large concrete floor, somewhat like a gymnasium. I saw concrete along the edge sort of sloped up the wall, looking wet yet, and wondered if that was what was rising.

A large woman's finger, like that of a giant, stuck up through the concrete. Then it moved. A small human figure was nearby. The finger moved more. Then two eyes opened from the concrete, with long dark lashes and flashing, brilliant, almost God-like yellow eyes.

"Don't you understand this?" one of the two women in the hallway said to me. "No," I answered. "You're not ready yet," she said. "I never will be if no one explains it!" I retorted and went outdoors. Seeing that I was passing the library by, I swung around a tree and started back for the main entrance.

Dec. 29, 1981: Jesus had done some particular thing. I was told/became aware that when we did something like that in conjunction with another, we were expected to merge with that other, and wondered if that was his next step.

Oct. 10, 1982: I was sitting at the back of my mother's house looking at the yard. A very large section was planted in garden and I marveled at how weedless and well cultivated the rows were. As far as I knew, it wasn't my mother's garden--she might have a small one around in front, I thought--and I wondered whose it was. Now the soil was very wet, slightly flooded, and I noted how large some of the onion plants grew. Then I saw some that were enormous, like large cactus plants, with several growing together. You could just hack off a part of it for onion.

Then the whole area was under water. Looking at the beauty of everything, I thanked God for creating such a wonderful world (with the thought that other worlds may be wonderful but this one is so beautiful!) "Are you getting attached?" He said to me, humorously.

I saw a fish in the clear water and for a moment wanted to plunge in with it, even though the water was cold; but my hair was set and dry and I didn't want to ruin it, so the urge passed.

Jan. 12, 1983: God was revealing Itself in everything It/we did. We were aware of ourselves and becoming more so with each event. (It is hard to describe this. Each event happened with a revealing of who and what it was. Each image/-event became translucent with Identity.) April 25, 1984--I was looking as though from a doorway at people sitting at a table. At the head, with his

back to me, was God. On his right and left were two Holy Women. I was to sit at the foot, facing Him. "The three women of God," I thought as I looked at the table, then was embarrassed and confused at my thought.

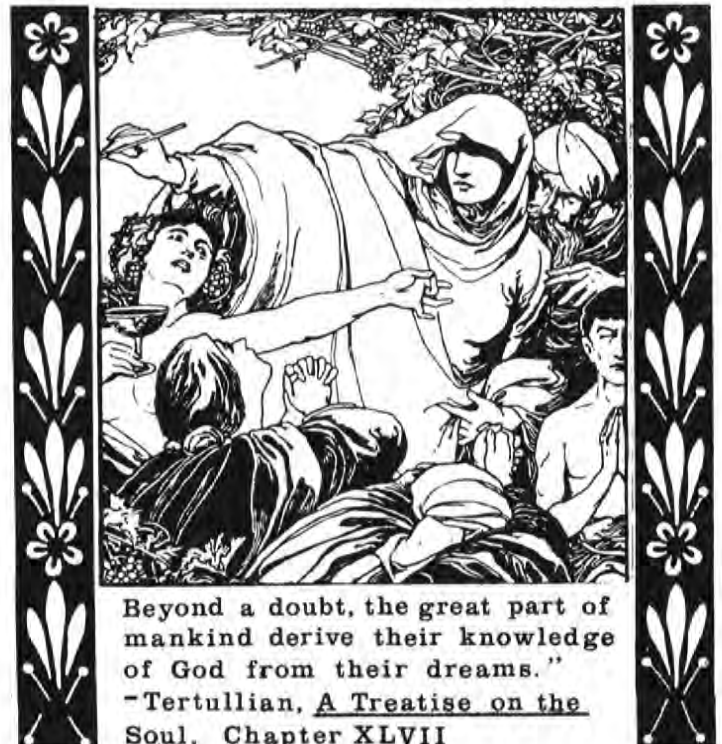
May 28, 1984: I was in a campus situation, at a cafe. Another woman and I were talking about a new young Oriental man on the scene. We were excited and looked forward to knowing/seeing him. I was putting on socks and shoes so we could go to see him.

Something about God being One and showing/sending different aspects of Himself....I was thinking of the Father aspect.

Sept. 16, 1984: I was talking with some people who claimed to have writings of the Christ. When I looked at the writings, they looked like ancient script, with thick, rounded forms. One section was supposed to refer to "untying the eye".

