

Dreamweaver



THE ONLY MAGAZINE THAT EXPLORES THE NATURE OF SLEEP AND DREAMS

Volume Two Number One

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SURREALISM THE LONGEST JOURNEY

By Trudy Stanfel

BEDWETTING the cost of losing control

By Dorothy Kunkin Heller

INSOMNIA 15 ways of getting a good night's sleep

By Frances Sheridan Goulart

THE RETURN OF MR. MYSTERY

By John Wooley

EDITORIAL

CRUNCH! And we're feeling it. Economically, emotionally, psychologically. After a full year of publishing (how many times has it been put to us that most new magazines fold after a year), the hard realities of this business are beginning to really hit home.

To produce a publication worthy of public acceptance, a magazine for those in every walk of life, a magazine which speaks to the dreamer in all of us, requires great commitment and a drive that is unshakeable and enduring.

We at Dreamweaver are indeed unshakeable in our determination to continue the growth and development of a dream which was germinated over four years ago.

However, when it comes to paying bills, resolve is no substitute for capital (ask any struggling artist in this country). And so it is with Dreamweaver. We have hit upon a critical obstacle in the path, one that threatens this magazine's very existence, at a time when its evolutionary roots are just beginning to take. It would be a shame, even more so, a great waste to see such a vehicle for self-exploration nipped in the bud.

If you agree with those that have praised Dreamweaver (including our handful of subscribers) you might (we hope) at this point ask yourself, "How can I possibly help?"

Well, if you are not yet a subscriber, subscribe (it's cheap at \$6/year, really). If you are a subscriber, renew your subscription quickly. Consider buying subscriptions as xmas gifts for the dreamers in your life, all those eccentric friends and relatives. Are you an entrepreneur? Well, buddy can you spare a dime? You now have the opportunity to help support a unique enterprise with a bright future. Don't hesitate to call. Our doors are always open.

One last word. Touch. We hope that Dreamweaver has touched your life. It has ours.

*Harry Posner
Nick Trusolino*

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KAREN MCLEOD

INTERPRETATIONS

My Method of Dream Interpretation

In order to make interpretations of dreams, I try to leave my mind open to a variety of possible meanings. In doing so I also try to suspend overly logical thinking in favor of more creative, abstract, spontaneous thinking. Dream interpretation is a subjective occupation that varies as much with the interpreter as it does with the dream; and all dreams have multiple meanings. I use intellect, but more importantly, I use intuition. I try to *feel* my way into a dream—and so I may or may not end up with a cohesive whole. Interpreting dreams means taking chances, stepping out on limbs. Sometimes it means being baffled. sometimes it means guessing. I regard dreams as puzzles, challenges. And I believe that all dreams are meaningful.

Sometimes it helps to look at what is missing in a dream. That often provides a clue to its meaning. In studying a dream, I rely heavily upon Freud and Jung—not as gods, but as guides. I also try to keep an open mind to transpersonal influences and precognitions. Finally, the actual words, names, and numbers that appear in dreams often lead to revelations; puns are found frequently in dreams and provide important clues.

by David Feinberg



THE CAT BURGLAR

I dreamed I was in bed with my fiancé, Jane, and she was asleep. It was night. I heard a noise down the hall. I realized that there must be a burglar in the apartment. I was terrified. I shouted to the burglar, "I hear you, so just LEAVE!" Silence. I turned on the light and saw a cat burglar, dressed in black, coming down the hallway toward me. He moved stealthily, hiding behind this and that, getting closer and closer. I started shouting to my fiancé, "Wake up, Jane, wake up!" In reality I was shouting in my sleep and actually woke her up—she then woke me up and I remembered this dream.

Male, age 30

A classic nightmare: night, darkness, fear, stealth. From a Jungian standpoint, the man in black is an archetypal figure: he represents the Shadow, the inner bad guy, always ready to pounce. In the dream you are very afraid of this man—which might indicate that you are not at peace with the darker sides of your self. Perhaps this symbolic cat burglar appears for the purpose of alerting your conscious mind to the existence of more or less disowned parts of your personality—don't despair, however, we *all* have them. The thing to do is recognize their power and influence upon our lives.

Your dream also has an obvious Freudian interpretation. I refer to that of sexual, probably Oedipal, guilt. From a psychoanalytic perspective, it appears that Jane is an unconscious representation of your mother, and the cat-burglar is a symbolic personification of your father.

The Oedipal complex assumes that as a small boy you sexually desired your mother, and because of that you expected revenge—in the form of castration—from your father. To lend credence to this interpretation, the word "castration" begins more or less similarly to the word "cat," and furthermore, castration may be seen as a form of burglary.

Again, you might view this dream as an alert from your unconscious. Perhaps it is time to give up your old Oedipal designs: your mother is out of bounds—Jane is infinitely more appropriate an object for your attentions.

by David Feinberg

The Bath

A close female friend of mine is in my bathroom about to take a bath, which I prepared for her. She removes her clothes and jumps into the bathtub and commences to bathe herself. After washing herself, she grabs a towel and begins to dry her body. When she was finished, she jumps out of the bathtub, rushes into her clothes and runs into the living room where a couple of men were waiting for her. She was full of energy and excitement.

Then I start to take a bath using the same bath water. I knew that it would be impossible to clean myself using the same bath water because it was just filthy; and then the dream ended.

Lately my friend and I have not been getting along very well. She has been rather distant and emotionally troubled. I've been thinking of offering some support (possibly rescuing her).

I believe the dreaming mind is warning me against the idea of rescuing her, i.e. preparing a nice warm bath in which she could wash her troubles away. It is showing me that she is not in a state of mind where she could appreciate my support. She would only end up cleaning herself of her troubles and then run off to others, leaving me alone, i.e. running into the living room feeling clean and full of energy and seeking the social company of men other than myself. The dream is telling me that I would be left with the dirty bath water (her negative feelings) and feeling alone and unappreciated.



PERSONAL POWER

I am lying in bed (fully clothed) with a close female friend. She jumps on top of me (sitting astride, facing me) saying something to the effect of, "I am going to see what powers you possess." At this point she grasps my shoulders and proceeds to do a back flip, sending me flying head first into a solid wall behind her. There is a moment of blackness, then I regain consciousness realizing that I just went right through this solid wall unhurt.

I look over to the corner of the room to see a large rectangular mirror which is badly cracked. I realize that I had probably done that damage when I hit the wall.

At this point my body begins to react to the experience of going through a wall, as I find it hard to swallow and to breathe. I go to another apartment down the hall and ask an older woman (50-60) for a drink of water.

The scene changes and I am in a hospital room with several sick young people. I am an assistant there and am asked to go down to the next floor to relay some information to the doctors there.

H.P. age 30

This dream seems to be speaking directly to me about my relationship to my friend. She is challenging me to show her my strength, my power, the full extent of what I am capable of. Knowing her is forcing me to confront directly the barriers (ie, walls) that live inside of me and which I must work through in order to grow and to feel my own inner resources.

I go through the wall head first (I lead with my head, my intellect, rather than my heart, say feelings) and she seems determined to break through my hard-headedness, so to speak. Making it through the wall unhurt indicates that she has indeed already helped me realize that I do possess more courage and ability than I know.

The cracked mirror indicates a schism that has formed in my self-image, that I must take responsibility for through self-reflection. A healing is necessary.

I am also feeling some shock symptoms that appear out of my relationship to my friend. I feel some constriction in my throat, finding my position in some respects "difficult to swallow" and needing some support and wisdom from other more experienced sources (ie, the water and the older woman represent a replenishing of the physical-emotional aspects of my self).

The hospital scene I feel represents a movement toward healing in that I am an assistant to the doctors and am an aide in conveying information to them. This points to a healing within me, perhaps a bridging of the gap between head and heart, sickness and health, mending the break in the mirror of my soul.

by Harry Posner

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INTERPRETATIONS

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RIGHT-HAND-DRIVE

I dreamt that my mother bought me a little white sports car for my birthday. I was delighted that she bought it but complained nonetheless that I had only \$75 to my name, hardly enough to cover gas or insurance.

I entered the car to find that it was a right-hand-drive vehicle. We (my mother and I) drove a ways down the road and although I found the car easy enough to drive (ie, the gear shift operated smoothly) I found that there was not enough room for my legs and they felt quite awkward and uncomfortable.

H.P. age 30

The theme in this dream relates to a desire for independence. The dreamer, it seems needs to be free of parental help, ie, he had some money—\$75 (money represents here self-support) but in this case the amount is not enough to take care of the car—it was “hardly enough to cover gas or insurance.”

The car was also bought by the mother rather than the dreamer. This shows dependence upon the parent. The sports car can symbolize freedom and independence but this feeling is not yet part of the dreamer's psyche as the car (which stands for one's inner 'drive' or psyche) did not feel comfortable to the dreamer. A right-hand-drive car is a foreign image (ie, relates to foreign feelings) and the dreamer's legs (as in foundation) did not feel comfortable in this vehicle.

It seems that greater dependence is placed on the mother rather than the father since it was mother who bought the white sports car. One could also suggest from this dream that on some level the mother would like to hang on to the son and keep him little (little car) and white (faithful to her, virginal).

The dreamer does not feel comfortable with this predicament (his legs are too long—he's a big boy now) and yet needs his mother because he is not as yet self-supporting (does not have enough money to pay for gas (driving force) and insurance (security)).

However, in the dream, the dreamer's ability to drive the car easily (ie, to shift gears smoothly) indicates that he is on the right track and only needs the financial independence to make a final smooth (drive) transition.

by Shula Steinberg

SEARCHING THE PAST

I am in Belgium—feel like a six year old but am aware that I am also my present age. I'm looking for my uncle's home where I used to live as a child. I am circling the narrow streets but after a long search find the right home.

I knock on the door and a woman (who was my uncle's friend) opens the door. she is warm and pleasant and welcomes me. The rooms look smaller and more modern than what I remember them to be. There is very little space in the house.

My uncle's friend then says, "These are modern times, it's not like it used to be."

I realize that my uncle is dead and now three women (including my uncle's widowed friend) live there.

Shula Steinberg late 30's

Belgium is symbolic of a country where financial security was taken for granted since my uncle was very wealthy. I was six years old then. Today, I am a single parent who is trying to make ends meet. A part of me would like to go back to that time in my life, a time of financial security. But in modern times the living isn't easy.

The three women are the three people in my family—myself and two children and unlike my uncle's spacious home the one I live in is much smaller.

The narrow windy streets could stand for the restrictions and difficulties in attaining my goal (finding my uncle's lovely house (my own spacious home and financial stability)).

There is a lack also of male protection—my uncle is dead, so is my uncle's husband's friend and this relates directly to my being a single parent with no husband to care for my family.

Things are not like they used to be but life can still be enjoyed (the women were warm and friendly—my children and home are warm and friendly despite its small physical space).

by Shula Steinberg

Send your dreams to: Dreamweaver, 172 Rushton Rd., Toronto, Ontario, Canada, M6G 3J1. Please indicate which interpreter you would prefer to respond to your dream.

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The Sleeping Child BEDWETTING

By Dorothy Kunkin Heller

One psychologist calls nocturnal enuresis (more commonly known as bedwetting) the "closet problem"—an embarrassing topic that bedwetters and their families would rather not discuss. There are very few studies devoted to bedwetting, either medical or popular, but the subject keeps cropping up with cyclical frequency in magazines, guides for parents, and occasionally, in medical journals. (In *Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature*, there were many more articles on procedures for testing and analysis of urine for various diseases than on bedwetting or female bladder infections. Is this because bedwetting is a problem that primarily affects women and children, therefore not to be taken as seriously?)

In fact, remedies for bedwetting have been recorded as early as the sixteenth century. Multiple theories on its causation and treatment still abound, including "New Way to Combat Enuresis: Diet Procedure", and the provocative title, "Salt Keeps Them Dry." (Although the latter article is about diet, it evokes images of salting children for greater preservation, like herrings.) Other titles are evocative, ranging from "Mother's Greatest Problem" to "Growing Up is the Only Cure for Bedwetting", to "Bedwetting: A Child's Cry for Help."

Parents are told alternately that bedwetting is the sign of serious emotional difficulties and to ignore it because it is a minor manifestation that will go away by itself, as in "Bedwetting—Don't Over-Emphasize." They are advised to keep the child warm; remove the blankets; make the bed more comfortable; have the child sleep on the floor; punish the child; ignore the whole thing; keep the child from drinking liquids; give the child more liquids to drink, and so on.

