Confrontations with the unconscious :: an intensive study of the dreams of women learning self-defense.

Deborah S. Stier

*University of Massachusetts Amherst*

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CONFRONTATIONS WITH THE UNCONSCIOUS:
AN INTENSIVE STUDY OF THE DREAMS OF WOMEN
LEARNING SELF-DEFENSE

A Thesis Presented
by
DEBORAH S. STIER

Submitted to the Graduate School of the University of Massachusetts in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of

MASTER OF SCIENCE
February 1992
Psychology
CONFRONTATIONS WITH THE UNCONSCIOUS:
AN INTENSIVE STUDY OF THE DREAMS OF WOMEN
LEARNING SELF-DEFENSE

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Approved as to style and content by:

Murray M. Schwartz, Chair
Sally A. Freeman, Member
Ronnie Janoff-Bulman, Member
David M. Todd, Member

Charles E. Clifton, Acting Chair
Department of Psychology
DREAMS

All night
the dark buds of dreams
open
richly.

In the center
of every petal
is a letter,
and you imagine

if you could only remember
and string them all together
they would spell the answer.
It is a long night,

and not an easy one--
you have so many branches,
and there are diversions--
birds that come and go,

the black fox that lies down
to sleep beneath you,
the moon staring
with her bone-white eye.

Finally you have spent
all the energy you can
and you drag from the ground
the muddy skirts of your roots

and leap awake
with two or three syllables
like water in your mouth
and a sense

of loss--a memory
not yet of a word,
certainly not yet the answer--
only how it feels

when deep in the tree
all the locks click open,
and the fire surges through the wood,
and the blossoms blossom.

--Mary Oliver
My thanks go to the six women who allowed me to sit with them for many hours, and who shared their experiences as dreamers and as fighters so freely with me. I thank as well the members of my committee, Sally Freeman, Ronnie Janoff-Bulman, David Todd, and, in particular, my chair, Murray Schwartz, who each brought a different and valuable perspective to the consideration of my work. Finally, I thank Anne, Delilah, and Wadi for the meaningful companionship they provided while I was absorbed with this project.
ABSTRACT

CONFRONTATIONS WITH THE UNCONSCIOUS:
AN INTENSIVE STUDY OF THE DREAMS OF WOMEN
LEARNING SELF DEFENSE

FEBRUARY 1992

DEBORAH S. STIER, B.A., HARVARD UNIVERSITY
M.S., UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS

Directed by: Professor Murray M. Schwartz

This study is an intensive exploration and description of the ways in which aspects of a salient life experience are reflected, elaborated, and transformed in dream material. At the heart of the study are the dream accounts of a group of women who were participating in the two week intensive self-defense course known as Model Mugging. Each of the project participants engaged in a set of three in-depth individual interviews over a three month period and kept a dream log during the course and immediately thereafter. This material is brought together in the form of four case studies which trace possible lines of connection between waking and dream life for each of the participants.

The study suggests that the dreams that were relevant to the participants' experiences in the self-defense course were not only those that dealt explicitly
with themes of physical confrontation. Rather, the dreams covered a broad range of topics that drew on participants' important life experiences, both past and present, as they link up with participants' concerns and aims regarding the self-defense course. The case studies suggest that each participant was grappling with a different set of concerns during the course. In addition to their shared desire to learn self-defense, individual participants were also aiming to recapture memories of childhood sexual abuse, to address ongoing shame about the body, to negotiate separation, and to connect with feelings. The dreams reported provide valuable information on the process and meaning of these struggles.

The study concludes by addressing some of the different meanings that physical confrontation may have had when it did appear in dreams, by considering the ways in which apparently similar waking experiences were handled differently in dream space by different dreamers, and by exploring the possible functions that recording and discussing dreams in the context of the study may have served for each of the project participants.
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CHAPTER 1
INTRODUCTION AND REVIEW OF THE LITERATURE

Dreams are private experiences that cannot be shared, except in the secondary telling of stories. Often, the retelling, too, is a private experience, an exchange between loved ones upon waking or the privileged communication between psychotherapist and client in the intimacy of the consulting room. When some stories make their way to a larger audience in the context of good literature or careful psychoanalytic writing, for example, we often feel drawn into the world of the dreamer, coming as close as we might to the first telling and the experience that underlies it. This happens most readily where dream stories are presented in a context that integrates information about the dreamer's history, current life circumstances and, where applicable, about the relationship between the dreamer and the one who has listened to the dream.

In the clinical psychoanalytic literature, this type of satisfying, in-depth account is limited, by and large, to the dreams of people in treatment. There is, however, a small research literature that attempts to widen the range of individuals whose dreams are explored, while trying to preserve, even deepen, the understanding of the relationship between dream records and the dreamer's life context. Most of this research
focuses on the relationship between waking experience and subsequent dream experience in groups of dreamers.

Some research in this area has used laboratory dream collection techniques to look at pre-sleep events and the dreams that follow. Early work was able to trace the impact of emotionally charged films (Witkin & Lewis, 1965), while later work detailed the effects of stress in a group therapy context (Breger et al., 1971). A similar method was used to look at changes in dream accounts collected just before participants underwent major surgery and then during the post-operative period (Breger et al, 1971).

Dream accounts have been collected outside the sleep laboratory as well. Some of this work has been retrospective, calling on people to remember their dreams from earlier distinctive periods in their lives. An example of this type of inquiry is a study that documented differences in the dreams of former prisoners of war before, during, and after captivity (Balson, cited in Weiss & Sampson, 1986). Other work has traced shifts in dreaming patterns originally established through traumatic life experiences. One study, for example, identified changes in the combat nightmares of veterans while they were engaged in psychotherapy (Wilmer, 1986). Finally, there is some work that looks at the representation of current life events in dreams
that individuals record at home and then share in the research context. This work is exemplified in a study of the dreams of two expectant fathers during the three week period prior to the birth of their children (Zayas, 1987).

These studies vary considerably in the extent to which they capture and reflect the richness of each dreamer's experience. Collectively, however, they suggest a set of elements whose inclusion in the design of a study is likely to facilitate writing that may draw the reader closer to the experience of the dreamer.

First, it is essential to establish a trusting, collaborative relationship between the participant and the researcher, one that allows for joint reflection and the exchange of critical information. This includes data about the dreamer's dream history, personal history, and current life situation, as well as the dreamer's commentary and associations about dream and waking material. Second, it is important to collect the dream accounts in series, not as isolated events. This makes it possible to carefully consider any changes that occur over time. Third, it is preferable to work with multiple participants in order to better assess commonalities and differences in the development of dream experience. Finally, it is vital that the research be done self-consciously, with attention to the
effects on the dreams of the study situation itself, including the relationship between the researcher and dreamer.

These are the elements that have been incorporated in the present project, an exploration and description of the ways in which aspects of a salient life experience are reflected, elaborated and transformed in dream material. It is an interpretive study of the dream accounts of a group of women participating in an intensive self-defense course. The attempt here is not to establish a set of universals about the waking or dreaming correlates of this experience nor, particularly, to consider the more sociological factors that may contribute to the elaboration of this material. Rather, the aim is to explore the complex interplay of waking and dreaming life for each woman, to observe the themes that emerge and to comment on the enriched versions of experience that are revealed by following the ideas of the day into the night. It is an occasion for observing many times over the creation of a "night fiction," as one psychoanalyst has eloquently described it:

Our day narrative meets with the regressive transformation of the night discourse. This discourse of the Other transforms our conscious thoughts into emblematic theatre and is guided by the culture of the dream experience: a space where
the Other's desire is to be gratified, where the subject's conscious thoughts are not to be violated, and where the Other takes the subject's day narrative and transforms it into a night fiction, so that the subject is compelled to re-experience his life according to the voice of the unconscious (Bollas, 1987 p.70).
CHAPTER 2

METHOD

Participants

The participants are six women who were enrolled in the self-defense course known as Model Mugging conducted in 1990 at one of its east coast locations. They range in age from 24 to 35 years, with a mean age of 28.5 years. Three of the six women have a history of sexual abuse during childhood or adolescence by a family member or acquaintance. The women volunteered to participate in the project as described to them at the close of their second class meeting. All who volunteered were accepted into the study and represent 40% of the total class enrollment. Participants were recruited in accordance with the Principles for the Use of Human Subjects in Research and with the permission of the Director and instructors of the self-defense course.

Model Mugging is an intensive self-defense and empowerment course designed for women. The program has trained over 6,000 women to date in major cities throughout the United States. Taught by highly skilled self-defense professionals, Model Mugging is unique in many respects: Participants (limited to 15 per class) learn and practice delivering full-force knockout blows to male attackers who wear specially-developed protective gear to avoid injury; Participants master
techniques in a varied series of attack scenarios which, in many cases, are tailored to recreate individual historical situations of sexual attack and abuse, where applicable; A substantial amount of class time is dedicated to group discussion of the emotional issues raised by the course content and process.

A percentage of the participants have histories of victimization. All share a fear of potential victimization and have enrolled in the course to enhance their ability to deal with violence. Class time totals 25 hours in five classes spread over a two-week period, culminating in a public graduation ceremony in which participants demonstrate their newly acquired skills in a set of scenarios.

**Interviews and Dream Logs**

Participation involved engaging in three individual interviews spanning a three month period and keeping a dream log for the two week duration of the course and for a minimum of two nights thereafter. Many participants elected to continue recording their dreams well into the follow-up period.

The dream log contains three types of information. (1) The dream record, an account of the dream exactly as remembered upon waking; (2) The dream reaction, a response to the dream recorded shortly thereafter noting feelings during and after the dream and any thoughts
about its content; and (3) The class notes, a reaction to each class, capturing what was most striking about the experience. In addition, participants were invited to use their logs to record any further thoughts or feelings. The logs are spiral bound notebooks which were photocopied by the researcher and then returned to the participants for them to keep. One participant chose to audiotape accounts of several of her dreams, and these were transcribed for analysis. (More detailed specifications for keeping the dream log can be found in Appendix A.)

The three interviews lasted approximately two hours each and took place in a mutually convenient location affording privacy, most often in the participants' homes. The first interviews were held during the week following the second class or shortly after the third class meeting. This first interview was designed to gather extensive background information about the participants, to establish their reasons for enrolling in the course and volunteering for the project, to explore their dream history, and to begin to look in detail at their dreams to date. (Appendix A contains a copy of the Background Information Sheet, and Appendix B contains an outline of Interview 1.)

The dream material was explored by asking participants to tell or read each dream, where time
allowed. As the researcher, I asked for clarifications, associations, and amplifications and, in general, attempted to set the tone for a partnership in exploration. Occasionally, I would comment on points of resonance I noted from one dream to the next or between past or present experience and dream content. The pace and depth of this part of the interview varied, depending on the style and interests of each participant. On the whole, the women were introspective.

The second interviews took place from three to 11 days after the course graduation. These were focused on two primary areas: First, an exploration of how each participant now perceived her experience in the course, including a discussion of particularly meaningful moments; and second, a clarification and elaboration of dream material from the previous meeting as well as a preliminary exploration of new dream accounts generated since the first interview.

The third, follow-up, interviews were held two to three months after graduation. These interviews paralleled the second meetings in content, with a retrospective focus on each participant's view of her experience in the course, an update on any relevant waking or dream experience, and a clarification and
elaboration of earlier dream material. In addition, we explored the larger pattern of her dreams over time with respect to thematic elements and attempted to note relationships between her reported experience in waking and dream life. As an aid to exploring the large body of information, the participants were asked to review their dream logs prior to the final meeting and to select a set of three to five dreams that they felt were most important to their experience in the self-defense course. These dreams and the women's reasons for choosing them were given special attention in the final interview.

The decision to use as data sources interviews and relatively unstructured material in log or journal form reflects this project's commitment to capturing the richness and potential variability of private experience. When the use of narrative is maximized, participants are also maximally empowered to give shape to their experience (Mishler, 1986). With structure at a minimum, participants are allowed the freedom to move among different time periods in their lives, as relevant, thereby facilitating the re-visioning of past experience that may be an important by-product of the class and research process. Finally, log-keeping enables the participants to capture and then communicate
important aspects of present experience as well as to look retrospectively at this material.

**Interpretive Approach**

The interviews and review of the dream logs generated a large body of data: For each of the six participants, there were five to six hours of transcribed interviews and between five and 22 dream accounts. Because of the volume of material and the commitment to considering each case in detail, only four of the six project participants were selected for inclusion in this project report.

Susie, a 30 year old woman who recorded only five dream accounts, was eliminated because she appears to have selectively reported only those dreams that dealt specifically with themes of self-defense. She shared in the follow-up interview that she had omitted dreams which, to her, had seemed unrelated to the project, specifically those that were sexual in nature. Linda, a 35 year old woman who recorded sixteen dream accounts during the project period and furnished a set of five pre-course accounts, was eliminated because her dreams proved particularly complicated and difficult to relate to her course experience.

For the remaining women, the interview and dream material has been assembled into a set of four case studies, each of which includes a biographical sketch, a
summary of course goals and experiences, an account of typical baseline dreaming, and a characterization of dreaming during the project period. The heart of each case study is a detailed sequential presentation and exploration of a series of dreams. The analyses focus mostly on the ways in which aspects of each participant's waking experience, most notably the course goals that each has identified for herself, are handled in her dreams.

The dreams that have been selected for consideration are usually those that received the most attention during the interviews and/or which illustrate an important dynamic particularly clearly. In all cases, the majority of the dream accounts have been included for analysis. (A complete set of dream accounts for each participant can be found in Appendices C through F.)

To protect the privacy of the project participants, names and other identifying information have been changed. To maintain the character of the dream logs, dream accounts have been presented in unedited form within the case studies.

The attempts to understand the participants' dreams benefit from an interviewing process that sought to integrate principles of good psychoanalytic and good feminist research. Chiefly, this entailed encouraging
the women to participate actively in determining the direction of the interviews and to freely share their dream associations and understandings. The rapport between us in this process was strengthened by the fact that they knew I had at one time participated myself in the same self-defense course. This shared experience helped to level the usual power differential between researcher and researched (Acker et al., 1983).

Although a good deal of associative material was elicited in many instances, it was not possible to explore any of the dreams to its fullest extent, given both the time limitations and the goals of a research rather than therapeutic encounter. Interpretations, therefore, are often based on manifest aspects of the dream, supplemented by speculation that stays as close to the available material as possible. There is some support in the psychoanalytic literature for the usefulness of formulating interpretations in instances where no formal associations to the dream elements are given (Pulver, 1987).

Where understandings of dream accounts are suggested in the context of this project, they are offered as potential meanings: not as what the dream means, but as what the dream could mean. The interpretations, then, aim to suggest "possibility
rather than truth" (Fromm, 1989) and, in this, reflect the feeling of the interactions between the dreamers and this listener.
CHAPTER 3
CASE STUDY: WENDY LEBLANC

Biographical Sketch

Wendy LeBlanc is a 28 year old woman currently working as a furniture builder. She is polite and earnest and has a youthful demeanor. She has been in a long term relationship with a female lover for several years and has identified as a lesbian since her high school days. Wendy graduated from a large university and worked as a carpenter for several years before pursuing her current career.

Wendy comes from a middle class background, although she noted that before being exposed to her lover's working class roots, she had thought her family had been working class. Her father is a carpenter and her mother, who died when Wendy was 18, was a marine scientist. She grew up in a coastal town in the northeast, the eldest of four children, with two brothers and one sister. She maintains a close relationship with Gary, two years her junior, who is also a woodworker.

Wendy described her father as quite removed from any caretaking role during her childhood and, in general, as "pretty controlling." He was the child of an alcoholic father who was in the army, and
consequently, his family moved around a good deal. Wendy now sees her father only once each year.

Wendy's mother was a religious Catholic who grew up taking care of her mentally ill mother, who later lived with Wendy's family for four years while Wendy was in high school. Wendy described her mother as "duty bound" in her obligations as caretaker to her family. She was very physically active, liked to wear pants, and was "well-rounded."

Much of Wendy's early life remains unclear to her. Her memories until age 11 are "pretty cloudy," and she noted that she is "always trying to remember, to recapture that part of my life." The earliest memory she reported was wanting to give her mother a kiss goodbye before going off to preschool, and her father not allowing this. She threw a tantrum, and had to be pried off a tree. Wendy does recall her mother being a role model to her, but their relationship was strained from early on for reasons that remain unknown to Wendy.

Wendy's mother brought her to see a psychiatrist in either the first or third grade and again in the 6th grade because she was concerned that Wendy might be or become homosexual. Wendy was a tomboy growing up and recalls really wanting to be a boy. In retrospect, she understands this as a "safer place to be in the family." When she reached menarche, Wendy was very secretive
about it. She eventually told her mother, and begged her not to share the information with her father. At age 14, Wendy came out as a lesbian. She did not discuss this with her parents, but was sure that "they knew." When she attended her senior prom with a male date, Wendy's mother was "ecstatic." Her relationships with her parents were particularly strained from puberty on. During this time, she immersed herself in playing the violin as a "coping skill."

Wendy's mother's death was unexpected, even though she had been sick for some time with cancer. She died when Wendy was 18 and away for her first year of college. Wendy described being greatly angered by the circumstances of her death, which appeared to result from improper medical treatment. Wendy was interested in pursuing a malpractice claim, but her father was unwilling to do so and the matter was dropped. Wendy remembered feeling "lucky" to have had the chance to tell her mother she loved her before she died, as she had never told her while they had been living together. Wendy has wondered whether there "ought to be more to" her reaction to her mother's death, because she has not been aware of feeling much grief over the years.

Wendy began psychotherapy at age 22 in the context of couples treatment. In the course of this work, she realized she needed individual treatment. She estimated
that she has seen five to six therapists for different reasons over the years and two primary therapists in individual treatment. The most recent therapy ended about six months before the beginning of the Model Mugging course and had lasted approximately three years.

It was during her first individual therapy that Wendy initially became aware of the possibility that she had been sexually abused as a child. She recalled that her therapist noted that she "had all the symptoms," including uncomfortable bodily sensations and dissociative episodes. However, she had no visual memories of abuse until she was 23 and she was awakened in the middle of the night by a friend calling to say that her son had just been killed. The news was so shocking, Wendy reported, that she went back to bed and had a memory. It was "an adult standing in the doorway of my bedroom when I was a child with the morning light coming in all around." There was also a flash of "having a chest in my face, the 'V' of a blue workshirt." The images were accompanied by the sensation of her skin "crawling and turning inside out."

Wendy has had no more explicit visual memories, but believes that her father was the perpetrator of the suspected abuse. For reasons that she cannot clearly identify, she also has begun to believe that her mother
may have sexually abused her as well. As she stated in the first interview,

Something happened--I don't know what it was--between she and I that was a stress to our relationship right from the beginning.

Course Experience

Approach

Wendy signed up for the Model Mugging course along with several of her friends. She was glad that they could go through the experience together and be supportive to each other. Her reasons for taking the course centered on her desire to achieve greater integration in a number of domains. As she stated in our first interview:

I stopped therapy in the spring--I felt I had gone about as far as I could go with talking therapy. I felt like I needed to try something physical....I was trusting that it would bring things up more than anything. I felt like I was sort of at a lull....I hope to integrate some of my emotions with my body better. I'm sort of hoping that it pushes me to memories, but--as much as one can really hope for that. There's a part of me that really wants to know specifics, because it would be so much easier to believe it. It's hard to believe what I have in my body, and it's hard to believe the very vague memories that I have. So there's a part of me that really wants to have it concrete before I can really believe myself.

Changes Over Time

Wendy discovered at the first class meeting that the therapist she had terminated with six months earlier was also a participant in the course. They briefly
discussed the circumstance in private and decided that they were comfortable being classmates in this setting.

At our first interview, Wendy noted her initial and characteristic tendency to deny the applicability of the course to her:

I feel like no one can hurt me, that I'm invincible. I know it isn't true, but there's a part of me that thinks that, and acts like that too.

This feeling of invincibility is linked to what Wendy referred to as her "fuck you" attitude, a stance of stubborn denial and defiance she adopts in situations where she feels her autonomy is threatened.

Also, in the first two classes of the course, Wendy reported that she often had the sense that "this isn't happening." She characterized her state as "being out of my body." At these times, she experienced herself as hovering above and just in front of her forehead, looking downward. Wendy spoke of this as a familiar experience that tends to occur more frequently when she is interacting with people and when she is tired.

The third class was a turning point in Wendy's experience. She was jarred by her realization of the real risk involved in fighting when a classmate was pinned by the mugger.

It really got to me, to see he actually pinned her. For a moment, it looked like she was going to lose. It was very scary to see.
Wendy's tendency to proceed as if things were fine when there was evidence to the contrary was noticed by the course instructor, Pat, during this third class. After one scenario, Pat pointed out to Wendy that she could not simply ignore an attack on her by the mugger. Wendy had walked away after being pushed on the shoulder. Instead, Pat encouraged her to turn and face her attacker. It was also in this third class that verbal abuse by the mugger began to escalate. In the course of this abuse of one of Wendy's classmates, Wendy experienced what she termed a "flash" of "a penis and scrotum just floating in space." She later commented:

It just felt creepy. That was about it. I didn't remember it or think back to it a lot. I guess I got involved in the fight.

In sum, the third class was the point at which Wendy believed she began to face her attacker rather than pretending the assaults were not happening. This pattern continued for the remainder of the course, which proceeded without similarly upsetting incidents. Wendy ultimately felt that the course "pulled out the emotional stopper" by helping her gain more access to her feelings than she had had prior to beginning the course.

Wendy reported that she continued to feel the beneficial effects of the course for a short while following its completion. However, about two weeks
after graduation, she noted that she no longer was "turning and facing" her problems. She began to feel "childish" in many situations, experiencing herself as "exposed and powerless." She reacted "very emotionally" to circumstances in her life and found this an unpleasant experience. This pattern subsided as Wendy began to get busy at her job during the Christmas rush season.

Dream Experience
Project Participation and Dream Baseline

When Wendy volunteered for the dream project, she warned me that she was "an on-again, off-again dreamer" who only periodically remembered her dreams. On the average, she thought she remembered a dream about once a month. She believed dreams are important, "even though I don't always understand them." She offered no specific reason for participating in the project beyond that it might be "good to keep track of [the dreams] while going through this."

One of the factors that may have influenced her decision to volunteer for the project was a dream she had had two weeks prior to starting the course. In this dream, which she shared at the first interview, Wendy observed her father masturbating and then confronted him about his sexual abuse of her. The dream ended at the point that he finally admitted he had abused her.
was confused about what to make of the dream: "I wanted to take it as a clue--was it true? Wasn't it? I don't know." In general, Wendy was drawn to her dreams in this way, but was often at a loss as to what she might make of them.

In some ways, Wendy's dream about her father is typical of the dreams about sexual abuse she has remembered occasionally over the years. In these dreams, she is an observer of the action rather than an overt participant. Thus, in this most recent dream, she watches her father from a balcony, safe and unseen, as he masturbates with a special machine. Her dog is with her father all this time, and when he puts the machine away, she comes and "hides out" with Wendy on the balcony. Represented here may be the discontinuity between an observing, cognitive self on a safe perch and an experiencing self endowed with the limited sensibility of an animal or, perhaps, only a machine. These are themes that will surface again in Wendy's dreams during the project.

General Project Dreaming

Wendy noted that during the course she remembered her dreams much more frequently and clearly than usual, and that they had an unusually high degree of sexual or sexual abuse content, especially at the outset. In all, Wendy recorded 12 dreams over a three week period,
averaging four dreams per week. Most dreams consisted of a series of scenes, disconnected one from the other. She represented these sudden shifts by arrows in her dream records and termed each transition, "switch." In general, the dreams did not stay with her long after she wrote them down. In our interviews, she would often need to return to the written text and at times appeared surprised by what she found there.

Wendy wrote reactions to half of her dreams, although in some cases, the reaction consisted of a single sentence. When the content of the dream was particularly disturbing to her, she often did not write a reaction and commented that this was because she did not want to dwell on the material any further.

Following our second interview, approximately one week after the end of the course, Wendy no longer remembered her dreams upon waking.

**Preliminary Summary**

Wendy identified a set of three interrelated goals at the start of the course. The first goal, and one that was in some ways implicit, was to shed her sense of invincibility. In this, she was recognizing the importance of acknowledging the reality of her own vulnerability to danger. Wendy's second goal was to integrate her body and her feelings, to become more fully present. To her, this meant in part moving beyond
the familiar split between the awareness of herself as an observer versus a participant, as in the experience she described as "being out of my body." The third aim was to be "pushed" to remember the circumstances of her childhood abuse through participation in a physically evocative activity.

Wendy's actual experience in the course involved moving from initial feelings of invincibility and dissociation in the first two classes to greater contact with reality and integration beginning in the third class and continuing through the remainder of the course. However, she reported only one abuse "memory" during the course itself, the flash of the penis during the escalation of verbal harassment.

Despite a history of erratic dream recall, Wendy consistently remembered her dreams during the project period. In the following pages, we will see the development of a parallel story contained in these dreams depicting movement and nuance not readily apparent in the tale of Wendy's waking life.

The Dreams [1]

Phase One: The First Two Classes

Red Dinghy (#1). The first word of Wendy's very first dream announces one of the central themes of all

[1] Dream accounts are numbered for easy reference to their full texts contained in the appendices.
her dreaming: "Fragments." True to this opening, the
dream segments are separate from each other, and Wendy
made few associative links among them. Yet the subtext
of the dream seems to be an attempt at integration
somehow, a symbolic effort by Wendy to regain
something--memory perhaps--and thus reduce the
fragmentation she may feel.

"Someone calls to tell me my red dingy has washed
up," Wendy wrote in the first fragment. It has come
ashore in a town from her childhood. While she loves
and is fascinated by boats, Wendy later described this
particular red "plastic mold form" boat as "pretty
tacky." It is "just not something that catches my
imagination at all," she said. In short, not the kind
of boat she would want to call her own.

In the second fragment, Wendy goes to pick up the
boat and sees the face of the man who found it. It is
"white gruff and scruffy looking," and he "doesn't want
to communicate with me." Somehow the one who knows
about the dinghy makes it hard for her to fully recover
it.

In the third fragment, Wendy is in an office, about
to start work with someone who "is drafting a boat." It
is a wooden boat "with lapstrick sides. It's much more
the kind of thing I really love," she elaborated in our
first interview. The draftsman is a figure from her childhood:

His mother and my mother were best friends. We're pretty close in age, so there are snapshots of us in a crib together.

She and her lover Anita are then to move the boat depicted in the drawing. She is annoyed that the man who drafted it is going to "take all the weight," and so she does something to make him leave. At this point, Wendy has retrieved her old boat and is now attempting to carry a new one whose designer she is closely linked to—with whom, in fact, she has already shared a berth.

In the final fragment, Anita and Wendy are being pursued and they run for safety. In its entirety, then, this dream may trace Wendy's ambivalent desire to recover something from her past, to then assume responsibility for structuring a less conflicted present and then, finally, to assume its burden. This is, apparently, a scary undertaking.

She Said Yes (#2). Similar themes emerge in Wendy's second dream. She found this dream very disturbing and, for this reason, did not write a reaction to it. In our second interview, she mentioned, "It was very hard to write this dream down. Really, I almost didn't." Here is the full text [2]:

[2] The dreamer's own spelling, punctuation, and format are reproduced here and in all subsequent dream accounts.
Drempt that I was in Mexico with a group of people. We are in hilly country with the hills more like bee hive shapes. It's lit up and the lights spiral up it. This all feels sacred to me. We are walking through some sort of building of significance (there are sacred objects or there is going to be a demonstration) Our hands are up, together in front. We are rushing through and I want to slow down so I can feel it and take it in. 

----------> I am talking with my brother Gary and 2 other women about whether we are going to take his truck or his van to Mexico. They are arguing with him for the van. I am on the outside I am worried about money then remember I have set aside that weeks paycheck to go. Still feels tight ---> I arrive at a house I don't recognize. My brother Arnie is there. He is upset (crying?) because both my mother and Grandmother are sick, possibly fatal (I know my mother will die). I ask if they know about eachother. He says no.............(I thought it was better?) I feel mad about this. My mother comes down the hall and gives me a big hug says she missed me. I say I missed her too. We go to a bedroom to talk. She brings up my friend Ellen asks where her partner is. I respond that she has MS and isn't very mobile. She starts talking about an older couzin when she was a girl and faulters (still all this time she's very controled, removed from feelings) I ask what about him. She says he sexually molested her. I say Mom I think I was sexually abused when I was little. She said yes, when she was cleaning me (as a baby) she used to rub a little longer, I liked it, and sometimes her hand would slip (inside me). I asked until what age - she said about three. I asked if she did it to all of us. No not all of us, just me and Patty. I asked if it was because she was really a lesbian. She said yes that she had always been and if she had lived in a different time... All this very matter of fact.

The opening of this dream is set in Mexico, a place that Wendy had enjoyed visiting a number of years ago. Although Wendy was puzzled at her reference to being in "hilly country with the hills more like bee hive shapes," the image, with its suggestion of altitude in association with small flying creatures, is reminiscent
of an important later discussion in which Wendy spoke of the kestrel, an bird that has been a "totem" to her. She explained that she feels drawn to this small member of the hawk family because it is little and likes to sit atop high places. She is particularly intrigued by its eyes, which "have a ring around them" and which make them fine hunters. The kestrel, then, seems to embody a kind of young observer, protected in its role as predator and not prey. The image of a small creature at high altitude is also reminiscent of Wendy's dream about her father, where Wendy observes from the balcony as her father engages in sexual activity.