March 3, 1985: It was midday. I had decided to take another bath and to do that every day. It would be a bother to do my makeup twice a day, but for some reason I had decided to do it. I picked up the vacuum cleaner lying on the floor to take it back to where it belonged. But first I put the hose up to my face and vacuumed it in preparation for washing it. "Please make me one with you," I prayed to God. "I'm already one with you," God replied. "I know, but I want to be aware of it," I said.

(Author's address: Apartment 822 3801 Connecticut Ave., N.W. Washington, D.C. 20008)



Beyond a doubt, the great part of mankind derive their knowledge of God from their dreams."
-Tertullian, A Treatise on the Soul. Chapter XLVII



MY DREAM OF FEAR: OPENING A PATH TO A NEW CAREER

KATHERINE MARK

Thursday, June 11, 1981:

My Dream of Fear

I had been walking down a familiar residential street in my mother's neighborhood and was approaching the end of it when my attention was drawn to a house that stood on the corner. I stopped and stared at it. It was a wooden structure with a porch across the front length of it. On the porch was a sign that read: Everything For The Home. I was curious to see what was inside so I walked up the five or six steps to reach the porch. Then I noticed two large picture windows on each side of an open doorway. I was surprised because I had never seen windows like these before. They were round instead of square or rectangular, the way a store display window would be and made of thick glass. They made me think of two giant magnifying glasses.

I entered the open doorway and found myself in a large room with wooden floors. A long counter stood in the middle of the room, with various household items on it. I walked around it and admired some steel gray carpet samples with a scroll pattern that were next to some pots and pans and a toaster. I wandered into the next room which also had a long counter in the middle of it with all sorts of clothing piled on it. As there were several women going through them, I decided to come back later and headed for another open doorway I had noticed. When I approached it, I could see that it contained antique furniture. I noticed an old desk and a chest, but before I could enter the room and inspect the furniture, a young lady approached me and said, "I'm very busy and need some help running this place. It's been sold and the previous owner left me in charge until the new owner gets here. Would you like a job? I can put you on the payroll with me for \$2.30 an hour until the new owner gets here. I've heard that maybe we can get another job through him that will pay \$16.00 an hour."

I replied, "I'll try it."

We were very busy the next few hours, waiting on the customers at the counters. After closing time we began straightening and cleaning up. I had put some small green cushions on a pile near the back door to take home with me and swept up a lot of used pop corn seeds, which I tossed into a large trash drum. Two men came and swept up the floor with whisk brooms and carted the trash drum away. The young lady and I sat down to wait for the new owners.

Then the manager for the new owners arrived. He looked familiar with his receding gray hairline. He sauntered towards us and removed his jacket. He smiled and said, "Follow me." Then I realized he was Glenn, my sister's brother-in-law.

He led us to another part of the house that wasn't a part of the business. We entered a large empty room, about 30'x20' in size. Against the far wall stood some bleachers, about six or eight step seats high. He led us to the end of the bleachers and said, "Wait here. You will be called for someone to interview you." He left us to walk to the center of the bleachers, proceeded three steps up and sat down.

The young lady with me was immediately summoned and she left. I was surprised how quickly she returned and doubly surprised that she now wore a new outfit. She had on a rose beige dress with a felt rim hat to match. Her face had a glow about it that looked like she had a professional makeup done. Smiling she said, "They dressed me up for the new role I'll be playing in this business, but I have to wait to see what it will be."

Our attention was commanded when a famous actress entered the room. She was beautifully

...by being patient and waiting for the details of my dream to become clearer, my fear of the unknown diminished...

dressed in a silver fur coat and wore an odd tight fitting hat, that looked like a skull cap. It showed off her beautiful face. She walked regally to the manager and began talking to him. It seemed they knew each other quite well but I couldn't hear their conversation.

I was held spellbound by this actress's youthful appearance when I knew her age must be in the sixties. I figured she obviously had a face lift. In fact, the area where her odd looking skull cap ended against her skin looked like some of her stitches hadn't healed yet. I was so curious that I zoomed in and zeroed in for a closer look. When I focused in on this close-up view, I saw it wasn't stitch marks on her skin, but black geometric designs of symbols that ran off her vivid white skull cap onto her face. I was so startled that I zoomed in for a closer look around the area of her ear. The black symbol designs became very pronounced but the swishing sound made by my zooming woke me up.