After all, what is the problem? Urinating is a normal function, necessary to eliminate waste products from the body. Bedwetters are not incontinent—their problem only occurs when they are asleep at night. Other than inconvenience to the bedmakers, are there consequences of this otherwise normal behavior that demand attention on the part of parents and physicians? According to many psychologists—yes.

Both psychiatrists and psychologists disagree about the causes of bedwetting—is it a symptom of a deeper emotional problem or does bedwetting itself cause emotional problems? Some psychologists take bedwetting very seriously indeed, calling it an "insidious condition" that can actually

damage personality. Bedwetting may not be caused by emotional problems, says Dr. William Baller of San Diego's International University Psychology Department, but it will definitely cause them in our society. The bedwetter is faced with rejection, embarrassment, punishments, and prohibitions, from his own family, friends, and relatives as well as the outside world. "There is not a more insidious troublemaker than bedwetting—success and satisfaction are related to self-esteem." Bedwetting children are liable to see themselves as failures, incapable of

"...the cultural theory—that bedwetting is only a problem because our society says that it is."

getting through one night without accidents. Parents' irritation, teasing, not being able to make overnight visits or go to overnight camp, can all be consequences. Bedwetting children may even come to doubt their own normalcy.

Many methods that purport to cure enuresis, especially those developed during Victorian times, are really kinds of torture. Physicians and counsellors even today encounter cases where families force their bedwetters to sleep on an old mattress in the garage, wear a knotted rope between their legs, sleep in the bathtub and other cruelties.

Like masturbation, bedwetting has powerful connotations of lack of self-control, dirt, and soiling oneself. In a society that values will power, self-control, cleanliness, and social acceptance, the bedwetting child is certain to be faced with some amount of rejection and self-doubt. (An interesting cultural aside is that bedwetting is extremely common in the Israeli kibbutz, (in one study, 40% of the nine-year-olds in one kibbutz wet their beds), but bedwetting is seen as a natural instinctual act that is neither condemned nor treated. Most of the children stop wetting their beds if their behavior becomes inconvenient for the peers with whom they live. In contrast, thumb-sucking is considered to be socially unacceptable.)

When do parents know they have a problem?

Physicians now consider a child to be a "bedwetter" if he or she is four years old and wets the bed more than twice a week over a period of several months, assuming that the bedwetting is involuntary and there is no illness involved. Some distinguish be-

tween "primary enuresis," meaning that the child "has never been consistently dry for at least one period of several months since infancy" (the majority of cases) and "secondary enuresis," where the child starts wetting the bed after at least one dry period.

There are no definitive statistics, but those that exist indicate that bedwetting may be fairly common. It is estimated that 10% of all children at age seven and 3% at age 12 have never stopped bedwetting. Students of the subject extrapolate figures based on existing studies to be as high as 20-30 million Americans, including adults. One study indicates that 2% of adults between ages 17-25 may still be bedwetters. One to three percent of healthy recruits in the British and American forces from 1943-1964 wet their beds. A 1954 article in the *Journal of American Medicine* states that "enuresis is a major problem, involving about 16% of the population between ages 3-25 years."

The statement of one psychologist seems fair: "Bedwetting is common, disruptive, and curable."

What Causes Nocturnal Enuresis?

According to one expert, the causes of bedwetting are "multiple and complex." There are certainly a variety of theories. One is the cultural theory—that bedwetting is only a problem because our society says that it is. Psychologists and physicians do not necessarily disagree with the cultural theory. They emphasize, however, that bedwetting children will encounter a great deal of criticism, rejection, and feelings of self-denigration because of their behavior. If emotional problems are not the cause of their bedwetting, they are very likely to be a result.

Psychological theories that emotional problems *cause* enuresis claim that bedwetting is a subconscious behavior by which the child tries to get attention or express anger and insecurity. One magazine article states emphatically that this is typical attention-getting behavior when a new sibling enters the family. Behavioral psychologists point out that the treatment of what may be the underlying emotional causes of bedwetting is lengthy, time-consuming, and expensive. They stress that emotional problems are more likely to be resolved when the symptom is taken care of, rather than vice versa. Dr. Baller goes even further. He states that the theory that children wet their beds to get attention is merely cruel. "The idea that the bedwetting child uses the habit as a means of attracting attention or wilfully demonstrating spite is a cruel, moralistic notion." Since the kind of attention the bedwetter inevitably receives is so negative, theories of lack of will power, misbehavior, or attention-getting are really forms of condemnation and punishment.

A third school of thought is that bedwetting is caused by slow maturation. Some children may simply take longer to learn bladder control, as some take longer to talk, read, or develop hand and eye coordination. According to this theory, children should be left alone and the problem will solve itself. Treatment will cause problems rather than alleviate them. Against this argument are statistics that indicate that bedwetting does not "go away" for a significant number of people, even in adulthood.

If emotional problems, slow maturation, or cultural prohibitions are not the main causes of bedwetting, is the problem physical? Studies show that bedwetters with organic lesions number about 1-3%. Physical causes can be an infected urinary tract, kidney ailment, urethral obstructions in males and ectopic urethra in females. Bedwetting may also be a precursor of diabetes, epilepsy, or sleep apnea.

It is estimated that 40-50% of bedwetters have a family history of enuresis. Whether or not this indicates that the cause may be physically inherited, a very small percentage of bedwetters actually have some physical problem associated with their habit.

Is Nocturnal Enuresis a Sleep Disorder?

Since nocturnal enuresis by definition is a night-time event, is it a sleep disorder?

Experts in sleep disorders agree that bedwetting is probably associated with Stage 4 sleep, but disagree about its significance and treatment. Most sleep clinics don't treat bedwetting; an enquiry to the Stanford Sleep Disorders Center produced a referral to a psychiatrist at Children's Hospital.

Dr. William C. Dement associates bedwetting with sleeptalking, sleepwalking, and night terrors, which are all likely to occur in Stage 4 sleep when it is extremely difficult to awaken the sleeper. "A child in this stage of sleep is virtually unreachable and may take several minutes to return to full awareness if he can be aroused at all."

Dement classifies bedwetting with other childhood sleep behaviors that trouble parents far more than the child—"it is the parents who suffer, worrying about the 'psychological' significance of the episodes. Yet, on the morning after, the children are blissfully ignorant of the fact that anything unusual has happened."

Dement also suggests that all the childhood sleep disorders, including toothgrinding, sleepwalking, sleeptalking, night terrors, and bedwetting can occur in the same family and in the same child. EEGs are normal, however, in epileptic children during episodes of nocturnal enuresis and sleepwalking. Dement strongly recommends that there be no treatment at all of any of these disorders—they are caused by some neurological immaturity that will be outgrown.

Roger Broughton, a Canadian sleep researcher who offered new and exciting insights on night terrors, suggests two hypotheses on enuresis. The episodes may represent "the expression of emotional conflicts that are repressed in wakefulness but are allowed to occur because some psychic barrier is lowered in sleep." On the other hand, the behavior may be caused by some "purely physiological abnormality that arises in a 'psychological void.'"

In studies by Broughton and Gastaut, the episodes usually started with a series of bladder contractions during delta sleep and were often associated with general body movement. The sleep patterns then changed to Stage 2 or 3 during urination, or the patient woke up. The incidence increased in frequency when patients were under stress. They concluded, however, that "the act of wetting the bed during delta sleep usually carries little symbolic significance." They recommend imipramine in doses carefully titrated to the individual patient.

According to these researchers, enuresis is one of the "disorders of arousal" that occur during a partial or complete arousal from slow wave sleep. The actual bedwetting takes place when the EEG patterns suddenly change from Stage 4 sleep to Stages 3, 2, or even 1—all NREM stages of lighter sleep approaching wakefulness. In Broughton's experiments another "disorder

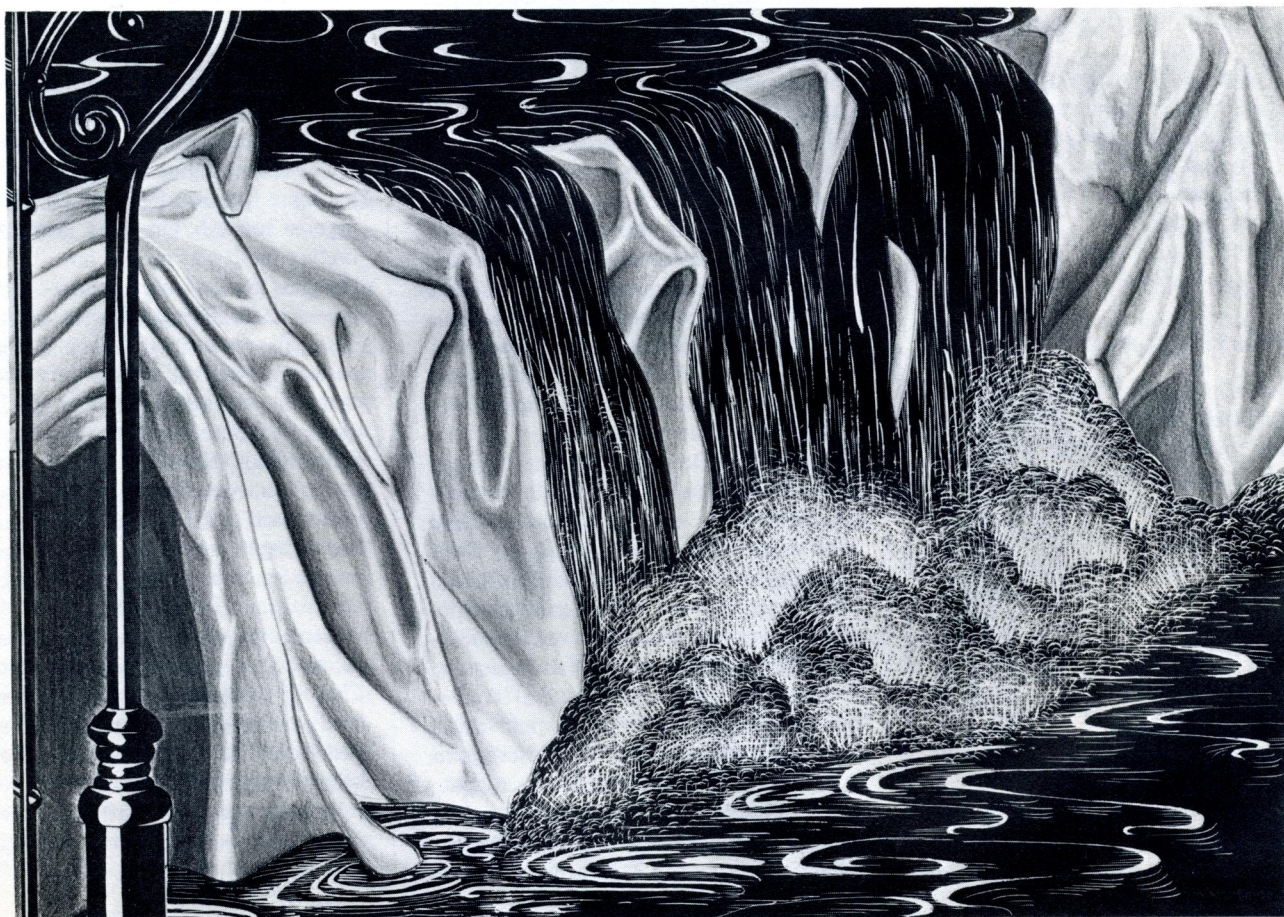


Illustration by JANET THORNHILL

of arousal," night terrors, could be induced by a buzzer or the patient's need to urinate.

Drs. Anders and Guilleminault of Stanford University Medical Center's Department of Neurology state that bedwetting is a neurological immaturity that the child will outgrow.

Dr. Peter Hauri, a sleep researcher and clinician, classifies enuresis among the "parasomnias"—activities that are normal during wakefulness but create problems if they occur during sleep, such as walking or urinating.