In the context of the present dream sequence, the hilly terrain may symbolize a potential for perspective, for knowing. The country is "lit up," further supporting the possibility of Wendy herself becoming enlightened about domestic matters, as symbolized, perhaps, by the hive.

The "building of significance," Wendy notes, is an "ancient place." The sacred objects remind her of a statue she has seen in a photograph on the cover of the book, *When God Was a Woman*. She remembers a goddess pictured holding two serpents in her hands. She recalls, too, that when she was in Mexico, she was "sort of afraid of finding snakes because my brother had seen a dangerous snake when he was there."
The demonstration she mentions is a "ritual demonstration," and Wendy demonstrates in the interview how she walks through the building with her hands up, a posture that we recognize as quite similar to the defensive hand position she had recently learned in Model Mugging.

This first dream sequence suggests incipient mastery of something dangerous. It is about old terrain and the manifestation of new, powerful defenses. Wendy is poised to become enlightened about matters from the past. At the end of this sequence, Wendy feels rushed and wants "to slow down so I can feel it and take it in." Here, she seems to be paraphrasing one of her major goals in the Model Mugging course: to better integrate her emotions and her body, to be more wholly present.

In the next sequence, Wendy is talking to her brother about how they will get to Mexico. There is conflict, and Wendy worries about whether the trip is financially feasible, although she assures herself that she can do it. This segment captures the ambivalence Wendy seems to have about the journey to this ancient place and the pursuit of the goals discussed above. Money plays a important role in her psychic economy here, apparently representing the inner resources whose availability she wonders about.
The final segment, where Wendy meets up with her family, is set in an unfamiliar place populated by familiar people. At issue at the outset is the tension between knowing and not knowing—here, with respect to whether a daughter and mother know about each others' illnesses. In her dream account, Wendy is uncertain about how she feels about her mother and grandmother not knowing about each other. She thinks it's better that way, but she is also angry about it. She is apparently ambivalent about becoming enlightened in this realm where secret damage is concerned.

According to Wendy, she is her present age in the dream and her mother is the age at which she died. The events unfold against a backdrop of impending separation, as Wendy observes, "I know my mother will die." Their initial discussion turns to Wendy's friend Ellen's partner, a woman who has MS. In reality, she had become sick at the time that Ellen was leaving for an extended trip to Central America. The pairing of one woman's departure and the other woman's physical deterioration is reminiscent of Wendy's departure for college and her mother's subsequent death. In the context of the present dream, Wendy is about to embark on a trip to Mexico when there is a sudden shift to the domestic scene with her mother. This juxtaposition may signal Wendy's concern that her upcoming trip, which,
importantly, was to involve symbolic integration and recovery of memory, may cause irreparable damage.

As Wendy's mother talks about her own molestation, she is portrayed as controlled, "removed from feelings." In this, she mirrors Wendy's own characteristic state of being distanced from her own emotion. Mother and daughter come to know about each other, as Wendy's mother tells the story of rubbing and penetrating her daughter while cleaning her as a baby. Wendy commented on her mother's identification of Wendy's desire as a motivating force in her own abuse:

I think that that's such a typical perpetrator thing to say: "You liked it, you asked for it."

And yet there may be some gap between the understandings of Wendy's waking versus dreaming self.

In response to a question about what became of her grandmother while she was talking with her mother, Wendy replied, "She slipped away." Her "choice" of verb here, with its parallel to the description of her mother's hand that "would slip inside," raises the possibility that Wendy may experience an absent or non-protective figure, here, the grandmother, as somehow similarly intrusive and harmful like her overtly intrusive mother in the dream.

This dream was discussed at all three interviews. In the first interview, Wendy recounted the dream, ending with the mother's story of what she had done,
without moving on to the question of her possible lesbianism. In our second interview, I asked Wendy about this omission.

I forgot it....I think it was just sort of overwhelming to be talking about the dream. This seems an important part of the dream, the culmination of a story where the boundaries between Wendy and her mother are often blurred. They are joined as daughters, as women removed from feeling, as victims, and now as lesbians. Perhaps, in this light, Wendy's failure to remember the end of the dream and, more broadly, her inability to remember her sexual abuse may afford her some protection from encountering a sense of painful identification with her abuser.

In her reactions to this dream, Wendy commented:

I woke up feeling like "I don't want to deal with this dream." ...There's a part of me that wants to believe it-- "Can I take that as the truth so that I know what happened? At least I'll know." There's another part that doesn't think that I can take that as the truth just because my dream told me that.

Wendy continued:

I also wonder about that period, because my father didn't live with us at that point. He was at sea and he was gone alot. And so it was my mother and I for the first two years. And he would come home occasionally.

Wendy's reference to her father being away at sea during her early childhood suggests a link between her first dream about the dinghy and the present dream. For Wendy, what comes up from the sea, from a watery place,
seems connected to early memory and the vicissitudes of her caretaking experience. It can be dangerous for something to be "washed up," as the red dinghy was in the first dream, for, as the story goes, it is in the context of being cleaned that Wendy is molested by her mother.

This may be an apt moment to more fully recount a conversation Wendy and I had about the boat images in her first dream:

S: The plastic molded ones, I think they're pretty tacky....It was kind of interesting that I chose that, because that really isn't an image I relate with very much.

D: So it's kind of a foreign thing that was washing up?

S: Yeah. It was mine, I felt connected to it, but I was surprised to see that in my dream. Like the next segment [with the wooden boat] just makes so much more sense to me because that fits more with the aspect of boats that I relate more to.

The things that "wash up" in each of Wendy's first two dreams raise the question for her of whether they're really hers or not. The boat, like the memory, is somehow foreign yet familiar. And Wendy struggles both in her dreams and in reflecting on her dreams to reconcile the part of her that does not want to communicate about what has come ashore and the part that wants to go down to fetch it.
Ridiculous Construction (#3). Wendy's third and last dream of the first phase incorporates some of the imagery already encountered in her earlier dreams. Most notable, in this respect, is the image of a balcony or porch. Here is the opening of the dream:

I'm in Vermont with Ellen and Rachel doing a Roundout builders job. It's done. I'm pushing on a section of the roof (a porch overhang) that is only held up by celefain. It breaks. I swear and we start to fix it. I am yelling more about ridiculous construction. It turns into a garage door with a heavy piece of equipment on it.

Recall from Wendy's dream about her father that the balcony was a safe vantage point for viewing potentially disturbing events. From there, she could see without being seen and without being overwhelmed by feeling. In the present dream, the safety previously afforded by this vantage point is threatened because the structure that protects it is in danger of collapsing. Wendy hastens to repair it, but something continues to weigh heavily overhead.

Indeed, as the first week of the course comes to a close, Wendy has begun to push on the old structures, to try to move beyond the places that keep her safe, yet impoverish her experience in the process. But she is also invested, it seems, in bolstering these very structures, in maintaining the safe space just outside of herself--the place, perhaps, that she goes when she is "out of her body." In the dream, when the porch
overhang gives way, something new magically materializes to bear the weight overhead. Perhaps Wendy wonders if such a structure will appear should she achieve the kind of "breakthroughs" she desires in waking life.

**Phase Two: The Third Class**

As discussed above, the third class was a turning point in Wendy's course experience. She reported that her sense of invincibility diminished when she saw a classmate get pinned by the mugger and when the instructor insisted that Wendy face her attacker rather than attempting to ignore acts of aggression. During this class, she had a visual flash of a penis floating in space in response to escalation in the verbal abuse of one of her classmates.

**On Their Own For Dinner** (#4).

Wendy's dream on the night of the third class incorporates the imagery of the phallic intrusion of that day and also provides some additional perspective on what may be Wendy's characteristic patterns of responding to intrusive threats.

I'm working in a shop where a few people work, 2 being one old man and one very old woman. The old man is kind of crazy and unpredictable. he does dangerous things in the shop. I try to avoid him. No one has the guts to tell him he shouldn't be there. The woman feels that she shouldn't be there even though she is very good. I look at a rocker she has abandoned--it's an incredible design, stretching the capabilities of the wood.
I ask to work with clay. it's different colors. I'm sitting at a table. The old man comes up and grabs away something I'm eating. I'm going to let it go then deside no I won't. I go and grab it back. He makes to move to overpower me but unzipps his pant and pulls out his penis and holds it. I walk away to continue my work.

Someone finally besides to tell the man he can't work there anymore. Everyone is scared and they disappear. I don't know where to go so I try to get busy. He comes raging through, throwing Sicrian bread around--doesn't really notice me.

I am driving the bus and stop it and tell the kids they're on there own for dinner and recomend a cheap place. A kid corrects me saying some new place is cheaper. OK I say

Most notable, perhaps, in the first section of the dream is the absence of any stable or protective figure. The old man is "crazy and unpredictable" as well as "dangerous." The old woman, though sympathetically portrayed in some ways, is removed and, potentially, "off her rocker." Wendy is left alone, as "no one has the guts" to stand up to the old man who, among other things, deprives Wendy of nourishment. She is about to "let it go," to fall back to her characteristic stance of trying to ignore the reality unfolding before her, but at the last moment, she decides--perhaps in response to the coaching of the day--to reclaim what is rightfully hers. However, the penis intervenes as a weapon and causes Wendy to retreat to her work, to denial.

The mere presence of the penis serves as the most effective deterrent to Wendy's involvement in the
struggle. It needn't come to the point of physical confrontation, per se, as the sight of the man with his weapon in hand stops Wendy in her tracks. The anxiety that Wendy experiences in connection with this trauma seems literally to be "free floating," to judge from the flash that intruded during the third class. She cannot bind nor control it, as the power to do so plainly does not rest in her hands.

In the second dream segment, Wendy is left alone with a rageful, not nurturing man, and busyness again offers her some measure of protection. When he "comes raging through," Wendy watches but is herself unseen and thereby escapes harm.

The final section of the dream, with Wendy driving the bus, underlines the absence of any stable adult figures of identification. For here, kids are on their own to get what they need to survive. And, apparently, they often must and do know better than the adults around them.

I Feel I Have to Move (#5). The absence of trustworthy figures in Wendy's world is suggested again in her next dream, whose opening segment depicts the dynamics between Wendy and the therapist with whom she terminated six months earlier and who was also a Model Mugging classmate. Here is the opening of this dream:
I go to look an apartment. I feel I have to move even though housing is short. There is a long line of applicants. Barbara is there. She's going to buy the house and rent the upper apartment. She sees me and pulls me upstairs with her. I am worried about client/therapist issues. The apartment smells like chemicals—an exterminator has just been there. She says she'll hire someone to clean it up. I wonder if she'll tell the person.

As we've observed in previous dreams and in the discussion of Wendy's affinity for the kestrel, height appears to be symbolically associated with knowledge and memory. The upper apartment in this dream may be linked to this constellation. It is a place that the therapist first tried to bring Wendy against her will, and that she cleaned by secretive and dangerous means. Cleanings have been dangerous before for Wendy in her dreams, and the question, again, becomes whether Wendy--the next tenant, if she moves--will come to know what transpired.

Wendy's drive to move, to integrate memory, is strong, even though the circumstances are difficult. Her ambivalence surfaces, though, in a second passage in which her roommate "begs" her not to move:

It's more expensive and she doesn't like the apartment. I don't really know why I'm doing it.

Causing a Ruckus (#6). By now, two of Wendy's goals in the Model Mugging course have achieved some representation and elaboration in her dreams: the integration of her body and affective experience and the recovery of memory. The last dream of the second phase
sheds some light on Wendy's third goal: overcoming her illusion of invincibility. The dynamic comes to life in the second dream segment, where Wendy shows stubborn disregard for religious authority in adopting what she calls her "fuck you" attitude. Here is the complete dream:

I am at the House in Wellerton. Beth A. comes to talk to me. We are upstairs (in my parents room?) in a double bed. I don't want to be there. After awhile it's O.K. for me to get up. I am buttoning my shirt. She is making comments about my hair, saying I should cut it like hers. I feel intruded upon. I leave the room silently. She follows talking to me like nothing is wrong. I finally loose her down stairs. In the back of my mind I know Anita is down here somewhere. I feel secure that all my boundaries are in tact because she knows I'm going to talk with Beth today. --->

I'm in a courtyard with many churches. I'm looking for a certain church. Sandy and I are walking through them looking for the right one, causing a rucus. People are making faces at us.

In waking life, Wendy did have some physical contact with Beth A., whom she described as "someone I had an issue of loose boundaries with a couple of years ago." Wendy felt guilty about her role in this, and the incident was in part what lead to the decision that Wendy and her lover Anita should live separately.

The setting of the dream upstairs and in her parents' bedroom highlights the apparent equivalence in psychic life of her sexual interactions with Beth A. and with her parents, all of which may be characterized by her feeling of being intruded upon and guilty.
In speaking about this dream, Wendy pointed to the "theme of silence," which she described in this way:

I know something's wrong in my head, but I can't really say it, so I'm just going along with the situation. It's hard to describe, it's a combination of putting up with it and pretending it's not really happening....I'm making it be okay.

At the end of the first section, Wendy states, "I feel secure that all of my boundaries are in tact...." In the interview, however, she adds that her boundaries really hadn't been intact, "So it was ironic that I was downstairs thinking my boundaries were okay." Her feelings, once again, miss the facts. The sequence of events until this point has been: intrusion, guilt, then denial.

In the last segment of the dream, Wendy is walking "in a courtyard with many churches" along with her dog, Sandy, whom she spoke of in one of our interviews:

If you want to see things in the woods, don't go walking with Sandy. She goes crashing through the woods and underbrush.

In the dream, too, Sandy is causing a stir in a place that people are supposed to "be real quiet." Wendy, however, commented: "I really didn't care that we were making a ruckus. I felt good about it."

The churches reminded Wendy of her Catholic upbringing that had instilled in her "good Catholic guilt feelings." It is to these, perhaps, that she gives the "fuck you."
The dream, then, portrays Wendy's sudden transition from compliance to defiance. Her "fuck you" attitude, with its core of invincibility, emerges following an intrusion that engenders guilt at her compliance and then denial, and so appears to be an adaptive response to the painful effects of the intrusion. In short, it may be difficult for Wendy to move beyond her stance of invincibility, for to do so may mean that she must encounter her feeling of guilt and the memory of the events that may have engendered it.

Phase Three: The Fourth Class

In many ways, the centerpiece of Wendy's dream series is the pair of dream records that frame her graduation. Much of the imagery by now will be familiar--upstairs, a dog, the significance of light, and imagery of the sea. Here, these elements are brought together in a the clearest enactment of Wendy's central drama of integration.

*Something Heavy in a Bag* (#7). Wendy was very drawn to this dream, yet felt that she did not understand it. She noted, though, that she "thought it was significant somehow, that big heavy bag I was carrying down the stairs." Here is the full text:

I am housesitting at friends of Rufus'. It's a very big old house. There is a puppy outside on a chain, another loose and several cats in the house including mine. It's cold out and I want to let
the puppy in. At the screen door one of the cats is hissing and viciously trying to battle the puppy from inside the door. Rufus arrives. He shows me what their other dog chewed up as a pup. --> On the 3rd story there is a door leading to nothing outside, it's open. I go in through it. I feel safe because I think Rufus is on the other side. I look around and find no one. I go down the stairs turning off the lights as I go. This is supposed to make me feel secure that there's no one there but I still feel a little scared. On the second floor is Linda (from M.M.) She says suprise and thinks it's all very funny, giggling like a teenage girl. We turn off all the lights and go down stairs. There are now alot of people downstairs. I'm carrying something heavy in a bag. There is about 5 feet to jump down at the base of the stairs to get to the floor. I want to drop this bag but there is a woman laying in the way. I dangle it over hoping she'll catch it. She gets scared and moves out of the way. I drop it to the floor with a thud.

The dream is set at a house belonging to people whom Wendy doesn't know. There is something somehow "forgotten" about the house, something that Wendy struggles to remember:

It was a split level, sort of a ranch style--not a ranch style--what is that style called? They build them all the time. It's a new kind of a house. Um...where the front, the second story overhangs about a foot in the front. I want to call it a ranch, but it's not a ranch.

There is something familiar about this split, forgotten house. She thinks that it is similar to the one owned by the Mortons, a family whose children she played with and took care of sometimes when she was a teenager.

They looked like the perfect family, but I knew something was going on beneath the surface. I think [the father] had a really severe temper.
The eldest daughter in the family was Wendy's age and seemed to have an eating disorder. Mother and daughter were each named Emma, and Wendy "felt a lot for both of them, because they seemed to be the ones who displayed the most symptoms of unhappiness." And so the dream is set in this forgotten, yet familiar house, where a daughter suffers and is identified with her mother amidst a family that is just not what it seems.

Rufus, who knows the owners of the house, is a man who works at Wendy's workplace, someone whom she described as "vivacious and gregarious," who "knows something about everybody." She searched for the phrase that might best characterize him:

He's pretty free-floating. Oh, I can't think of that word I want. It's that process of thinking when one thought just leads to the next. [Free association? I offered.] Yeah, free association. That's sort of how he is.

With his energy and curiousity, Rufus is similar to the puppy as pictured in the dream, except, as Wendy commented in our conversation, "He doesn't seem to have a lot holding him back." He is associated, it seems, with knowing things and with a kind of unleashed vitality linked to youthful experience.

As Wendy noted, "Even though I was housesitting, I had come to take care of the cats and dogs." Indeed, the central drama in the first segment of the dream is the conflict between the cat and the puppy who battle
each other at the screen door. Wendy is sympathetic to
the plight of the chained puppy but is cautious about
intervening. Their conflict may represent Wendy's own
intrapsychic struggle about the recovery of memory, the
conflict between her desire to ease restraints and admit
something new to her experience and her more self-
protective stance that blocks entry of such knowledge.
It may be relevant here that Wendy described the puppy
as "white with brown spots," a possible allusion to
herself (LeBlanc) marked or even damaged in some way,
as, perhaps, she may feel she was in childhood. As
Rufus points out by showing Wendy what another dog
chewed up as a pup, it may be dangerous for Wendy to
yield to her desire to let the young thing in--it may,
after all, cause damage.

The next section of the dream begins on the third
story of the house and continues to tell a similar tale.

I enter from outside through this door, where
there's no balcony, there's no anything to get in.

Missing here is Wendy's usual safe vantage point for
observation split off from participation. Instead, she
is right in the midst of things, a condition that
appears difficult for her to sustain:

The reason I go into the room is because I noticed
that the lights are on upstairs. And I think, I
know I'm the only one in the house, so I get
nervous.
In turning out the lights, she tries to assure herself that she is in no danger upstairs, where being upstairs may, as in other dreams, be associated with a history of painful intrusion. She does not wish to be enlightened.

Wendy's anxiety, however, cannot be completely extinguished, and it is highlighted by her encounter with Linda, a woman from her Model Mugging class, who is likened to a teenage girl. It is somehow apt that Linda should emerge at this juncture, for Wendy described her as someone who "seemed to have an attitude about life like nothing was going to happen to her." In this, she is linked to Wendy's own attitude of invincibility. Wendy, however, perceives this attitude as somehow interruptive in this context, as she commented: "She sort of jumps out at me where I was scared something was going to happen to me, and she's giggling and I feel annoyed." The two descend the stairs together, side by side, the scared one and her invincible partner, an ambivalent pairing, to be sure.

At this point, Wendy becomes aware of carrying a large, heavy bag: "It was very much like the mugger's bag--big and black and stuffed full." She was referring to the duffel bag carried to and from class by Tom, the male instructor who served as the mugger. "And what did Tom have in his bag?" I inquired. "All his equipment, all his protective equipment, actually," she replied.
Wendy, then, appears to be weighed down by her defenses, some of which have just been represented in the dream: denial and repression, as signified by turning off the lights, and reversal, by the attitude of invincibility. Wendy is trying to drop the bag, to move it from darkness into light and so, perhaps, to gain access to the experience from which she is defensively cut off. To do this requires the cooperation of the woman laying in the way at the base of the stairs. According to Wendy, she is "kind of thin and youngish and white." The reference to white may again suggest a link to Wendy herself, supporting the notion that Wendy's attempt to pass the bag may represent an enactment of communication between the part of Wendy that wants to know and the part that is too frightened to cooperate. The woman at the base of the stairs "gets scared" and, as Wendy elaborated in the interview, "she rolled out of the way." The bag hits the floor with a thud.

As mentioned before, Wendy was drawn to the image of the bag and thought it might have something to do with the "baggage" she carries. She did not know specifically what this might be, however.

But I do know it seems like I'm trying to give it away, trying to drop it on that woman. She didn't want it, she was scared. Whatever it is, it seems like something I'm supposed to take care of and not put onto other people. What comes to mind is projecting things on other people, but specifically, I don't know what about.
Wendy seems to feel, then, that this is her burden and hers alone to bear. To bring things to light by dropping old defenses may be harmful to other people. Somehow she believes that she can keep both herself and others more completely safe by remaining somehow divided herself. And yet, she appears to want to move toward greater integration of memory and emotion, to let go of the defenses that prevent her from doing so.

Wendy was interested in the suggestion that this dream might be an enactment of some communication from the part of her that knows something to the part of her that doesn't know. She likened her descent down the staircase to a process of coming "symbolically into myself, bringing myself down into myself." This reminded her of her experience of coming out of a state of dissociation, of moving from her characteristic perch above and slightly in front of herself back down into her body.

Phase Four: Graduation

Nothing Very Deep (#8). The image of the scared woman rolling out of the way of the falling bag links Wendy's dream immediately prior to graduation and the dream experience that follows on the subsequent night. Here is Wendy's account of her post-graduation dream experience:
Been laying here trying to remember fragments but I can't remember anything. Woke in the early morning and couldn't go back to sleep. I felt a little scared. It was a body feeling. I tossed and turned and drifted in and out of sleep--just asleep enough to have bits of dreams but nothing very deep. And they vanished when I woke up.

This account is notable for two main reasons. First, the language Wendy uses to describe her experience suggests a parallel with the dream of the prior night, in which some communication was attempted but not successfully completed. "Been laying here trying to remember fragments but I can't remember anything," she writes. And we remember that the woman at the base of the stairs who had failed to catch the bag had been "laying" in the way. Further, that woman "rolled" out of the way, a motion that links her again to Wendy, who "tossed and turned and drifted in and out of sleep." The sea imagery here, with a reference to her bits of dreams not being "very deep," is reminiscent of Wendy's earlier dream about the red dinghy and the attendant dangers of "washing up." Here, Wendy rolls out of the way of sleep and memory. She drifts toward and away from shore, avoiding the depths.

A second notable factor about this account is that it is the only instance during the dream project period in which Wendy describes feeling scared and agitated, where she experiences a "body feeling" rather than representing feeling in the form of dream images. The
ability to symbolize her intrapsychic process now eludes her grasp. Wendy's experience of "body feelings" underlines, somewhat ironically, her failure to integrate her body and her feelings--one of Wendy's goals for herself in the Model Mugging course. Here, emotion and cognition are somehow collapsed into sensation. It is as if she regresses at the very moment that she comes closest to effecting symbolic communication and integration in her dreams.

Phase Five: Follow-up

Wendy's second interview took place approximately 10 days after her graduation. During this post-graduation period she had four dreams. A good deal of the thematic material is familiar in this last set of dreams, yet certain new elements emerge. The last dream presents an instructive integration of the thematic material.

Transforming Defenses (#9). The first dream of this period begins as follows:

Ellen and I are in a hot tub talking about transforming defenses. She asks me to explain what I said earlier and I try but it doesn't seem to make much sense.

Wendy commented that she is talking in the dream about changing psychological defenses:
I think that what I was thinking of there [is] how sometimes defenses from when you're young don't really work for you later, and that's what I was talking about. Things that don't work anymore.

I asked what defenses she might have had in mind, and she replied:

I would never ever say to my mother--resist verbally. But I could do that non-verbally, sort of storm around or not give her my attention, my energy, and sort of ignore her.

In addition to this defense of ignoring, Wendy mentioned:

I think that my "fuck you" attitude is sometimes a defense. It seems to come up where people are trying to control my behavior.

In some ways, Wendy's statement at the opening of the dream about "transforming defenses" summarizes the struggles that have been enacted in her earlier dreams, perhaps most powerfully in the baggage dream and its sequel. It seems apt, then, that Wendy and her friend should be in hot water while having this conversation. But Wendy is in trouble in another way here as well. This is the first dream in which Wendy feels "out of her body." She indicated in the interview that this comes through in her comment in the dream account that what she was talking about "doesn't seem to make much sense."

This "fuzziness" of communication, the split between what she does and what she experiences, is a typical sign of dissociation for Wendy. Ironically, dissociation is itself a characteristic defense for her,
and it occurs at the very moment she is discussing her desire to transform her defenses.

In addition to its psychological underpinnings, the notion of transforming defenses is also linked to the realm of physical self-defense. In the second segment of the dream, Wendy is attacked by "several assailents," the first occurrence of physical attack in the dream series. This is an interesting juncture, for new physical defenses come into play at the point that Wendy considers abandoning old psychological ones. Wendy's engagement in physical self-defense breaks her stance of invincibility and denial and signals the acknowledgement of vulnerability. The transformation of defenses in the opening line of the dream, then, may refer as well to the transformation from psychological defense to physical defense. This is a far different scene than the one in Wendy's earlier dream about the crazy old man: "He makes to move to overpower me but unzipps his pant and pulls out his penis and holds it." There, the threat remains powerfully symbolic. Wendy just walks away--she does not have a fighting chance.

**Dead Smelly Fish (#11).** Wendy continues to be out of her body in a dream she had later in the post-graduation week. This dream is especially notable for its introduction of a new totem, a dream totem, perhaps,
the companion to one of Wendy's waking totems, the kestrel. Here are the first two sections of the dream:

I'm in Wellerton at the Fishmongers. They have an outside deck and I'm alone. I want to ask the woman behind the bar a question and when I get there I forget what it is. I make one up then sit down at a table. ----> I'm at Barbara Bateson's house. We are in the living room (more people there?) I ask if I can talk to her. We go outside and tell her that Meg is arranging a M.M. get together and say that it's O.K. for me to be there with her. Only I say it jumbled and the interaction is fuzzy. I'm not sure of what we've agreed when I leave. I've forgotten something inside and go back. B.B. is talking to her housemate about something she needs (I feel a little intrusive and leave) I am carrying a dead smelly fish which is some kind of a totem to me. I drop it out on the street and deside to leave it. A kid picks it up.

The dream is set at a restaurant in Wendy's hometown. A "fishmonger," to Wendy, is "someone who cleans fish." In keeping with this, perhaps, a "dead smelly" fish emerges in the context of the story. It is a totem to Wendy, as she noted, "I feel kind of attached to it," although she is puzzled as to why. In waking life, as we've seen, Wendy is drawn to the kestrel and also, as she elaborated in the context of discussing the present dream, to the polar bear.

I guess there was something I could always relate to about polar bears because I'm very white, and I think it had to do with I sunburn and don't tan.

I asked if she meant "white" like her name is "LeBlanc."

No, I'm that too, but very white-skinned [she laughs]. That's what I mean.
Wendy's waking figures of identification—a hawk and a bear—are predators, not prey. Interestingly, though, she is identified in her dreams with a fish, the prey of the polar bear, and a dead smelly one at that. But the fish is also the bread and butter of the fishmonger, whose job, according to Wendy's definition, is to clean fish. This is reminiscent of Wendy's early dream about her mother's sexual impropriety with her:

She said yes, when she was cleaning me (as a baby) she used to rub a little longer, I liked it, and sometimes her hand would slip (inside me).

Wendy appears to have ambivalent feelings toward this dead smelly fish part of herself. While she feels connected to it, she also feels ready to let go of it. The dream segment ends in ambiguity, however, as she drops the fish and "a kid picks it up." It is unclear whether she has really left the fish behind or has dramatized her continuing attachment to it.

A Flat (Pink) Coral (#12).

Wendy had her final dream of the series eight nights after the course graduation. It is a powerful dream that integrates many now-familiar elements and strongly reflects each of the goals Wendy set for herself in the Model Mugging course. Here, to begin, are the first two segments of the dream:
I'm interested in dating men. I am with a man with glasses. He's tall. We are talking--chit chatting. I show him some plans for a model town. I'm telling my mother I'm dating a man. She asks about him, what he's like and I can't remember, except that he's a doctor. He is there and she is showing him the plans for the model town. I've been having an unusual period where I keep bleeding and am getting worried. He says his mother is a doctor. I ask if she'll look at me. I get up on the table. She puts the speculum in me and says "ah no wonder" and pulls out a small loofa sponge that's been abrading me. I ask to look at my cervix. I want to see the polyp and it looks differently than I'd imagined, like a flat (pink) coral.

The beginning of the dream is most notable for its announcement of Wendy's openness to new experience. Wendy is, in fact, interested in creating many kinds of new spaces, as she draws up a map for a "model town." She is "carrying the plans, the blueprints for it," she shared in an interview. In this, Wendy is linked to the draftsman in an earlier dream who drafts a boat following Wendy's retrieval of an earlier model. Here too, as we will discuss below, the creation of something new is flanked by the dredging up of something old from the sea.