INTERPRETATION

When I awoke, this vivid image was still with me; I experienced my hair damp from perspiration, my heart pounding wildly and my breathing quite heavy. I shuddered and thought, "Could this be a precognitive warning health dream indicating I had a brain tumor, which could result in deafness?" Remembering my past experience about the fear of the unknown, I decided to log this whole vivid dream and take my time interpreting it before I came to any conclusions.

I thought of Glenn many times and couldn't understand why he would appear in my vivid dream. He never did before. The last time I had seen him was ten years ago at his funeral. The only thing we had ever had in common was that we were both born on April 28th. This was the only clue I had.

I sold my home, got rid of some old furniture and moved into an apartment. When I was settled in my new dwelling, I continued my research into dreams and psychic phenomena and was discovering a new way of life. But I still hadn't come across anything that would explain the geometric symbols from my dream.

One day a colleague invited me to join her in attending a five day seminar. The lectures and entertainment would include many famous psychics, mediums, dream lecturers and astrologers. The first evening at dinner we were seated with an Indian mystic, an astrologer and four other interesting guests. In the course of our conversation, I mentioned my dream of the skull cap to the Indian mystic and showed him a sketch of it. The astrologer tuned into our conversation and asked to see the sketch. I was amazed when she said, "Why that's a symbol of the sign of Cancer and this other is an aspect." So astrology was the event! I was completely unfamiliar with this topic and spent as much time as I could attending the astrology lectures there.

Glenn's birthday and mine being the same may have been represented by the two circular picture windows or either side of the open doorway. Birthdays are necessary for a horoscope and signs of the zodiac are arranged in a circular pattern. The face lift reflected a new look for an old profession that was related to all my present interests. The green cushions and used pop corn seeds portrayed healings and cleaning up useless clutter. The antique furniture symbolized going into the past. The pots and pans and toaster suggested I would need to nourish myself with new knowledge for awhile before I could have the luxury of the scroll carpeting over my new foundation.

I'm an astrologer now and run this business from my own home. I do average about \$16.00 an hour when I magnify someone's aspects from their past to the present and the future. By being patient and waiting for the details of my dream to become clearer, my fear of the unknown diminished and I was ready to receive guidance about a new career.

(Author's address: 19811 Great Oaks Circle South, Mt. Clemens, Mich. 48043)

DREAM TREK

by LINDA MAGALLON

DREAM CELEBRITIES

Rona Barrett, you've got nothing on me! I've hobnobbed with Charlton Heston, dined with Alice Walker and appeared as host on Johnny Carson's "Tonight Show." All in my dreams, of course.

Is there really an ET--part-of-me? Probably so. And a Dragon Lady and Geraldine Ferraro, no doubt. But it's most intriguing when dream characters act as stand-ins for the other people in my life.

How to discover who's hidden behind those disguises? When my dreams play guessing games with me, I like to respond with some of my own.

Scrabble Unscramble

This was an easy one. The dream took place when I was involved in intensive dream sharing with Lenore Jackson, former Coordinator of the Seth Dream Network:

"I'm on tour inside a huge museum. Walking down a hallway, I suddenly realize there's a woman accompanying me. "Norlen!" I exclaim.

"Who's that?" she replies, turning to look at me.

"A childhood friend," I say. She appears transparent--I can see the wall right through her. So I ask, "Are you 'real' or my own projection?"

She responds, "I am as you." I take that to mean she's another dreamer.

Note the evidence in the syllabic switcheroo: "Nor-len" for "Len-nore." Also, Lenore pointed out that her name is a derivative of Helen, which

means "light." A quick exercise in word association leads to: light ... window ... glassy ... transparent.

Sergio was the name of a tour guide featured in a dream that occurred while I was reading the galleys of LUCID DREAMING. Can you fill in the missing letters to identify my "guide?" That's right--it's author Stephen LaBerge.

What's My Line?

Here's a December, 1984 dream. I had to wait six months to confirm this celebrity's identity:

"I'm at a conference. A space has been made for me to give a presentation on mutual and lucid dreams.

President George Burns hasn't eaten yet but his secretary urges him to do so. He'll probably have a few bites while he's working. He dictates a long list of items as she takes a shorthand which consists of numbers, decimal points and dashes. I view the written material upside down."