Most people, he says, are capable of trips to the bathroom, adjusting bedcovers, closing windows, or turning off bedside alarms when they're partially aroused from delta sleep. In some people, this partial arousal is associated with sleepwalking, nightmares, and "enuresis, to a lesser extent." These individuals enter a state of confusion, indicated on the EEG by a mixture of delta (deep sleep), alpha, and beta (waking) waves. Enuresis may occur in this confusional state. Parasomnias occur more often in children who have more delta sleep, usually early in the night when delta sleep is most prominent. Different parasomnias can occur in the same person, all during the "confusional state" rather than normal sleep. The incident is rarely recalled in the morning.

Hauri does not recommend imipramine except of necessity for camp or social visits—the problem usually returns when the drug is withdrawn. He suggests bladder training as a solution.

Drs. Coates and Thoresen of the Education and Psychology departments at Stanford University suggest that in the absence of any physical problems, "bedwetting probably indicates a limited bladder capacity but rarely anything else." They strongly urge against the use of drugs, which can get in the way of behavioral training.

The Behavioral Approach

Behavioral psychologists stress that bedwetting in most cases won't just go away. According to Drs. Nathan A. Azrin and Victoria A. Besalel, authors of *A Parent's Guide to Bedwetting Control and Toilet Training in Less Than A Day*, the odds are against spontaneous improvement.

The chances of spontaneous remission, they say, are one to 3 for a three-year-old, one to 4 for a four-year-old, only 1 to 7 for five and six-year-olds, 1 in 15 for 8 to nine-year-olds, 1 in 25 for 12-14-year olds, and 1 in 50 for bedwetters 17 years and above.

"The treatment which offers most for lasting correction," they state, "is that which is built around the principles of be-

havior conditioning." the approach is one of self-help, and involves the child as the responsible partner in changing his own behavior.

The other options are summarized by Dr. Warren Baller. The "destructive methods" are really punishments—making the child sleep on a hard or uncomfortable surface such as the bare floor or garage; irrigations; severe restriction of liquids, etc. "Psychodynamic therapies" ignore the fact that troubled behavior on the part of the bedwetter is the *result* as much as the cause of bedwetting. Drugs such as belladonna, barbitol derivatives, diuretics, and ephedrine sulfate are no more effective than placebos. Improvement does occur with Tofranil (imipramine), but is not lasting.

"... it is the parents who suffer, worrying about the 'psychological' significance of the episodes."

Mechanical conditioning methods include a bell that sounds when the bedclothes are wet and a mechanism that shines light in the child's face when he begins to urinate. A non-mechanical behavioral approach, the Kimmel method, trains patients to retain liquid during the day, gradually learning to delay urination up to 45 minutes.

Dr. Baller recommends the popular pad and buzzer apparatus, usually effective for 90% of patients within two months and sold through Sears and Montgomery Wards for about \$25.00. The problems that may arise with this method, however, is that the family may be awakened by the stimuli used to awaken the child; the buzzer may go off simply because of perspiration instead of urination; the child may learn ways to circumvent the mechanism, thus defeating the purpose; and the family may discontinue the project before results are achieved. Dr. Baller does recommend that the pad and buzzer method be used in conjunction with a therapist or family counsellor.

Azrin and Besalel's method dispenses with mechanisms altogether and combines the behavioral training Kimmel method with other behavioral techniques. Their book can be used by families without the aid of a therapist, unless other family or emotional problems make intervention desirable. The program centers on an "intensive training day" with follow-up, used successfully at the time of the book's publication (1980) and with 175 children. The program typically achieved results on the first night.

The authors emphasize that the child must be at least three years old, have daytime control, and be toilet-trained. He or

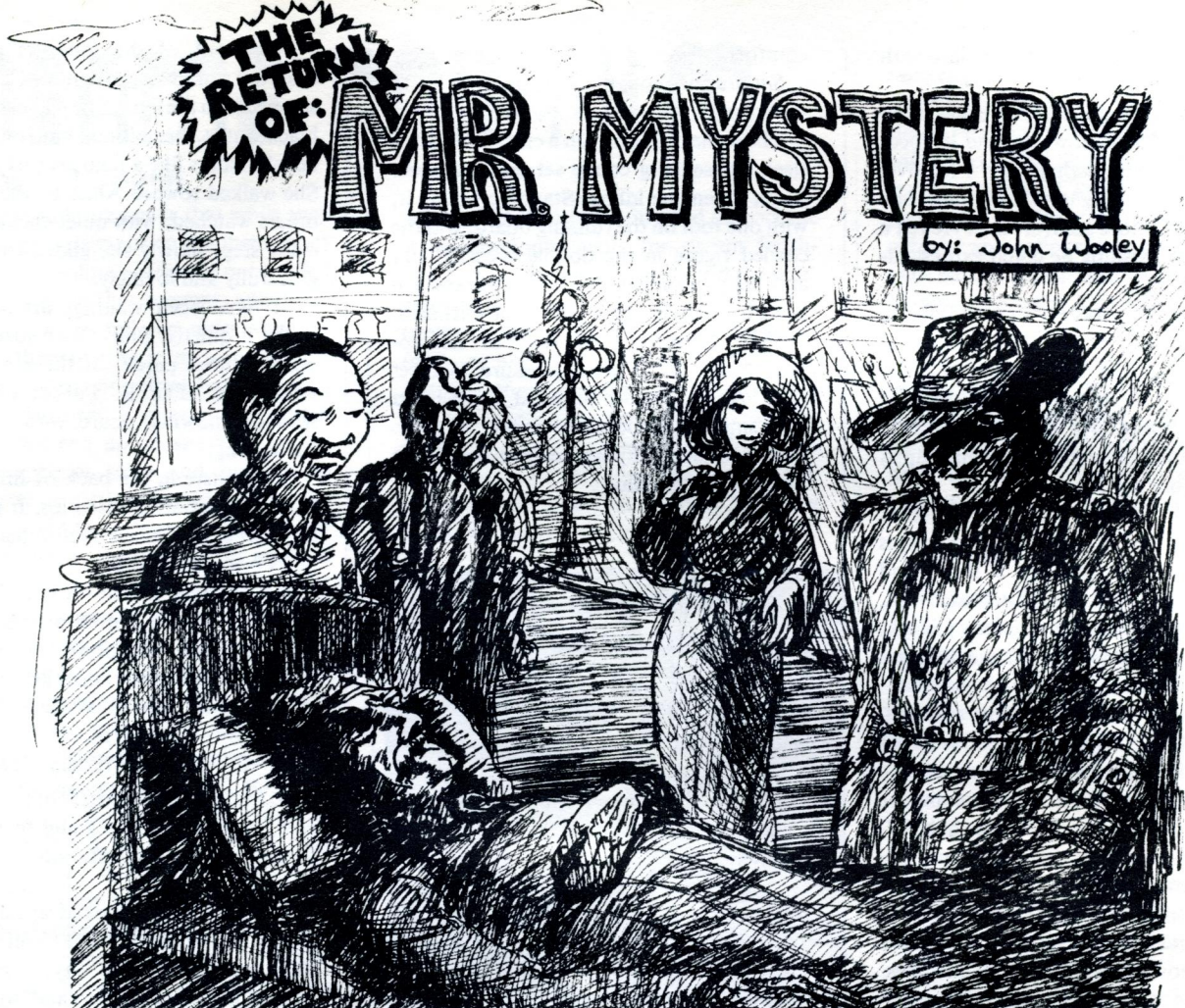
she should be able to wait three hours between urinations during the day. Medical factors, such as diabetes or epilepsy, should be checked out first.

Their program is based on increasing the child's awareness of his own bodily functions and encourages him to take responsibility for them. Many enuretic children may, in fact, have smaller bladders. With this program, they practice getting up and finding the toilet. They keep progress charts, discuss the benefits of staying dry, and make contracts with their parents to receive immediate rewards that correspond with the number of nights that they stay dry. The child takes the responsibility for making the bed, changing soiled sheets, and monitoring his own progress. The parents encourage, assist, and remind but the goal is for the child to train himself.

To help the child succeed, the parents can provide aids such as night lights; a bed that the child can climb out of easily and that is close to the bathroom; easily available sheets so the child can change the bed during the night in case of accident; and loose-fitting pajamas.

The intensive training day takes place when at least one of the parents can stay home with the child, and should be planned at least one month in advance of a break in routine, such as a trip or vacation. On the day, the child stays indoors (after school for older children if a school day is chosen) and concentrates on the program. He is encouraged to drink frequently, then lie down on his bed, holding back the urge to urinate, then urinate in the toilet after two minutes, if necessary. If the urge disappears, the child waits and continues to practice every half hour, concentrating on the sensation of having a full bladder and controlling the urge to urinate. The child also rehearses finding the toilet, getting out of bed, and changing his own sheets. At bedtime, the parent and child again review what to do during the night. On the first night only, the parent awakens the child to go to the toilet every hour until midnight or 1 AM. Usually, there are no accidents on the first night, which builds the child's self-confidence. If an accident occurs, the child changes the bed himself and rehearses again getting up and going to the toilet. As the program progresses, charts, rehearsals and rewards are used for reinforcement.

According to this self-help philosophy, increased awareness is the solution. Enuretic children are simply children with smaller bladders who need to learn a skill. Bedwetters do not consciously choose a behavior that causes them a great deal of embarrassment and distress, but they can consciously choose to learn how to control it.



Inside a small, quiet frame house in a small, quiet neighborhood, Mr. Allan B. Parkes lay—small in his bed, and quietly dying. It seemed to him that he was wrapped in a huge, musty blanket that dripped grey from his desk and chair and battered portable typewriter, hanging death in the corners. Through the grey fog and around it, around him, occasional patterns of yellow noiselessly rolled, slowly changing shape and disappearing into the edges of the grey room.

Mr. Parkes was trying to focus his eyes on the ceiling, watching as the yellow patterns broke sluggishly along the grey backdrop. He had lost the ability to move his head, but that head was still filled with wavering, vague thoughts—sad remnants of ideas nurtured and developed over a lifetime. They were elusive things that weaved in and out with the darkness, but upon occasion the meandering stopped just long enough for an idea, like the winter shadow of a dead tree, to fall across his mind.

Now a question rolled heavily out of the darkness, a wave breaking on a silent, deserted beach. *What's to become of me?* It was a detached question.

He paused for a time, considered, and thought again. *What am I going to see there?* The words formed one at a time; they seemed large and luminous in the fog. He put them together, and they spelled a ques-

tion, but there was something uncomfortable about the thought. Not fear, really, just a slight nagging twinge, vaguely familiar, a spark where there had once been a flame. For Allan B. Parkes, it was much too late to be afraid of dying.

His mind wandered, weaving rich, dark tapestries of shadow and smoke. He was in a dank fog, walking on muddy, rain-slicked ground; the next moment, he was flying, up through the clouds on angels' wings; then, back down again, to the small room and the small bed and the friends and relatives that moved quietly around him.

Suddenly, jets of fog began pumping through his universe, filling his being. The darkness thickened, cleared, and then, out of the fog, came a figure. It was a man in a grey double breasted suit, with a snap-brim hat pulled down across his forehead. His eyes and the entire upper portion of his face were covered by a sleek, black mask.

Allan B. Parkes smiled. *Mr. Mystery*, he thought.

Mr. Mystery had been an Allan B. Parkes creation, tailored exclusively for *Headline Detective* magazine in the year of 1935. Twenty-two years old, Allan Parkes had just begun to feel his first flush of success as a writer, a teller of tales and creator of heroes. That year, he quit his job at Sears Roebuck and plunged full-time into pulp

writing. Before the death of the pulpwood magazines in the 1950's, Allan B. Parkes had written well over seven hundred stories. He had done war, horror, and aviation. He had tried his hand at mystery, sports, science fiction, and western adventure. Under the *nom de plume* of Mary Blyth Armstrong, he had even been successful with a series of romantic stories for *Exciting Love* magazine. The heyday of the brightly colored books with untrimmed covers and pulp paper interiors had been his heyday as well. For a penny a word—sometimes less—he had created characters, devised situations, and played with emotions.

But his greatest creation of all had been Mr. Mystery, featured in his own magazine for a period stretching well over five years.

"His jaw set in grim determination, Mr. Mystery snapped the clip into his .45 automatic and crept stealthily down the unlit hall, stopping beside the office that he occupied during the day as Mark Barron, wealthy motion picture producer. He knew the Centipede's men would be there, lurking in the shadows, waiting to spring. But he would be ready!