The man who Wendy is dating is a doctor, and his mother is one too. Mother and child are closely identified. Wendy allows the mother doctor to examine her. This dream section, detailing Wendy's concern about her gynecological health, is linked in Wendy's mind with circumstances from her waking life that arose shortly before she had this dream.
I'd found out I had a polyp on my cervix and I was kind of nervous about it, 'cause I never had anything like that before.

Wendy's nurse practitioner had informed her of this during a routine gynecological exam, and so, Wendy noted: "I knew I had it. I just didn't know what it looked like."

This statement about knowing, and yet not knowing is strikingly similar to Wendy's description of her predicament concerning her history of sexual abuse:

There's a part of me that really wants to know specifics, because it would be so much easier to believe it. It's hard to believe what I have in my body, and it's hard to believe the very vague memories that I have. So there's a part of me that really wants to have it concrete before I can really believe myself [emphasis added].

In this dream, Wendy sets out to literally concretize the experience.

She puts the speculum in me and says, "ah no wonder" and pulls out a small loofa sponge that's been abraidning me.

This, at last, is what Wendy has in her body. The cause of her trouble is that there has been something rubbing her that clearly doesn't belong there. This, of course, is reminiscent of Wendy's earlier dream about her mother who "used to rub a little longer" while cleaning Wendy and whose hand would sometimes "slip" inside. The loofa sponge combines the imagery of cleaning with the imagery of the sea to form a compound image connected to Wendy's mother, a marine scientist.
The dream continues with Wendy asking to look at her cervix, and she is surprised by what she sees. The polyp looks like a "flat (pink) coral," just like the coral in the water near where she grew up. It's the only kind that can live there, she commented, "because it gets too cold to grow the other kinds."

In this dream segment, Wendy is highly invested in looking into what may be wrong rather than adopting her more defensive attitude of just "making it be okay."

She is curious about her inner life and, as suggested at the outset of the dream, is somehow more open to new experience. The cause of Wendy's problem is localized in her maternal care, where a normally nurturant function has been distorted into an intrusive one. The trauma has persisted, lodged unseen for many years in Wendy's body, accompanied by the only other kind of life that could grow in her childhood environment. In Wendy's earlier dream, her mother emphasizes Wendy's enjoyment of the care she has been given. By contrast, in the present dream, a mother points to this care as the source of considerable trouble. In this, Wendy is offered validation for her sense that something has indeed been amiss all these years. A mother has somehow made reparation.

In the third dream segment, the drama moves from an internal stage, where the characteristic defense of
denial has been modified, to an external one, where Wendy is called upon to defend herself physically. Again, as in Wendy's earlier dream about "transforming defenses," the attempted revision of psychological defenses has been paired with a movement toward physical self-defense.

I'm at a M.M. demonstration in Wellerton on Harrier Cove Road. People are lined up on the side walk like a parade. Anyone can watch. Our attackers are not in protective suits. They are men from the crowd. I only see myself fighting. I'm feeling slow and my kicks aren't connecting well. I beat the first man. The second is anticipating my moves and countermoving. I resort to punching and trying to choke him. I hear Tom say if you can touch his face he can touch yours. He does but I make him pass out. Men from the side lines are joining in they have malitious intenent. Two attackers come at me at once and I'm fighting them off any way I can.

Once again, the dream segment is set in Wendy's childhood hometown, on the street, in fact, where Wendy spent her early childhood:

I don't really recall living on Harrier Cove Road. I lived there for a couple of years, the first couple of years of my life. All the pictures of me at one and two are taken there, at that house on Harrier Cove Road.

In addition to the historical significance of this particular street in Wendy's life, the street's name is itself of considerable interest. It brings together the symbol of the harrier (a type of hawk) with the imagery of the sea, two elements that have separately figured quite prominently in Wendy's waking and dreaming life. Recall that the kestrel, Wendy's waking totem, is
associated with an observing perspective that is as emotionally distanced from the experience of victimization as a watchful hunter is from its prey. The sea, on the other hand, is associated for Wendy with the recovery of difficult experience—the dangers of washing up, of drifting too deep, the dreaming totem of the dead smelly fish. With "Harrier Cove," these two worlds, previously split in the representational world of Wendy's dreams, are brought together, restored, perhaps, to their original state of union.

This circumstance, signalling the reconciliation of cognition and emotion, of emotion and bodily sensation, suggests that Wendy may experience a more fully integrated presence at the Model Mugging demonstration in her hometown. She fights an old fight with new skills.

All three of Wendy's course goals appear to be reflected in this final dream. Her desire to recover memories of her abuse may be represented in her demystification of a body memory by literally looking and finding inside herself "concrete" evidence. Wendy's desire to become more fully present by mending the splits in her experience, what she stated as her "hope to integrate some of my emotions with my body better," may be symbolized in the code of Harrier Cove Road. Finally, Wendy's desire to relax her stance of
invincibility seems to be reflected in her whole-hearted engagement in the physical fighting. Aware of her vulnerability, she does not ignore her assailants but is "fighting them off any way I can." It remains to be seen how, in the end, she will fare.

**Conclusion**

When Wendy spoke about her reasons for enrolling in Model Mugging, she referred, in part, to her hope that it "would bring things up more than anything." With respect to her relationship to her own emotional past and present, she felt, she said, like she was "at a lull." Looking back now on her experience in the course, it seems that, indeed, she encountered some ripples. Most notable among these might be the dampening of her sense of invincibility mid-course and the occurrence of an intrusive flash of a penis. In her dream life, the effects seemed more profound. Currents, we might say, were strong enough to actually bring a boat to shore, and Wendy, at the end, was curious and able to see previously undiscovered undersea life.

It is interesting to consider Wendy's report of her post-course experience. Recall that she felt "present," able to "turn and face" her problems for two weeks and then began to feel "childish," experiencing herself as "exposed and powerless," and reacting "very emotionally" in many situations. Wendy was disturbed by this turn of
events, and yet, in the context of her course aims and experiences, the kinds of feelings she described as characteristic of this post-course period seem linked to the kinds of feelings that would likely be associated with the memories she sought to regain. Wendy may have been experiencing memory through feelings, an emotional memory or re-experiencing perhaps not that familiar to one accustomed to body memories.

At the time that Wendy was experiencing this heightened emotionality, she apparently was also not remembering her dreams upon waking. While this circumstance may have something to do with the loss of a structure for recording her dreams after the project concluded, it also seems possible that what she failed to represent in dream space during this period, she experienced in life space. In this light, it might have been useful to Wendy to have had some therapeutic environment available to her in which to explore these feelings. As it turned out, Wendy said that the strong feelings subsided when she began to get busy at work during the Christmas rush. In what seems to be a characteristic pattern, and one illustrated in her dream where she "walks away to continue [her] work" after the crazy old man unzipped his pants, "getting busy" provided haven from difficult feelings.
CHAPTER 4

CASE STUDY: DONNA SMITH

Biographical Sketch

Donna is an articulate 28 year old woman currently pursuing her bachelor's degree at a large university. She is tall and heavyset, with a dignified demeanor. Her descriptions of her experience are evocative and engaging. She has had five years of college to date in different disciplines before settling on her current field in the natural sciences. Donna supports herself during the academic year by working part-time at her own housecleaning business and in the summers by working as a cook in a circus. For the past five and a half years, Donna has been in a committed lesbian relationship.

Donna was born and raised in the western part of the country, the eldest daughter in a working class Mormon family. She emphasized that she is the first person in all the generations of her family to have attended college for any length of time. Her father has held many different jobs over the years and currently works as a travelling salesman. Her mother worked in the home until Donna entered junior high and currently works in data processing. Donna's two younger sisters are full-time mothers and her two brothers, one younger and one older, are employed in blue collar jobs.
Donna referred to herself as "somewhat of an alien in my family" and elaborated on the reasons why:

I'm a physical and sexual abuse survivor, so a lot of it has been that I've confronted everyone in my family and said that this is something that needs to be open and talked about. And that's something that they think is in the past and doesn't need to be talked about or dealt with anymore. So I'm sort of the rebel. And even when it was happening I was the rebel because I was very angry and verbal about what was going on. And I'm also a lesbian and my mother can't accept that part of me.

Donna spoke at length about her abuse history. She recalled that the physical abuse was mostly at the hands of her mother, "but my father had bursts of just letting off steam on me."

And my mother didn't know how to deal with me being angry so she tried to control me through physical force. She used everything all the way to guns to using her physical self.

The sexual abuse was perpetrated by her maternal grandfather and her elder brother, and it lasted approximately from ages eleven to fifteen.

Donna's grandfather abused her along with her younger sisters, so that they could each see what was happening to the others. She described a typical scene of abuse:

Often, all three of us would be in the same room at the same time....My grandfather was very subtle in how he coerced us into doing that, all the molestations. He made it appear that we wanted it, and it really separated us. And as the years went on, my sisters and I were really separate and never communicated....I think he trained my body to respond, because part of me enjoyed what was happening. And there's so much guilt for me about that, but I think it was just a mindfuck, you know.
What happened was because he made it look as if I wanted it, where I would sometimes approach him to touch me. For example, one scene would happen where what he did was he'd have oral sex with me and my sister would be timing it, and then when my time was up, she would go in and I would time her, and then my other sister would go in.

She described the progression of abuse by her older brother, dating from the time she was eleven:

What happened with him, it started out in a very—not even innocent in some ways....So at that time he would take me to his room. My younger brother would still be in the room—they had bunk beds, so my younger brother was in the bottom bunk. And Sid would start kissing and fondling me, and he would try to penetrate me, but I was too young. It sort of went from that kind of experience to using violence to get my sisters and I to give him a blow job, or him coming in the middle of the night, sitting in our room and watching us or putting his hands up under the sheets—to the point that he tied me up and attempted to rape me in the storeroom. So as he grew older, his methods grew more violent. It wasn't like I could say "Stop." He did it 'til he wanted to stop.

Many years later, when Donna attempted to talk with her sisters about their abuse, she met with resistance from both of them. She spoke about her sister Karen, one year younger than she.

She's very much like my mother. "It's just the past and we need to go on." I asked her, "What have you done to heal?" and she said she took a long walk and forgot about it [she laughs]. So her way of coping was very different than I did.

Both Donna's mother and grandmother apparently knew about the sexual abuse while it was going on but "turned and walked away." Donna confronted her mother about it when she was 18, as she described:
She didn't believe me and went to my sisters who told her that it happened to them, and she then told me she had been raped as a child. And so it was sort of this--it took away everything from me, and what I was trying to communicate to her was what had happened to me, and it sort of laid another layer of guilt on for me. And I think another layer of silence. This horrible thing happened to her, but what happened to me is not worth discussing, basically. So she really--she doesn't want to talk about it.

Donna left high school without getting her diploma because it had become "unbearable," and she found herself isolated and unable to function. She set out on her own to serve a Mennonite mission in the midwest, where she worked for a social service agency that fed and gave clothes to poor people in the neighborhood. At eighteen, while on the mission, she was hospitalized for depression. She described her experience at the hospital:

I knocked on the door and said, "This is my problem:" I said I'd been molested by my grandfather and my brother, because by some grace I made that link. At 18, I don't think I really pinned it, but I knew I was in a lot of trouble. And they gave me medication [she laughs]. They put me on thorazine and imipramine and totally drugged me out. And made it so I was not able to function and just sort of stayed in a fog. Fortunately, I found a really good therapist--not there, but when I came back west, that really helped me and also figured out that they had me on medication I never should have been on.

She recalls being in a "catatonic state" during the several weeks that she was hospitalized. "I just shut myself off and left my body on purpose, basically, because I couldn't deal with what was going on." After
her release from the hospital, Donna was brought to her parents' house and was later rehospitalized in her hometown. Her parents were "unsupportive" during this period and refused to get her a therapist after her discharge. Donna ultimately found one on her own and worked with her over a two year period "about how to get my life back together after being a mental health client."

Donna did not begin therapy about her incest experience until several years later, when she had moved to the west coast. At that point, she had left the Mennonite church because she had wanted to be a minister and they did not allow women in the leadership. She had also come out as a lesbian at 21 and had found herself in an abusive relationship that lasted nine months. She reflected on her involvement in this relationship:

Well, I think that I was willing to accept what I'd seen in my family on some level, even though I knew it was wrong....The value of having a relationship was more important than whether I was being hurt or not.

When she was twenty three, she met her current lover, also an incest survivor, and the two moved to the east coast together to continue a committed relationship. They have attended long-term therapy together as a couple, and Donna has continued her work on incest with several different therapists individually. She terminated her last therapy seven months before the
start of the Model Mugging course, feeling that she could "maintain" herself currently without it.

Course Experience

Approach

Donna heard about the Model Mugging course from friends and from a woman in her incest support group who had likened it to "years of therapy in five sessions." Donna cited two major aims in taking the course. The first concerned her desire to do "some body work" as a way of continuing to heal from incest. She spoke of "body empowerment" as "the hardest and almost the last piece of incest--if there is a last piece," and she now felt ready to engage in it. Her second aim concerned learning to defend herself, a longstanding interest, but one which she had previously felt blocked from pursuing because of her weight and her fear. She had felt that martial arts was a "technique that involves having to have a certain body type" and that she would be out of place as a large woman. Further, she knew that learning to defend herself "would bring up tons of issues about being attacked and physically hurt." Previously, she had feared that being violated "would almost be the last straw. It would be one more thing I couldn't cope with." Now, by contrast, Donna seemed to have a new sense of strength that enabled her to face these concerns without fear of collapse.
Changes Over Time

Donna's early experience in the course was extremely positive, and she enjoyed a sense of competence and great self-esteem. The turning point for her occurred during the fourth class, where the verbal abuse escalated and Donna found herself struggling. She spoke of her encounter with the mugger in this class:

He found my buttons and he found them really deep. And I walked away feeling totally deflated over a couple of scenarios....[The next day] I cried the whole day and was totally fragile because he'd gotten inside to some core place....

The traumatic incident occurred during a scenario which, as Donna said, "was all about what I look like."

He approached me in a walk-by: "Oh, you're so disgusting. You're an embarrassment," and on and on and on about that. I was like, "Yup." That was like my father and also some of what I felt growing up just being teased constantly about being fat....And I didn't freeze during that fight, but I took it in and I believed it, that what he was saying was true. And that's what I shared with the class. I said, "I didn't fight well tonight because I didn't feel I was worth fighting for, because I believed what they were telling me was true." [She is crying.]

When Donna returned two days later for her graduation, she felt ready to fight, somehow free of the self-consciousness and shame that had weighed on her in the day following the fourth class. She was pleased with her performance, but was shaken again at the end of the day when she saw her body in a portion of the graduation videotape.
For some time after graduation, Donna found herself feeling afraid, and in her second interview she spoke of her awareness of her vulnerability to attack:

I think most of us live with the defenses that it won't happen to us, and I think that I need that defense. But I think that I didn't have it then for awhile after class.

This was not, she said, the reaction she had "expected or hoped to have," and she relied for some time on the support of friends around her. Nevertheless, Donna had a general sense of achievement at the close of the course, as she reflected back on her experience:

Right before the class I was having a hard time being spaced out, feeling like I didn't have a purpose in life, sort of feeling like I wasn't solid in what I wanted to do in school. I wasn't really clear about wanting to still be in this state. And I feel like Model Mugging like planted me in my body and really allowed me to branch out and to make the commitments to things like school and to staying here until I finish school. So it gave me that on a personal level. And on a political level, it has enraged me and has motivated me to continue to fight sexism and violence against women. Because none of us should have to be in that class.

In the two months intervening between the graduation and the third follow-up interview, Donna gradually recovered a sense of body empowerment and her fear diminished. This process was derailed briefly about one month after the course, when she joined her classmates at a "reunion," where they watched the graduation videotape in its entirety. Again, she re-experienced the doubt and shame that had arisen in the
fourth class and then, she said, referring to her sense of pride and empowerment, "I've had to piece that all together again."

Dream Experience

Project Participation and Dream Baseline

Donna's decision to participate in the dream project was based on her observation that dreams have often been vehicles of insight for her in the past, and that writing down her dreams might in some way be "therapeutic" for her. She noted the distinction between her waking and dreaming selves, commenting on how, as a "meticulous, orderly" person, she relied on her dreams for access to the "more emotional part." Her dreams, she said, are often where her "grief" about her painful history is given voice.

I feel like after I came out of the hospital, I lived in that state of grief. And the more therapy I've done, the further I've gotten away from that grief, because the pain is not there as much as you heal it....But I still think my dreams bring me back to that core, to the center of those feelings, where it's so important for me to stay and not get lost. Because that's where the truth is. And I need to stay close to the truth because it's real easy, with all the influences of my family, to feel like the truth isn't important, it's not worth saying. I count on my dreams alot, and I'm really grateful I have them and can remember them.

Donna has worked with her dreams in therapy, at times trying to re-experience them and alter painful outcomes. In general, she does not feel disturbed by
her dreams and is thankful, she said, that she does not have many violent ones.

Donna reported one recurrent dream that occurs approximately twice annually. In the dream, Donna is trying to get out of a house. She looks in all the different rooms, but the rooms always change. She gets "entangled" in each room and what's going on in there, and so she can never find her way to the door. She wakes up frustrated.

Since beginning her summer work as a cook at a circus, Donna has also dreamt often about circus settings. She noted a shift in her circus dreams over time. After the first summer, Donna dreamt "about being free, and I'm like running through fields and just feeling really light and ecstatic and full of joy."

This year, following the second summer, the dreams have become more somber. In them, Donna is "reconstructing" the circus and feels caught up in the intensity of the personal relations there. She attributed this shift to her experience during the second summer where her "illusion was blown."

**General Project Dreaming**

During the project, Donna recalled her dreams with her usual frequency. She recorded 11 dreams in the three-week project period, averaging approximately four dreams per week. While she did not continue to record
her dreams regularly during the follow-up period, she did record one particularly salient account approximately one month after graduation.

Donna was, in general, excited about the process of recording and talking about her dreams. This was especially true at the earlier stages of the course where she perceived herself as more powerful. In both the interviews and her dream reactions, she considered the thoughts and events that might have influenced her dreaming, and was careful to note the feelings she was left with upon waking. Often, Donna would think about possible interpretations of dreams before our interviews and spoke about them there. She seemed open to exploration, both in her own writing and in her interaction during the interviews.

**Preliminary Summary**

While Donna had been interested for some time in learning to defend herself, she was held back by her concern about being too large and her fear that she could not psychologically withstand further violation. Her decision to take the Model Mugging course at this time reflected her greater self-confidence as well as her desire to both deal with the legacy of her incest history and to learn to protect herself against future attack.
Donna's experience in the course involved extremes of confidence and despair. Her confidence was more likely to be undermined by verbal attacks about her physical appearance than by perceived shortcomings in her ability to fight.

In the past, Donna has looked to her dreams as bearers of truth, the truth that she might often sweep aside in her more "meticulous" waking life. The dream series presented below may therefore help to elucidate some of the messier truths about the forms of "body empowerment" Donna is seeking to attain through the Model Mugging course.

The Dreams

Phase One: The First and Second Classes

Donna's first dream of the project period followed on the night of the second class. She experienced one section of this dream as a reflection of the strength and confidence she had felt at the outset of the course:

In one part of this dream someone violated my space. I only remember doing the chin thrust kick kick and they were down.

Donna shared her excitement about the dream: "I love that dream. I have that image of myself in slow motion [she laughs]. Just doing it. It's really great."

The Other Voice (#2). On the following night, Donna had a dream in which she also detected the
positive impact of the course. In the dream, she is "changing for a class."

I am in a dressing room with other womyn changing for a class. We are talking about relationships and I talk about how often womyn begin relationships by thinking they have to or that they have some contract with the other person that forces them into it. This womyn comes into the area I'm dressing. I've been dating her and at that moment it makes sense that she's not an appropriate person for me. She asks for her chapstick back. I search through my bag and as I'm on my way out I glance in the mirror and say I'm so fat in these sweat pants. I give her the chap stick and the other voice in my mind say no you're not and besides who cares.

Donna was stumped for some time about some of the images in this dream. Nevertheless, she found herself drawn to it because she admired her decisive action. In reflecting on it after graduation, she made a new connection:

I know now. I've had this friendship for a long time, and through Model Mugging I realized that this friend of mine, I really need to let her go, to say to her I wasn't going to be friends with her. And Model Mugging sort of gave me the push to do it.

After having this dream, Donna wrote the first draft of a letter to her friend informing her of her decision.

The final part of the dream, where Donna glances in the mirror and hears the voices at odds about how her body looks, was more difficult for Donna to talk about. She described her resistance:
I didn't want to write some of that stuff. It's just really hard to share that that's, you know, what goes on in my mind. But that's the voices I hear when I look in the mirror, when I look at the video, when I look at pictures of myself. It's an immediate reaction.

Here, then, can be seen the emergence of Donna's other voice, the voice of the painful feelings that Donna said are at times more likely to appear in her dreams than in waking life. Donna commented that she was grateful that this voice was answered by a second voice in the dream—the one that says, "no you're not and besides who cares." This second voice is relatively new, and Donna was impressed by how quickly it entered.

In this dream, it is as if Donna's assertiveness, her quick decision about what is best for her, is immediately followed by a jab that brings her back in line. It is, perhaps, like the physical abuse that resulted from Donna's expression of anger and rebellion in her family. Here, however, her own tongue provides the inner commentary. Her retort is at the ready, however, and it comes in the cadence of a stubborn adolescent: "no you're not and besides who cares."

The Rebel (#3). Donna's third dream, dreamt two nights later, explores similar themes with different imagery. Here is the first part of a two part dream:

I am at a family B-BQ. My mother assigns me the task of making hamburger for everyone. This is generations of family from both sides. Somehow I am not able to keep the fire going to cook the meat
so I focus on what's going on. My sister is almost comatose. She sits close to my mother obeys her every word and seems like life has been taken out of her. My immediate family is talking about "the rebel" me I gather. They speak of how different I am. how far I've strayed etc. This doesn't bother me I focus on the meat again As I'm walking to the grill I overhear someone say isn't that side of the family fat. I say (interrupting) why yes the Smiths are aren't we lovely.) As I'm still struggling w/the grill some weeds catch on fire and then I wake with a start.

The dream begins with Donna unable to follow her mother's assignment to keep the fire going. This is an interesting predicament for someone who, in waking life, works as a professional cook in the summers. Donna offered this interpretation of the circumstance:

I guess I could take it to the thought that it might be me as a child and her sort of being this person looming over me--Me feeling inadequate and basically that I can't be myself. It's really not okay in my family to have skills. I think I kind of lost my skill and let the critical voice take over.

In thinking about the fire, Donna was also reminded of the instructor's reference to fire in the second Model Mugging class:

That must have been the class where they said, "You have this fire inside of you. This is where you fight, this is where your power is." Pat [the instructor] used that image for her, that she feels like she has this fire burning slowly inside of her all the time. And that's her center of power.

Donna, apparently, at the outset of this dream feels unable to maintain this power in the context of her family.
Donna was drawn to the depiction of her younger sister, Karen, in the dream. "It's a visual picture of what I think inside about her," she said. She elaborated on this picture:

...I watch her for a long time, and I realize it's almost like she's dead. She has no color in her face. She's sort of a robot in a way, following my mother around, parroting what my mother was saying. Meanwhile, Donna's mother comments on Donna's inadequacies:

And my mother's being real controlling with me and verbally abusive and calling me stupid, and why can't I get the fire going?...Oh, then right in front of me my mother starts talking about me being a rebel, what a disappointment I am in the family. These observations are reminiscent of the setting of the dream: "I am at a family B-BQ." Indeed, it is as if the dream is a story about barbecueing the family as well as barbecueing for the family. Donna's sister, comatose, drained of life, is already dead meat. Donna, the family rebel, once dead meat herself in a catatonic state, stands in contrast to the other family members, as they deliver scathing remarks. She is resistant, bringing forth a now familiar voice from her previous dream. She answers a family member's comment about her fatness in a similar adolescent tone: "Why yes the Smiths are aren't we lovely."

At this juncture, the fire flares. Where before there was too little, now there is too much. The power of the fire has run dangerously amok. Donna notes in
the dream account, "As I'm still struggling w/the grill some weeds catch on fire and then I wake with a start."

She commented in the interview:

It was weird because the weeds were like those [she pointed to a vase], they were dried. It was almost like it was okay that it turned into this fire in the first part of the dream.

This observation may be related to a comment Donna originally made while discussing her Model Mugging course goals. She said that she had previously believed that any further violation "would almost be the last straw," that she would not be able to cope. Before the start of the course, however, she felt stronger and for that reason, could consider taking a self-defense course. In the dream, the dry weeds catching on fire and the accompanying sense that "it was okay" may reflect Donna's waking awareness that an assault and the response it provokes may not be the "last straw," the end to her sanity. She does, nevertheless, "wake with a start"--with the start of the fire, in fact. The fire's lack of containment still appears to pose some threat.

The drama continues in part two of the dream:

Part II Ellen my friend, Diana--friend and Lisa are sleeping over at my house. I'm sleeping w/Lisa and Kelly our dog begins to bark I freeze for one moment and then decide I can get up to see what's going on. I walk out and see it's daylight and all kinds of people are around. I see Kelly barking and chasing someone through the bushes I follow calling her name. We come upon Ellen on the deck w/a grill B.BQ., it's smoking and she discovered it
as she slept close to the deck. This other womyn Teresa appears and I feel slightly uneasy and unsure of exactly what is going on.

Here, Donna is joined by her lover, Lisa, Ellen, Donna's friend and Model Mugging classmate, and Diana, a woman who works as an assistant to Donna at her summer circus cooking job. She is alerted to trouble by Kelly's barking and gets up to investigate after initially "freezing." As Donna later commented, "I freeze for just a moment in bed and I realize I can get up and go find out what the sound is because I can take care of myself." She related this response, her ability, perhaps, to negotiate a midpoint between freezing and burning, to her experience in Model Mugging.

When Donna gets to the back of the house, she discovers Ellen and the grill:

She says she's trying to put out the fire because it was by her bed and she could see it was on fire. And then this woman who I absolutely can't stand [she laughs] sort of walks out the door—she's a friend of Ellen's and she shows up in my dream and I start saying, "What are you doing here, you don't belong here, this is my house." And I wake up.

Donna spoke about her relationship with Teresa and then suggested an interpretation for her appearance in the dream:

[She] had an affair with Lisa a few years ago and has never ever taken responsibility for it....She didn't go through, as far as I understand, any emotional pain over it....So she represents a perpetrator. She's sort of like my grandfather who did all this horrendous stuff, and I think he got off scot free in a way. He didn't have to deal
with any of the pain or even think about what it meant to me or my sisters or the family. I think that's how she comes up often in my dreams, as injustice.

Donna liked this dream for two reasons. She utilized the metaphor of two voices we had been developing together to name the first:

It sort of showed what we were talking about before, the two voices I have: one that says I'm alright, I'm okay for who I am and really has insight into my family dynamics and can protect myself and all of that, and the other part of me that is afraid and still feels that they're bigger than I am and in control of me.

Here is her second reason:

And I also love this dream because I resolved it with my friends, my present-day friends, which is really neat to have them in it.

Indeed, in the first part of the dream, Donna seems very self-possessed, not "bothered" by the barbs directed at her. Donna related this to her course experience: "I think that's a subtle thing that's happening through Model Mugging. I'm recognizing ways that I want to respond." Nevertheless, there is something out of control, something threatening about the fire, even if it's not the last straw. Donna sees resolution in the second part of the dream, where her friend--a member of her second family--extinguishes the fire. Yet, the ending seems more complex than that, for it is at this moment that Donna comes face-to-face with the figure of "injustice."
Recall that Donna's goals in the Model Mugging course centered on "body empowerment," both for the purpose of healing from incest, as she said, and for protecting herself from further violation. The notion of empowerment for her, then, is related to the idea of self-image as well as self-defense. She spoke about the issue of body image in her family:

What I think has happened is that all the women have colluded into this, "We'll all stick together and diet and try and look like something that we aren't." So I stepped out and said, "I'm not going to diet anymore." And I'm learning to love myself for who I am now and really to see myself as an attractive person. And often there's alot of self-hatred among the family about what they look like.

Donna, in short, is taking the risk of being big. She reflected on how she has been supported in this during the Model Mugging course:

It's been very powerful for me to get feedback from Tom, because he knows I'm strong. He's said to me, "You have to go all the way, you're still holding yourself back." And I've always wanted to be smaller, and make myself tiny. And here they're asking you to get really big and use your full power. And this last time I finally did it, and he said, "They're going to need a weapon to take you down [she laughs]. And I feel really proud of that.

Yet growing big, like the fire, perhaps, standing up to the threat of becoming dead meat like her sister, is still a scary prospect to Donna. This suggests that there are more than just two voices in this dream, as Donna had indicated. A third voice is introduced, the biggest of them all. The first voice, as Donna says,
"is afraid and still feels they're bigger than I am."
This is the one who compliantly tries to keep the fire going, but cannot. The second voice, as she says, is the "one that says I'm alright, I'm okay for who I am and really has insight into my family dynamics." This is the observer who "focuses on what's going on" after she can't keep the fire going. And the third voice is the rebel who answers back and then finds herself with too much fire to handle. The observer is, of course, a rebel of sorts to be able to develop and maintain an alternative vision, yet it is action that seems to have the more explosive consequences.