This scenario played itself out in June 1985 at the International Conference of the Association for the Study of Dreams in Charlottesville, Virginia. While there, I was invited to sit on the "Dream 10" panel: a presentation of lucid and mutual dreaming. So who was persevering George Burns? The busy ASD president and conference coordinator who I observed working with his secretary at the registration table: Bob Van de Castle.

Clue

I put on my detective hat to

decipher this dream:

"I'm at a school playground with my group. We are organizing to present ourselves to the rest of the school. I have them stand in a line, beyond the volleyball net.

Superman and I take the two ends of the net and fly toward the school. Superman has black hair, glasses, and a flat-top hat on.

Later, we're in an area of circular seating, facing a stage. I mentally place several people in the seats but they're scattered about and there's still lots of room for more."

Where were we? In a playful area of learning.

How? Through a coed group game.

Who? I confess the glasses threw me off for awhile: they're a symbolic representation of a scholarly attitude. But the black hair and flat-top-hat? There was only one person who fit that description, and it wasn't Professor Plum. By super powers of deduction I identified, not Clark Kent, but Kent Smith (of the Dream Training Institute of California).

At the time of the dream the two of us were attending meetings of the ASD Executive Committee, which was "planning to present" items to rest of the Board. There was, and is, "still lots of room for more" members in ASD.

When dreams translate personality characteristics into visual form, they can use both descriptive and literary devices. Try to decode your own dreams by using both types of interpretive methods.

AT LEAST THERE IS AN AION

Fred C. Olsen

On a bright April morning in 1975, I had the following dream: Across the room from where I sat frustrated by my inability to create, a group of women taught arts and crafts at large tables. I arose from my lonely corner to leave in a spirit of failure and despair. As I walked away, a voice boomed out "At least there is AION!" I awoke to the new day in Zurich, Switzerland with the letters A-I-O-N emblazoned on my mind. I walked to the morning lecture at the Jung Institute--puzzled. What is AION?

At noon I joined a friend for lunch in his room near the Institute. As I related my dream, I looked to the bookshelf to my right. Squarely before my eyes stood the title AION: The Phenomenology of The Self (Vol. 9., II The Collected Works of C. G. Jung). This and other synchronistic events and dreams confirmed my calling to work on the frontiers of inner space.

Whereas many Jungians explored the depths of symbols, archetypes, complexes and myths, I was drawn to Jung's idea of active imagination and the transcendent function.

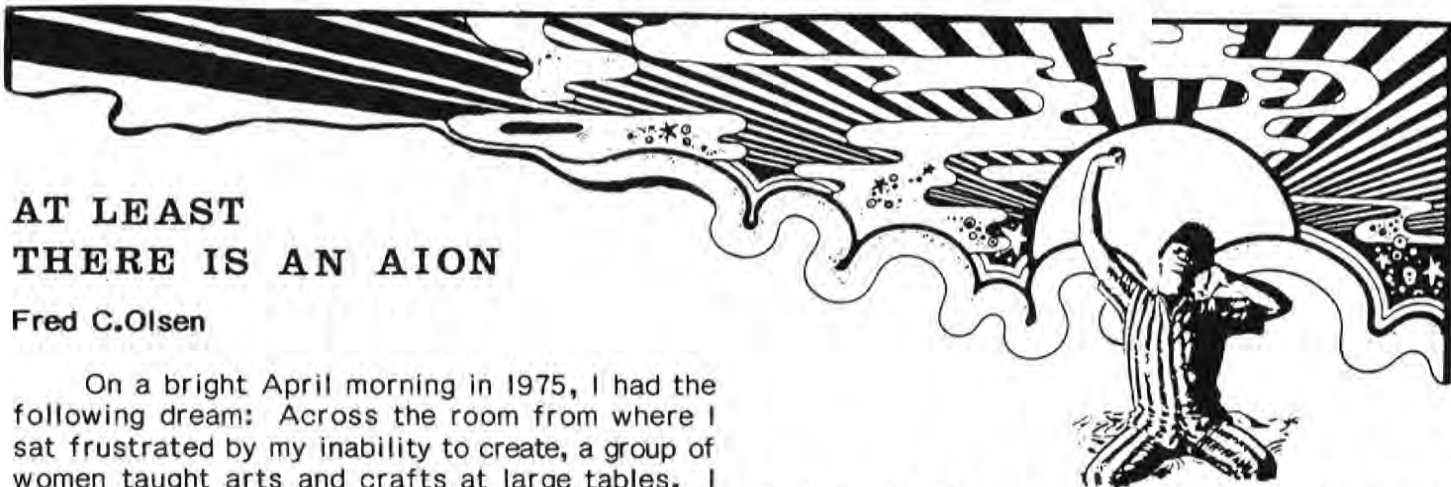
Waking Dream Re-entry

Waking dream re-entry is a particular approach to active imagination in which the dreamer re-enters the dream space while fully awake. Effective questions assist the dreamer to act consciously within the waking dream.