Silently sliding open the door latch, he eased into the office. There was a movement behind the desk. Mr. Mystery whirled, his automatic belching flaming death!

Kachow! Kachow kachow!

And suddenly, the room was ablaze with action!"

Allan B. Parkes smiled. There was more movement in the shadows around his bed. One of his friends, perhaps, or a relative, trying to do something to make his last time on earth a little more comfortable. He felt a great warmth, wishing he could express his appreciation. . . .

The rest of Mr. Mystery's crime fighting team were easing their way into his mind, as if they had sprung full-blown from the decaying pulp magazines in Mr. Parkes' small, neat study. He saw them almost clearly, felt their presence as they lined up in the mist before him.

Next to Mr. Mystery stood Johnny Rice. ("Young Johnny Rice, automotive genius and electronics expert, ran a thin hand through his sandy hair and chuckled. 'Well, Mr. Mystery, if this thing doesn't work, don't hold *me* responsible. It's the darndest jury rig I ever saw!'")

After Johnny, Tito. ("Smiling, inscrutable, the wiry little Filipino dusted his hands and pointed to the three men tangled in a heap on the floor. 'Boss,' he said, 'maybe those men no give us more trouble, huh?'"

Standing at the end, tall and gaunt, was William Brown. ("In the era of silent pictures, William Brown had been a star. His horror characterizations had given more than one moviegoer a case of the shakes. But now he was dishing out terror of a different kind to the crook who stood mesmerized before him.")

And, of course, Sandra Castle.

Sandra, the writer thought dreamily. *My dear Sandra.*

But Sandra wasn't there. Of all his creations, the one he loved the most was absent.

Allan B. Parkes had created Sandra Castle as his perfect woman. She had feline grace, gentleness, and beauty beyond compare, but she could also be tough when the situation called for it, as it frequently did with Mr. Mystery's troupe.

It had taken him a long while to realize it, but there was a reason why he had never given Sandra Castle a lone interest in the Mr. Mystery stories. He was, simply stated, a little in love with her. Next to Sandra, the women in his life had somehow always come up wanting. It was silly, and he had always known it was silly, but finally, ultimately, Sandra Castle was the one that had prevented any trip to the altar for Allan B. Parkes. There had been times when he had almost felt. . . .

Clouds swirled suddenly around Mr. Parkes. His mind blanked out. Liquid pools vortexed through his body. Images flurried across his retina, leaving no imprint. He was marginally aware of pain, somewhere, but it was only a vague feeling, causing no dis-

comfort.

Sandra, he thought, as he plunged backward and fell into a black, bottomless abyss.

The scene changed. On a city sidewalk, a sleek Duesenberg coupe sat under a street lamp, its engine idling. Standing beside it, with one foot on the running board, was the cowed figure in the double breasted suit and snap-brim hat. Allan B. Parkes approached slowly, from out of the darkness.

"Mr. Mystery," he said as he approached. "It's a great pleasure to meet you." As he extended his hand, the masked man smiled and began to speak, but Mr. Parkes suddenly slipped away on a whirling cloud of pastel yellow.

Dying is so. . .

I'm—

"Mr. Mystery whirled, his automatic belching flaming death! Kachow! Kachow kachow!"

"You're fighting it, Allan." Mr. Mystery smiled and shook the writer's shoulders, gently.

Death is no one's goal, thought Allan B. Parkes, as he floated up and away from Mr. Mystery, rolling through a tongue of grey-black smoke. *No one's!*

Shadowy filmmaking equipment dotted the dark movie soundstage, where one single light shone down, diffused and filtered by wires and cables. My. Mystery leaned up against one of the cameras, taking slow puffs on an unfiltered cigarette. Behind an arc light, nearly obscured from view, William Brown sat in a cloth-backed director's chair. Johnny and Tito stood between the other two men.

"And anyway," Johnny was saying, "what we've been meaning to ask you is, well. . . ."

Mr. Mystery exhaled slowly and spoke up quietly. "What Johnny is trying to say, Allan, is that we want you to join our group."

"Your. . . group. . . ." began Mr. Parkes, uncomprehendingly.

"That's right," Mr. Mystery continued in the same even tones. "We could've had lots of other writers. But, after all, there's only one Allan B. Parkes."

We would indeed be honored," said William Brown, rising from his chair. Tito nodded his head in silent agreement.

Mr. Parkes could hardly see them through the sudden fog. He could only stand there, groping for the right words.

"I—don't—know" he bit his lip, "—what—"

From out of the shadows across the deserted sound stage, Sandra Castle slowly stepped into the light. She was clad in a tight black outfit, her blonde hair falling about her shoulders like a halo around the moon. She walked toward Allan B. Parkes as the others watched, with quiet enchantment in every step. Slowly she glided toward him, gracefully and lovingly.

"I *have* been waiting, after all." She stated it quietly, flatly, with just a hint of good-natured pique, in the melodic even voice that Allan B. Parkes had known without knowing, heard without hearing, for so long.

Somewhere in the back of his mind the word "paradise" floated up. It registered, tore loose, and rolled over in his soul. The mists began to dissipate.

Mr. Mystery smiled—a tight, enigmatic smile—as Sandra drifted over to Allan B. Parkes. Tito whispered something to Johnny, and Johnny chuckled quietly. The usually gaunt face of William Brown was creased by a broad grin.

"Well," said Mr. Mystery, "are we going to go find the headquarters of the Centipede now, or are you two going to stand here forever gazing soulfully into each other's eyes?"

Allan B. Parkes looked at Sandra, and then at Mr. Mystery. "The Centipede, huh? That scourge of the city?" He looked around him, first at Tito and Johnny, and then at old William. fine people every one, veterans of countless battles against the criminal element, winners of hundreds of tough fights, all of them doing their parts to stamp out evil and seek adventure—every moment of every day. He turned to Sandra, who seemed to be studying him with her deep blue eyes.

"I guess we'd better," he said; and, reaching down, he took Sandra's hand. It was smooth as alabaster, warm with life.

There was an audible sigh of relief from the men, and they shot meaningful glances at one another before striding over to Allan to shake his hand and pat him on the back. Their footsteps and voices echoed in the cavernous soundstage.

"Mr. Parkes," Tito enthused, "we are gonna have one *swell* time!"

But Allan B. Parkes wasn't listening, not at that moment. He had tilted up the chin of the lovely Sandra Castle, and was meeting her lips with his, tasting a warmth that had been waiting, somewhere, for him, for years.

And at that precise moment, on only one of so many possible worlds, in a small quiet bedroom in a small, quiet neighborhood, the heart of Allan B. Parkes gave a final, gentle spasm and was still.

DREAMS AND FILM

By Roger Langen

The trouble with dreams is that while they are amusing to sleep, or to the memory of sleep, they are skillful evaders of our studied attention, and, on that account, annoying. We would like to tell the more vivid or curious of them to others, but somehow the business of telling, of putting hard words to fast fading pictures, is more than a dream can bear. We end up constructing on the dream base, order, story, and causality, so intent are we on getting the thing across. We run from wood to town with a handful of fairy-dust, but by the time we get there all our friends can see is the print on our palm.

The elusive character of dreams is due, obviously, to their location in sleep, the dim third of our consciousness. Against the dry and prying light of science, this nether state of mind is proof, and will remain so until, and in the unlikely event that, video thought machines put dreams on the wall. (One has visions of wife or husband sitting up late, or of riches accruing to someone's terribly interesting, or culturally significant, dreams.) It is partly for this dubious reason of frustrated access that dreams capture our fancy. What is a trouble to him who would share his night-life is to the dream-fancier a boon. He is free to speculate, without fear of some expert catching him at nonsense while he is among friends.

Still, speculate is all we can do, and one can hope to do this well. Nor should the prejudice against non-scientific kinds of concluding be automatic. One speculates, for example, that what lies in us but beyond our control—compare the daydream—must possess some measure of real autonomy. This power, we may rightly call it, may mean only that dreams have significance, however mundane, so that a dream reveals—to your analyst, say (and at best at that)—a repressed libido. But taken to the other extreme, this power of dreams can be identified, and has been perhaps, as the work of external agents, of a veritable (and indefatigable) legion of wild and tiny spirits, constantly fretting, and on occasion, noisome.

This is the more imaginative approach and one can see the advantage of the way it turns the mind. With this outlook, we don't say that we don't remember our dreams very well, but instead, that our elven visitors, uninvited, flee the moment we turn to look at them, like leprechauns. If this sets our noses twitching, is that not sometimes better than shoving at the unknown through sheer mind? Dreams are riddles, questions without words. The solution to them is probably not monolithic, but a good answer

will contain, I suspect—in good democratic style—disappointments for dream fetishists, and, for the reductionists and skeptics, genuine surprises. Happy to say then, between regarding dreams as for scientists only—as phenomena fodder for the great scientific engine—and going in for bunnies and leprechauns, we need not choose. The road to interesting sense appears indeed to lie between two attitudes, the analytic and the imaginative, so that the door we come upon, we partly open, partly step through.



Photo courtesy of WARNER BROS. INC.

If the doors of perception were cleansed every thing would appear to man as it is, infinite.

For man has closed himself up, till he sees all things thro' narrow chinks of his cavern.

This is William Blake, from *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*, a short poetic work written between 1790 and 1793. The 18th century was the century of the Enlightenment, when rationalism was rampant and the imagination in low repute, or corralled at least in numberless essays bent on establishing canons of taste and definitive psychologies of mind. Kant's intellectually enormous *Critique of Pure Reason* (1793), for example, was about to descend on the world. The lines I quote from Blake are typical of his impatience with this ponderous state of affairs. Writing on the threshold of the Romantic movement, he was to emphasize time and again the punishing effects of casting a rationalist net over the brain, thus constraining the passions and severely limiting the visionary ambit of human genius. The doors of perception are, of course, the eyes.

My discussion of dreams will take up this anti-rationalist sentiment, specifically by

centering on the power illusions possess for turning our heads and giving us something sudden and complete to look at. My method will be to offer, first, a piece of analysis, mostly cautionary; and then, with our imagination set on some fruitful path, to investigate the anti-rationalism, or illusionism, of two recent films, Ken Russell's *Altered States* and Stanley Kubrick's *The Shining*. As a species of illusion, dreams will be implicated in various ways. The description of the chimerae of film will frequently be in the nature of the medium itself. But in the case of the two films initially under review here, the images interest us less than the ideas they are organized to express.

Waking Dream

Watching film has been fairly described as like having a waking dream. Under our receptive view, the images, in a good film particularly, seem positively to glide, as seamless and tranquilly potent as the old roll of the old Mississippi. We are in a sense entranced, forgetful of ourselves, ourselves a second screen upon which the spinning images pass. By contrast, the reading of a book, no matter how entrancing it may be, involves us in a considerable activity; effort and concentration are required of us to give, to what is essentially a series of stills, the motion a film has in its own nature, via the camera. Reading is an act, filmwatching a state, thus the comparison with dreaming.

Nevertheless, we do well to remember that this particular access to dreams, though plausible and attractive, is still, like the others, indirect. The dreamscape is not in any meaningful sense an internal cinema. For one thing, a film is a highly contrived object, and the more it may seem like a dream, the better contrived it is, that is to say, the less like a dream it *really* is. A dream, after all, is a natural event. There is a point then: the images of film are not logically equal with the images of dreams.

A corollary to this axiom, if we are to persist in being stingy and philosophical for the moment, is that a film is watched with our eyes; a dream, however it is "watched", is not seen so point blankly.

This leads us to the second and more usual observation. Conscious experience involves an acute appreciation of detail, and the ability to focus and direct attention. The latter faculty is I presume absent from the dream experience altogether, while appreciation of detail is present only to a low degree. The understanding of this is intuitive. This point was most famously made by Locke, replying to Descartes, who had wondered (artificially) how one could be sure that the fire in one's dream wasn't real. Locke observed, with some wryness, that the father of modern philosophy might have tried sticking his hand in real, everyday fire,

whereupon the difference between dreaming and waking would have impressed itself upon him most clearly and distinctly.

Now fire on film is like dreamfire for being unreal. But the *perception* of fire on film is quite *unlike* the experience in a dream, and more like, in a logical and qualitative sense, the evidence had from Locke's trial by ordeal. Burning one's hand and watching film both involve that full and

adapted to the screen, to the exclusion of an overhead idea by which we might ourselves prevail, he restricts us, his audience, to the most unrewarding posture of all, mere submission.