A Pregnant Woman (#4). Donna's final dream of this first phase introduces an important image that will continue to figure prominently in succeeding dreams.

I am at the circus it is the last day parents are trying to get kids and clothing together. I'm trying to find Pam the head counselor. I can't find her but I solve some of the dilemas. Andrew who is a man from last year is there he asks me if I want to go sleep with him I say yes we go to his room which in the end looks like my brothers room as a child. Everything seems fine except there's someone else in the room and Andrew isn't paying attention. Eventually people keep coming in and out of the room--I am frustrated by his lack of effort. We get up after a few kisses and fondling. People are angry with me for not being at the final circle. Kid get on the bus.

Somewhere I see a pregnant woman in this dream. I and the others around us realize this is the woman who will give birth to the new world and in her belly we can see the map of the earth.
In this dream, the scene of Donna's early sexual abuse by her older brother is recreated. As Donna noted, Andrew's room "turns into my brother's room as a child." In addition, there is "someone else" in the room, a reference, perhaps, to Donna's younger brother who was sometimes present during the abuse. In the dream story, however, Donna does not experience her brother's intense and violent focus on her. Instead, she experiences Andrew's lack of interest and distraction until she gets too frustrated and they stop.

This is an interesting recasting of Donna's memory of abuse. Once again she is disempowered, although in what may be a less frightening way. Now it is her desire that is dismissed, not her lack of desire, for Donna is interested, but Andrew "isn't paying attention" to her. In contrast, her brother "did it 'til he wanted to stop."

Donna's attempt to connect with Andrew happens in the context of the "last day" of the circus. In this, it is almost as if Donna is trying to get something she has not had all along—a bit of time, perhaps, to attend to her own needs and desires. She is resented for this by others, who point out that as a result of trying to be with Andrew, she didn't "get to say goodbye to the kids." Donna recalled in the interview that it was at
that moment, when the kids were getting on the bus, that she looked over and saw the pregnant woman.

A possible interpretation of this sequence may be that Donna did not want to see the kids go. The pregnant woman, then, embodies the promise, for Donna, of being "with child." To want to remain with the kids in some way may represent Donna's desire to be taken care of in this way herself. She reflected at one point upon how the circus environment has been linked to being a child for her:

I think the circus for me is about being a kid and having the experience that I never had as a kid. So when I'm actually there, I think I feel that sort of joy and wonder that kids feel.

Donna's attempt to be with Andrew may be a response to her desire to meet her own needs, to solve her own "dilemmas" as a break from attending to those of other people. But Andrew, like Donna's brother before him, does not attend to her in this way.

The pregnant woman was a very powerful image for Donna.

I felt stunned....I was like, "Oh my god, this is amazing," you know? "This is something really important." And I stopped and I integrated what was going on.

After the close of the course, Donna had some thoughts on the potential meaning of the image.

And that's what I saw happening in Model Mugging--women giving birth to a new world. Doing something totally radical and empowering. And I felt like I was being born into a new way of looking at things.
Interestingly, Donna's language here establishes a connection between being both mother and child. She elaborated on what her new vision might be.

Fighting for ourselves and having room for—the neatest part of Model Mugging, too, was just the part of being able to defend yourself and do the work of learning skills, but also the emotional component was taken care of. There was room for it. And that's how I see the new world—where women's emotions and feelings, there's room for that to be talked about and to be felt and not degraded.

In her description of the new world, Donna emphasizes its capacity to hold powerful actions and big feelings. It is a world big enough, perhaps, to accommodate the third voice from Donna's earlier dream.

The image of the pregnant woman may also be an excellent representation for Donna's conception of herself at this point in the course. Here, she is full of promise and potential, is large and powerful. From another angle, though, sometimes a pregnant woman is just a fat lady. This may be the central tension for Donna in the course, one that will be played out in later dreams.

Phase Two: The Third Class

Vision of These Girls (#6). On the night immediately following the third class, Donna "dreamt the whole night of MM fighting." She experienced this as a rehearsal of techniques and fights and woke up feeling
exhausted in the morning. Two nights later, she had the following dream:

I am with Lisas father he is younger than in his early 50's. He owns a junk yard. We have a close relationship. He asks me to come and help him. We are wandering through this massive junk yard. He finds this old part of a car and I have found lying on the ground Lisas engagement book from 1988. He wants to keep wandering but I look up and see 2 old friends from my hometown drive by. I run to try and catch them but the truck disappears. Lisa is at the top of the hill. She is younger in age than now, but I am 28 as in my real life. I ask her where they went she doesn't know. Lots of people are getting out of their car and walking toward us. Aloot of other lesbians. Lisa get nervous and I'm trying to talk and tell her I just found her old engagement book (as if it were an essential part of her life). I'm getting pissed and as I'm talking I see Lisa change from infant to young adult. I see all her faces and I see myself as an infant to the present it was like visions of these girls.

Her father approaches again and w/humour tells me he needs me to help look for more junk. I turn and go off with him.

Donna was strongly drawn in recounting this dream to the feeling she had while with Lisa's father and the special significance of the engagement book she finds. She explained that she is not connected to Lisa's father in waking life. Here, however, she feels confident and happy while with him. He does not, in fact, own a junkyard, but Donna is reminded of her own father who collects cars as a hobby. Consequently, as she said, she's "been around alot of cars alot."

When Donna spots Lisa's engagement book, she knows immediately that it is important. During the interview, Donna noted the parallel in this between her vision of
the pregnant woman and her encounter with the book. It is "surrounded in light, like when they fade into dreams in the movies—like that." She explained how she sees images of Lisa and herself, each changing rapidly:

I set the book down on the ground, and as I look at it, I see Lisa from her infant stage developmentally all the way up to where she is. All these different images of just her face, not her body. Then I see myself as I'm looking down, from being an infant all the way up to me now. In my dream, I was a year older than I am now, so I'd be like 29, but Lisa was her real age.

At the end of the dream, Lisa's father returns, as Donna commented:

And then her father approaches me again, being very kind, which he's not. He approaches me again and says, "Donna, come on. We need to go find this part." I'm happy to go off with him and search for this part and leave Lisa standing there.

Donna noted that she felt at this moment "really connected" to Lisa's father. "I felt like a child then. I was really happy as a clam to go off and dig through junk and find a car part."

Donna thought that this dream was about her "desire for family," and commented on how, because of Lisa's lesbianism, her father is not willing to be a part of their lives. It seems, however, that Donna's desire for family, as expressed in this dream, is for one closer to home. Just as the truck carrying friends from her hometown disappears before she can catch it, Donna's childhood years pass quickly before her eyes, and she is an adult—in fact, already a year older than she is in
waking life. She experiences in the dream the sense of connection and kindness that she has not experienced as a child nor adult with her own father, who, perhaps, sized up the body of his daughter as he might have sized up a car that he ultimately found wanting, not fit for his collection.

Donna, as she said, feels "like a child" in this dream, happy to "dig through junk," to do anything, it seems, to feel loved and valued. But here, in this dream, she feels "full of promise" and is, in the sense suggested by her previous dream about the circus, a woman with child.

Phases Three and Four: The Fourth Class and Graduation

Staying Stuck (#7). Recall that it was in the fourth class that Donna experienced a crisis of confidence when the mugger verbally harrassed her by insulting her physical appearance, saying: "Oh you're so disgusting. You're an embarrassment." Donna reported breaking down and crying during the class and continuing to feel very fragile the following day. She felt, she said, "very deflated," a reference, perhaps, to the way that she had become comfortable taking up the full space of her body during the first few classes. The disempowerment Donna felt at this point is reflected prominently in her dreams. This is true after the fourth class and also just after graduation. While
Donna described feeling empowered during the graduation itself, she suffered a setback while watching herself on the video immediately afterwards.

Donna recorded the following dream account from the night of the fourth class:

Part of my dream was anxiety about MM on Sun. [upcoming graduation]. I kept repeating certain fights and staying stuck in feelings of defeat. It felt like what happened last night in class. I woke up once in the night thinking that I was going to have to do this today. I felt terrified. I dreamt some of the circus with the general theme again of me returning and reconstructing all the frustrations and chaos that happened this summer. Another stuck feeling.

This dream account marks the first time in the project period that Donna is aware of feeling terrified. She also, for the first time, feels doubt about her ability to successfully defend herself.

I eat the candy anyway (#8). Donna recalled dreaming about Model Mugging early on the night following the graduation, but was unable to remember the content. She did, however, record a second part of the dream from this night. If the dream following the fourth class reflects the defeat of Donna's goal to attain body empowerment through mastery of self-defense, then this dream reflects the collapse of her goal to attain body empowerment through strengthened self-image.

Pt. II is me at a tag sale or a discount store and I come upon a box of clothing that is just my size of stuff. I'm sorting through. I come upon this candy, but the box is full of mice shit. I eat the
candy anyway. The next scene is me in bed nude still in the store in this dream searching for a shirt because I feel exposed. I find one and awake.

Donna again woke up terrified following this dream. She worried that someone was in the house, and that she would not be able to protect herself. Donna related this dream to her experience watching a portion of her graduation videotape, which was "extremely hard" for her.

I think the dream was a reflection of how hard it was. I had that judge inside that took over: "Oh, you're so this. Look at those pants on you. Oh look, your butt is so big. How could you do that? You didn't do the right move."

She recreated the voice of the judge--harsh, high-pitched, quick in tempo.

Donna commented on the dream's setting at a tag sale or discount store, making the connection to the theme of the junkyard pictured in an earlier dream. "It was a junk store," she said, "like a Goodwill or something." She shared that she felt like a "bag lady" in the dream, "humiliated" and "degraded"--willing, in short, to wear junk and eat shit. This, it seems, is the other view of the pregnant woman: The fat lady whose bareness does not reveal promise, but inspires shame; who will not deliver something of value, but, in desperation, takes whatever she can get.
If He Saw (#10). Donna had two more dreams within the week following graduation. The first continues with the feelings of anxiety related to defending herself. The second dream, one week later, offers a different view of self-defense in four short segments. The dream begins with a circus setting and moves in the last three sections to a supermarket setting where Model Mugging events are taking place. Donna finds herself in several situations where she is publicly applauded and rewarded for her exemplary skills in self-defense. In the final segment, she encounters her father:

The end of the dream was me spotting my father in line at the market. I approach him and ask him if he saw me do MM. He just randomly stopped off at this market. He acted like a young boy and said, "Guess what?" and begins to tell me a story about what he's doing.

Donna was pleased with the dream because of its portrayal of her ability to defend herself: "I felt powerful and confident that my skills were available if I ever needed to call on them." She noted, however, her disappointment about her encounter with her father.

In the dream, I felt that moment of pain where I was hoping that he had come to see me, and then the let-down when I realized it had been a random happening.

One striking feature of this dream is the contrast between the way in which Donna is seen—displayed, in fact, in the context of her self-defense skills and then the complete failure to be seen interpersonally by her.
father. She "spots" her father at the market, (a reference, perhaps, to her childhood home in the old grocery) and asks if he saw her do Model Mugging. He however, is wrapped up in his own concerns--blind, as it were, to his daughter's wish to be seen. Donna commented: "It was just sort of another affirmation of who my family was." It seems, in addition, to be a commentary on who Donna can be in her family. There are no prizes for being a fighter.

Phase Five: Follow-up

Donna did not keep a record of her dreams between the second and third interviews and apparently did not remember as many dreams as she had during the project period. She was very excited at our follow-up meeting to share a dream she had had about one month earlier.

The Child Was Me (#11).

I and several women are in the formation for MM. Only in the fight it was a little girl approximately 10. I was an adult. The child was me. The muggers, 2 old men, weren't padded. Before the whistle was blown, one man came up to the girl and touched her breasts and spoke obscenely to her. She started to disappear with her attention. I yelled from the side, "Hit him! Bite, elbow, eye!" and she begins to fight. But her eyes are closed. She gives him a knockout blow. As the dream fades, I see her on the mat with her eyes closed and the fight ended.

Donna offered this commentary on her dream:

It was about me in the Model Mugging circle and myself as a child being assaulted by my grandfather. And having all these witnesses and
seeing my girl child be paralyzed in the middle of the circle. And then what I did is I took the power and started screaming, "Bite, elbow eye!", just sort of chanting the moves. And she started fighting back.

This, apparently, is a unique circumstance in Donna's dreaming. While she has had dreams about "taking power over" her grandfather verbally, by screaming and confronting him, she has never been capable of "physically laying him out." Donna, in this dream, wins the battle on both fronts. She addresses the goals of body empowerment in terms of healing from incest as well as mastering self-defense.

Donna explained that during the fight, the little girl's eyes are closed in fear. And Donna, the adult, becomes a seeing, coaching presence to the little girl as fighting, body presence. Donna's curious description of the little girl, "She started to disappear with her attention," is reminiscent of her account of her experience during her psychiatric hospitalization: "I just shut myself off and left my body on purpose, basically, because I couldn't deal with what was going on." Donna symbolically reverses this action by breathing life into the little girl at the moment of her paralysis. She mends the split between mind and body, a cleft that likely opened in the midst of her abuse, as, in the end, the two unite:
And after the fight was over, she was sort of collapsed. What I felt like in the dream was that we sort of then blended together....

It is as though Donna becomes, once again, a woman with child.

**Conclusion**

At the follow-up interview in which Donna shared her dream about the little girl, she mentioned that she had had a dream about "being afraid again" and unable to defend herself just the night before. "Why did you come over and stir up old fears?" she asked with a laugh. During the interview, when she named the dreams that had been most important to her experience in the course, she chose only dreams where she was engaged in clearly setting boundaries or fighting successfully. When I asked why she hadn't selected other dreams she had spoken about at length earlier, she commented: "I tend not to choose the ones where I feel frightened because it's not the best side of me to present."

Donna, it seems, is working quite hard to maintain a sense of power and control in an area where her confidence is very fragile. While she stated at the outset of the project that she relies on her dreams for access to "the more emotional part" of herself, she appears ambivalent about seeing what emerges from that space. Donna captured this well in a comment in the
follow-up interview, "...it's a conflict to try to be honest with the difficult sides of who I am."

In the end, Donna described the course as "everything I hoped it to be and some of what I didn't want" and was referring, in part, to the difficult feelings that surfaced for her about being a large woman. She spoke with nostalgia at one point about the image of the pregnant woman, one large woman she admired: "This is what I want to be dreaming about. I want to get to that feeling I had then, that part of the dream."

In waking life, Donna has begun to take some new steps to establish a feeling of positive connection to her body.

You know, doing Model Mugging, doing the physical thing has sort of sparked me to have met with friends and gone walking and sort of developed a more physical--I do physical labor, but it's different to do physical exercise kind of things. And to use my body in a way that's movement-oriented, you know, and to feel my body. It's a very positive experience for me....

Perhaps this discovery of movement that is not physical labor, this connection with a body at play, will help Donna incorporate new representations of her body in both waking and dreaming life, more figures to which she would like to draw near.
CHAPTER 5

CASE STUDY: KATHY LOMBARDO

Biographical Sketch

Kathy is a 26 year old woman who has been working for the past year as a sales representative for a progressive wholesale company. She is lively, has a relaxed demeanor and laughs often. Kathy attended a prestigious liberal arts college and had worked on a farm and as a waitress in the years before entering into her current line of work.

Kathy is one of four children from an upper middle class family. She has two older sisters and one younger brother, 15 years her junior. Kathy described herself as having been a quiet child, in part because of her parents' tendency to be critical of her. Consequently, she said, "I was good and I didn't make waves." Her father, a professor, and her mother, who has worked as a high school teacher, are both highly educated. She described them as in some ways "really liberal and kind of progressive thinking, and in other ways...just really old time conservative catholic values." They are, she said, "very concerned about how things look, what the neighbors think." Kathy did not offer more information about her early family life.
Currently, Kathy maintains contact with her parents, but stated that she keeps a certain amount of distance from them:

I often don't communicate with them things that I do, in fear of either their criticism or their judgment, or just that I don't really want to share it with them.

Kathy spoke in some detail about her history of romantic relationships with men. She met her "first love" at 16, and then, during her freshman year of college, she met Danny, the man whom she eventually married at 21. They were separated when she was 22 and legally divorced earlier this year. In the interim, she was in a "marriage-type" relationship with Eddie, with whom she broke up six months before the start of the Model Mugging course. She summarized this history like this:

I've been in the same relationship for about ten years, but just with different people. And they've been really close or they've even overlapped....I ended all of them, mostly because I had met someone else. Or at least that was, in some ways I think that was my excuse. It was true, I had met someone else, but it was almost like--necessary. I don't know if I could have done it otherwise, if I didn't have someone else....I would end a relationship and then before I could even feel it or go through any emotion I might go through, I was already swept away into this other new thing.

Kathy highlighted the importance of becoming "single for the first time in ten years," commenting: "I just wanted to be on my own. I've never been on my own." At the time that the Model Mugging course began, Kathy had also
just moved to her own apartment in a new city, marking the first time she had ever lived alone.

While Kathy has never been in psychotherapy, she has been involved in Co-counseling for the past five years. In this peer counseling experience, Kathy meets regularly with a partner with whom she takes turns being the counselor and the client. She has found this to be quite worthwhile.

**Course Experience**

**Approach**

Kathy stated a number of reasons for being interested in taking Model Mugging at this time. One was her hope that the course would decrease her fear of being attacked. She also was interested in developing a greater sense of self-confidence, and she reflected on the experience of another woman who had taken the course:

> What she got out of it was it just pervaded her whole life, just a greater sense of, um, I guess self-confidence and just being stronger, you know. Not just physically, though.

Third, she was concerned about living alone for the first time, stating that "I don't want to rely on anyone to protect myself, so that's part of it." As a fourth goal, she added "knowing my boundaries." She elaborated on this a bit:
Not just in attack situations, but even just in my life. I think that's one of the things that, in these relationships that I've been in, I haven't been clear enough on, or I haven't had the resources to sort of say "No, that's it. I can't give anymore."

Kathy has had no prior training in self-defense and has had one personal experience with violation. When she was 21, she was sexually harrassed by an unknown man.

He was like running behind me and grabbed my rear end. He might have said something like "nice ass," something along those lines. It was quick, but it shook me up completely. That was the first time that my body was shaking and I couldn't stop it. I'd heard about that, that that's what happens when you get scared, but I don't know if I'd ever actually felt it that prolonged.

Changes Over Time

From the beginning, Kathy expressed great enthusiasm about her course experience. After her first two classes, she noted in her dream log: "I am excited about what my body is learning--it is fun to be a beginner." This is an excitement that appeared to last throughout the course, and her class notes are almost exclusively jubilant and affirmative. "It was great!" she wrote after both the third and fourth classes. She commented on her growing confidence and strength, ending each time with, "Yay!" She remarked in our interviews that she looked forward to her fights on the mat, finding them more "exciting" than "scary," and that she
would have liked the course to have continued longer in order to get more practice.

Nestled quietly amidst the bustle of enthusiasm in her class notes was Kathy's record of an incident from the first class that was a source of some surprise and mild concern for her. It took place during an exercise in which the class participants form a large circle around the mugger, who approaches each one individually and is rebuffed by her as she takes a strong stance and forcefully shouts, "No." The aim of the exercise is to communicate strength through posture and verbal intervention in order to deter the mugger from actually attacking. During this exercise, when Kathy's turn came, she shouted "No" and was surprised to hear how "high pitched" her voice was. "It was kind of weird. Everyone else seems to be down here," she said, indicating a lower register. This voice was the sole indication of the more fearful, less confident aspect of self of which Kathy spoke when discussing her aims for the course. It was largely absent from our discussions and from Kathy's awareness during the course as well.

At the interview immediately following the completion of the course, Kathy responded in this way to a question about what her later experience with her voice had been:
Nevertheless, she decided to actively explore the issue when given the opportunity in the last class.

In one of the last fights we did on Sunday, we had the option of having the line be silent. I decided I wanted to do that. Pat's suggestion was that if this ever happens to you, you'll probably hear your classmates in your head, but when you actually get attacked, you're going to be alone. And just consider if you want to see what that's like, to just have your own voice in the fight. So I decided to do that, and it was like the scariest fight that I ever had. It was the only fight I actually started crying afterward. I just felt really--I was scared.

This seems to have been a moment of emotional reaction of the type that was largely absent in Kathy's reports of her experience during the course and in our conversations about it.

Kathy reported having a powerful reaction in the days immediately following the close of the course when she felt "spent or down." Referring to the stories of abuse that women in her class had shared, she commented:

All the horrible stuff is hitting me in a way it hadn't before....I just want to be alone, you know, "Don't bother me."...It's like I almost only have the energy to take care of myself.

On the whole, Kathy felt very pleased with her experience in the course. She assessed her progress on some of the goals that she had identified at the outset:
This is one of the things I realized: I don't think my fear is going to decrease, I don't think I'm going to live with less fear. And I think that's okay. I'm not paralyzed by my fear. I think we should be scared still. The world isn't safe for women. If you're not scared at all, that's something to be concerned about. I won't be less afraid, but I'll be more confident.

She did not think that her self-confidence had increased in other ways beyond her ability to defend herself. As for her ability to set boundaries in relationships, she commented that that "goes in cycles" and described a relationship she had begun to develop while she was taking the course.

Mostly where I'm challenged around that now is around Ben. We're not even, we're not being sexual, we're not a couple, but like I still feel pulled in that direction... I don't feel balanced around him, I don't feel I can be completely myself....I've had this image of him, like this big pit full of mud or something, and he's on the other side. I want to just jump in the pit and pull him into the pit too, of this addiction. And really what I need to do is figure out a way to get close with him and be friends with him, which is really what I want. I want to be friends with him without getting stuck, without getting into the same thing. So I have to learn to walk around the sides [she laughs].

**Dream Experience**

**Project Participation and Dream Baseline**

Kathy stated her interest in the dream project in terms of her desire to "put more attention" on her dreams following a period of six months in which she had not been remembering them.
I love dreams. I think they're great. I want to remember them. I think that's mainly why I want to do this. The dream log is the discipline I need."

She mentioned her special interest in a kind of lucid dreaming during which she feels a certain degree of control:

"I love knowing that I'm dreaming and knowing that I can do anything and go anywhere. Dreaming and kind of creating it at the same time."

This type of dreaming does not occur frequently for her. Kathy did not recall having any typical thematic content in her dreams and further noted that she has rarely had a "scary dream." She expressed some concern that the course might "bring up something from the past...fears," but could not elaborate on what these might be about.

Kathy appeared to have few ideas about what her dreams may mean and little curiosity about this point.

"I wouldn't say I spend alot of time thinking, what did this represent, what does this represent? Mostly there are just really interesting and pretty bizarre things that happen."

When asked if she had any thoughts about the function of dreaming, she laughed and replied, "No. Except that it's fun."

In general, Kathy gave the impression that she is entertained by her dreams, that through them she is exposed to a "fun," "bizarre" and "interesting" world whose relevance to her own life is not deeply questioned. Given her apparent absence of
introspection, her interest in remembering and recording her dreams was somewhat perplexing.

**General Project Dreaming**

Kathy recorded 12 dreams during the two week period of the course and the week immediately following the graduation, averaging four dream accounts per week. She expressed interest in continuing to record her dreams after our second interview and had recorded ten more by the third interview, two months after the graduation.

Kathy frequently dreamt in "scenes," denoted by shifts in perspective, setting, or characters. She did not appear jarred by these changes. On the whole, Kathy's responses to her dreams were in keeping with her general attitude toward dreaming expressed at the outset of the course. She continued to comment on the "bizarre" and "funny" aspects of a dream and then would indicate her readiness to move on quickly to the next dream. At times, however, she seemed more drawn in by the material, particularly when it was more scary or dramatic. These instances will be considered in greater depth below.

In her written reactions to the dreams, Kathy took the project guidelines, suggesting how participants might respond to their dreams, very literally. Instead of writing an exploratory narrative about each dream, she chose to respond to each of the questions with a
word or short phrase. Her reactions, therefore, seem to have served more as a means of complying with the project requirements than as a chance to engage in an exploratory exercise. In spite of this degree of superficiality, Kathy seemed very enthusiastic about the task and did not appear to be deliberately withholding information.

Preliminary Summary

Kathy approached the course with a number of goals in mind. Of these, her desire for greater self-reliance, reflected too in her new single status and her decision to live alone for the first time, appeared to be the most salient. Her desire to increase her self-confidence, enhance her ability to set boundaries in relationships and to decrease her fear of being attacked seemed somehow more derivative of this central goal to become more self-reliant.

Kathy was very energetic and enthusiastic about her participation in the course as well as in the dream project, although her reflections on both her course and dream experiences at times seemed relatively superficial. This made it difficult to make sense of both her course experience and the transition between what Kathy represented as her positive course experience and her depressive mood following graduation. The dream texts themselves may help to highlight the issues with
which Kathy may have been grappling during the project period and thereby help to explain some of the dynamics of her response.

The Dreams

Phase One: The First Two Classes

Our Bed Was Outside (#1). Kathy's first dream occurred on the night following her second Model Mugging class. In the dream, she is with her former husband, Danny, who was her boyfriend at the time.

At college with Danny, sleeping, woke up and began to write in dream log book. Danny had gone already to go shopping. Our bed was outside and alot of people walked over it as a shortcut. I asked them to stop--young and older people (7-25 yrs old I would say)--and also yelled at the younger ones who didn't stop right away. I got pissed and got out of bed and straightened it up. I went over to a pile of clothes. Danny had come back and showed me a little pouch he had bought to keep toiletries in. Jill came by with a woman friend and wanted to use the top drawer of my dresser. I was concerned about people coming into the room at all hours. We all talked about it. Danny tried to call B&G from a car, with a tape recording. Couldn't get through. Ned was also in the dream--He shared part of the dresser because he lived right next door. Mary Tyler Moore and some oriental man were around--they were both running for some election.

Kathy found this a "neat" dream because of its portrayal of her attempt to set boundaries, as exemplified in her efforts to get people to stop walking over the bed and to not use her dresser. She summarized her understanding of the dream:

It seems to be all about finding and sticking to what my boundaries are, and especially in my relationships with men....I've been more apt to kind of let them slide and get myself--when I say
get myself in trouble, I don't really like that phrase—but do things that aren't healthy for me. It seems, then, that Kathy struggles to set these boundaries, and that her very real desire to do so has often been undermined as she "slides" into a less self-protective stance. The ambivalence she seems to feel about effecting this separation, the tension between her desire for private space and her desire for shared experience, may be reflected in the placement of Kathy's bed outdoors. It is interesting in this regard to note the ages of the people who "walked over it as a shortcut." They are seven to 25 years old, while Kathy herself is, at this point, just nine days short of her 26th birthday. It is as if her efforts to establish a new order—a protective order, perhaps, as reflected in her attempt to "straighten up" the covers on the bed—are threatened by the intrusion of these younger selves and the old patterns of behavior they embody.

In the section of the dream where Kathy sees Danny trying to call Buildings and Grounds to straighten out the matter of the dresser, Kathy was reminded of the view from her freshman dormitory window. This setting makes reference to an important time of separation from parents, a time when boundaries are often renegotiated. Here, however, Kathy negotiates with Jill, a former girlfriend of Danny's, and Ned, her very first boyfriend. Somehow Ned's sharing of the dresser is not
brought into question: He lives next door and, as she said, "We had an agreement from the beginning."
Perhaps Kathy is least likely, then, to delineate boundaries with those who somehow have an original claim on her.

There are notable references to the dream project itself in Kathy's dream. The first, clearcut one is it at the outset, where Kathy awakens and begins to record her dream. The second possible reference is in the final section, where Danny is trying to call B&G "with a tape recording." We spoke in the first interview about whether she had thought our meetings might be audiotaped.

No, it may have crossed my mind, but I didn't give it a lot of thought if it did cross my mind. I spoke to you the night before this.

The references raise the possibility that the dream project itself may be linked for Kathy to the issue of boundaries. Like her bed and dresser, Kathy's psychic life is now in the public domain. Although Danny, she said, tries to resolve the situation with the dresser by calling B&G, the issue is not settled in the body of the dream, as he doesn't get through. Presumably, since he is speaking into a tape, he might get only a record of the proceedings and not a solution to the problem. This may represent what the dream project is about for Kathy.
Phase Two: The Third Class

The themes of boundary negotiation and incipient self-reliance are reflected strongly in the dreams of this phase. Kathy's first dream following the third class highlights these concerns.

Gone Till the Afternoon (#4).

Had a dream about being in some motel and my parents were gone till the afternoon. You could only drink at a certain fountain because the other was just for bathing. At the front desk, the woman there was making all sorts of complicated reservations--I looked through a looseleaf of "California People" which had people listed under what college they had gone to. Matthew [Kathy's brother] was also listed under my college. There was some medium sized blurb about me, although they spelled my first name wrong. It was sunny outside, I wrote some postcards to friends and family.

Although this is a rather cryptic dream that Kathy was not particularly drawn to, it nevertheless suggests a number of important dynamics. In the dream, Kathy is in a place where she is temporarily separated from her parents. Kathy recalled that she felt "a bit apprehensive" about this in the dream. In their absence, she notices that the woman at the front desk is making "complicated reservations," giving the impression, perhaps, that it is complicated to be in charge.

When she looks through the looseleaf of "California People," Kathy finds her 11 year old brother listed
under the college she herself attended. She commented on this circumstance:

I guess it has something to do with my parents' expectations, just about going to college. I know they have expectations that he'll go to a "good college."