Stampeded by My First Love: A dreamer shared a recurring nightmare, still vivid after forty years. "I was standing on a path in a meadow where horses were grazing. The horses stampeded. I fell on the path and awoke in terror as their hooves crashed down on my face.

When asked: "Can you see yourself in the dream?" she responded, "Yes." "How old are you?" "Four!" she responded in surprise. "What was happening when you were four?" "Oh! That was when my parents divorced. They sent me to my grandparent's horse ranch." "What is important to you about horses?" "They are my first love. Ah! I see."

Can you see yourself in the dream now?"



"Yes." "What do you see?" "I see the horses coming. I fall. I wake up as the hooves come down on my face." "Now, go back, only this time stay in the dream. If you could do anything differently, what would you do?" "If I could reach up and grab a mane, I might save myself." "Go there now. Do you see it?" "Yes. The horses are bearing down. I reach up and grab the mane of a big chestnut. I pull myself up on his back. Wow!" "What is happening now?" "I feel his power beneath me. I feel on top of things." "What do you want to do?" "I want to ride off....Oh! I didn't realize how angry I felt toward my parents for leaving me."

Instant Re-play and The Inner Image

Instant re-play allows the dreamer, who has wandered up a blind alley, to return to the point of choice and pursue a course of action from a new emotional standpoint. The ability to explore various emotional choices to their natural end, in the waking dream, provides the dreamer clear pictures of the obstacles and consequences of paths that might otherwise prove costly in waking life.

From Jung's definition of the inner image, as a "condensed expression of the psychic situation as a whole," it follows that as the psychic situation changes so does the inner image; and as the inner image changes, so does the psychic situation. The goal is to participate consciously in the movement of the psyche as it spontaneously reflects its responses to our actions and choices within the waking dream.

By discovering ways that the psyche moves us toward healing and reconciliation, we learn how to accelerate the healing relationship between the dreamer, the dreamed, and the world.

Fred C. Olsen, M.Div. is a teacher, counselor, and consultant who moved from a career in the space program to explore the frontiers of inner space.

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backward into an encounter with the unconscious (the dark lake) and, through ever more intensified writing and dreaming, scattered my once so carefully packed interests and energies (dollar bills) around me.

A central issue became my relationship with my parents. I was the oldest child of an alcoholic father and a mother who bore long periods of unhappiness. In the evolving family dynamics (while I was in England my father experienced the spiritual awakening spoken of in *Alcoholic Anonymous* and did an about-face with his life) and through the process of maturing, I was brought face to face with the varieties of my own habits of denial, including the denial of my resentment toward my parents.

The journal process seemed to tell me that, like a good housewife, it was my task to clear out the mess of my negative mental habits and unacceptable feelings; but it was a job that never got done and it went far beyond my two-year deadline. Dreams, on the other hand, stubbornly placed my compulsion for cleanliness in context.

Four and a half years after I patiently began to record dreams and wait for the day when they would make sense, I crossed a threshold into the intimacy and understanding I had once blindly sought. A friend guided me by explaining, to my shock, that the pretty, yellow, double butterfly that my daughter (in a dream) cut with a scissors and killed, was about her coming between myself and my husband. (She was in impatient early adolescence). That night I dreamt about my friend:

I am standing at the window of my flat looking out when Rosemary comes to tell me something. I think it is that I must hurry. Behind her I see the gigantic mouth of a gleaming silver steam shovel, whose body is hidden behind the building on my right. There is rubble on the ground around it. It is destroying everything in its path and coming toward me. My task is to wake up my family and get them out. But first there is something I must do. I take out a handkerchief and begin to blow my nose. Great gobs of mucus come out of my mouth and my nose. I am pulling it out with my hands, and it loops in thick strands.