What we have been prevented from, of course, is imaginative involvement in the life of the character. Russell, who I've admired elsewhere, has here failed to remember that in the passage from one mind to another,



“We will be, so to speak, looking at illusions looking at illusions.”

vivid appreciation of detail which is so lacking in dreams. The representation of a dream sequence on film will, consequently, always err so far as it strives for detail and coherence in terms of the images themselves. The exceptions to this are those instances where we are not meant to take the images as attempts at direct and literal representation, but rather, as conduits for the imagination.

In *Altered States*, we see a good example of the mistake. Throughout the picture, the hallucinate and primeval experiences of the main character—yet another of Russell's genius figures—are presented as vividly and directly as the artifices of film would seem to allow. Aided by a booming and symphonically agitated soundtrack (to supply the feeling tones), the images, all bizarre in one way or another, succeed each other rapidly, without intelligible sequence. The idea seems to be to have us into Jessop's brain by stretching our senses to the limits of their tolerance, distracting us as it were from our equanimity. I, for one, was not distracted. I was bored.

The wrong-headedness of this is due partly to the nature of the relation between film and audience. It is essentially cool, and difficult to upset. But more important than this is Russell's reliance on sheer filmic device. By storming the eye and ear with the fortissimo tricks of thunder and lightning,

there is inevitably entailed, at some point or other, a mystery. If we are to pass from ourselves to the experience of another, in real life or art, then something must be left out, some invitation made to imaginative suspicion, some silence and obscurity felt in our gazing at what stands over from us. By turning up the intensities, Russell not only fails to master his serious audience, but blocks out as well all points of entry into the “dreams” of his character. We recognize nothing, sense nothing, for in everything the detail is pitched too high.

There does occur, however, one strikingly exceptional scene, worth noting because it makes my point the other way. Dr. Jessop has once again climbed into the isolation tank. (This is a stimulus deprivation device, the idea being to minimize or cancel out ordinary awareness in order to set consciousness free, either to invent its experience or find its way down to the deeper Self. Jessop takes the latter path.) In this particular episode, we hear Jessop *describing*, as it happens, his descent onto a prehistoric savannah, gathering his impressions—of the gracefulness of the man-like creatures he sees, the primitive beauty of his surroundings, his elation and transformation—as he goes along. Yet all we see is the black exterior of the isolation tank. From this sole visual anchor, as though transfixed, and prompted only by the text, I found myself

pushing off into the depths of an ancient lagoon, that impenetrable and sublimely recondite mystery of the distant, human past. I was temporarily and satisfyingly lost in the contemplation of the original “lost world.” Ourselves gone.

Naturally, the struggle for a picture has much in keeping with a dream-impression, which has faintness for a mark. But the point I am anxious to stress is that a filmwork, like any other art, is obligated to set snares for the imagination. The film frame is not, despite its illusionary character, a virtual door of perception onto dreams or dream-related states. As to that, printed fiction, considered as a medium, is probably superior; that is to say, it is in this medium's nature to conjure better, because here a picture is *never* present except in the mind's eye. Where film has an advantage peculiar to itself is in how it sets our imaginative posture. This is the entrancing effect I spoke of earlier. Before its luminescence, encouraged by the gentle pressure of it, we find ourselves lulled into a pleasant state of observing. Our ego subsides and we submit, temporarily, to breathe and believe in a world of illusion. Wherever this natural skill for flowing on the retina fuses with techniques for exciting the active imagination, there you have the promise of a great and powerful film.

With respect to this, the two films I discuss in the second part of this essay are quite distinct. What they have in common is the serious attention to a level of reality which ordinary experience customarily denies. Consequently, in examining them, we see an illusionary art take for a theme illusions themselves. We will be, so to speak, looking at illusions looking at illusions. Each film, each in its way, uses the idea (or principle) of an illusion to advance an anti-rationalist thesis. *Altered States* has science for an ally, then tries to out-strip it. *The Shining* operates in the far different and more interesting world of “true” myth, and I will be at pains to show how it re-interprets Evil as a genuine, independent (and “intelligent”) force in a world atheistically conceived. In effect, we will be comparing a Jekyll & Hyde re-make in Jules Verne dress with the enduring and far sublimer story of Dr. Faustus. In doing this I hope at best to show the anti-rationalist sense of what I have already called illusionism, and, at the very least, to get a finer bead on the disorganized little illusionist inside our heads, the “dreamweaver” himself.

For the moment, I conclude this installment, and preview the next, with the words—once again—of William Blake:

*The Atoms of Democritus
And Newton's Particles of light
Are sands upon the Red sea shore,
Where Israel's tents do shine so bright.*

Slipping into
the stylish 80's

DREAMWEAR

By Blayne Collins



right, 'Bouffant'—make a night of it—no serious dreaming allowed in this novel shortie nightgown of cotton ottoman

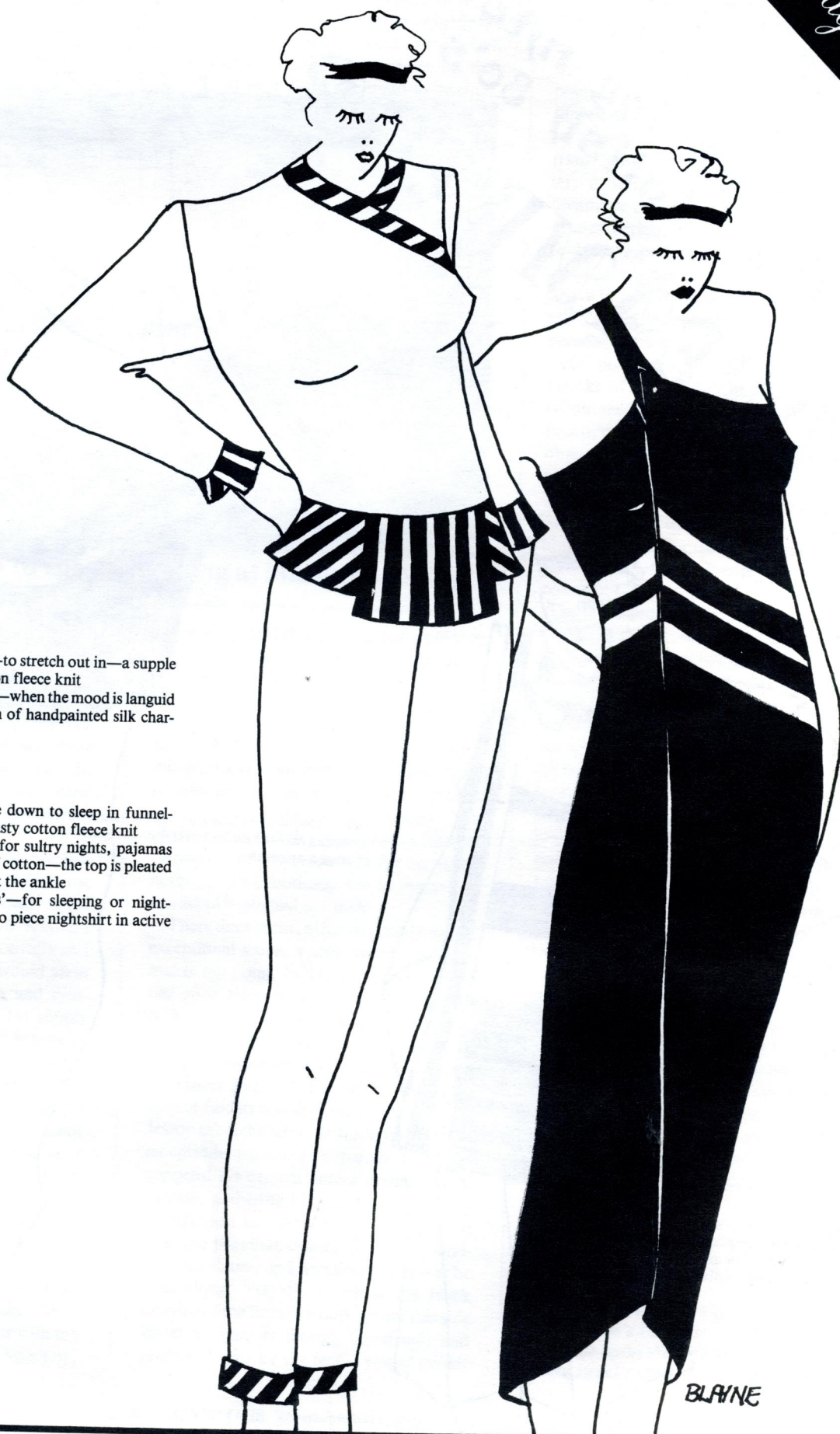


left, 'Sleeping Easy'—when the mind is full of fun and pillow fights—a light and breezy jacket, hand painted in cotton batiste with horse around pull on culottes

BLAYNE

Designs and drawings by BLAYNE COLLINS

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This Page:

near right, 'Catnap'—to stretch out in—a supple jumpsuit of soft cotton fleece knit
far right, 'Lotusland'—when the mood is languid and sensual—a sheath of handpainted silk charmeuse

Opposite Page:

left, 'Cocoon'—nestle down to sleep in funnel-necked pajamas in toasty cotton fleece knit
middle, 'Heatwave'—for sultry nights, pajamas in balmy handkerchief cotton—the top is pleated and there is pleating at the ankle
right, 'Electric Nights'—for sleeping or night-stalking—a volatile two piece nightshirt in active cotton jersey



The Longest Journey

FEATURE



Matta, *Inscapes* (1939)

“...in a direct response to a Europe convulsed in a nightmare, three avant-garde poet renegades... advocated a new life attitude called Surrealism.”

By Trudy Stanfel

There is wealth and richness in opening and surrendering to Surrealism, since within it, there is exemplified a possibility to the journey towards that moment when the consciousness of the “great light” can ultimately be the goal for each and every traveller. Surrealism is an enlargement of man’s range of vision, and by giving the forward impetus from an outer to an inner vision, it proffers for all would-be travellers a renewed acceptance of the age-old mantram placed centuries ago at the entrance of the Temple of Ephesus, “Man know thyself.” By undertaking the Surrealist journey, one undertakes a journey of self-discovery—a journey inward, into the

unconscious mind of soul and spirit.

By the beginning of the twentieth century, a surging impulse of new forces in the thought of mankind was felt in some awakened souls. Thinking in things, in objects in space, which could be weighed, measured and appreciated by the outer senses had run through its course, having uncovered many marvels and trained man’s faculties to exactitude. But now, a new thinking would teach man to hold his own in storm and stress in movements of time, and to widen the boundaries of his thought to include the heavens as well as the earth and to include mankind, beyond his own racial inheritance.¹

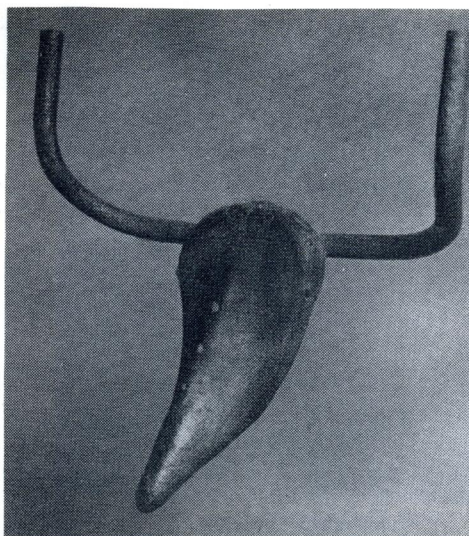
How Did This Thinking Come to Be?

This new thinking was not defined by a space which could be measured with scientific instruments; instead, man’s own soul would perceive inwardly a kind of soul-space, which was immeasurable, mobile and filled with living pictures. Such thinking would succeed in reversing the traditions of at least five or six previous centuries of European art—centuries whose path since the Renaissance had attached man more to the physical earth—to an art in more exact definition and imitation of natural forms—pursuing outer reality only.