Apparently, Kathy's parents had had similar expectations for her upon her graduation from high school:

If I had more space or more space to be myself, I don't think I would have chosen to go to college. I don't think that was a good place for me to be after high school....It was associated with them because that's what they wanted. I know that's not what I wanted to be doing.

It is interesting, in this light, to consider the misspelling of Kathy's first name in the college listing. It is as if, in following what her parents wanted for her, Kathy's identity was mistaken. The listing, in fact, gets the family name right, but distorts her more personal identity.

The dream as a whole appears to reflect a certain ambivalence on Kathy's part. On the one hand, she is apprehensive about her separation from her parents and reflects on how complicated it is to be in charge. On the other hand, she is confronted by the way in which her identity has been endangered in matters where she has, perhaps, stayed too close to home.

Shortage of Space (#5). Kathy's dream on the following night is a more elaborated, richer version of the preceding dream. While the theme of Kathy's
ambivalence about being on her own is traced in the earlier dream, the dilemma is boldly drawn here.

I was in a city—Norton?—It was difficult to be alone—there was a shortage of SPACE. A few different scenes I can remember: being at a store where there was a book display and you could borrow the books and pay for them (to borrow them). Jean was there and some man I knew (can't remember who) and other people.

Was in a house right on the main street. There was an alternative school nearby and the people in the house went there, 2 of whom were my JA's [Junior assistants in college dorms]. I rested there, in a big bed. People were leaving. Marla (JA) was wondering if I'd be safe, since the house was so close to the street and there was so much space inside. Said she saw some woman looking in in a funny way. I was under the covers. Then, we were outside, Marla and Nina and others and I asked how long they'd be staying in the area. It was sunny and I had to squint. Marla said I was turning red. I was on the edge of crying—because I was happy they had lived there so long. Marla said she'd finish school her and go to Law School. She looked beautiful—something also about all her friends coming over to shower because she had a huge bathtub.

Also a scene of some graduation party or some function. I was there and some old people I knew in high school—Ellen, Kerry, Jean, Diana Sanchez, Rob Kilbourne, Jim Lafleur, Paul Ladd was there. Mr. Vincent looked really familiar but I couldn't place him. So he took off his glasses and turned around and then I knew. People were watching so I said it was good to see him and went to give him a hug and he walked toward me and crowded me against the wall—didn't really hug, just pressed, I had to push him away. I didn't want to react too strongly because of all the people and it seemed to look okay (what I did). A little later Paul Ladd and I were sitting down for coffee and he was saying what a jerk Mr. Vincent had been. I was writing some card to him and thought it was amusing I had screwed up his address.

Paul was asking about my life—really listening (very unusual). I spoke about the last 4 years and how I'd lived in Norton for 3 years after working on the farm and I wanted to live alone, so I moved to a different place.
The dream begins with the statement of a problem: "It was difficult to be alone--there was a shortage of SPACE." Kathy tried to explain what that meant in the context of the dream:

I think that there wasn't alot of space to be alone, even though...it wasn't like there were people all around. I don't even know. It was more of a feeling. There was just a shortage of space. It was kind of like, um, being crowded, but I don't remember a lot of people.

This description suggests the absence of a kind of figurative space, a psychological space, perhaps, in which Kathy might be separate. In a house on the main street, she gains access to some inside space thanks to some people who attend an alternative school, and who, for this reason, appear not to be bound by conventional expectations. Among them are two women who were student assistants in Kathy's dormitory during her freshman year at a non-alternative college.

Kathy rests in a big bed at the house. Apparently, it has been tiring to fight for her own space. Yet, as her JA's prepare to leave her alone, they wonder whether she might be endangered. As Kathy explained,

It was almost like this house was this haven of some kind....The people outside might want to come in and hurt you for your space.

In fact, someone has seen a woman "looking in in a funny way." Apparently, for Kathy, feeling crowded is unpleasant, but the alternative is somehow scary. Kathy is "under the covers," setting a boundary, as it were,
against another's intruding presence. The covers emerge as a familiar representation of boundaries, reminiscent of Kathy's first dream where she straightens the covers on the bed after people have walked across it.

This is the third of Kathy's dreams to make reference to her college experience, and particularly her freshman year. When asked if college has come up often before in her dreams, she replied, "Almost never." I asked why she might be dreaming so much about freshman year:

Going to college was...traumatic in a sense, but it was also freeing to just like, well my first year not so much, but as time went on, I was becoming more who I was, more into my own--I don't know how to say this. Just, I guess, breaking--being less--just having less connection with my parents almost. Or that's not even the word. Them having less effect on me. Having more distance.

In short, this sounds as if she is talking about beginning to have more space. It was, apparently, a mixed experience, both "traumatic" and "freeing."

During this first year of college, Kathy may have recreated this sense of crowding--this time in the sense that there was "no space" between relationships:

And my freshman year was when I met Danny, which in some ways was great....I was very close to him almost immediately....But it also kept me stuck in a way, still not figuring out stuff for me. It was like I was more wrapped up in him and what did he want. It was kind of like going from my parents to Danny, and then from relationship to relationship, not really finding what I wanted to find. It all seems so clear now [she laughs].
In the next dream scene, Kathy is outside with her JA's, speaking about their upcoming departures. Kathy is happy in her affiliation with them, and yet her face is turning red and she must squint in the brightness of the sun. Somehow, the light and warmth may be potentially dangerous or blinding to her.

Another time of transition is pictured in the following scene, this time, a high school graduation. Kathy is greeting Mr. Vincent, her high school health teacher. She remembered him as someone whom she never had much to do with, but who struck her as "cool and detached," and "stuck up." Many of the girls admired him for his good looks, but Kathy was put off by him. In the dream, he presses her against the wall and Kathy, concerned about how things will look, tempers her reaction. She commented on her concern about appearances in the dream:

I remember being concerned about how it would look, which is a lot of how, um, my parents are. They're very concerned about how things look, what the neighbors think.

She recounted, in connection with this, their prohibitions against her hugging her "high school sweetheart" in the driveway. It was apparently difficult to escape the watchful glance of her parents who were frequently "looking in" on her.

Later, Kathy is writing a card to Mr. Vincent and finds it amusing that she "screwed up" his address.
Interestingly, Kathy's anger about the situation emerges in the passive rather than active voice. She takes pleasure in her action, yet her effectiveness in communicating may be undercut by this degree of indirectness. The post card, of course, will not reach the addressee.

In the closing scene, Kathy is discussing the hugging incident with Paul Ladd, a man with "alot of control issues" for whom Kathy used to work. In an uncharacteristic gesture, he listens carefully and is supportive of her and, because of this unusual openness on his part, she is able to tell him about the years intervening since college and her latest efforts to establish her own space.

It seems apt that this dream took place on the night of Kathy's 26th birthday, itself a transitional time, for the dream is a series of recollections of important life transitions, from high school to the present. She represents the period of her transition from high school as a time when she was crowded and oppressed, bound by her parents' restrictions on the public voicing of her desire. In college, she felt freer to claim her own inner space, but it was a mixed experience: She felt happy about her exposure to alternatives to the world of her parents, but she questioned whether she might be safe in the haven she
sought. The dream ends with Kathy's recounting of her current transitional challenge, as she speaks of her desire to become more self-reliant by moving to a different place. The one who listens to her is unusually open, creating a new space, as it were, in which Kathy can be heard. It is not yet clear, however, how this latest effort will turn out.

I Peeked in Her Bathroom (#6). Kathy began our second interview by mentioning this dream of the following night. "Well," she said, "things have gotten more interesting." Referring to the dream as "pretty disturbing"--a departure from her usual references to things as just "bizarre"--she laughed and said: "I just can't remember having a dream where there was that much blood in it."

In this dream, Kathy is with her friend and Model Mugging classmate, Meg.

A few scenes of the same dream:

I was with Meg looking through different rooms of this motel/dorm. One of the basement rooms was larger that all the others and belonged to this overweight woman. I don't think I knew her. Meg chose to live in one of the upstairs rooms. The overweight woman was telling us she was into horoscopes and reading the personals in the newspaper, etc. Later on that day I went back to her room and all her stuff was gone except a few items. I considered taking her rocking chair, but decided against it. Then I peeked in her bathroom and there was blood all over her tub and blood on this big butcher knife by the sink. She had committed suicide. I walked out into the lobby area and a lot of her friends had gathered. I was upset, was hugging someone.
Same dream--with my parents, walking back to the motel. Had to use a key to get in but the lock wasn't very strong or well-designed--anybody could have come in. I think I lived on the 2nd floor.

The dream is set in a "motel/dorm," a fuzzy combination of two types of places that have been present previously in Kathy's dream series. Each of these places, and certainly the union of the two, are temporary types of dwellings, places for people in transition. Kathy herself is here, although at first it is not clear just where she is going to set up house.

In the motel/dorm are two different spaces. An overweight woman is living in the basement and Meg is living upstairs. For Kathy, each of these women embodies a different type of experience. We spoke at length about the overweight woman, and Kathy had some strong ideas about a person who might be "into horoscopes and reading the personals in the newspapers." "Sad," "pathetic," and "desperate" were the words she chose. In the interview, Kathy commented that upon waking, she had thought the overweight woman in the dream might have been Donna, a classmate from Model Mugging who "doesn't have a very positive self-image." Actually, what she said at first was that she thought it might have been Donna's lover, another of her classmates. After a few minutes, she corrected herself. The confusion of identity between lovers is intriguing at this juncture, suggesting that Kathy may be
collapsing two extreme positions on the continuum of separation and connection. Kathy perceives the overweight woman as desperately alone and yet somehow fused with her partner, to the point of losing her own identity. Perhaps these are the only alternatives that Kathy, in her more subterranean spaces, can conceptualize.

Meg, in contrast to this more suppressed figure, emerges as an idealized figure, one who is literally elevated to an upper floor in the dream. Although Meg is one of Kathy's closer female friends, Kathy noted that she had learned new things about Meg by participating with her in the Model Mugging course:

Yeah, there are a couple of things I learned. It's neat to see her fighting. She's just like really strong....She'd get out there and fight and it would be like no one would ever want to mess with her....I really enjoyed seeing that. It was almost like a role model: "Yeah, that's how I want to be." Out there and just in general. And what was neat was, another thing I learned about her is she, um, struggles with that. She's out in the world alot that way, really kind of out there and really strong like she has it all together, but that, um, like that's not necessarily true....She also has doubts, you know. She wants to, one of the things she said is she wants to know she can take care of herself and not just kind of put up this fierce fighting stance towards the world, just know inside she can take care of herself.

Kathy mentioned how she herself had usually just seen Meg's strength, and that somehow, learning about her struggles to not just be strong on the outside, but also remain open to herself and others "kind of balanced
things out a little in my mind." Consequently, she had begun to feel she might be able to "take more risks" in the relationship, try, as she said, to depend on Meg more than she had until that point.

Meg, then, embodies a kind of complement to the woman in the basement. She represents an ideal of independent strength and self-reliance and yet is also someone who wants to remain connected to herself and others. She is neither hopelessly separate nor hopelessly fused. Somehow, these qualities seem to make it possible for Kathy herself to consider being dependent on her.

In the central part of the dream, Kathy is drawn to the basement, where she encounters at first a big empty space where the woman and her belongings had been. "I considered taking her rocking chair," Kathy says. She did not elaborate on this image in the interviews, and so we are left to conjecture on its possible meanings. In the context of Kathy's apparent concern in this dream with the issues of separation and connection, it seems reasonable to link the rocking chair with a nurturant maternal environment, with the promise and pleasures of connection. Kathy considers entering into this rocking chair world but decides against it. She subsequently "peeks" into the bathroom and discovers a scene of bloody self-destruction. It is difficult, of course, to
discern the causality in this sequence. Does Kathy encounter the scene of annihilation because she considers her desire for this maternal world, or because she rejects this desire? The action of "peeking" rather than "looking" into the bathroom suggests that Kathy is continuing to engage in a forbidden activity, one that may be linked with considering taking something that doesn't belong to her. Therefore, it seems possible that her encounter with the scene of self-destruction may be associated with the awareness of her desire to take the chair rather than with the exercise of her restraint from doing so. The desire for connection, then, emerges as a dangerous action, one that is lethal to the self. It is somehow fitting that the woman who meets with this fate is someone who was desperately clamoring after connection.

The figure of the empty rocking chair is itself an intriguing image. While the chair may be associated with acts of nurturance, it is, as presented in this dream, as empty as the room in which it now stands. This suggests another potential consequence of reaching for connection. If Kathy opens herself to this experience, she may only encounter empty space, in short, find herself abandoned. If the experience of the infant is relevant here, the alternatives of
annihilation and abandonment are psychologically equivalent.

At the end of the dream, Kathy returns to the motel with her parents and enters her room. She, like Meg, is staying upstairs, a parallel that may suggest Kathy's attempted identification with Meg's "balanced" stance incorporating both toughness and openness. Although she has access to a space of her own, she is fearful, concerned about the strength of the lock on her door. "Anyone," she reflects, "could have come in." This is reminiscent of Kathy's previous dream, where she covers herself against a woman's intruding glance.

The concerns apparently reflected in this dream are clearly related to those raised in Kathy's earlier dreams during the project period and, more broadly, to her central goal in participating in the Model Mugging course--the achievement of greater self-reliance. This dream enriches the complexity of this issue by elaborating on the nature of Kathy's fears and desires in connection with this goal. What is most accessible to Kathy in her waking life at present is her desire to be strong, to be separate and self-reliant. Less accessible, perhaps, are the feelings of sadness and abandonment, the sense that an authentic self has been destroyed by the lack of true parental connection. Kathy's struggle for self-reliance is consciously driven
by her painful history of relationships, and Meg is her waking model in this struggle. But this dream suggests that Kathy may also have another model, a deeply intrapsychic one whose drama she fears she may recreate in waking life. This story, about another level of pain in relationships, is told in the basement scene of the dream, where Kathy's desire for connection is linked to self-annihilation and the discovery of her abandonment by someone she wishes could really be there for her.

Phase Three: The Fourth Class

I Held Onto the Rope (#8). Kathy's dream on the night of the fourth class is also her final dream before the course graduation two days later. The first scene establishes an anticipatory link to this graduation:

Meg and I were in some dance class--a very intense course only 5 classes (like MM)--and we were to be putting on a show at the end.

The class reminds her of a brief dance course she had participated in during college, where the final performance had been "a dance piece all about women supporting women."

In the final scene of the dream, Kathy is again pictured in a place of transition, finding her way in the dark:

Also some scene at this motel or INN, at night and walking down to my room in the dark, looking at stars. Not able to see the path, but I held onto the rope, and I wasn't afraid. Other people were also around.
Kathy shared that she is often scared in the dark if she is alone. The fact that there are other people "milling around" is apparently a comfort to her, yet she also must feel her way on her own. She does so with a sense of confidence more characteristic of her waking than dreaming life to this point in the project.

**Phase Four: Graduation**

Recall that Kathy reported being very "spent or down" in the days immediately following graduation, and that this was a real shift from the characteristic excitement and enthusiasm during the two week period of the course. In the post-graduation interview she related this reaction primarily to her reflections on the incidents of violence and violation experienced by the other women in her class.

Kathy's change in mood appears to have been accompanied by a shift in her dreams as well. She referred to her dreams just after the completion of the course as her first "Model Mugging dreams" because of their reference to direct threat and combat. She treated the dreams, which followed on consecutive nights, as a pair, and so they are presented like this below.

*Curtains* (#9, #10).

In Balford, it was dark and I was walking around People walked toward me like in the front walk by.
Didn't get attacked. Went to the library. Went to walk home and I got lost. Ran into Meg, Philip and Eddie. Eddie drove and was acting like a jerk—just was being really condescending—said he was gonna take Model Mugging (not seriously)

At work—gave people birthday cards. Wanted to put extra cloth on my curtains—kept thinking about that. June said she'd made dinner for me.

Had a dream there was some huge frat party going on and a lot of men were looking in over or through the curtains. And then breaking windows. Eddie was here, I called 911, but wasn't confident they'd come. Then two men came in my apartment and I started doing MM moves on one of them He didn't drop as quickly as I wanted him to, but he definitely did slow down. I started thinking they would break a lot of things and it didn't matter to me.

In some ways, the first dream seems like a preamble to the second. Kathy is threatened but not attacked, as people come toward her as in the "front walk by," the name of one of the Model Mugging attack scenarios. She is preoccupied with putting extra cloth on the curtains and, on the day following this dream, Kathy did actually do that. In the interview, she described why she may have been absorbed with this idea:

I just felt like at night when I have the lights on in here, anybody could look in and I didn't like that....They were more sheer than I wanted them to be, so I put this stuff, I sewed on just some white because you know you can kind of see through.... So I remember thinking that I wanted to put something on it. And I guess I did the day after I had this dream.

Kathy's description of the sheerness of the curtains—"anybody could look in"—is parallel to her description of the lock on the door of her motel room in the
preceding dream—"anybody could have come in." In both of these instances it seems clear that Kathy is concerned about maintaining her privacy. The implication, perhaps, is that "people outside might want to come in and hurt you for your space," the issue raised in a much earlier dream where a woman was "looking in in a funny way" and space was at a premium. These images emphasize the perils of attempting self-reliance.

In the second dream, the potential for violation is actualized as the men break the windows and enter Kathy's apartment. Although Kathy's former boyfriend Eddie is present at first, he fades from her awareness in the dream after the men enter. He, like the emergency 911 service she has called but which she doesn't think will come, is apparently not going to be of any assistance. Kathy is left on her own. She struggles with one of the interlopers and notices his reaction to her efforts, as she stated in the interview:

I remember his expression: "How pathetic," you know? Just like, "How could you dare...even try to do these things?"

With Kathy's reference to this "pathetic" quality, an associative link is established between Kathy and the woman who read the personals in the prior dream. It seems that despite Kathy's best effort to be self-reliant, the attacker is somehow able to detect an
underlying sadness, the painful desperation, perhaps, of someone who has been abandoned.

Kathy reported that she "felt really spent" when she awoke from this dream.

I woke up and didn't want to go to work [she laughs]. I was going to bike to work that day, and I was like, I don't want to bike.

This, apparently, was similar to the general sense of dysphoria that she felt in the days immediately following her completion of the Model Mugging course.

While Kathy emphasized the role of reflecting on the difficult life experiences of the women in her class in creating her depressed mood, additional reasons are suggested by the information collected during the project.

One factor that may account for Kathy's post-course feelings may be her relative sense of isolation following a powerful and intimate group experience. Kathy herself commented that "It was really good to go through the whole thing with this group of women," and that she had not been in a group of just women for some time. In the dream that preceded graduation, Kathy also makes reference to a powerful group experience "all about women supporting women." In the context of that dream, she somehow feels safe walking along in the dark at night, confident that she can find her way. Kathy's sadness at the close of the course, then, is likely to
have arisen in part from the loss of her bond with the other women in her class—a real connection that she may have valued, and which she may have recognized, at some level, as somehow absent from her ordinary experience.

Another event that may have contributed to Kathy's sadness was her experience in a practice scenario on graduation day. Here, as she reported, she accepted the opportunity to fight without the cheering voices of her classmates behind her. Kathy commented:

…it was like the scariest fight that I ever had. It was the only fight I actually started crying afterward. I just felt really—I was scared.

This, it seems, was the most powerful moment in the course for Kathy. Here, she had a chance to actually enact the self-reliant stance she was set on achieving. It seems, in the process, that she also came to experience or re-experience the sense of fear and despair at being disconnected and alone. Her tears after the fight and subsequent connection to her sadness represent an emotional breakthrough of sorts. Interestingly, it is paralleled in her dream life by the emergence of direct confrontation, as men break through the windows and enter her space. There, she is left to contend with them on her own.

Phase Five: Follow-up

Kathy recorded ten additional dreams during the follow-up period, many of which seem to continue with
the theme of negotiating separation and connection. As Kathy was particularly drawn to her very last dream, a "nightmare," she said, there was little time to discuss the intervening dreams. However, it is notable that the image of Kathy driving in a car, most often alone, is present in seven of the ten dreams. At certain times she encounters danger in these situations of independent travel, and at others, she must grapple with difficult rules about staying and leaving. Thus, for example, in one dream she is driving her car because she "was about to get a ticket" in the lot she had been parked in. And in a dream a week or so later, she is not allowed to get her car out of a garage because she "had parked illegally in the first place."

In an intervening dream, Kathy "storms out" of her parents' house and drives home after she has tried to explain something to her father "about sex and closeness." In response, her father draws up a flow chart with different choices, "but," he asserts, "in the end, only one route would take you to 'home.'"

Only a Dent (#22). Kathy's final dream of the series is a nightmare, the first one she has had in three to four years. "I woke up and my heart was 'boom boom boom boom,'" she said. Her earlier experience waking up with a racing heart had been "very vague."
There were no images that went along with it—just sound. I heard footsteps, like running, and I just woke up, and that was it....And I was sleeping with Danny. I don't know how related that is, but I was sleeping with this man Ben when I had this nightmare. I don't know if any of that's related though, but I think that's interesting.

The present nightmare is long and complex, and the account is presented in its entirety below:

Walked into a mall/school and this man in front of me turned and had a mace and a 2-pronged blade thing and he threatened to throw it at me. I screamed "NO" really boldly, twice and assumed MM stance, but knew that thing could slice through my heart. I had heard of this man before and he was a bit crazy. He left me alone—wandered off—I went to go get help. There was a class of young people at the end of the hall and I interrupted the teacher—a youngish black woman. She was a bit annoyed and then was sympathetic. I explained Model Mugging to her some and wanted to call the police and then, the kids were gone and the man w/the mace was fighting a couple other men—one = Police? in the classroom. I ran along the side of the wall amidst shooting bullets and the mace and blades being thrown the mace-guy had a bullet proof vest. Just as I was almost out—trying to dodge my way past the fighting, I got hit in the back w/the mace. I pulled it out and felt my back—only a dent(!), not a wound (no blood). But I was scared, was running down the hall, which was now a hospital. Todd and June (?) grabbed onto me and wanted me to pull them along and I screamed Let Go! Let Go! With their extra weight, I could hardly move. And then, one of the guys who had been fighting was there and June and Todd had let go and were gone. So this guy and I (I think he may have been Richie from badminton) --we were running down the hallway. I thought we were trying to escape, so I grabbed an elevator and ran in and Richie didn't follow me in—he turned around and started running back towards the classroom where the crazy guy was. And the elevator doors closed and it started moving and I screamed NOOOO! and got the elevator to stop and go back up and ran after him. He was eventually stopped by his wife and baby coming down the hall, headed home. Then something about some hospital room being cleaned and I remember seeing 2 or 3 hospital stretchers on wheels w/bodies on them. and one was the crazy guy.

Also earlier I had gone outside and was looking in at the fight from the windows. --ducking around
Kathy was very animated in telling this dream. She was most drawn to the parts where she herself was in danger. Thus, she described how she got hit in the back with the "mace," "this metal disk with blades all around." "It was," she said," like a Ninja frisbee that was sharp that you could throw." She pulled it out and felt her back: "Only a dent(!), not a wound (no blood)."

Kathy elaborated on this phenomenon:

It was like this deep depression in my back, but it wasn't like oozing or anything, even though I had to yank it out of my back.

She was scared of the "crazy" man with the mace and tried to stay out of danger.

This was all going on and the only thing I could do is get away from it....I was also trying to not be noticed. I was slinking along the walls, I didn't want them to see me because I thought for sure I would be an easy target.

Kathy's awareness in the early part of the dream that the mace "could slice through my heart" may point to her true center of vulnerability in this dream. She is very attentive to the nature of her injury when hit by the mace, noting the absence of oozing and blood. There is, however, a "deep depression." It seems possible that the conflict being represented in the complex action of the dream is about connection to versus dissociation from this depression. In the dream, she is surprised and grateful that she does not bleed.
and ooze, that her heart remains untouched. She clearly does not want to be depressed.

It is interesting and instructive at this juncture to turn to a dream Kathy recorded three nights earlier (#21). In this dream, Kathy gathers with others at the home of a "guru-type woman."

She was friendly but a bit temermental. I got there early with some friend(s)? and we all talked about our childhood, our parents. One of her beliefs was that you could heal your hurts in an instant and emotional release was no longer necessary.

Following this sequence, the dream winds through a segment where the setting changes to a hospital and then a school. Kathy then notes in the dream account:

I remember thinking that this guru woman, who was now a man--if he was angry and started attacking people that I could do my MM moves on him even though he had a knife.

She then concludes the account:

When I was talking to her about my mom, I was about to cry but didn't want to because it wasn't her belief anymore or something. Thinking about my parents not really being there for me.

This dream is a very unusual one for Kathy. It makes explicit feelings that have been only tacit in the other dreams in her series. Here, at last, she experiences sadness about her abandonment by her parents. She wants to attend to these feelings, but is checked by someone who does not believe in the necessity of emotional release, who believes that "you could heal your hurts in an instant."
It is as though Kathy, in her subsequent nightmare, continues to conform to the belief system of the guru woman. Kathy's hurt--the depression--is, in fact, healed in an instant, without ever needing to bleed in order to mend. She wants to get away from the sad feelings just, perhaps, as she wants to avoid the threatening blade. The price, it seems, of compliance with this belief system is anxiety and fear that cannot be bound by the dream. It is a nightmare. And Kathy awakens, her heart desperately pumping.

Conclusion

Kathy's dreams during the course and the period that followed provide a valuable perspective on the dynamics of her experience. At the core of this experience is Kathy's concern with the development of a separate identity, her desire to claim space as uniquely her own, unencumbered by the demands of parents and romantic partners. For Kathy, the capacity to physically defend herself is linked to the broader developmental aim of becoming self-reliant. Although Kathy articulates the difficulty of achieving this aim, her dreams further illustrate how the domain of independent function is fraught with conflict and pain.

A key point in this regard concerns Kathy's awareness in the dreaming state of the way in which, sadly, she is already on her own. This realization,
which centers on the unavailability of her parents, emerges clearly and dramatically in one of Kathy's final dreams, ending with the words, "Thinking about my parents not really being there for me." The affect associated with this realization is apparently great sadness, and depression is even suggested in the dream text. Yet Kathy does not readily have access to such emotional experience in waking life, where she more easily focuses on upbeat feelings and is drawn only with reluctance into the realm of sadness. The experience of learning self-defense and the dissolution of the close group ties she enjoyed in the course appear to facilitate for Kathy some contact with this emotional realm. But it is her dream life that forms the figurative meeting ground for her fierce desire to be self-reliant and for her tragic awareness that there is indeed no one on whom she can truly rely.
CHAPTER 6

CASE STUDY: MEG ULLMAN

Biographical Sketch

Meg is a 24 year old woman who works both as a farmer and as a waitress. Tall and lean, with a graceful, athletic bearing, Meg speaks with great urgency and feeling. She graduated from a small private college and now lives in a cooperative household with several roommates.

Meg is an adopted child who grew up in the western part of the country. She was raised in a number of reconstituted families in the course of her mother's three marriages. Until she was 18 months old, she lived with her adoptive parents and her brother, who was four years older than she. Her father was an alcoholic, and she continued to see him weekly after the divorce. Her brother was in trouble at school and with the law from an early age and lived with Meg and her mother sporadically.

Meg's mother remarried when Meg was five years old and remained married until Meg was 15. Meg's new stepfather, Randy, had two sons, one a year older than Meg and one a year younger. Her older step-brother, Jake, attempted to have intercourse with her when she was five. When she was 13, he touched her genitals
while she was asleep and was later punished. Meg described having a "creepy" feeling living with him, which was heightened by the sense that he was always looking at her.

Also when Meg was five, her godfather, her mother's friend's husband, began to sexually abuse her. He would make her sit on his lap and hold his penis, even in front of other children. Later, when she was 14, he attempted to kiss her when she was asleep, but she pushed him away. Again, around age five, Meg was sexually abused by her father's best friend. The sexual abuse per se lasted from ages five until eight. However, Meg's parents' other friends began making sexual overtures to her when she was about nine years old.

Meg did not report these events to adults because of her desire to "protect" her parents. She recalled her adoptive father's comment that "If anyone ever touches you, I'll be in jail because I'll kill him." He himself gave Meg the nickname "hussy" and had what she described as a sexualized attitude toward women. He was also fond of strong, rugged women, and Meg felt encouraged by him in both of these areas.

Meg's mother had herself been sexually assaulted as a child and did not appear to have an interest in working through it. When the case went to court, her
mother's mother had asked her to lie so as not to be shamed about having had intercourse before being married. Meg described her mother's coping strategy on this matter as typical of her way of handling any unpleasant situation in her life. "Basically she doesn't deal," she said. "I think she just has been able to exist keeping certain things in containers and not letting them out."

As a consequence of these early sexual events, Meg was aware of her sexuality from a young age. "I was very aware that men would look at me sexually and I was very afraid. But I also knew that men would like me." This has continued to be true of Meg's experiences with older men: "If an older man says anything to me I feel very young and little and disempowered."

Meg described being very attuned to her mother. She was acutely aware of her mother's own dissatisfaction with her life and was "always trying to make her life better. I was always pleasing, trying to be a good girl, a perfectionist," and Meg was apparently acknowledged and rewarded for that. "I was really afraid of her...unhappiness," she noted.