I have seen themes and images disappear from my dream life when I turned my awareness on them, but I never knew whether this meant my external life had changed. This time there is an extra challenge because I can see in my outer life not only the "but first" pattern but the other side of it, expressed, when I am up against the wall, in words like, "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry I'm such a bad person." The challenge is not to try to rid myself of this trait, because such an activity would only be a repetition of the pattern; but rather to become aware of what happens when I focus my attention on it.

I once dreamed, after "the silver steam shovel," that I saw a strange, ugly plant in my back yard. It was thick, like a succulent, gray and spotted, and it was surrounded by mushy rot. I discovered that looking at it made it grow. It detached itself, had legs but only a little stump for a head (similar to the first stages of a stuffed dinosaur I was making for my

son), and threw itself heavily at my chest, saying in the tenderest baby voice, "Eh, mama!" In the inner life, it appears, we nourish by means of our attention.

I don't kid myself that I can take command of my spiritual development by making a grand resolution, as in this case, to accept the parts of myself that I consider repugnant; but I feel that I can make gradual changes in direction by focusing on positive elements that both daily life and dreams point out to me. My most recent "but first" dream appeared on January 3:

There is a baby strapped into an infant seat. It is skinny and undersized, and its body is distorted as it pushes against its restraints. It is wearing yellow socks and little plastic sandals, and its feet are bent backwards at the ankles as it pushes impatiently against the surface of the table.

"What an ugly baby," I say to myself; and I begin to tend it.

Responding to me, the baby speaks in clear sentences. Disapprovingly I say, "Helen, you shouldn't be so high. You should be saying, 'Gaa, gaa, gaa,'" and I model baby talk for her.

I take her out of the infant seat and take care of her. She blossoms under my hands into a toddler with a robust little body, and she is wearing a pretty white dress. She asks me, as if she has to know this before she can go any further, "Just how high am I?" My heart changes and I tell her tenderly, "Margaret, you are very high."

She runs off across a beach at nighttime, skipping and

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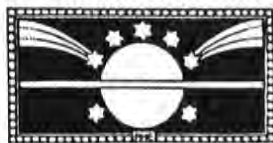
playing, and I follow her. The sand is gullied and pitted, and in many of the low places small flames are burning. Teaching, I tell her, "Some people come out here and have picnics."

Awake or asleep, I realize with a warm feeling of satisfaction the depth of my mothering power.

With this dream, "but first" becomes a new quantity. It is no longer an anguished cry of "Out, damned spot!" that can never be answered nor fulfilled, but rather an earnest request for reassurance, which I find I am able to give. The name Helen, my godmother's name, may represent my inner, spiritual mother, whose intelligence I was denying, while Margaret is the name Rosemary and my yoga teacher mistakenly called her for several weeks. Here in this dream my admiration for Rosemary as a spiritual mother and guide comes to fullness.

In 1985 I found a way to reassure this little girl of my inner life that she was precious to me, left full-time journal-writing, and went to work in an office. Out in the working world, I could see the direction of my interests more clearly and knew that, after all those babies, I wanted to touch people. Thus tomorrow, after completing this "but first" essay, I am starting a training course as a nursing assistant (the white dress?). After a preliminary day of training in CPR last Saturday, I can see it's going to be a real picnic.

(Author's address: 3067 Riva Road, Riva, MD 21140)



reference library

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"Archetypal dreams during the first pregnancy." Psychological Perspectives, 1984, 15(1), 71-80. Thomas Schroer, University of Dayton, Dayton, OH.

Change of Life: A psychological study of dreams and the menopause. By Ann Mankowitz. Inner City Books (1984, 128 pp., \$12.) Box 1271, Station Q, Toronto, Ontario, M4T 2P4.

"Wake up and listen to your dreams." USA Today, March 6, 1986. Bonnie Jacob.

"A comparison of waking instructions and posthypnotic suggestion for lucid dream induction." (Abstract) American Journal of Clinical Hypnosis, Jan, 1986, 28(3), 193. J. R. Dane & Robert Van de Castle, c/o DNB.

"The clinical utility of lucid dream induction via hypnosis and personal symbols." (Abstract). American Journal of Clinical Hypnosis, Jan, 1986, 28(3), 193-194. J. Dane.

"Hypnotic self-confrontation to resolve unpleasant dreams." (Abstract) American Journal of Clinical Hypnosis, Jan, 1986, 28(3), 195-196. B. Jencks & G. F. Braza.