In the decades before the First World War, events unrolled in the pattern laid out during the

previous century and had climaxed in anarchism and other forms of social unrest compelling man to respond against his increasingly unsettled and dangerous environment. The artist did so by attacking reason. But at the same time it put him into a precarious situation whereby his developing isolation from the social milieu also led to an apparent dislocation and dissociation of his art. For now it implied a subjective conception of what really 'was' with an indispensable aggrandizement of the artist's personality. The schizophrenic world had created a consciousness crisis and the lacuna separating the outer world from the inner created mighty antagonisms, old forms resisting the new. Old and new battled in a spiritual vortex of chaotic conflicting forces, pitching light against dark, from which the redemption of an outwardly physically perceptible vision to an inwardly felt alive perception of soul and spirit was at stake. The artist recognized his task: science had lost God and religion had not found nature thus broadening the chasm between truth and faith, between thinking and feeling: he would try and span the gap.

Therefore, in a direct response to a Europe convulsed in a nightmare, three avant-garde poet renegades from moribund Paris Dadaism, advocated a new life attitude called Surrealism, intent on interrogating the 'other side' of reality, based on a collective, systematized revolution through art. They would pursue the mental flight of the imagination to the 'immanent beyond' or 'surreal', devoting their energies to human neuroses, hallucinations and dreams, wherein, they believed, dwelled subjective 'desire', stifled by personal inhibition and social circumstance, waiting to be lifted from the unconscious to visibility.



Picasso, *Bull's Head* (1943)

They postulated that this desire, or force was an expression of man's most personal self, and became elevated from the level of instinct once exteriorized through the awareness of its existence. Ancillary to this, its gratification in objective terms through unrestricted external action decidedly meant a full participation in life, which if realized, could heal man's disparate nature, purporting his unity and thus his ultimate freedom.

Land of Supersense

Via this philosophy, meritorious for its inwardness, André Breton, Paul Eluard and Louis Aragon steered art on an upward path once more—to the realm of the divine—to a land of supersense, where the hidden meaning in fairy tales, myths and magic could once more proclaim its reality as a living truth in every man's soul.

With the passionate focusing of attention to the inner laws of man's mental and spiritual structure, the traveller to eternity can, it is true, ascertain his own nature which can serve to change his condition and revolutionize his consciousness, transforming him into a free Being. But only if the voyage to the labyrinth is undertaken with love and patience, in alert wakefulness and with a renovated perception of time and space is this possible. For the inner universe has its own laws where the traveller will experience world upon world of personality as he penetrates layer upon layer of uncharted territory in his grail-like quest for knowledge. Here he will be obliged to make use of new associations of ideas, new orderings, and a completely different logic to inform him of the connections between things if he wishes to pierce the essence of his Being.

Renovated perceptions transcending the world of physicality, are possible through cognitive right thinking, feeling and willing, for these can create a 'desire' which is the expression of a truly 'human principle,' once connected with higher levels of consciousness (in communion with a higher self united with the cosmos rather than the personal self, so closely allied with the sense-perceptible world). Through a connection with these higher levels of consciousness, man becomes a citizen of the world of spirit.

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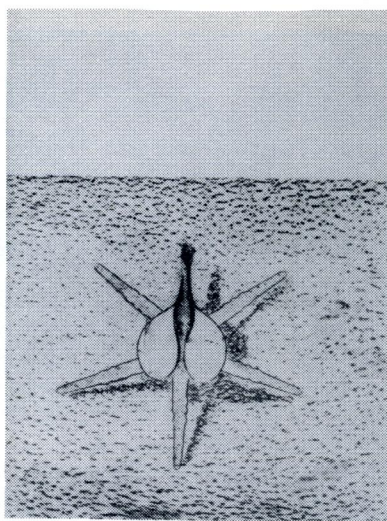
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Through his body he is a citizen of the world that he sees with his body (his eyes and his senses); through his soul he establishes residence in the world of feeling and sensation constructed personally by himself when the brain processes the physical world into an internal, personally perceived reality; and in direct relation and interpretation of the outer world; through his spirit he belongs to a domain where he thinks about his perceptions and allows himself to be guided by correct thoughts in knowing and acting. This last world alone releases him from the world of physical matter and thereby raises him to a higher level of consciousness and freedom. Perhaps the

“Love was the most ‘convulsive’ emotion for it was a force capable of overwhelming reason...”

famous words “as a man thinks so he is” and Blakes’s words “as a man is so he sees” now acquire deeper meaning.

But however transformative the possibilities of surrealist philosophy, having too little knowledge or understanding of the nature of man had the power to impede or at least decelerate visionary rebirth. For what truly may be termed as ‘desire’ even in the Surrealist sense presented the danger of reversal to a mere shadow of desire. Desire can reside in the unconscious depths of the more evolved man as a ‘higher principle’ or force. When raised to consciousness and activated by will this force transcends the desire which in a less evolved man is still directly allied with sensation,



Ernst, *The Ego and His Own*

personal thinking and feeling. The soul’s inability to escape its prejudiced and jaundiced view of a world interpretation based on the personal “I” of personality enslaves him.

For instance, when man’s senses assimilate the surrounding world unconsciously or consciously from the lower consciousness of the personal “I” he may arrive at an opinion of the world, not necessarily the truth. When man’s thoughts can penetrate his own thought in what lies beyond the sense perceptible and this is internalized, then the desire or force which when exteriorized from the unconscious will be of a different quality. It will be spiritualized.

Thus we can have a force such as love live

within the realm of the universal, manifest in, perhaps, compassion for humankind as exemplified by a denial of selfhood in the active service of others. Or, we can have love live as a desire or force which limits itself to self and seeks its own gratification through perhaps, personal sexual gratification through selfish action. The latter kind of love may be termed a shadow of desire for it is the darkness, the shadow of the light of the spirit, glorious in its power but nevertheless suspended in a chaos of darkness separated from the light.

In the Surrealist philosophy there was thus a possibility of error, for what was interpreted as desire had the possibility of surfacing as a naturalistic force, unmetamorphosed by a thinking, feeling and willing through an annihilation of selfhood.

Some Surrealist art stands in clear evidence of this; for it is a living testimony to the world of personal feeling, thinking and sensation, which will be seen in certain examples of art later mentioned.

Further, just as the outer worlds have their aspects of physical danger, so do the inner worlds present dangers of unbalance, of egoism, feverish passion and emotional insecurity, doubly enhanced because of their seductiveness as shadows of desire. And when the demands of desire, as Breton states, “seeks the object of its fulfillment exerting a strange power over external phenomena, tending egotistically to admit only that which can serve its purpose,”² then we have the danger of a consciousness living in the world of the lower ego or “I”, tied to the sense world, untransformed by the light of a higher conscious ‘will’ factor. Such a view contributes to the fragmentation of rather than to the unification of self, negating freedom and running contrary to the Surrealist’s own philosophy.

Themselves aware of the possibilities of error in externalizing man’s most personal self, (his desire or force), Surrealist artists carried out their experimentations with the utmost care, insuring lucidity through the condemnation of drugs, nebulous mysticism, so-called empty subjectivity and the whim of idle caprice. Their images could not be influenced by anything that interfered with clear thinking, for they knew that the semi-conscious state rendered the soul relaxed; thereby reflecting soul images of a weakened moral judgement and will; and of a dimmed social feeling and intelligence.³

But the Surrealist image did hinge on psychologically Freud-inspired automatism (the dictation of thought without the control of will) and the “dream image” (in sleep, or waking dreams), the two main ideas of the movement. Artists who subsequently joined the rebel band situated themselves in either one or the other, but seldom both, of the two experimental stations. For instance, Jean Miro and André Masson were painters defined by automatism (the draftsmanly counterpart of verbal free association which led to their abstract surrealism), while René Magritte, Yves Tanguy and Salvador Dali were more image-makers of an academic illusionism influenced by the “fixing” of dream-inspired images. Max Ernst was more the “complete Surrealist” who oscillated between the two poles.⁴

Surrealism has had an extraordinarily long and diversified life. And even though there has been no Surrealist art proper since the 1950’s, the underlying thread which wove its way through all the works is still subtly spinning today in more modern art forms.

One such spinning thread was the synthesist urge, perhaps implied by André Breton (the

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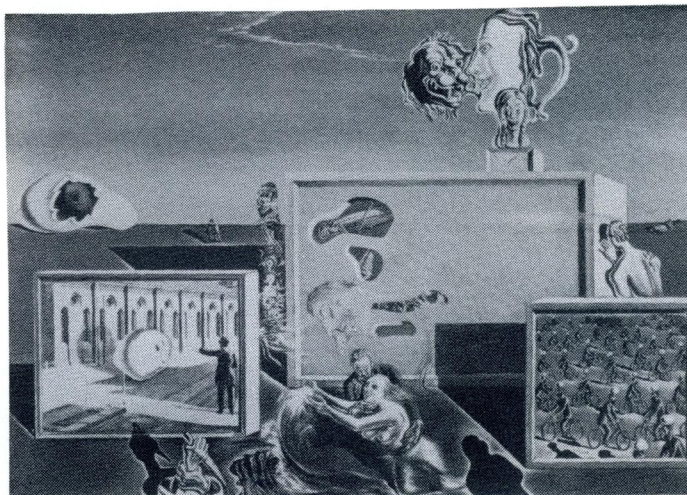
philosophical spokesman for the Surrealist movement) when he said: "I believe in the future resolution of states of dream and reality, in appearance so contradictory..." Was he pondering the polarities of life seeking for synthesis through balance? For if one comprehends the polarities then one finds the product of balance. For instance, "Between light and darkness, or night and day, colour: between good and evil, consciousness: between joy and sorrow, equanimity;" and as artists know "that between the dark unconsciousness of sleep, and the daylight awakening, there is an intermediate experience of colour, either in dreams or in waking consciousness." Moreover, the Surrealist carried the synthesist urge to include the external material world as well where people or things, the spoken or

"...he was like a deep-sea diver descending in search of treasure."

written words etc. would come together by accident or chance as they believed to suggest or express a 'desire' of the mysterious subconscious.

So, the synthesist urge was exteriorized in the expression of the 'trouvaille' or found object(s) (see Picasso's Bull's Head); the 'collage' or picture composed of sticking together a variety of diversified materials; the 'collage-novel'; the 'picture poem'; or 'collaborative works' (a game played by several artists as they combined their different styles into one work independent of each other's knowledge).

The struggle for the emergence of the infant Ego-Being, the yet to be realized spiritual seed within man, the unified man, was perhaps even more clearly visible through the penchant for Surrealist analogy. Both in poetry and painting, juxtaposed images such as Eluard's 'boquet of naked Rain,' Peret's 'cataract of steamships,' Ernst's 'eye-in-a-stone' or Magritte's locomotive coming out of a fire place spoke of a pairing of alien elements with the intent of jolting the reader or viewer into an *unconscious* restructuring of his conventional notions of reality, thereby unifying an inner and an outer vision into a new single reality. For instance, in physical reality, a stone



Dali, Illuminated Pleasures (1929)

does not have eyes but in the world of imagination and dreams such an image can be a reality. When the viewer sees such an image his conventional notions of reality are shattered and he may reconstruct for himself a new order of what is real.

Another underlying thread of unity in Surrealist art was precisely that the image had to come from an inner source of inspiration as a product of the imagination. For example, in dreaming, earthly forms can be set in dizzying motion, floating free of the thinking of time and space. Thus we had a picture such as Andre Masson's "Antille" where the dream world linking the day consciousness of waking to the unconsciousness of dreamless sleep enhanced every image of beauty or terror in a tumult of feeling.

Also, in dreams, the unconscious will make its presence felt in living pictures. And the will, the driving force of our deeds appears as a kind of bull—the Mithraic picture, yet deeply unconscious for most of our waking life (See Picasso's Minotaur).