Meg reported having a very successful school and social life between the ages of 11 and 14. She was very popular, was a straight-A student, a skilled gymnast, and was school president. She had boyfriends, but had
not yet become sexual with anyone. She continued to have what she described as tension headaches everyday, a condition she remembered from as early as three years old. She began using marijuana at around 11 years old, an activity she kept secret from her parents, even though they were "really into drugs" and grew marijuana at home.

When Meg was 15, Meg's mother divorced Randy and remarried shortly thereafter. They moved to the east coast to be with Meg's new step-father, Dan, and Meg described being both sad and excited about the move. The family had until this point been working class, but Dan was a successful businessman and they quickly became upper middle class. Upon her arrival in the east, Meg began to attend boarding school.

Around this time, Meg began working with a male therapist because of her daily headaches. She became bulimic shortly thereafter, and the therapy focused largely on these concerns. Meg understood her bulimia as a response, in part, to the many changes taking place at that time. She was not comfortable with having a woman's body, she said. She related this to her mother's anorexia at that point and her own incipient sexuality. She had begun to be sexual with a man at 15, and while she described this as a positive experience that proceeded according to her initiative and pace and
in an atmosphere of trust, the physical enjoyment she felt occurred outside the context of intimacy. In her three years of therapy during high school, the issue of sexual abuse was never discussed. "It never even occurred to me," she said. Meg's bulimia subsided between her junior and senior years of high school, at around the time Meg began to get more heavily involved in taking drugs. She saw this as a preferable substitute for her bulimia.

When Meg began college, she became involved in a committed relationship with a man that lasted four years. Within the first two months of being with George, Meg began having nightmares about five times a week depicting scenes of sexual abuse. She sought therapy at this time to address the issue. Meg understood the emergence of the dreams at that time as a response to being with a man who was "totally committed" to her, who she could trust would be supportive of her even in the hardest of times. She thought also that the intimacy and trust required to be in the relationship may have evoked her response.

Meg described herself as "consumed" with the issue of her sexual abuse history for the first two years of the relationship. "That's all I was and felt and thought." She was very angry by day and very scared by night. She participated in workshops on sexual abuse,
did extensive reading about it, and based some of her college work on the topic. The nightmares and intense anger began to subside after two years in therapy, a very "physical" therapy in which the expression of her anger was encouraged. At the time, she was also involved in Co-counseling, a system of peer counseling.

Meg was largely unable to be sexual with George throughout their four years together. There were a few exceptions, times when Meg herself initiated the lovemaking. However, she found the experience of agreeing to have sex humiliating. "Somehow my pride was really involved where I could not give in to him if he wanted to be sexual. Even if I wanted to, I wouldn't let myself."

Meg ended her therapy after three years, when she was 21, around the same time that she ended her relationship with George. She moved in with a woman friend, with whom she established an intimate and supportive relationship. They became lovers for nine months, although they were never committed partners. That summer, Meg began being sexual with Geoffrey, a man with whom she had been friends during her years at college. This was not a committed relationship and she found that she enjoyed the sex very much. Geoffrey is a massage therapist, and Meg was impressed with his gentleness when she had menstrual cramps:
He would make very sacred my womb and be a really the way that a woman friend would...Being sexual with him was so different. I felt very safe, trusting. I didn't feel like I was being used or objectified. He was the one saying, "Slow, slow."

Meg described herself as relieved to be able to be sexual with a man, because she had long thought that she might not be able to do so.

At the time that the Model Mugging course began, Meg was still being sexually active with Geoffrey, but it was limited because of his commitment to being sexual only in moderation. This commitment stemmed from his practice of meditation, an interest that Meg shared. Although she was open to being more sexual, Meg went along with his desire to not have sexual intercourse outside of a committed relationship. Over time, Meg has become more involved in meditating, moving from one hour daily six months before the start of Model Mugging to two hours daily after its completion.

**Course Experience**

**Approach**

Meg described two events as most influencing her to sign up for Model Mugging. One was her experience of being sexually harrassed by two older men in the spring following her return from a year travelling alone around Europe. The other was her response to reading a book lent to her by a friend. The book, entitled *Her Wits*
About Her, is a set of stories about women who were attacked and how they successfully defended themselves in these situations. While reading the book and after completing it, Meg noted a marked change in her dream life.

In my dreams I was always a victim. Never could I get away or never could I defend myself. It was always just running and hiding, running and hiding. And even in my waking life, when I'm afraid it's like, "Where can I hide? Where can I run to?"

While reading the book, her dream life shifted:

My dreams totally changed within that time. What happened was now when I was attacked in my dreams, I would defend myself. I would use something all different ways, or I would counterattack. And this was totally new. I was really excited.

This shift was paralleled in her waking life as well:

Like at night, if I was going to sleep and I was hearing something I would--instead of being like, "Where's the closet, where would I hide?" I'd be, "What do I have near me that I can use? I'm going to kill this guy. He's making a mistake if hemesses with me."

She decided at this point to take a self-defense class and tried to sign up for the summer Model Mugging course. Because this course was full, she signed up for the fall course and then took a less intensive self-defense course at a local martial arts studio. While she enjoyed this six week course, she was very excited about the upcoming Model Mugging course, spurred on by watching the graduation of the summer course.

Meg cited two aims in taking the Model Mugging course. One was to decrease her ongoing fear of being
attacked by becoming comfortable with techniques she felt she could rely on.

I want to trust that I will act and I won't freeze if an attack happens. I really want to trust that my body will react.

The second aim involved what she called her desire to continue healing from sexual abuse. She felt "wary" of this emotional aspect of her agenda, because she felt she had "lived in peace with men" for over two years and was concerned that she might find herself experiencing again the kind of diffuse anger at men that had emerged in the early years of her second therapy, when she was living with George. She characterized her desire to heal in the following way at our opening interview:

My challenge to myself is to really remain present. To be inside, not to be kind of numbing out, not to just be doing. Because it's easy for me at the course to get into wailing on this guy--kick! I feel really strong and I feel really capable in that sense, but what happens is I get into this very angry and "kill" mode and I don't really stay connected here [pointing to her chest] or stay connected with the vulnerable, the part that's hurting.

In a show of support for Meg's effort, Meg's mother offered to pay for the Model Mugging course. At the time that Meg had begun therapy to address the issue of her sexual abuse, she had told her mother about the early abuse. Her mother reacted with anger at the perpetrators and was basically supportive of Meg's efforts to come to terms with these early experiences. In the six years since, Meg has talked with her mother.
about violence against women and has noted her increasing ability to look at the issue.

Changes Over Time

Meg described feeling very competent in the first two classes. She learned the techniques quickly and fought successfully. Her exceptional ability was easily noticed by the other students, and the male instructors commented on her unusual strength. While her performance was excellent, she experienced a certain "resistance" to going to the classes because she felt exhausted, both physically and emotionally. She spoke of being somewhat "numb" in her daily life outside of the class, aware of thinking more than feeling. She commented that emotional intensity was surfacing more in her dream life than her waking life.

During the first two classes, Meg had abdominal cramping that she had never experienced before. The cramps were not related to her menstrual cycle, and they subsided by the close of each class. She thought that they might have been the physical manifestation of the "fear and hurt" she experienced in these classes and, also, that they might have arisen from the emphasis in class on opening the pelvic region of the body to enhance kicking strength.
For Meg, the third class was the most "intense."

It is in this class that the participants are typically asked to face their longest and hardest fights.

I was really pushed physically. I hyperventilated and was sobbing. I was just totally unaware of my surroundings. After the fight, I was in this state that I've never been in in terms of being out of control of my limbs and what is around me. When I dragged myself off the mat, I really let loose and kind of surrendered in a way I never have before in terms of sobbing and also not being able to breathe very well. And being supported by someone else entirely.

In some ways, this extended fight simulated the situation most dreaded by Meg.

My worst fears or my images of someone attacking me have always been some really high-energy crazy man. Like someone with a lot of frantic energy. I could shoot him, he wouldn't die. Like he had supernatural energy or power and there would be no way I could do anything to be able to fight him.

An additional dynamic that began to emerge in the third class and continued for the rest of the course was Meg's hesitancy about fighting. She did not question her ability to succeed, and was actually less nervous than before. Instead, she reported just not having the same fighting spirit. She recalled one instance where she went to the end of the line because she just didn't feel ready to fight. In retrospect, she thought that the shift might have occurred because of her attempt to be more present and vulnerable in the classes.

In the beginning of the course I was just in my...I really get into this image of being a really tough woman, really strong and mean. When I'm
outside walking I like to walk tough. And that's kind of like my identity with my friends and stuff. And I get into that. And in the course I really started to see that and say, no, that's some kind of defense of not dealing with the vulnerable part. And in the course, my own challenge to myself was to really be vulnerable and to kind of move out of that place, to be in that position and from there fight....And I was definitely doing that alot more in the last couple of classes--you know, not having this big image or play of being really tough and strong. And I didn't feel so tough and strong [she laughs]. I felt a little tenuous--just not ready to deal with this, just not with all the guts I had before.

Another dynamic began to emerge for Meg in the third class and peaked in the final two classes. She noticed herself becoming more attentive to the other women in the course, carefully observing their experiences and feeling herself increasingly part of a group process.

It's funny, it seems my own sense of identity diminished as my sense of the group's identity grew. I felt more and more...proud of the other women, and less and less of myself.

At the end of the course, Meg, exhausted, was "glad it was over, because I felt I just wouldn't have felt like I wanted to deal with more." In our follow-up interview three months after the conclusion of the course, she commented that she had only "recovered" from her sense of exhaustion one month earlier.

Meg reviewed her course experience and felt that she had fared pretty well on her two major goals for the course, decreasing her level of fear and remaining
vulnerable as well as strong. She qualified her original expectations in following way:

I had hoped I would come out feeling really invincible. I thought somehow there'd be this huge significant change in my life. But it happened in a way I didn't expect. I guess I do feel more confident, but not in a superpowerful way. It's just like--more relaxed about it. Just like knowing I really can't control if it happens, if someone attacks me, and if they do, I know how to deal with it....The little shift that happened with my fear feels pretty real.

Dream Experience

Project Participation and Dream Baseline

Meg did not specifically discuss her motives for participating in the dream project. However, her decision to participate is in keeping with the important role that dreams appear to have had in her life. Recall, for example, the role of dreams in Meg's decision to enter therapy to work on issues of sexual abuse as well as in Meg's decision to take a self-defense course after reading Her Wits About Her.

Meg identified two types of recurrent dreams, a "claustrophobic dream" and a "men dream." The claustrophobic dream started when she was very young and occurs now only infrequently, perhaps once a year. She described it as follows:

I'm in a supermarket at the check-out stand. I would kind of be on the far side--here's the cashier--and all these cans of canned food would just come pouring at me, and it would just be, I would be toppled by all these cans. Then what would happen, everybody's face would start heaving
in and out and everything would just start getting bigger and smaller, bigger and smaller. And that's basically it. I would have that same dream. I'd have other dreams with faces and things would just start getting big and small, big and small.

The "men dream" began during young adulthood and has undergone greater modification over the years. It appeared first when Meg was 18, at the start of her relationship with George, and motivated Meg to seek therapy. At that point, the dreams were nightmares that occurred between five and seven nights each week and depicted scenes where Meg was being sexually abused as a child, where she was protecting other children, or where there was some threat of abuse from which she was trying to run or hide. Meg always felt like a "scared little girl" in the dream situations, although she was literally "little" in only about half of them. Meg felt "plagued" by these dreams, and it was only after two years in therapy that they became more benign. The threat of victimization persisted in her dreams over the next two years, characterized by her efforts to run, hide, or fly away from her attackers.

In the year and a half following Meg's breakup with George, when she moved to live alone with another woman in a rural setting, the fear dreams subsided completely. Meg offered her explanation of this shift:

I think that as much comes up as we're able to deal with. When I moved out, I said, I have to be able to take care of myself, I have to be able to live
in some level of peace....I trust that they come up as I'm willing to let them or as I'm able to deal with them.

When the fear dreams did resurface, they took the familiar form of threat of victimization by men, with Meg as the helpless victim. As discussed above, the dreams shifted markedly when Meg read the stories of women's successful efforts at defending themselves in Her Wits About Her. Her "men dream" persisted in this form through the first self-defense course she took and up until the time she began Model Mugging. At this point, she was likely to have one attack dream "every week or two."

In addition to these recurrent themes, Meg noted that her dreams often reflect her daily life and what she has been thinking about. In general, she remembers her dreams quite frequently. It is not unusual for her to remember at least one dream each morning, and she is likely to remember more when she is sharing them with someone else. Meg commented on the importance that dreams have for her and noted this about the function of a dream:

It tells me where I'm at....It has more information than I really have access to when I'm doing everything I'm doing everyday....I definitely listen with a total faith that my dreams are really telling me important stuff.
In this context, Meg mentioned the historical importance dreaming has had in providing perspective on her thoughts and feelings with respect to "fear and men."

General Project Dreaming

Meg remembered her dreams with her usual frequency, averaging seven per week over a three week period, for a total of 22 dreams. She recorded multiple dreams on several nights. During the first week of the project, Meg asked if she could audiotape descriptions of some of her dreams because of their length. On one occasion, writing one dream account and reaction by hand had taken her and hour and a half. She did audiotape descriptions of six of her dreams from three nights and temporarily turned in the tape for transcription.

Meg's dream records tended to be long and detailed. She had no trouble remembering the content of her dreams and could easily retell them without consulting her log. Meg was very enthusiastic, seemed genuinely drawn to her dreams, and was eager to think aloud about them. There were several instances where she felt "embarrassed" about the content of a dream, and she mentioned this, both during the interviews and in her written dream reactions.

Meg wrote or dictated reactions to half of her dreams, and these are very introspective. She used her dream log as a place to wonder about and amplify on some
of the feelings and images presented in the dream texts. She sometimes offered her view of the dream as a whole, but, as was characteristic of our conversations as well, was more likely to not attempt a complete "interpretation," opting instead for a set of impressions. She chose not to continue recording her dreams between the second and third interviews.

Preliminary Summary

Meg's course experience was varied. She went from being very highly invested in the fights to remaining at some distance from them. She had little energy available to her outside the class throughout the duration of the course. The turning point for her shift in attention from her own "fighting spirit" to the spirit of the group occurred in the third class, and she found herself increasingly caught up with the struggles of the other women thereafter.

As Meg approached the course, she had several goals in mind. One was to decrease the fear that she felt in daily life. She sensed that she could do so by learning techniques on which she felt she could rely. She had some trepidation about becoming open again to her anger, which in the past had generalized to anger against all men and was linked to a closing off of her sexuality. In addition, Meg was interested in being able to fight effectively without becoming distanced from her own
feelings, particularly the vulnerability she might feel as a survivor of childhood sexual abuse.

In the past, Meg's dreams have played a powerful role in surfacing her concerns and in reflecting important life changes. Here, we will have the chance to see the unfolding of Meg's dream life alongside the record of her waking experience.

The Dreams

Phase One: The First Two Classes

Aiming For the Heart (#1). Meg's first dream occurred on the night of the first class. In it, she is pitted against a very aggressive man, whom she fights against and wins, an outcome she seemed to enjoy: "The first one was great. I was totally murdering this guy...with total determination, that's it. No fear."

Here is her dream account:

There were three of us, two other women and myself, in some kind of mechanics garage. We were spread out doing things—but I'm not sure what exactly. A man entered the garage. He was psychotic or derranged, obviously coming in with a lot of aggression. Immediately I assumed it my responsibility to take care or handle this situation. I am nervous, but not really afraid. I just know I've got to handle him. He has a knife, but suddenly I have his knife. We are in the middle of the street outside the garage. I am fumbling to stick the knife into his chest. I can't get the correct grip on the knife—or angle to effectively get the knife into his chest. I'm not really aware of his resisting; my awareness is only on my effort to stab him in the heart. I stab
him repeatedly, aiming for the heart. Then I am behind him, trying to get a better angle from the back. I am stabbing him again and again, and getting it now (the heart). The dream ends.

This dream is a good representative of the kind of dream Meg began to have while reading *Her Wits About Her*, when she moved from being depicted as an ineffective victim to a strong woman capable of resisting and counterattacking. Here, she is clearly competent and is not immobilized by fear. In this, her dream reflects her experience in the first two classes and represents, in dream enactment, the achievement of her first course goal, successful self-defense.

Also noteworthy in this dream, however, is Meg's general absence of feeling. Thus, in her dream reaction, she wrote: "In this dream I didn't think, I didn't even really feel much; I just acted. And I got him!" She got him, in fact, in the heart, pierced him in his center of feeling, far from her own. This circumstance may relate to Meg's second course goal, her challenge to herself to "stay connected with the vulnerable" part of herself. Apparently, this goal is not met here.

*Bud* (#2). Meg's second dream, dreamt on the night of the second class, is the beginning of a series of dreams that Meg referred to in our first interview as "weird dreams about men."
I've been embarrassed to write them....I'm like a little girl again....And in my dreams, they're almost all of them have some man in it, some older man. Some way that I am giving up my power. And it's embarrassing [she laughs]. It wouldn't be embarrassing to tell a friend, but it's embarrassing to write down because it's like I don't like that that's still there, that I'm still acting very disempowered in my dreams and even--this is the worst part--this has been an interesting pattern in three of my dreams this week, which I don't remember before. This never happened in my dreams before. I would feel very disempowered with some man and then end up feeling very sexual towards him. And some of them have turned into more sexual and--I don't like that [she laughs].

Starting with this dream, then, there are two marked departures from Meg's previous patterns of dreaming: a return to feeling disempowered and young and an awareness of sexual feelings towards men with whom she feels disempowered. Meg's second dream illustrates this dynamic in a long set of interconnected stories:

I am with my mom & her husband and we are visiting two of their friends. They are a physically beautiful oriental woman and black man. I have just come from a model mugging class and I am totally exhausted. I am just meeting this couple for the first time, and feel I should be very friendly and outgoing, but I am too tired and don't want to be social. There is an awkward lag in conversation. The women are sitting together (now there a couple other women) and I am off a distance. I see them talking and know they are telling the oriental woman that I am taking M.M. class. They had just attended my graduation. They call the men over--as they all find it very interesting. They do not ask me about it, but one woman (Pat--a feminine/not feminist kind of woman) proceeds to tell about how she has recently been raped. She is describing it within kind of a cocktail conversation. I am suddenly very interested, and at the same time, I am appalled that she is talking so casually, almost like she was drunk. She tells how the man who raped her was
a "normal-type" guy, married, and had just begun acting in this theatre. One of his first lines is something about "unbridled passion."

Scene change. I am in room with the man (of the couple), also my father is in the room. I ask the man where he is from. He tells me he is from Northern Calif, a town named Appleton. Did I know of it. I knew he was mocking me but I didn't know why or what about. I told him I was from N. Calif but didn't know of an Appleton there. He laughed at me, I realized for being gullible. It was a familiar scenerio, like a power game--and there was some sexual edge or hint involved. I could sense this, but I just didn't understand it, didn't get it.

The woman told me she was a professor at the University. I asked her what subject she taught, and she said Chem. 111. I asked her if she knew my friend Dina, who is taking Chem 111. She said no, and that it was the easiest Chem course offered. She said she had to be very thorough in the way she taught. I noticed how physically beautiful they both were, and wondered if they were a happy, passionate couple.

Scene change: I am in their house in the bathroom, preparing for bed? to say goodbye? As I walked out of the bathroom, something moved, as if someone/something were there. It surprised me, and I thought it strange, but I didn't try to figure out what it was.

I said goodnight to the woman, nice to meet her, etc. Then I went to the man to say goodnight. He had his 8 yr. old son on his lap. Some part of me found him attractive; and yet I was also kind of afraid of him--distrustful.

Scene change:
Now I am with my mom, her husband and his 27 yr. old daughter, Annette. We are in the mountains at a vacation ski resort. It seems there is snow in some places; green meadow in other spots. Annette is instigating one of her "Let's get-people-rioted-up games." She yells out to the different campsites (my parents are at one and the couple at another) that she is attracted to "Bud," who is the black man of the couple. Then she asks everyone else to yell out who they are attracted to. I am near her, and she begs me to yell out who I am attracted to. I don't want to--but she harrangs me. I tell her I am also attracted to "Bud" and then I add also the brother of one of the people because he is present and I don't want him to feel badly (though I'm not really attracted to
him). I'm not willing to yell it out, so Annette does. I'm embarrassed.

Now it's coming on dark and I need to find a place to sleep. Other people are sleeping in cabins, and I'm going to camp out. But it's getting dark and I begin to be nervous that I haven't found a good, level place to camp. It's all hills. I find a spot--right where I'm standing; but then I realize that it's a public bathroom. Annette says she needs to share my tent and I'm relieved because now I'm scared about sleeping out alone. But I can't find a level space for my tent, and now I'm aware of a group of men playing pool upstairs--drunk. I'm paranoid of men all over the place, and they will see me putting up my tent. Now I'm trying to hide the fact that I'm looking for a place to put my tent. I don't want them to know where I am. Night is coming, and I'm beginning to panic. There's no space. There's no space.

I wake up and write this.

The dream begins with Meg feeling exhausted after a Model Mugging class in a way that parallels her waking experience in the course. She doesn't have the energy to be friendly and outgoing or, as she noted later, to "caretake" in this situation. She is "off at a distance" from the other women as they talk about the Model Mugging class. "I felt isolated," Meg wrote, "like they didn't care at all about me, about my experience--only the intensity of the drama." Indeed, as Pat tells the story of her rape, Meg is aware of being both interested and appalled by the woman's casually told tale that seems as if it, too, were part of the theatrical event of "unbridled passion" rather than a tragic personal event.

In the next scene Meg becomes aware of a familiar dynamic when alone with the man of the couple, as he
"mocks" her in speaking about the town named Appleton. She wrote in her dream reaction:

I suddenly felt young and gullible—and became aware of my being young and sexually attractive. These are themes throughout many dreams, and my real childhood/adolescence: my naivete; his power. My youth and sexuality; him being older and looking at me sexually. My sweetness, goodness; his mocking and hostility. This is not one man I'm writing about, but many. It was the pattern of my interaction w/older men.

This feeling is compounded by an emergent sense of her own sexual attraction to the man. In waking life, this feeling sneaks up on Meg, surprises her, perhaps in much the same way that she is surprised by her detection of movement when leaving the bathroom in the next dream scene. As she says goodnight to the man, she recognizes her mixed sense of distrust and attraction.

Until the detail was pointed out to her, Meg did not comment on the fact that the man had his eight year old son on his lap during this scene. She then immediately noticed the link to her own history of childhood abuse, when she was molested while sitting on her parents' friend's lap. In the context of the dream, this man is in fact introduced as a friend of Meg's parents. It is also noteworthy that the child in the dream is eight years old, the age that Meg was during the last year of her abuse.

The dream scene changes again and Meg is with her mother, her second stepfather, Dan, and his daughter,
Annette. The setting, with its mix of snow and green meadow, may reflect Meg's own internal landscape, at least as figured in the previous scene, with its cold, closed feeling of distrust, and the warm, melting, perhaps, feeling of attraction. Annette, apparently true to her character in waking life, is acting as an instigator, begging Meg to literally name her attraction. Annette is the voice of unbridled passion, an evil stepsister, perhaps, who Meg would like to disown, as she shrinks in embarrassment at her twin interest in "Bud."

Meg's stance in the dream parallels her waking experience of quietly, and with some embarrassment, beginning to name a previously unspoken feeling of attraction, of beginning to locate, perhaps, a bud in the green meadow. In this light, Annette's stance may represent an absurd extreme of acknowledgement, which Meg may be fearful of adopting.

The final part of the dream involves a dissolution into fear and distrust. As night falls and Meg searches for level ground, she is at first relieved that Annette will be sharing her tent so she need not sleep out alone. Yet, ultimately, this promised companionship offers her no comfort, as she becomes "paranoid of men all over the place." They are strange bedfellows, she and Annette. Annette, in a sense, embodies the dynamic
of attraction brought to an unpalatable extreme—she shouts out what Meg can barely say—and Meg, in her descent into panic, then comes to embody an exaggerated fear of this dynamic. This location of extremes separately in each woman may mirror the new uneasy pairing of feeling sexual and feeling disempowered that Meg herself experiences.

Meg's dawning recognition of the link between her desire and her distrust constitutes, in effect, an opening in her experience of herself. At the end of the dream, however, as night begins to fall, her fear intensifies, the light fades, and there is no room, "no space," perhaps, for the feelings of both fear and attraction. In the dream, the stark absence of physical space may reflect the shrinking of inner space, the space of new emotional capacity and openness. At this point, dream space shrinks as well. There is no space to sleep and, consequently, no space to dream. In fact, it is at this point that the dream itself ends.

In sum, this dream contains a number of important elements, as the first of a series of dreams that re-figure Meg's relationship to men. First, as Meg herself noted, is her return to an older sense of identity in dreaming, to a sense of being little and disempowered. Next, there is the pairing of disempowerment and threat with sexual feeling. The context for this pairing is a
scene that resembles a scene of Meg's early childhood sexual abuse. There is, in addition, an apparent conflict about recognizing this pairing, as dramatized in Meg's interaction with her stepsister. Finally, men come to be seen as out of control and malicious, and Meg's defense is to attempt to conceal her vulnerability—in this dream, by trying to hide the fact that she is looking for a place to put her tent.

**Revolutionary Air** (#3). Meg had two dreams this night and only recorded the one about "Bud," above. She reported at the first interview that she was too embarrassed to record the other one, but said she would eventually do so. She did later audiotape an account of this dream, which deals with her sexual desire and initiative, and commented on the disturbing juxtaposition of the night's dreams:

I had this dream after a certain dream earlier in the night...with my family and that couple, you know, where I was kind of afraid of that man, yet attracted to him....And then that dream kind of led into this other one where I'm feeling very sexual and really wanting to be sexual. So I just remember waking up from this dream and being confused about that, or not really wanting to accept that, you know, that my dream had gone from this weird kind of manipulative, you know, where the interaction with this man was so weird to then feeling very sexual.

Meg appears to have viewed the second dream as a continuation, in a sense, of the earlier one and as
further "evidence" of her potentially sexual feelings towards a man who might intimidate her.

The dream itself takes place in the Soviet Union, in a town that she visited during her year abroad.

I'm at the train station, and there's some kind of celebrations in--like big political upheavals. I don't know, it was like a big, festive, revolutionary air.

Amidst this spirit of upheaval and change, Meg finds herself attracted to a young man.

We go to his home where--at first when we go there we think that his mother's not there, it's right by the ocean, and so we go in. You know, we're going to have sex! I'm really horny, and it's more like my initiative, but logistically it just won't work out. It's like, I don't know--we go in the house, and then like his mother's there, so we go outside. And then it's right outside her window. I don't know--we're right next to each other and I pull out my two tampons [she laughs] and they're like bloody sitting next to me. And then he's like called back in the house and I'm in the house, we're like having a meal, but his mother's very suspicious of me. And they're Jewish. I don't know--there's some really protective quality that she has.

The dream continues with the couple's further unsuccessful attempts to find a place to be sexual and Meg consequently feeling "frustrated."

In her reaction to this dream, Meg noted how she was reminded of her relationship with George. George and his family are Jewish, and because Meg was not, she felt they did not accept her. In addition, they would never let her and George sleep together at the family house, even though they had been living together for years. Meg was most "intimidated" by George's mother,
whose attitude was similar to that of the mother depicted in the dream.

The dream departs from this realism in its portrayal of Meg's sexual desire and initiative. As in the dream setting itself, there is an historical upheaval going on, a revolution afoot, since during her years with George, Meg was largely disconnected from her desire. As she commented in the second interview:

I could not give in to him if he wanted to be sexual....It would be humiliating, I'd be giving in. It was okay if I wanted to, but I didn't want to. [And] this is the crazy part: even if I wanted to, I wouldn't let myself. It was humiliating.

In the dream, the man's mother is the agent who prevents Meg from acting on her desire, usually a self-regulating event in Meg's waking life. However, Meg appears more connected to her own desire here. In this, the present dream may signal some movement on the issue introduced by the first dream of the night, the splitting of desire and fear. In the first dream, Meg dissolves in fear. In the second, Meg feels desire and frustration. This difference is reflected, too, in the search for space going on in each of the dreams. In the first, the search proceeds in a context of danger, where Meg feels threatened by a group of men. In the second dream, the search takes place in a context of upheaval, of revolution. It is as if some repressive force has
been overthrown. She is still blocked, however, from fully enjoying her liberation by one persistent member of the old guard.

Maple Syrup For the Pancakes (#4). Meg's dream of the following night continues with some of the themes already introduced in her earlier dreams. This is the dream that Meg thought was most illustrative of the emergent pattern of dreaming that paired disempowerment and sexual desire. It was the first dream she told in the first interview, selecting it when asked to choose the dream she found most "compelling." She picked it, she said, because it was the one she was most "confused about" and "uncomfortable with." It is a lengthy dream in seven scenes:

I am visiting some city, with a couple friends--(who?). We are strangers in the city. We are walking into an apartment building (brownstone) that was, until not too long ago, a nice bldg. in a nice neighborhood. Now it is loitered by drug dealers and users.

We walk passed the drug users, into the main entrance. I am suddenly very afraid, and think to myself that this is what it must be like for all the people living in project neighborhoods that are turned into drug havens. Going into the building, it seems there is no turning back. I am panicked.