"Can a computer dream?" Journal of the American Academy of Psychoanalysis, Oct., 1985, 13(4), 453-466. S. R. Palombo, 35 Wisconsin Circle, Chevy Chase, MD 20815.

"Individual differences in memory for dreams: The role of cognitive skills." Perceptual & Motor Skills, December, 1985,

61(3-1), 823-828. S. F. Butler, et al, Department of Psychology, 134 Wesley Hall, Vanderbilt University, Nashville, TN 37240.

"Sex differences in East African dreams." Journal of Social Psychology, June, 1985, 125(3), 405-406. Robert L. Munroe, et al, Department of Psychology, Pitzer College, Claremont, CA 91711.

dream resources

LET YOUR BODY INTERPRET YOUR DREAMS
Eugene T. Gendlin. Chiron Publications, 400 Linden Avenue, Wilmette, IL 60091. 195 pp. \$9.95.

Dr. Gendlin is a Professor of Psychology at the University of Chicago. He is perhaps best known for his book, Focusing, describing his approach for getting in touch with feelings and deepening personal awareness. He was also a colleague of Carl Rogers and made significant contributions to the process of teaching people the skill of empathy. He brings this background to his presentation on dream interpretation.

A major distinguishing feature of his approach to interpreting dreams is that it is theory neutral--it is not dependent upon which theory of dreams you favor using in your work. Instead, it is a description of a process of focussing on bodily events as the dream is reviewed. He provides a step-by-step process for reviewing a dream, with regard to personal associations, the plot of the dream, the characters in the dream, decoding the dream, and relating these to various developmental issues, including spirituality. He also provides some methods for controlling against personal bias and self-deception.

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DREAMS AND VISIONS. Stanley
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August 10-15. Write A.R.E., PO
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DREAM JOURNAL



THE BODY AS DREAMER

Memories of explorations into my body as a source of guidance about dreams were revived by reading LET YOUR BODY INTERPRET YOUR DREAMS, by Eugene Gendlin (see **Resources**).

When I was first trying to learn how to remember my dreams, I discovered that, in the morning, if I would adopt each of my normal sleeping positions, I would recall a different dream while in each position. It was easier, I presume, to recall and re-experience a dream while in the same body position as the one accompanying the original dream experience. It seemed to me that dream memories are not stored in the brain-mind, but in the body-mind.

My next learning experience began when I got the treatment invented by Ida Rolf, which involved getting my body wracked back into shape by a series of very directive physical interventions. As advertised, I did experience some early, pre-verbal memories during phases of the treatment. At the end of this remodelling, my "Rolfing," Ed Maupin, showed me a new way of walking and moving. In particular, I remember trying to learn how to focus upon and "lead" with my knees when walking, rather than to kick out with my feet. As I struggled to get it together with all the various anatomical/movement changes he was introducing, I realized that a "body-image" is not just a metaphor, or a figure of speech, but a physical reality. I suspected that dreams were a natural source of "seed-images" for the transformed body-image the therapist was looking for. An image from a dream would also have the advantage of being personally tailored, and "just right" for the dreamer's particular body-person.

An opportunity to test this idea came during a demonstration I gave on "Gestalt" dreamwork. Rather than having people verbally role-play a dream symbol, I asked them to physically become the symbol and form themselves into a "body-statue" or "body-sculpture" that represented the symbol, and then make it into a kinetic, or moving symbolic sculpture. The final exercise was to perform the symbol's "dance," or movement sequence, that expressed the energy of the symbol.

For myself, I chose the symbol of a tree from a recent dream. As I stood rooted in the ground, with my arms and growing tips reaching to the stars, and began swaying in the wind, I had a direct experience of a "body-image" within me. This image expressed a way of being in the world that I had glimpsed during the Rolfing.

I later discovered, upon reading Arnold Mindell's book, Dreambody, that the symbol of the tree is one of the more basic representations of that invisible, yet very palpable, energy system that goes by many names, such as "Chi." The realm of the imagination--and dreams--is where body and mind become One in "Chi." I first discovered that union while doing my "tree dance."

You might refer to the body and its postures when trying to get in touch with the meaning of a dream symbol. Ask, "how might I arrange my body to be like this symbol? How might I begin to move?" When you do your symbol's "dance" notice what feelings and images your body brings to mind. Your body does your dreaming, let it take you the rest of the way home!

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