Shocking Beauty

Daring synthesis in the Surrealist image resulted in a definition of aesthetics or beauty and this thread of sensibility also spun its way through

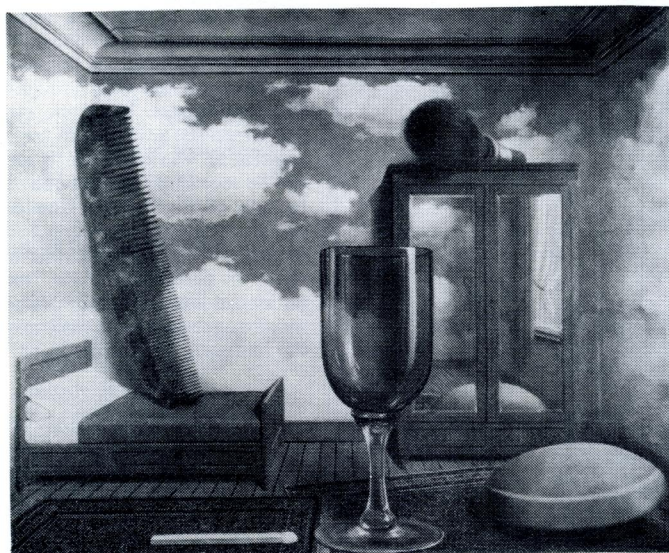
all 'good' Surrealist art. For example, it had to provoke in the percipient some sort of analogous reaction such as tenseness and giddiness or attraction and repulsion: the innate tension provoked rendered it 'convulsive.' Love was the most 'convulsive' emotion for it was a force capable of overwhelming reason and therefore becoming a medium of higher understanding. But any force eliciting excitability, impelling desire, impulses, longings, wishes and daydreamings etc. could become 'convulsive' and these were to be found in chance, spontaneity, the marvellous, the enigmatic, the incongruous, the erotic and even the perverse. Hence the affinity for the art of the insane, of primitives and of children which all gave back to man the force or desire of their primitive, pre-rational instincts.

An example of a very convulsive Surrealist work was Salvador Dalí's installation called 'Rainy Taxi' exhibited in 1938 in the Galerie Beaux-Arts in Paris.

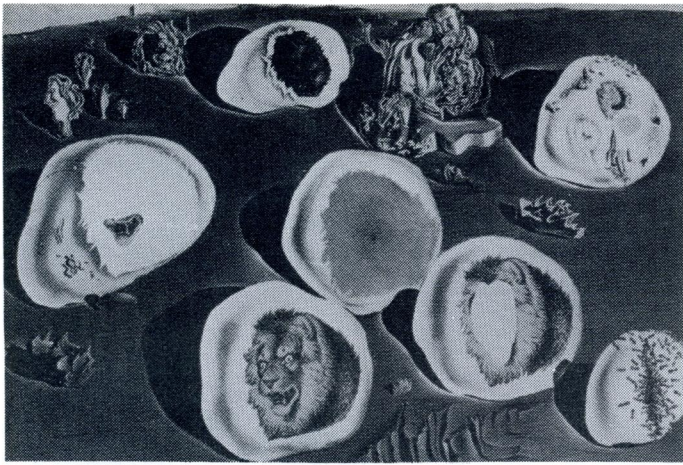
Picture to yourself a discarded automobile in whose roof is mounted a complicated system of rubber tubing, simulating a localized rainstorm which drenches the two passengers within (dummies). The female-back-seat passenger sits (amongst heads of lettuce) turned towards the window live snails inching up her neck and face while she sits frontfaced, entwined with ivy, the driver sporting racing goggles over his shark's head. Such an image is magical, unreliable, mysterious and uneasy, capable of steering us towards a new consciousness by throwing us into a vertigo of anticipation—stunning us out of our secure world of rationalized perceptions and revving the motor of our consciousness into high gear.

Surrealist painting was inextricably bound up, at least in part with the literature of anti-rationalist ancestors who had also rebelled against a hyper-logical view of the world, against repressed desire, mechanistic conceptions of time and space and against the traditional view that it was art's task to imitate and interpret exterior reality.

Among the list of the exalted were: the Marquis de Sade, esteemed for his search for realization in the outside world through erotic imagination; Gerard de Nerval, for his refusal to discount the reality of the 'second life,' the dream, even at the cost of sanity; the Comte de Lautremont, a master rebel, for his metamorphosing and juxtaposing images to reveal the limitless possibility of language; Rimbaud, the symbolist, for his rejection of formal poetry, substituting instead a



Magritte, Personal Values (1952)



SALVADOR DALÍ, *Accommodations of Desire*. 1929.

visionary poetry that deliberately deranged the senses and gave the poet the role of seer or knowledge-bearer. A special place was also reserved in this ancestral list for Blake, Uccello, the pre-Raphaelites, Moreau, Redon and Seurat.⁷ These men all helped inspire the Surrealist image in painting.

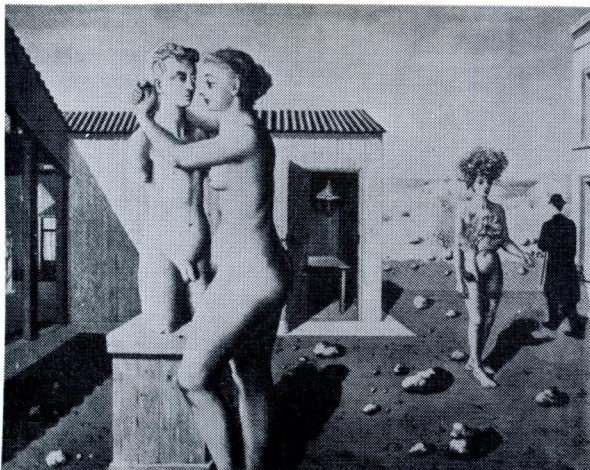
When the painter plunged into the unconscious he was like a deep-sea diver descending in search of treasure. In the process he also contributed some new devices to painting such as frottage. For instance, Ernst would take a "rubbing" of wood and let the textures gradually materialize; the pencil deposits left on the paper (frottage) seemed to express his very personal self ("The Ego and His Own"). But Ernst's booty was sometimes very unsettling. His obsession with birds exteriorized itself in "Surrealism and Painting" (1942) which depicted a monstrous hybrid beast made of smooth rounded sections of human anatomy, snake-like necks and birds' heads daintily executing a drawing. In fact, Ernst's passion for birds led him to take on an hallucinatory avian alter-ego named Loplop, who in his anthropomorphic, elongated image somehow resembled Ernst himself.

Joan Miro's unique worlds of colourful fantasy were full of whimsical organic shapes conjured improvisationally through automatism. "In 'Birth of the World' (1925) Miro poured a blue wash over lightly primed burlap and then,

using rags and a sponge, spread it rapidly in a 'random' manner. Within the pictorial chaos of these patches, which suggested iconographically a primordial sea, he began to improvise with painted lines that in turn led to flat percussive shapes of black and primary colours. Together, these suggested an incipient iconography of living creatures."⁸ The 1949 painting "The Poetess" was an example of one of Miro's later works which sprung from his meditative period when he read mystical literature and became concerned with ideas of flight and transformation, contemplating the migration of birds, the seasonal renewal of butterfly hordes and the flow of constellations.

Objects of the external world are so ordered in René Magritte's paintings that they are stark reminders that our reasoned perceptions of reality only act as obstacles to reality itself. In "Personal Values" (1952) toilet articles were scaled to a colossal size and placed within a miniature bedroom walled in by sky, (a reversed reality).

Landscapes of an interior world were captured with brilliance by Matta. Matta's "Inscape" (1939) revealed a world devoid of the verticality and horizontality of the architectural structure of the man-made world in which biomorphic forms, inspired by Jean Arp implied both growth and change of a physiological as well as a psychological nature.



de Chirico, *Pygmalion* (1939)

"This was also seen in Matta's 'The Earth is a Man' (1942) where the sun, partly eclipsed by a disintegrating red planet, illumined a primordial landscape of apocalyptic splendor and where forms were everywhere engulfed in endless metamorphoses, passing through what appeared to be vaporous liquid and crystalline states in a kind of 'futurism of the organic.'"⁹

The spoils of the subconscious were also alarmingly evident in Dalí's anti-art paintings. "Obsessions, dreams, sleep, reveries, paranoia, delirium, tools of a madness controlled, analyzed sublimated, transformed into an inspirational spark, aspiring toward a life in the world beyond which is either supported by crutches or perfectly subconscious." Such are the weapons that Dalí manipulates with magnificent dexterity. Besides he adds, madness would be our lot, if we were only willing to open our eyes. "The way things appear to be so definitely categorized hides the most fascinating paranoiac images."¹⁰

Dalí thought that because of the vast number of such daily paranoiac images, they had to be channeled, put in their place and understood to be kept from cluttering up one's life. The "paranoiac-critical" accomplished this which when applied rendered waking or sleeping dreams "eminently constructive."¹¹ Works which employ this method are two of Dalí's most brilliant: "Illumined Pleasures" (1929) imbued with a kind of manic violence and "The Accommodations of Desire" where a lion's head was in a state of continual transformation.

Giorgio de Chirico and Paul Delvaux were two painters who were not classified as Surrealists proper but the former influenced the movement greatly and the latter profited from it immensely. De Chirico's paintings of stark architectural piazzas and mysterious faceless mannequins created a mood of uneasy secrecy considered magical while Paul Delvaux peopled his de Chirico like vistas with female nudes appearing as if in a dream-like trance, enigmatically juxtaposed to little men in bowler hats. ("Pygmalion") 1939.

Other surreal artists of import who contributed greatly to the spirit of the movement can only be mentioned here. They were: Kurt Seligmann, Oscar Dominguez, Victor Brauner and Meret Oppenheim. All had the surrealist spirit and the surrealist attitude to life... an attitude and spirit which still lingers in the art of today.

For Surrealism was more than an art movement, it is a feeling which was an important gift to man. It communicated a message of inwardness now taken up by modern artists in their spirit of transcendence as they work increasingly towards the interior model. More and more we champion the belief that man can re-create his world in harmony with his desires through revolutionizing his consciousness. This truth, explored through the Surrealistic adventure in art is one acknowledged by all who have lovingly sought the worlds that lie beyond the veil of the physical senses. For the light of these worlds, illumined by imagination are not an escapist fantasy but an enrichment of reality, which can at the same time destroy and renew the perceptions of the "real" world. But the longest journey is the journey inward. And if we take up the surrealist challenge we embark on this journey... the journey to self-discovery.

1 Mayer, Gladys, *How Art Speaks*, p.34.

2 *Surrealism, Permanent Revelation*, p.57.

3 Mayer, Gladys, *How Art Speaks*, p.34.

4 Rubin, W.S., *Dada, Surrealism and Their Heritage*, p.64.

5. *Ibid*.

6 *Ibid*, p.36.

7 *Surrealism, Permanent Revelation*, p.12.

8 *Ibid*, p.68.

9 *Ibid*, p.166.

10 Gérard, Max, Dalí, from *Oneiros*.

11 *Ibid*.

HUMOUR



I'LL BE DREAMING OF YOU

By Dr. E.F. Lutz, B.A. M.A.D., U.I.C., A.I.B.



A succulent hello to all my many dedicated readers. Believe it or not, here I am again, and I must say after re-reading my last column, I'm as surprised as you are. But the fates have been kind. My editor, on a recent excursion to Woodbine, borrowed a couple of crisp C-notes from yours truly, and invested said sum on two donkeys that ran fourth. So rather than a cancellation, I was awarded a contract on my terms.

Since my last visit to the typewriter, I have received a deluge of letters, postcards, and post-dated cheques. In fact I've had to rent a room in Rosedale just for storage. I wish I could personally answer them all, but there's just too many. However, I promise to at least send an autographed eight by ten glossy for every twenty-five dollars and self-addressed envelope you enclose with your dream.

Though it's a strain on my myopia, your response has warmed my heart. In all honesty, I must admit to relishing every moment of my new found notoriety. It took some adjusting, but I guess it just comes with the territory when you're a big celebrity. Why just last week I was recognized by an elderly woman on the first tee of a public golf course, which will remain nameless as they refused to wave the green fees in exchange for an indiscreet mention in this column. Anyways the spinster with the seven handi-cap thought that I was,

"The man in the National Enquirer who played a round... of golf with Jesus and shot a perfect 18." Jesus by the way shot a 97, as he refuses to cheat. Well when I straightened the old duffer out she immediately acknowledged my place in the mass media;

"Oh yeah, you're the jerk who writes that dream stuff."

She informed me that she and the girls in the bridge club love my column, that they called me the "Dear Abbey of the Sleep World." I was simply flattered. I even let her carry my bag for the entire round and let that gray-haired Nicklaus beat me by twelve strokes. I mean after all, she was hitting from the ladies' tees. But enough of this mass appeal, here is today's first letter.