Scene change:
There is loud music blaring, lots of people (men), drugged, crazy, hyper, aggressive energy. They are downstairs. An older woman, (45ish) maybe the mother of one of the psycho men; maybe a tenant in the bldg--she is scared, and also tired/hopeless about the whole scene in her bldg. She is running up the flights of stairs (maybe someone is running, chasing after her?) She goes to the window overlooking the street below. Now everyone is outside. She throws herself out, as if making a
dramatic statement that everything has just gone too far—too crazy. I am looking down at the spot on the street where she has fallen. I am an observer of all this, but not aware of my presence in the dream.

Scene change:
I am walking up the driveway leading to the backyard of this bldg. One of the two "wild" guys is playing the keyboards—really getting into it. I spot him and immediately duck down under this board, as I am afraid of what he will do if he sees me. My dog is with me, and I'm calling to him softly because he'll give us away. The man turns around (I notice he is good-looking) and I'm praying he doesn't see us (my dog & me) but he does. He becomes angry and starts after us.

Scene change:
I am inside the bldg now, and the other crazy guy (the first one who chased the woman/his mother up the stairs) is coming into the front of the bldg. I can see his face thru the glass door. I'm hoping he doesn't see me. I hid behind a beam. He walks up the stairs and will obviously see me, so I try to act normal, like I'm supposed to be there. It's his apartment he shares with the other guy who was playing the keyboard. Now there are more folks in the room (his friends). They're all young—my age, or late 20's. We're talking about how much rent they pay to live there.

Scene change:
I am being chased by the man who was playing the keyboards. I am in a car w/ a couple friends and I am telling the driver to go to the police station. But we don't where the police station is. He is in a car behind us, with several people. He catches up to our car, and suddenly there is no danger—he is not a threat, but rather its as if we are both attracted to eachother—and I am very relieved. Both cars stop at a supermarket to pick up something? and now it is like we are 2 cars kind of partying together.

Scene change:
I am with my parents, eating very dry pancakes over brunch. I am describing my "visit" and the new friends I have made. I tell my mom that they do drugs, but then I'm afraid I've given her a bad impression, so I tell her they do just a little drugs. I continue to describe them to her, but am uncomfortable because I am not making them sound good.
Scene change:
I am in the kitchen and have discovered there is maple syrup for the pancakes. I am now finding the pancakes delicious, and keep sneaking more.

The dream begins with Meg a stranger in a foreign place. She is aware of the neighborhood's upstanding past and its more recent slide into depravity. Her decision to enter this world feels scary and irrevocable to her. She watches as a mother plunges to her death in protest of the vice around her. It appears, perhaps, that the only way to quell the corruption is through self-sacrifice. She does so from a high vantage point, from a window that looks out on the illicit activity below, from a place of perspective.

Meg steps into this world of danger at ground level, in the thick of things, at the point that the mother steps out. The mother figure here contrasts sharply with the mother as depicted in the preceding dream. Here, she wants to establish control in a world run amok, but she is powerless to do so, and can only destroy herself in the process, leaving the world without a policing influence.

The next three scenes bring Meg into close proximity with men who have the "frantic aggressive energy" she finds so frightening. She tries to hide, a familiar defense for her historically in her dreams when she is feeling disempowered. The attempt is unsuccessful in two instances, when she chooses an
obvious hiding place and when her dog, expressing what may be Meg's own ambivalence, "gives" them away.

Meg characterized the man who chases her in the following way: "He's like my typical image of my like monster attacker--supernatural energy. I could shoot him a million times, he won't die." Nevertheless, Meg's initial response to him, when she saw him playing the keyboards, was a complex one. It was at the moment of becoming aware of her fear of him that she also realized her sense of attraction to him. She recalled that during the chase, he was smiling at her in a "mocking" way and that suddenly the smile "softened" so that he began smiling "in a kind of flirty way." She is relieved when the danger passes. Meg commented on how this sense of relief contrasted with her typical waking experience: "Usually if a man is attracted to me, that's the worst thing to let me know because I really fear that. It's a big turnoff."

In the dream, however, Meg is excited about the turn of events, and she tries to convey some of this excitement to her mother in the next-to-last scene. This mother is again pictured as a kind of kill-joy, and Meg attempts to modulate her presentation to meet what she imagines to be her mother's response. She removes some of the "juicier" elements of the story, tries to make it more dry and bland--not so different, perhaps,
from the "very dry pancakes" at brunch. In this, it is as if Meg has undergone a change, a new space has opened up for her, and yet her mother, like the man's mother pictured at the outset of the dream, retains a disapproving attitude that would stifle her daughter's newly found pleasure. Meg is only able to indulge her desire in secret, as she does with relish in the final dream scene.

When Meg told this dream during the interview, she omitted the final two scenes about the pancakes. Later, in the third interview, she shared her thoughts about eating the pancakes at the end.

What I thought of immediately, well, I thought of food as my way to--I told you I was bulimic--I think it was...I was just going to keep eating. And sneaking. And I think that was just my way to numb out.

In addition to helping her to "numb out" and thereby not experience difficult feelings, Meg sees her bulimia as a means of feeling powerful.

I can eat all that and then I can throw it up....I think it was a way I thought I could really have power and control in my life.

In her therapeutic work, Meg has related this desire for control to her history of sexual abuse, "where you literally don't have control of your body."

It is interesting to reconsider the ending of the dream in light of these associations. Alongside viewing the secret savoring of the pancakes as a symbolic
gratification of a sexual desire, the scene may also signify an attempt to control and withdraw from this desire and to thereby cancel out the vulnerability that meets with disapproval from some quarter.

The ambivalence carried in this final image may reflect more broadly Meg's conflict about accepting her passionate feelings versus her wish to obliterate them. This, in fact, is a nice summary of Meg's second aim in the Model Mugging course, which she stated in terms of her wish to be connected to her own vulnerability and hurt, to not switch into her "tough" stance that merely obliterates her opponent and her own inner life. The way this dynamic seems to emerge, at least in these early dreams, is in Meg's awareness of her own sexual feelings.

_Just Looking_ (#7). Other dreams during the first week of the course continue with the sexual theme. For example, in one short dream later that week, Meg describes being "sized up" by a man whose interest in her and attempts to control her she takes pains to ignore. The end of the dream, however, delivers a surprise:

And I'm just looking straight ahead, kind of ignoring him. And then maybe he makes a verbal request, or maybe I just can sense his request, so I turn around and I look him straight in the eye and I stick my tongue out at him.
Meg's final gesture has the quality of a girlish tease that communicates "no" and "yes" simultaneously. She flirts with the objectification, and rather than telling the man off, she displays a playful openness.

_Horny_ (#9). The following night, Meg's dream has a similar turning point, as she moves from an embarrassing and disapproving stance to a more enthusiastic one.

I'm in a m.m. class w/Patty as our instructor. There are 2 men in the class, and one of them asks Patty to come to him to help him out w/a movement. Then he begins telling her what a good instructor she is in a very seductive manner. I can't believe he is being so outrightly suggestive. It's embarrassing to watch.

Scene changes:
I'm at a teenage boy's camp, and I'm really horny. The--oh there's something before this, I'm standing in line for some kind of lunch. The scene is a sports event and there are lots of teenage sports players around. I'm standing next to a young man who is talking w/me, flirting w/me. I am thinking to myself "what does this young Jock guy think he's doing?" It seemed a ridiculous situation, yet I began flirting back and even getting horny.

Scene change:
I'm at this teenage boy's camp, horny. I meet the coach or director of this camp. We don't exchange words, but we come to some understanding. He goes to where the boys--or young men--are doing their jumping jacks and exercises, and brings 2 of them back to me. They are both beautiful, one white, one black. I begin walking walking somewhere? with them and now we are in my old town Tuckerton. We all know that we are going to be sexual. They are very excited, as it will be their first time. I am horny, but also feel like taking it slow, teaching them to love and be tender, and please. Its like I'm going to teach them to make love and it seem like a very sweet experience. The rest of the dream we are just talking about what it means to make love, and feeling very open and loving.
Meg finds the open expression of desire embarrassing in the first scene, where self-defense and sexual initiative are seductively paired. Then, in the second scene, despite her assessment of the situation as "ridiculous," she connects to her sexual feelings. In the final scene, Meg, in the context of a town from childhood, is to initiate the boys into being sexual. While the story ends before there is sexual contact, the implication is that it will be a very "sweet" experience. Instruction in self-defense and instruction in sex are brought side-by-side in this dream. And despite some initial discomfort on Meg's part, the experience of defending herself and yet remaining open to her own feelings are somehow not mutually exclusive.

In summary, the pattern of dreaming that has emerged in this first phase of the Model Mugging course involves Meg's experience of a pairing of desire and danger. Her dreams handle this coupling differently, although Meg appears to accept and act on her desire more easily over the course of the week. The association of desire and danger has not occurred previously in Meg's dream life. She has had, however, some awareness of this dynamic in other parts of her life, as Meg commented in an interview.

Sometimes when I'm talking with male friends about sexual abuse they'll suggest--who know my history very well--they'll say things like that somehow I was, maybe I got turned on during that. They'll
allude in ways that somehow I had sexual feelings around being abused, and I can tell you it definitely wasn't true at that time. Although now, as I'm reading, because I've read a lot of stories of sexual abuse, I'll feel this very conflicted sexual feeling. And I hate, I really deny that. I deny it, like I don't like it. But it's there. So in these dreams that's been coming up a little [she laughs].

When asked why this might be coming up now for the first time in the context of Model Mugging, Meg had this to say:

Maybe this is just in general in my life, like I'm really trying to look, to really face things a little more. You know, where I've been able to shut down a certain part of my life if I don't want to look at it, and I'm trying to be just more open and accept what's there... That's the only thing I can think of is that I'm taking a new approach, like I want to see the whole picture even if it's ugly and if it's not the way I want to see myself as this strong woman who's totally clear and all that.

She added in a later interview that the sexual dreams might be related to the actual physical activities in the course:

Well maybe it's... we're working with this area [pointing to her pelvis], we're working with empowerment with this area that's been filled with a lot of fear and shame.

Meg noted that she had thought of this in retrospect, as "an analytical response." "That's my way of saying it's okay, it's not weird."

**Phases Two and Three: The Third and Fourth Classes**

Recall that in the third class, Meg had a very powerful experience that she referred to as
"surrendering." Following a long, difficult fight, she had the sense of being out of control of her body and had to rely on others to take care of her. After this event, she became increasingly absorbed with the experiences of the other women. Her dreams at this time also underwent change.

War-Torn Countries (#11). An important transitional dream in this context occurred two nights following the third class. This dream may signal Meg's retreat from tolerating the pairing of desire and danger that has figured in her dreams until this point. It is a complex dream that incorporates links to Meg's history and to earlier dreams in the series.

There was a bunch of us in a classroom. In fact, my old therapist who I was working with around sexual abuse was there watching it with me. We were eating like carob covered peanuts, or she came in, we didn't come together, and we were watching this big screen and it was dark, and there was a bunch of people in the room. And the images, all of a sudden, they were observing, it takes place in Central America, some of the war-torn countries, and I don't know which forces were which, I think they were government forces, they were like taking these men, people, off of the trains. The train was going by and all of these, there was like a group of men, they had guns, and they were stopping the train and unloading all the people. They were like guerillas in the train. And as they came off they were just like blowing them away either with bombs or with guns, just like one train car after another, totally blowing them away. And even after they shot them and stuff, then they came over and would just stab them and spear them, just totally—axe them, until they were totally like totally dead. It was just really really gory. And then I woke up.

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This dream is immediately set apart from the ones that have come before it by Meg's distance from the subject matter, as represented in the projection of the drama on a screen. It is a notable departure from Meg's first dream, where she was intent on doing the stabbing herself. In this, the setting may reflect the distance from her own action that Meg began to feel at this juncture in the course.

There are a number of levels at which to approach understanding this dream. Unfortunately, Meg did not talk about this dream at all, and so much must be left to conjecture. Some ideas are put forward below.

Meg sets the scene with she and the therapist with whom she worked on her sexual abuse watching the screen together, sharing a perspective on the unfolding drama. The extreme hostility and aggression shown by one side is reminiscent of Meg's own experience of extreme anger during her early years of therapy, when she felt "consumed" by her rage. One side engages in what is portrayed as excessive force, a kind of overkill reminiscent, perhaps, of the overwhelming anger at men that Meg feared might be unleashed again by participating in the Model Mugging course. Her original anger was directed at the dominant order, men. Here, in this dream, Meg is confused about the sides: who are the government forces and who the guerillas? She then
chooses to cast the drama as a government crackdown. This would seem to be a kind of reversal of her experience as a voice of dissent. A similar reversal may be reflected as well in the detail where Meg is eating carob covered peanuts while watching the film—consuming, in short, rather than being consumed. Meg may engage in this bit of dream work for the same reason that she might project the drama on a screen. This may render the situation more tolerable than if she were to be in the midst of things.

The war imagery in the dream and Meg's description of her experience in the third class following the grueling fight may form an important parallel. With respect to the class, she spoke about "surrendering" in the context of losing control of her limbs and sobbing uncontrollably. This loss of control, while spoken about as a positive experience by Meg, may also have another side to it that is reflected in the dream. Here, the surrender of the guerillas is pictured as an annihilation, as they are completely "blown away." It is possible that Meg herself experienced her surrender in part this way. Such an experience might be frightening enough to inspire her to retreat from her previous level of investment in the experience, to engage in the kind of withdrawal she described after the third class.
Perhaps the most intriguing way to consider this dream is to examine it in connection with Meg's prior dream also involving the theme of revolution and the image of a train. In Meg's dream about the Soviet Union, which begins in a train station where there is a "revolutionary air," the spirit of revolution and upheaval seems connected to the spirit of incipient sexuality, a new element in Meg's dreams.

At the outset of the present dream, the revolution is not yet over, the resistance has not triumphed. Instead, the scene is set in a "war-torn" country, a zone of conflict which is still active. Meg has marked confusion about which forces are which, who the good versus the bad guys are. In this light, the battleground may reflect her own sense of conflict about who will and should gain the upper hand. She chooses to label the action as political repression of the resistance. The action then might reflect the symbolic repression at her own hand of her emergent sexuality and vulnerability. In this way, this action might represent a reversion to an earlier time--a time, perhaps, when she angrily submerged her own sexuality during her years with George. It may equally reflect her contemporary stance of "toughness," where vulnerability is denied in a show of strength.
It is interesting that in this obliteration of the uprising, the pairing that Meg may be seeking to destroy--the coupling of danger and desire--is almost reproduced. That is, the rebellious forces are bloodied beyond the point of necessity, so that an observer can almost sense the way in which the repressive forces may savor the moment, enjoy the kill.

_Zombie_ (#12). During the third phase of the course, on the night following the fourth class, Meg had two dreams in which the distanced quality introduced in the previous dream continued to persist. In the first of these dreams, Meg is one of several waitresses working at a banquet. One of the women has followed a doctor's recommendation to take a certain drug and becomes a "zombie" as a result.

Then I wake up from some deep unconsciousness. The banquet is over and the waitresses are cleaning up. I join the others washing dishes and I ask them if I had been waiting tables all this time. Nobody was certain. They said I definately had been out of it. Then I looked at the schedule of tables and could confirm that I had indeed waited on tables all evening--but I had no recollection.

The dream concludes with the waitress/zombie becoming angry with the doctor and throwing an empty bottle at him. It misses, and the woman is ultimately restrained by nurses.

Meg commented on the dream sequencing that pairs the woman becoming a zombie with Meg waking up from
"some deep unconsciousness." In the interview itself, as Meg described trying to recall in the dream whether she had indeed waited tables, she used the same gesture she had used to illustrate the woman throwing the bottle at the doctor, moving her hand just past the side of her head. These movements suggested a certain identity between Meg and the other waitress. Meg offered her own understanding of the dream:

I can make an analogy of women being abused, especially younger, being unconscious of it. Really being unconscious and crazy by it. And then being very angry.

The "dazed" sense that Meg described feeling in the last three Model Mugging classes seems reflected in the imagery of deep unconsciousness and being a "zombie." It is as though, in the course, Meg's anger had not yet kicked in and, instead, she was still in a state of unconsciousness. Anger, in fact, in the dream, is portrayed as an ineffective tool. The bottle misses, and the woman is restrained. This, perhaps, confirms Meg's fears about her "old" anger reemerging during the course with negative consequences for her own functioning.

Trying to fly away (#13). The next dream, dreamt later the same night, presents a variation on the banquet theme. This time the meal is of another sort:
I am adversaries w/this young man. I don't know why, but we are out to get each other and its a race to see who will get (kill) the other first. I think we have teams—his team, and my team. I get him to the edge of a big tank or beach, where there are sharks who will eat him. The sharks are my allies. I throw him in and am anxiously watching, encouraging the sharks to eat him. He's bleeding and I hope this draws the sharks in. They are finally attacking him, but they don't kill him and I'm just hoping they finish him off, or else I'm going to have to contend w/him more and I'm fearful. But they don't finish him and the

Scene changes:
He arrives, recovered from the shark attacks, and again we are enemies—who's going to get who? We have teams again. This time I am trying to fly away. I don't want to be in this situation. I am flapping my arms, trying to fly away. He is reaching up trying to grab my legs. I am hovering just w/in arm's reach of him. I can't remember, but I think we just finally call it off and decide to be friends, or at least stop attacking each other. There is a "teacher" figure somehow between us throughout the dream. She's not on either of our sides, and she seems completely neutral.

In this dream, Meg tries to battle the man from a distance, hoping that the sharks will "finish him off" so she doesn't have to get into the fray. She spoke about her personal distance from the battle:

He's not a particularly threatening figure. It was more like ...somehow in this structure we were enemies....and nothing very personal. It didn't feel like a personal thing between us, but more like kind of teams and structure.

Meg is loathe to fight, characterizing her feeling with the phrase, "I don't want to deal with this." This feeling persists in the second part of the dream, where Meg attempts to fly away. This, she noted, has been her typical "escape route" in many past dreams where she is being pursued and does not want "to deal with it."
In retelling the dream during the second interview, Meg connected the "teacher" figure with Pat, the course instructor who is always situated on the mat between the mugger and the student. Meg further developed the parallel between the dream and her course experience in one of her written dream reactions:

The whole dream— it wasn't fear— until I was flying. It was more like, "I don't want to deal with this." And I felt that actually in the course, like before I'd go on the mat in the last couple of classes. It wasn't like fear. It wasn't like, "Oh my god, I'm not going to be able to handle this." It was more like, "I just don't want to. I just don't want to deal with it."

This dream, as I write about it, mirrors my experience in class 4. Throughout the class I didn't experience fear in my body the way I had in the 1st 3 classes. I knew I could handle the muggers. But I felt resistance and lack of power. I wasn't psyched for fights the way I was before. In fact I moved to the back of the line at one point because I just didn't feel ready to deal w/the mugger. I couldn't find my spirit to fight.

In sum, Meg's dreams following the third and fourth classes are characterized by a certain removal from experience, a "dealing" from a distance or "not dealing" at all. The element of combat and confrontation, present in Meg's very first dream of the series and then absent in the remainder of the first phase of the course, reemerges in this second phase, although, here, Meg seems to have withdrawn to a point well behind the lines. Meg's dream about flying away seems close to the type of dream she had been having before reading Her Wits About Her. There is, however, something rather
more playful than fearful about its portrayal of this confrontation between enemies.

The Quest (#14). Meg had one more dream before the close of the course—this, on the eve of her graduation. It is a departure from the set of more distant dreams that followed classes three and four. Instead, it returns more clearly to the issue of desire and continues the line of development already begun in her earlier dreams.

It's graduation day. We're (the class) setting up chairs for our supporters. Its hard to know how many will show, so I place 3 seats per/chair. We are going through our fights—and after each of mine I'm being drawn to leave to go on a "quest"—some other aspect of M.M. I am going up a hill, now crossing this stream, stepping on logs to cross. They're slipping under my feet, but I don't lose my balance—which surprises me. There is a teenage woman and 2 of her boy friends at the top of the hill, playing music and hanging out. (This woman is the daughter of a male instructor (mugger). She gives a little speech during the ceremony about M.M.)

I keep crossing back and forth on the logs—there's a piece of paper floating that I'm trying to reach. I am racing across the logs trying to catch it—but its just out of reach. I believe the paper is a message of how to continue on the "quest": Finally I reach it, then the scene changes:

I'm back at M.M. I've cut my hair short and considering cutting it shorter, but other people tell me I shouldn't. I get it permed, but I don't like it, so I cut it shorter.

Now I'm back on top of the hill. Apparently I'm going to stay/live there. This young woman is there—she lives there and is very at home there. I am intrigued by her, but also bothered or pre-occupied by her. I am constantly aware of her but can't figure out why.

I move into a red cabin. I am looking for a place to masturbate. I try several locations, but
there's always people, And I have to move. It's frustrating. Now Stuart Neumann is moving in w/me. We are flirting, becoming sexual. I am so horny. I'm so glad (releived) to be sexual. It feels so good. That's the last part of the dream.

This dream graphically portrays an alternate Model Mugging reality, one that extends beyond the waking reality of fights and public spectacles. Meg is drawn to this more private journey, heeding, it seems, the hero's inner "call to adventure." (Campbell, 1968). Meg needs to make a crossing on her quest: "[It's] like a stream, it's on a meadow. It's a really beautiful place on the top of this hill...." Once before during the project Meg has dreamt of a meadow, in her early dream about "Bud." In that dream, the meadow stood in contrast to the surrounding cold icy places and seemed potentially linked to her emergent sexual feelings. Here, too, the stream and meadow seem connected to a world of inner action, a vulnerable terrain which is new and slippery. This world, though, is closely linked with the world of Model Mugging, and Meg moves fluidly between the spheres of fighting and feeling. In this movement, Meg may be representing the fulfillment of her second course aim, namely to stay connected to her strength and her vulnerability.

In her written reaction to the dream, Meg expressed surprise at her ability to maintain her "balance" as she steps on the logs to cross. That she should expect to
lose her balance is reminiscent of her early concern about enrolling in the Model Mugging course:

One fear I've had about beginning MM is that I'd be consumed by anger and negativity toward men—and a closing off of my sexuality—as had happened several years ago.

Here, however, she successfully negotiates a "crossing," without incident.

On her journey, Meg meets up with a teenage woman who evokes powerful feelings in her:

I'm intrigued by her, a little threatened, but I also know that she is my guide, that she's going to show me something.

I asked what this might be.

I don't know. And I don't totally trust her. But I also, I'm kind of drawn, I can't not be drawn to her. I'm just totally drawn.

This teenage woman, too, straddles the two worlds, interrupting her "hanging out" to give a little speech during the Model Mugging graduation.

In our interview, Meg recalled a detail about the woman's two boyfriends that she had omitted in the dream account: One is black and one is white. This image was present as well in Meg's earlier dream about the teenage boys' camp, where she discovers, to her surprise, that she is "horny." In that earlier dream, Meg knows she will initiate the young men into sexual activity, and the dream describes her anticipation of this moment.

Meg and the teenage woman share similar companions, a
parallel that suggests a potential identity between the two women, each as initiators in their own right.

The image of a young man and his shadow, each embraced by the teenage woman, is reminiscent of Meg's early dreams, where she recognizes her dual sense of fear and attraction to the single figure of the man who pursues her. The teenage woman's openness to these opposites is perhaps one reason why Meg is both drawn to her and mistrustful of her.

The sequence in which Meg cuts her hair was the topic of extended conversation in one interview. In this context, she mentioned that the teenage woman had very long hair: "She was kind of like a little teenage hippy, that kind of look." With regard to her own hair, she later said:

You know, just like four weeks ago I cut my hair, like this much off, and I was with my roommate—this is real. I said cut it shorter, maybe I should just cut it all off. I couldn't decide and she was like, "No." People tell me, when I say—because I'm one of the last ones who has long hair—people tell me, "Oh no, don't cut it," just because they like long hair. It's not very common anymore. I don't know, it's also kind of a vestigial of our kind of "hippy" days, you know [she laughs].

Ultimately, in the dream, Meg does as she pleases and cuts her hair short. The action, while reflecting her tenacity in following her own desire, also may represent an act of individuation, of separation from her teenage guide. In this way, it may be the response
of the part of Meg that feels mistrustful of her young guide and any direction she might offer.

Nevertheless, Meg plans to live at the top of the hill, the place where the teenage guide is "very at home." Meg feels "preoccupied" by the woman, although she cannot figure out why. In her written reaction to the dream, Meg briefly conjectured about this point:

The young woman I think is a teacher to me, but I mistrust her, and I'm intrigued by her....Writing about her, I imagine her a part of myself. She is my inner guide--and I do not yet trust myself.

In the final scene, Meg moves into a red cabin, a likely place for passions to run high. As in her earlier dream, where a "revolutionary air" prevailed, but where she was still under a watchful eye, Meg is looking for a place to be sexual, but is again thwarted by the presence of others. However, with the appearance of Stuart Neumann, Meg is able to satisfy her sexual desire, the first such time in her dream series.

Meg described Stuart Neumann as "someone who I'm very rawly physically attracted to." He is an "old friend," but he is surely a "new man" as well. In this, he may be the perfect complement for the woman who Meg becomes in this dream.

In some ways, this dream seems a satisfying conclusion to Meg's progression of dreams until this point. In the earlier dreams, she encountered her desire and resisted and embraced it to varying degrees.
She often did so in the presence of another female figure, who either embodied an extreme of indulgence (recall her stepsister Annette in the dream about "Bud") or an extreme of repudiation (recall the mother figure in the dream set in the Soviet Union). In this dream, the other female figure, Meg’s "guide," is a more balanced figure, one who can embrace a boy and his shadow and who can, perhaps, tolerate a mixture of danger and desire, who can be present both in the world of fighting and of powerful feeling. It is to this woman that Meg is cautiously drawn.

In the closing interview, Meg looked back on this dream and its relationship to her course experience:

In some ways, this dream kind of capsulizes my experience. I was really kind of groping through the Model Mugging course, not that I was groping through it, but it brought up a lot. It was really hard, being very dazed in a way....I guess I kind of think of, in being sexual at the end, it was like a sense of liberation, like a very loud expression that I'm going to be sexual and that's fine and I can reclaim that.

Meg saw the sexual quest as only "the physical manifestation" of a larger quest she feels engaged in. "I see it as a quest for autonomy, but at the same time, trust and interdependence." She saw her search for autonomy as consisting of two major elements.

One would be around fear. Can I really protect myself physically? And the other would be around older men, that I lose my power around them. And those are the two areas that I'd say I really flounder or struggle in my autonomy.
Her overall "quest," then, embodies the elements she originally cited as aims in taking the Model Mugging course: to function effectively in circumstances that evoke fear, whether these be physical attacks or situations reminiscent of her early sexual abuse; and, at the same time, to not become cut off from herself or others in the process.

Phase Four: Graduation

Meg's dreams immediately following her course graduation continue in the spirit of "the quest," above. She reported three brief dreams on the night of her graduation, two of which will be taken up here.

Sweeping (#15).

I'm cleaning (sweeping) my living room? It's very dirty and dusty with lots of junk and furniture all around. As I'm moving the couch and lifting up things to clean underneath, I am surprised and frightened by a large fat beige-skinned snake. Then I see a big fat lizard. Then something that looks like a distorted turtle. I go to pick it up, then I realize its something? potentially dangerous. Then there's also a muskrat; but then its a skunk. I watch the skunk for a while.

There is another person in the room. I tell them to be careful of all the animals. I'm paranoid of running into the snake especially. I search a little for it, as it had moved. But I don't see it. Now I'm walking around my living room w/caution. I'm not certain the snake is dangerous; but it's "supposed" to be. Traditionally, I should be afraid of snakes. But I'm also intrigued by this fat snake.

We spoke at length about the central image of the snake. Meg commented on her general liking for snakes,
her absence of fear, and her experience seeing them while growing up. "Somehow I associate them with women," she said, "with their power." This snake, however, elicited a different reaction from Meg. She felt "paranoid" of running into it and she felt sure that it was somehow male.

Meg was reminded by its beige color and "kingly" presence of a Buddha, an association she attributed to her recent reading about and practice of a form of Buddhist meditation. Eventually, she made the connection to a common meditation technique used to become aware of thoughts and feelings:

God, in some ways I can really see my meditation experience in this dream alot--when I think of all the different reptiles and all the stuff that comes to the surface that is really frightening. Here I was cleaning, sweeping. What we do in our meditation is we sweep the body. That's what it's called--"sweeping."...It just means directing your attention from head to foot over the entire body.

While thinking about the dream, Meg was also reminded of the Model Mugging exercise in which each woman names an animal she feels most identified with as a fighter. (Meg was a tiger).

Meg's final comment on her perception of the snake in this dream suggests a clear parallel between the snake and the teenage woman "guide" in her previous dream:

I don't know whether to be afraid or have some respect. I don't know whether to be afraid or not. There's some way I think I can learn something.
There's something potentially important for me there. And it can be really dangerous.

Both the guide and the snake emerge as ambivalently-held figures, teachers of a sort, linked to a more internal journey whose lessons may be painful.

*Where the Children Are* (#17). Meg's last dream on the night of graduation pictures her as a rescuer of children. Meg did not choose to discuss this dream, and so it is not possible to say whether it might be typical of the dreams about protecting other children she had at the time her sexual abuse nightmares began. Meg, however, is not aware of being a "scared little girl" in this dream.