Dear Dr. Lutz:

I have had the same reoccurring nightmare every thursday for the last fourteen years. In the beginning, I'm at a cocktail party dressed in a zucchini costume. Everyone there is also either a vegetable or a fruit. My husband, dressed like a raisin, is ignoring me, busy making time with a pair of grapefruits from his office. Then our neighbor arrives, but he's made some sort of mistake. He thought it was a pastry party and came as a vanilla donut with french cruller sleeves. Instantly I'm attracted to him. The others are offended. Then my wrinkly hubby suggests a game of ring toss. Everyone joins in and they toss our neighbor, the donut, from vegetable to vegetable. They hurl him over a carrot, two cucumbers, a cob of corn and finally over me, the zucchini. Well he comes down so hard around my stem that he gets stuck. The donut screams and wriggles, but it's no use, he's screwed on too tightly. . . . Then some stupid turkey, actually he's dressed like a turnip, calls the fire department. They rush in dressed as Vega-matics and manage to slice us apart. But it's just so horrible. Please help me to understand.

Sincerely,
Sliced Zucchini

Dear Sliced Zucchini:

This nightmare of yours is not as uncommon as you might think. What you have described fits the basic pattern of a condi-

tion known as "Vegaphobia Erexa"; in laymens terms, assuming the role of a vegetable or fruit in order to escape a present anxiety. One imagines oneself as a defenceless object manipulated by others; metaphorically, sliced, diced, and spliced by the Moulinexes of life. Your dream is full of such symbolism; i.e., the way in which your neighbor, the donut was tossed helpless from stem to stem.

That you see yourself as a vibrant zucchini and your husband as a wrinkled up old raisin is most derivative. Perhaps your role reversal here, what we call the "phallus-fallopian inversion", suggests that a water-bed may be in your mutual best interest. Though I would strongly believe that the problem goes beyond the chambre d'amour. You must face up to the responsibilities that confront you every thursday. Be bold and assertive. Don't let life pick you over, squeeze you, weigh you like some over-priced tomato.

If this fails, I suggest that you let your husband do the shopping and you seek professional help. In the manifest stages patients have been known to pack themselves in crates and ship themselves to the St. Lawrence Market. And after that little plug I won't have to worry about fresh vegetables or fruits for a while.

Till next time, this is Dr. E.F. Lutz reminding you, that I'll be dreaming of you, if you'll send your dreams my way. . .

Dr. E.F. Lutz is conceived and written by J.T. Bear.



Illustration by DON MCDONNELL

INSOMNIA

Statistics

Does the chewing gum lose its flavor on the bedpost overnight? If 30 million sleep-disordered Americans don't know, who does?

Statistics tell us that the average sleep-happy American goes to bed between 10:30 and 11 each night, is asleep by midnight and gets an average of 7.5 hours of sleep, and spends an average of 20 years catching ZZZzz's over the period of a lifetime. Still, sleep is something that a lot of us just dream about, too.

Statistics also tell us that the number of Americans who have difficulty falling asleep ranges from 21 million (14 percent of adult population) to 48 million (32 percent). And in one out of seven cases the problem is serious.

Forty-four percent of all teenagers surveyed report frequent insomnia and 5% actually sleepwalk. In fact, more than one in three of us have poor sleep habits, according to a new study by the U.S. Department of Health and Human Services. The study, involving 140,000 people aged 20 years and older, shows that 34 percent of Americans get less than eight hours sleep a night.

Is that bad? It could be.

Results of a recent study of over 1,000 patients in the Los Angeles area by Pennsylvania State University's Sleep Research and Treatment Center of Hershey, Pa. indicate that "sleep disorders are quite prevalent in the general population. They often persist for many years and they are often associated with general health problems, particularly mental health difficulties."

Broadly speaking, you can keep going for 36 hours but then sleep sets in. At least it should.

Three factors that lead to the sleep state are diminished circulation of blood especially to the brain, depression of a special nerve in the lower part of the brain or in the upper portion of the spine, and a buildup of lactic acid in the muscles setting off the fatigue alarm.

Large amounts of cell substance are destroyed during muscular activity. Sleep is needed to catch up on repair of cellular substance, the foundation of life. Even dreaming which accounts for 25% of the time you spend out like a light is important, providing emotional release from stress, protecting you from the harmful effects of noise, pollution, and renewing the body's



By Frances Sheridan Goulart

"The patient relying on hypnotics is often left with his original insomnia plus a drug problem."

complex biological functions.

The cellular breakdown buck has to stop somewhere, in other words, and that's what sleep is for.

What's worse, lack of sleep can be the death of you. "Those who sleep less than 4 hours a night are 180% more likely to die early," says a recent report from the University of California, San Diego. "And if you sleep ten hours or more, your life expectancy is reduced by 80%."

How about drugs? Should you let sleeping pills lie? You may be ahead of the pajama game if you do.

According to Charles Krauthammer of the Alcohol, Drug Abuse and Mental Health Administration, twice as many deaths are sleeping drug related than are caused by heroin, and documents reveal that more than 2 million Americans take doctor-prescribed sleeping pills every night for months and that doctors wrote 33 million prescriptions for sleeping potions in 1979. And this, in spite of the department's statement that "there are serious questions about the safety and efficacy of long-term consecutive uses of these medicines."

According to Quentin R. Regestein, M.D., in *The Journal of the American Medical Association*, "chronic use of sleeping pills does not get the patient to sleep any faster, but rather increases nightly awakenings, abolishes deep sleep, and may continue to affect sleep patterns for five weeks after drug withdrawal. . . . The patient relying on hypnotics is often left with his original insomnia plus a drug problem."

15 WAYS OF GETTING A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP

Researchers say the symptoms of prescription sleeping drug overdose are "the same as those of senility—for example, forgetfulness, drowsiness, and inability to cope with real-life situations."

So, how do you know how much sleep you need?

Experts advise you experiment with different sleep lengths, each for one or two weeks. If you feel quite alert and capable of functioning on five hours of sleep, don't try for seven. If you feel groggy and have difficulties concentrating after eight hours of sleep, see what happens with 10. "Sleep requirements seems to be related to metabolic differences, to temperament, and to the amount of enjoyment derived from daytime activity," says Dr. Robert L. Van de Castle, director of the Sleep and Dream Laboratory of the Department of Psychiatry, University of Virginia.

As for lost sleep? Use it or you'll lose it doesn't apply here. No matter how much shuteye you miss, all it takes is one or two nights of undisturbed sleep to catch up. As W.C. Fields used to say, the best cure for insomnia is to get a lot of sleep. Nobody can argue with *that* logic so here's how to go about getting your share.

Cures for Insomnia

1. Want to put your best bedroom-slippered foot forward? Consider a camomile milkshake. Camomile herb tea has a "striking hypnotic action," says researcher Lawrence Gould. "Ten out of 12 patients fell into a deep slumber shortly after drinking camomile tea."

Other herbs to sleep on? Try hops, passion-flower, catnip, basil violets (the leaves), and lemon verbena.

Plain milk has hypnotic potential, too, since it contains large amounts of the tranquilizing amino acid, tryptophan. Patients sedated with dairy products, says Dr. Julius Segal of the National Institute of Mental Health, "fell asleep with unusual speed, awoke less during the night, and spent more time than usual in the deep phases of sleep."

2. Is your bedroom made for sleeping? Keep it warm, well ventilated and dry. You also need a bed that doesn't creak, a comfy mattress and a cushy pillow. And low lights and neighbors who don't tap dance help, too.

3. A nap is 75% as effective as a big sleep, according to sleep researcher Frederick J. Evans, Associate Professor of

Illustration by JOANNE PETTIGREW

Psychology in Psychiatry at the University of Pennsylvania. And people who nap easily are special people. "They are usually able to meditate faster, sleep more soundly at night and lend themselves to hypnosis more readily, all healthy ways of reducing stress." The best time to nap is between one and three o'clock.

4. Eat to sleep. High-stress foods like French fries, even ice cream and dried fruit in large amounts, all elevate blood fat levels, blood pressure and resting pulse rates, and keep you hyped up. And remember, six hours of sleep when the stomach is empty is equal in restfulness to eight hours of sleep with an overloaded stomach, says the Better Sleep council. Sleep does not interfere with digestion, but digestion interferes with sleep. Try your main meal four to six hours before bedtime, or eat something easily digestible such as a banana.

5. Insomnia? Sleep on it. The best posture for sleep is halfway between lying on the side and lying face downward. For this you need a flexed left knee, a right hand crossed and under the body at the waist and a left hand in front of chest and head. The left forearm passes in front of the chest and face as your weight is supported by the muscles on the right side of the body. This encourages proper abdominal breathing, and general whole body relaxation.

6. Pillow talk. Not doing as much as you'd like? Make an herbal sachet. Buy a handful of hops at the health food store. (It's the plant used to flavor beer.) Stuff them into a cheesecloth bag to make a sachet. Put the sachet inside your pillowcase and the distinctive outdoorsy aroma should waft you right off to sleep.

7. Nutritional disorders are the foe of 40 winks. "Deficiencies of minerals, calcium, and potassium, for example, tend to produce insomnia, as do also deficiencies of vitamin B-1, vitamin B-6, niacin (B-3), and others."

Adds Dr. Carl Pfeiffer of Princeton's Brain Bio Center, "The B-vitamin Inositol is a sedative and solves many insomnia and anxiety problems."

8. Bad dreams aren't good for you. They can turn your life into a nightmare. Actually they characterize a type of sleep disorder called insomnia turbula.

According to Dr. Harold Levitman and Dr. Jacques Montplaisir, associate professor of psychiatry and neurosciences at the University of Montreal, "The trauma produced by a bad dream can be as harmful as that produced by a real-life event. They can be as instrumental in producing stress diseases as any event in real life." By preventing nightmares, say the doctors, they can protect sufferers of arthritis, asthma, an-

gina (suffocating pain caused by spasm of the heart's blood vessels) and ulcers from sudden attacks of the ailments.

9. Salicylate for sleep. According to a study of serious insomniacs at Dartmouth Medical School, Hanover, N.H., conducted by Dr. Peter J. Hauri and Peter M. Silberfarb, two aspirins were found to be an effective hypnotic for a few nights. After that? "Aspirin lost much of its sleep inducing potency when used chronically for two weeks... exactly what happens with many other sleeping pills."

10. Smoking and sleeping don't mix. Put out your cigarettes when you put out the light. A study team from the Sleep Research and Treatment Center at Pennsylvania State University has concluded that "the results of studies suggest that cigarette smoking is associated with sleep difficulty. Studies show that smoking increases the nervous system's production of the chemicals called catecholamines and that while coffee drinkers may develop a tolerance to caffeine, no such tolerance for nicotine appears to be present for smokers."

11. Want sweet dreams? Skip the sugar. "Foods with a lot of sugar will increase your bad dreams," says Dr. Milton Kramer, director of the Dream Research Laboratory at Cincinnati's VA Hospital.

12. Join the nightowl shift. Try fasting. "Fasting has a long history of effectively restoring normal sleep patterns after the fast is over," says Dr. Bruce Pacetti, an associate of Dr. Melvin Page at the Page Foundation in Florida. "Fasting is the quickest way there is to balance body chemistry," one of the reasons it helps with

insomnia.

13. If you're not nodding off? Put "paradoxical intention" to work. Concentrate on staying awake as long as possible. Why does this work? Experts speculate the key may be that because trying to stay awake eliminates the insomniac's usual anxiety about not being able to fall asleep—it lets him relax enough to doze off.

14. Working out works. But timing is the key, says Dr. Alice Kuhn Schwarz. "A set of tennis in the morning is much more likely to produce refreshing sleep at night than a few sprints around the block before bedtime," says Dr. Julius Segal Ph.D. of the National Institute of Mental Health.

15. Sleeping more and enjoying it less? Check out your chronophysiology. The lower your body temperature the higher your chances of sleeping soundly. According to Martin C. Moore-Ede, M.D., Ph.D., professor of physiology at Harvard Medical School, and other researchers at the Sleep Research Center at Stanford University, studies show that those who went to sleep when their temperatures were lowest slept an average of 7.8 hours. Those who went to sleep at, or just past the body's high point, slept an average of 14.4 hours, and the sleep was less restful.

What's the body's best time to go to bed? You guessed it? Between 3 and 4 in the morning.

1 Roger J. Williams, *Nutrition in a Nutshell*.
2 *The Star*, September 16, 1980.

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