I'm at a very small, very cheap circus (there's not even a ferris wheel). There are 2 men running this little ride (its more like a swing set). And they are pushing 2 young children/babies. The guys are jerks and they are swinging the babies very hard and crazily--so that its obviously dangerous for the kids. There's no one else around. I walk up to them and scold them, and take the babies.

Scene changes:
I have found a 1-2 yr. old baby lying face down on a table (where the swing set was). At first I think its dead, but its heart is beating. I pick it up and bring it to some kind of office where I call an ambulance for help. I think the child is dying. Its been neglected and needs nourishment. I can't get through to the hospital, so I walk there. I leave the baby behind and somehow have another baby as well that needs medical attention. I go to an ambulance center and describe the situation to this man. He is not particularly helpful, but I think he agrees to help. I'm leading him back, on foot, to the place where the children are. That's all I remember.
This dream seems notable because of its representation of child abuse by men trusted as caretakers and because of Meg's role in intervening to save the babies, in the absence of any other protective presence. The neglect and poor nourishment Meg notes in the second dream scene are reminiscent of her own neglect—the childhood sexual abuse that escaped other adults' attention, and her own eating disorder of later years.

The dream's portrayal of the abused young children and Meg's role in relationship to them may signal Meg's attention to her own developing self, as dreams about children have been noted to signify (DeFrancisco, 1986). She is attentive to "the place where the children are," a stance that seems consonant with her openness to inner experience and growth, as pictured in the other dreams of this period, and also with her desire to remain in touch with her vulnerable self while learning to fight.

In sum, these graduation dreams have some similarity to the early dreams in Meg's dream series. Here too, Meg responds to ambivalently-held figures that inspire both fear and interest without distancing herself from the drama nor striking out to destroy a painful ambiguity.
Phase Five: Follow-up

The final set of dreams, spanning the week immediately following Meg's graduation, focuses largely on group dynamics. This is an interesting circumstance, given Meg's increasing absorption with the experience of the other women in her class. In her dreams post-graduation, however, it is not Meg's greater inclusion in the group that emerges, but rather, her utter isolation and alienation from it.

Two dreams exemplify this dynamic most clearly, one dreamt three nights after graduation and the other five nights later. Meg commented on these dreams:

I had two other dreams, all having to do with women, both of them. The scenarios were different, but in both of them I was being publicly humiliated and accused.

Bow Down (#19). In the first of the dreams, Meg is in a restaurant and thinks she sees the waitress, a young black woman, sliding Meg's wallet into her purse. This scene then follows:

Takes place at my father's old house--in his front yard--in S.F. There's a huge gathering of people. It feels like a rally or something. Then the waitress stands up and accuses me of ? Racism? all of a sudden the entire group's attention is focused on me and I'm being accused of something? Then she starts singing the sweet Honey Song "We will Not Bow Down to Racism." Then Sweet Honey is there singing it. Then I start singing it. But it's aimed at me. I'm embarrassed. and confused. Then I woke up.
What They are Saying (#20). In the second of the dreams, Meg is in a car with a group of women and men on their way to a volleyball match. She realizes that she has forgotten her clothes and gear and decides to borrow some. The final two scenes are as follows:

I am walking through these corridors of the gym and begin walking up the stairs when I hear my name being said by a group of women from my team. They are all getting dressed and gossiping about me. They are saying my name so clearly numerous times, but I can't hear what they are saying about me. I know they are saying very degrading, mean, hurtful things, but I can't make out their words. I am appalled, and can't believe they are saying such things-- but I just kind of relax and accept they are saying them-- like I realize I have no control over what they say or think. Realizing this, it can't hurt me so much.

Next scene. I am sitting w/Kathy (I think) we are on the bleachers in the gym. Kathy is my only ally. This is the grand, public humiliation-- everyone (all women) is saying the worst they can about me--all at once. Kathy is with me. Somehow I am staying centered amidst all of this. Rather unaffected.

Meg is left alone in these dreams, except for the support of Kathy, Meg's friend and Model Mugging classmate. Meg commented that the group settings in each of the dreams reminded her of her Model Mugging group. She was perplexed, though, about where the theme of humiliation "came from." We arrived at some perspective on this issue by turning to the dream that immediately preceded the two group humiliation dreams.

In this dream (#18), Meg is on a bike trip with two other women. The journey is taking longer than they expected and, when they reach a resting point, the other
women are considering sleeping there or hitchhiking. Meg wants to continue and goes off "for a bit of alone time" while they decide what they want to do.

Meg described feeling impatient and frustrated in the dream and had the sense that she could not assert her will since it was really the other womens' trip. Meg's frustration in this context reminded her of her feelings at the outset of the Model Mugging course, where she found herself feeling critical of some of her classmates who seemed "passive" or "unassertive." Perhaps they were not too dissimilar to the oriental woman portrayed in Meg's second dream, "Bud's" wife, who was a "feminine/not feminist kind of woman." Meg described her feelings at the outset:

...I kind of felt like mothering, like really having some investment in these women growing in a certain direction and having some real dissatisfaction in the beginning or intolerance with where they were at to begin with.

She related her reaction to her own history:

As a girl, I remember being intolerant with girls who were weak or scared, who wanted to play with dolls. I think it's a common thing to be ashamed of what is girl-like. On the one hand, it's being ashamed in a way that's more like being ashamed of myself, but on the other hand, it's not wanting certain images of women or girls.

Meg's stance of toughness apparently has its roots in these kind of childhood concerns, as she noted:

I wouldn't cry because I didn't want to feel weak. I really worked out a lot because I wanted to be strong.
A similar dynamic may have emerged in her teenage years at the time of her eating disorder. In our discussion of this period and why she thought she might have been bulimic rather than anorexic like her mother, she commented:

I just wouldn't accept being weak, you know what I mean? So eating heartily has always been really important. And having energy--which, when you're bulimic, you don't, but you have more than when you're anorexic. I'm just not real tolerant of feeling weak.

Meg was uncomfortable with the feelings of intolerance that surfaced in the early part of the Model Mugging course, and which were then reflected in the dream of the bike trip. She wondered about a possible connection between her feelings of "guilt or shame" about this intolerance and the occurrence of the humiliation dreams. A connection was suggested by her response to my query about whether, perhaps, she might have been concerned at the outset of the course about being disliked or ostracized because of her exceptional fighting ability.

Did I talk with you about this? That's a big issue in my life. It always has been. Definitely, I definitely felt that.

Apparently, Meg feels that she has often inspired jealousy in other women because of her ability in sports and dance and, at times, because of her relationships with men. The historical roots of this concern also appeared to run deep, as Meg remarked:
And not only with women, but also with my father, who was a terribly miserable man who blamed me and accused me when I was happy and doing well, who would cut me down and say, "You're a stuck-up bitch. You think you're too good for us. And I think there's a way I act very arrogant in certain situations. I think the arrogance really comes from this discomfort, this really being afraid of people accusing me of thinking I'm too good."

In this context, she recalled the early comments made by the male Model Mugging instructors about her exceptional strength, and the discomfort she felt at being singled out in this way.

These dreams, then, and their attendant discussion help explicate one notable phenomenon in Meg's waking experience of the course: her tendency, from the middle of the course onward, to "watch like a mother hen over the group." She herself pondered aloud on many occasions about this, offering this thought at one point: "...I just wonder if there's some way that I use that as a way to not be totally in it myself." The post-graduation dream material suggests another type of "answer." Perhaps to have been "in it" herself, to have been focused on her own experience and competence, may have reawakened painful feelings of being "too good." Her consequent absorption with the group process at the expense of her own may have shielded her from the cutting accusations of her father, among others.
Conclusion

Recall that Meg cited two aims in taking Model Mugging. The first was to diminish her fear of attack by learning techniques on which she felt she could rely. Meg assessed that she had made significant progress in this domain. Her second aim was to remain connected to her feelings during the fighting and the course as a whole, and to thereby experience a sense of vulnerability rather than merely slip into a familiar "tough" stance. She saw this as a way to "heal old hurts," particularly those linked to her history of sexual abuse. Meg felt that she achieved this aim as well, and her dreams of the period provide some documentation of the process.

For Meg, the realm of vulnerability emerges in dream space as closely connected to the realm of sexuality. Thus, Meg's dreams contain images related to her own sexual abuse and introduce the significant pairing of desire and disempowerment. In the course of her dream series, Meg becomes increasingly connected to her sexual feelings and, ultimately, successfully acts upon them or, as she says, "reclaims" them in her dream, "The Quest."

In notes written at the close of Model Mugging, Meg reflected on the vibrancy of her dreaming during the course: "My dream life has seemed as alive and real as
my waking life," she commented. While Meg experienced tiredness, "numbness," even a "dazed" feeling during the course, her dreams throughout are eloquent expressions of a truly dynamic process.
CHAPTER 7
CONCLUSION

Anyone who has taken Model Mugging can tell you what a "Model Mugging dream" is. It's a dream about confrontation, about threatened attack or violation. It's a dream that makes you get up to make sure the door is locked. It's even a dream about setting boundaries with your lover or your mother. But is it a dream about a red boat that has drifted to shore? Or about a junkyard, a motel, or maple syrup for pancakes?

It is easy to conceive of another type of dream project, one in which participants would be asked to record just their "Model Mugging dreams." Surely one of the most interesting aspects of that kind of project would be to see how women might divide their experience, where they might draw the lines that limit the reaching of day into night and night into day. The present project, however, is less concerned with drawing lines of distinction than with drawing lines of possible connection. In doing this, a broad network of associations has been traced that may reach to include even the most seemingly obscure dream.

It makes sense that dreams related to Model Mugging might not just be about self-defense. Model Mugging, as we've seen, is to its participants, and certainly to the dream project's participants, more than an experience in
learning self-defense. Women bring a range of different concerns to the course and, thereby always make it their own very personal struggle. Recall, for example, the variety of goals that different project participants identified. Among these were the desire to recapture memories of early abuse, to address ongoing shame about the body, to negotiate separation, and to connect with feelings.

Just as the course content is transformed in the waking experience of each fighter, this waking experience is transformed in the nighttime vocabulary of each dreamer. Thus, for example, Wendy's desire to remember was dramatized in scenes of fumbled communication. Donna's struggle with shame about her body was echoed by a chorus of voices in her dreams. Kathy's desire for self-reliance was framed in a context of perilous connections. And Meg's desire to connect with feelings of vulnerability located her in a world where disempowerment and sexual desire were curiously paired.

Where participants had similar goals, these were handled differently in the dreams of each woman. Take, for example, the desire of both Wendy and Meg to have their feelings accessible to them. Wendy phrased this goal in terms of her hope "to integrate some of my emotions with my body better." Meg spoke about it as a
challenge "to really remain present. To be inside, not to be kind of numbing out, not to just be doing." On the surface, in conversation, the goals of each women seemed similar. Yet in their dreams, the distinctiveness of their experiences became clear. Thus, for example, Wendy's separation from her feelings sometimes gained representation in the imagery of splitting: She is observing or experiencing, but not both, as the image of the balcony nicely captures. The process of becoming more integrated is symbolized, perhaps, in her attempt to pass the heavy bag, but panic ensues at the proximity of potential union. For Meg, the desire to connect to her feelings is elaborated in her dreams as accessibility of sexual feeling. In some ways, this is a surprising and difficult connection for her, and integrating this part of her experience inspires resistance. Her dream series traces her efforts to achieve a satisfying sexual experience, which, in time, she does.

For these two dreamers, both concerned with the relationship between emotions and the body, the emergence of fighting in their dreams appears to be linked to different processes and may, thus, have different meanings. For Wendy, fighting breaks out when her stance of invincibility is relaxed enough to allow her to admit her feelings of vulnerability, to face that
she actually can be attacked. Thus, fighting seems to be about "transforming defenses," as she says. Letting down psychological defenses permits the emergence of physical self-defense. For Meg, in contrast, fighting appears to occur when she is particularly disconnected from her feelings. Fighting is linked to her stance of being "tough," as, for example, when she stabs a man in the heart without feeling moved herself, or when the resistance fighters--figures who may be associated with the revolution in her feelings of sexuality--are "blown away."

In this project, it has been possible to see the effects of powerful emotional events on dream content. A particularly clear example of this can be found in Donna's case, whose dreams shifted markedly at the point that she was verbally harrassed in class about her body size. Whereas her dreams until that juncture contained voices offering differing perspectives on her physical appearance, after her painful class experience, the multiplicity of perspectives collapsed into the single image of a bag lady, wearing junk and eating shit.

Examining dreams in series rather than as isolated dream events in this project has made it possible to see progressions and regressions in dreaming over time--in short, to see dreaming as a dynamic process, not one that merely reflects a static psychic set-up. This is
consistent with dream research that has emphasized the problem-solving function of dreaming, the attempt to master during sleep emotional problems with which individuals struggle in waking life (Greenberg, 1987; French & Fromm, 1964). This dynamic quality is apparent for the project participants, even in situations where someone may in some sense be "stuck." Consider Wendy, for example, who is unable to remember traumatic events from her childhood. This very process of being stuck, unable to remember, is dramatized in her attempts in dreaming to bring herself and her experience back together.

The focus in this project has been largely on the relationship between women as fighters and women as dreamers— that is, the relationship between experience in the course, however it is constructed, and dream experience, as captured in written accounts. There has been relatively little emphasis on the context in which women shared these dreams. While very intimate information was discussed in all cases, the research interactions were not meant to be therapeutic in nature. Nevertheless, valuable perspective on the research process can be gained by considering psychoanalytic work that looks beyond the potential meaning of a dream to its function in the analytic process (Pontalis, 1974). In the context of the current project, we might ask what
function the recording and discussion of dream accounts might serve for the project participants. The women, when asked initially about their reasons for participating in the project answered in somewhat vague terms, saying, for example, it might be "good to keep track" of their dreams, or that it might be "therapeutic." Below are considered some possible alternative functions of participation, ones that may not be within waking awareness.

One way to approach the question of function is to ask what, in broad terms, the women may have gotten from participating in the research. To this, a very concrete, but telling, answer can be given: A notebook. A space to fill. For Kathy, as we've seen, space is important, for she finds her dreaming self coping with a "shortage of space." Her dreams also suggest, however, that too much space can be dangerous--"someone might want to hurt you for it," as she said. It may therefore be a relief to Kathy to fill the blank pages of her dream log and, therefore, not be alone with the space.

Meg also was concerned about space, as in one dream where she was trying to find space to sleep and was engulfed by fear. This occurred in her dream about "Bud," where she did not want to announce her attraction. For Meg, the pages of the dream log may be a space to name her desire and develop its potential, as
she later does in her dreams where she looks for a space to have sex. Here, in her log, there is no constraint on her expression--there is lots of open space. It is interesting, in this light, that she chose to audiotape her dream accounts at points during the project--as if she were still searching for another kind of space.

For Wendy, who wanted to be able to remember experience that remained lost to her, recording her dreams may establish a concrete memory, something that she feels, perhaps, will not fade. And for Donna, who liked finding encouragement in Model Mugging for taking up space, the interviews and dream log may provide a space where it is okay to be big. The space of the project is large enough to hold her and the powerful feelings that are part of the "new world" of which she dreamt. Donna commented in her last interview that the log was like "documentation of what Model Mugging was for me." She would then be in a position to look through the pages, as if through a junkyard, for the valuable parts, the powerful parts she wants to see.

Finally, for all of the women, the space afforded by the project may have been significantly different from the space of the course itself, where they were called on to defend against constant impingements. Here, even if they experienced certain dreams themselves as intrusive, the space in the dream logs was more under
their own power. They could control their comings and
goings, when the book was opened and when it was closed.

At the Model Mugging graduation on a Sunday
afternoon, a crowd of supporters has assembled. Before
them stand a long line of women nervously awaiting their
turns on the mat. They go out one by one to face the
mugger and use the techniques they have learned in the
past two weeks. Bite to the hand, elbow to the face,
fingers to the eyes, kick to the head. Some women are
slower, some a bit stronger. But each emerges
victorious, and, giving a final stomp on the mat,
returns to the line where she is greeted by her cheering
classmates. Later, when the fights are done, they form
a circle of support, shoulder to shoulder, their heads
bent forward.

They were fighters together. They are dreamers
alone.
INFORMED CONSENT FORM

Participation in this project entails engaging in a set of 3 to 4 interviews, lasting approximately 60 to 90 minutes each and spread over a 3 to 4 month period. These interviews will gather information on personal history, including any history of victimization a participant is willing to share, and on current experience in Model Mugging. The key component of this current information will be recollection and discussion of dreams.

As a participant, you will also be asked to keep a dream log and a brief class journal for approximately 3 weeks. These written materials will be collected by the project director during the course of the study and returned to you at its conclusion.

All information gathered in the course of this project will remain confidential.

You may ask questions at any point concerning the procedures of this project, and the project director will answer these inquiries to the best of her ability at the time.

You are free to discontinue participation in the project at any time without coercion or penalty. Your decision about whether to participate in this project will have no bearing on your instruction in the Model Mugging program.

Your signature below indicates that any questions you had about this project have been answered to your satisfaction, and that you would like to participate in this project as it has been described to you.

Name (print): ________________________ Date: ________________

Signature: ________________________
MODEL MUGGING DREAM LOG

INSTRUCTIONS

DREAM RECORD PAGE

Date of dream:
Time elapsed between dream and recording:

As soon as you wake, record exactly what you remember of the dream(s). Save your reactions to the dream for a different page. You may find it helpful to keep this log at your bedside.

DREAM REACTION PAGE

Date of dream: Date of reaction:

On a separate page from the one on which you recorded your dream, briefly note the following as soon after the dream as possible:

How did you feel in the dream?
How did you feel after the dream?
Any thoughts about or associations to the dream?

Feel free to write as much as you wish here.
You may wish to note further reactions to a dream at a later date (e.g. one week later). In these cases, just start a new dream reaction page with the appropriate reaction date.

CLASS NOTES PAGE

Date of class:
Date of notes:

Jot down a few notes after each of your classes--a couple of sentences about what was most striking to you will do. Write your notes as soon after the classes as possible. If you have further ideas at a later date, just start a new class notes page with the appropriate notes date.

OTHER NOTES PAGE [not required]

Date of notes:

You may record here any additional thoughts or feelings related to your experience. For example, you might record daydreams or thoughts not specifically tied to a particular class or dream.
BACKGROUND INFORMATION SHEET

Name: ___________________ Date of birth:_________
Occupation: ________________ Place of birth:_________
Mother's occup: ____________ Mother's age:_________
Father's occup: ____________ Father's age:_________
Other parent occup: ________ Other parent age: ______
(please specify) ________ Other parent age: ______
(please specify) ________

Sisters:
Age: Occupation:
______ ________________
______ ________________
______ ________________

Brothers:
Age: Occupation:
______ ________________
______ ________________
______ ________________

Please take a few moments to briefly make note of important life events or situations in the following time periods:

0-5:  21-25:

6-10:  26-30:

11-15:  31-35:

16-20:  36-40:

Please note any other information you feel may be relevant on reverse.
APPENDIX B

INTERVIEW OUTLINES
OUTLINE OF FIRST INTERVIEW

I. Information about study
   A. Overview of purpose: collective and personal meanings
   B. Requirements for participation
      1. Dream log
      2. Interviews: length, placement, content, potentially sensitive nature
   C. Questions and concerns
   D. Informed consent

II. Background information
   A. Background information sheet
      (Use sheet to structure discussion of history and present circumstances.)
   B. Model Mugging background
      1. Describe what was going on in your life when you decided to take MM
      2. Other self-defense training
      3. Hopes/expectations for self in course
      4. Experience to date (2 classes)
      5. Previous experience with violence
      6. With whom shared/not shared that taking course
      7. Ideas about graduation
         Who might attend
   C. Support background
      1. With whom discuss course experience in depth
      2. Therapy

III. Dreams
   A. Interest in project participation
   B. Typical dream life pre-course
      1. frequency
      2. memory
      3. recurring?
      4. themes
      5. interest
      6. ideas about interpretation
   C. Dreams during course
      1. general differences
      2. specifics of keeping journal
      3. Tell dream(s)
         Clarifications, prioritization if too many to tell
      4. Review dream(s)
         Associations, interpretations

IV. Closing
   Collect log and set next appointment
OUTLINE OF SECOND INTERVIEW

I. Updated information on course experience
   A. Class meetings since first interview
   B. Graduation
   C. Reflection on important moments
   D. Sense of course meaning, attainment of goals?

II. Dreams
   A. Overall sense of dreams since first interview: changes?
   B. Clarification and discussion of first set of dreams
   C. Tell new dreams. If too many, prioritize as in first interview

III. Closing
     Collect log and discuss timeframe for follow-up interview

OUTLINE OF THIRD (FOLLOW-UP) INTERVIEW

I. Reflection on course meaning(s) since 2nd interview

II. Dreams
   A. New dreams
   B. Clarification of 2nd set of dream accounts
   C. Discussion of dream themes
   D. Relationship of dreams and experience
   E. Discussion of 3-5 most "important" dreams

III. Closing
     A. Debriefing
     B. Reflections on project participation
APPENDIX C

DREAM ACCOUNTS: WENDY LEBLANC
9/15 = 1st Class
9/16 = 2nd Class

9/16 (#1)

Fragments. Someone calls to tell me my red dingy has washed up in the three islands (I assume it is Waybrook) I am talking with Doug Merton. I leave to pick it up.---->
I see face of man who found it, white gruff and scruffy looking ^45ish. Doesn't want to communicate with me.----> I am in a drafting office where I'm about to start work (a new job). Marty Roberts is there - is drafting a boat. Anita arrives, grumbling about parking. We are to move a boat together, it's the one in the drawing. She takes one end, I take the other. A man tries to take the middle to take all the weight and is in the way. I'm annoyed. I ask Anita to move down to the end, somehow this is a message for him to let go.----> I meet Anita in a market place. She is afraid, two men have been persuing her. The people around us are poor. We run through the market to get away. I say to her "is this why you want to live in a nice middle class neighborhood" She says yes

9/17 (#2)

Drempt that I was in Mexico with a group of people. We are in hilly country with the hills more like bee hive shapes. It's lit up and the lights spiral up it. This all feels sacred to me. We are walking through some sort of building ^of significance (there are sacred objects or there is going to be a demonstration) Our hands are up, together in front. We are rushing through and I want to slow down so I can feel it and take it in.---------> I am talking with my brother ^Gary and 2 other women about whether we are going to take his truck or his van to Mexico. They are arguing with him for the van. I am on the outside I am worried about money then remember I have set aside that weeks paycheck to go. Still feels tight ----->

I arrive at a house I don't recocognize. My brother Arnie is there. He is upset (crying?) because both my mother and Grandmother are sick, possibly fatal (I know my mother will die). I ask if they know about eachother. He says no............^(I thought it was better?) I feel mad about this. My mother comes down the hall and gives me a big hug says she missed me. I
say I missed her too. We go to a bedroom to talk. She brings up my friend Ellen asks where her partner is. I respond that she has MS and isn't very mobile. She starts talking about an older cousin in when she was a girl and faults (still all this time she's very controled, removed from feelings) I ask what about him. She says he sexually molested her. I say Mom I think I was sexually abused when I was little. She said yes, when she was cleaning me (as a baby) she used to rub a little longer, I liked it, and sometimes her hand would slip (inside me). I asked until what age - she said about three. I asked if she did it to all of us. No not all of us, just me and Patty. I asked if it was because she was really a lesbian. She said yes that she had always been and if she had lived in a different time... All this very matter of fact.

9/22 (#3)

I'm in Vermont with Ellen and Rachel doing a Roundout builders job. It's done. I'm pushing on a section of the roof (a porch overhang) that is only held up by celefain. It breaks. I swear and we start to fix it. ^I am yelling more about ridiculous construction. It turns into a garage door with a heavy piece of equipment on it. I am in the garage looking at the structure. Mary Frost comes up behind me and says something, I reply about politics, trying to impress her. --> Anita and I are outside making love hard. I am making love to her with a dildo. I go inside the house to wash it. She comes with me. We are out on a porch (with floor boards that have gaps between.) I pour the water on the floor boards. Anita gets really mad at me and we argue about whether or not it's OK to do. Whether or not it'll rot the floor. We resolve it and are leaving to go back outside. Robert is there looking sulky because he wants Anita to come sleep the night with him. He is married to her but she is married to me. She comes with me outside.

9/23 = 3rd Class

9/23 (#4)

I'm working in a shop where a few people work, 2 being one old man and one very old woman. The old man is kind of crazy and unpredictable. He does dangerous things in the shop. I try to avoid him. No one has the guts to tell him he shouldn't be there. The woman feels that she shouldn't be there even though she is very
good. I look at a rocker she has abandoned - it's an incredible design, stretching the capabilities of the wood.

I ask to work with clay. it's different colors. I'm sitting at a table. The old man comes up and grabs away something I'm eating. I'm going to let it go then deside no I won't. I go and grab it back. He makes to move to overpower me but unzips his pant and pulls out his penis and holds it. I walk away to continue my work.

Someone finally desides to tell the man he can't work there anymore. Everyone is scared and they disappear. I don't know where to go so I try to get busy. He comes raging through, throwing Sicrian bread around - doesn't really notice me.

I am driving the bus and stop it and tell the kids they're on there own for dinner and recomend a cheap place. A kid corrects me saying some new place is cheaper. OK I say

9/24 = 1st Interview

9/24 (#5)

I go to look an apartment. I feel I have to move even though housing is short. There is a long line of applicants. Barbara is there. She's going to buy the house and rent the upper apartment. She sees me and pulls me upstairs with her. I am worried about client/therapist issues. The apartment smells like chemicals - an exterminator has just been there. She says she'll hire someone to clean it up. I wonder if she'll tell the person. ----> back at my house Jane begs me not to move. It's more expensive and she doesn't like the apartment. I don't really know why I'm doing it. ----> I'm at Folk Dancing at the community hall in Wellerton. They are doing alot of couple dances. I notice even the lesbians are dancing with men. I dance with Daniel Nevin. He doesn't know the dance so I'm teaching him (it's Dueska ^sp?) Polka). I don't know the next few dances. I really want to dance something I know. I ask Marion Mason if I can pick out a dance but I don't recognize any of the albums. I feel frantic because she wants to play the last dance. It all feels strange to feel familiar and yet not know the system or the people anymore.
9/25 (#6)

I am at the House in Wellerton. Beth A. comes to talk to me. We are upstairs (in my parents room?) in a double bed. I don't want to be there. After awhile it's O.K. for me to get up. I am buttoning my shirt. She is making comments about my hair, saying I should cut it like hers. I feel intruded upon. I leave the room silently. She follows talking to me like nothing is wrong. I finally loose her down stairs. In the back of my mind I know Anita is down here somewhere. I feel secure that all my boundaries are in tact because she knows I'm going to talk with Beth today. ---->

I'm in a courtyard with many churches. I'm looking for a certain church. Sandy and I are walking through them looking for the right one, causing a rucus. People are making faces at us.

9/28 = 4th Class

9/29 (#7)

I am housesitting at friends of Rufus'. It's a very big old house. There is a puppy outside on a chain, another loose and several cats in the house including mine. It's cold out and I want to let the puppy in. At the screen door one of the cats is hissing and viciously trying to battle the puppy from inside the door. Rufus arrives. He shows me what their other dog chewed up as a pup. ----> On the 3rd story there is a door leading to nothing outside, it's open. I go in through it. I feel safe because I think Rufus is on the otherside. I look around and find no one. I go down the stairs turning off the lights as I go. This is supposed to make me feel secure that there's no one there but I still feel a little scared. On the second floor is Linda (from M.M.) She says suprise and thinks it's all very funny, giggling like a teenage girl. We turn off all the lights and go down stairs. There are now alot of people downstairs. I'm carring something heavy in a bag. There is about 5 feet to jump down at the base of the stairs to get to the floor. I want to drop this bag but there is a woman laying in the way. I dangle it over hoping she'll catch it. She gets scared and moves out of the way. I drop it to the floor with a thud.

9/30 = Graduation
9/30 (#8)

Been laying here trying to remember fragments but I can't remember anything. Woke in the early morning and couldn't go back to sleep. I felt a little scared. It was a body feeling. I tossed and turned and drifted in and out of sleep - just asleep enough to have bits of dreams but nothing very deep. and they vanished when I woke up.

10/2 or 10/3 (#9)

Ellen and I are in a hot tub talking about transforming defenses --> ^she asks me to explain what I said earlier and I try but it doesn't seem to make much sense. I am walking down aloud a canal lined with women who are fighting. There is a women's chorus singing beautifully on a stage across the canal. I veer away and walk down a street. I get attacked and am fighting of several assailants one by one, not very effectively. They have a big can of mace which they try to use on me but I manage to get control of it. I use it on them. I go back to the concert. I meet up with Maria and we decide to go for a walk. We're going to cut though a patch of woods. When we get there the woods are all cut down and piled neatly into stacks of firewood. She says it's O.K. we can still pass through. We go back to the concert. They are singing and we are late. Maria has a solo to perform and we run through puddles and sinking in deep sometimes. Maria has missed her solo, another woman is singing it now. We split up looking for our places. The back stage set up is very complex and I can't find my place. I just fit in where I can. but I fumble around because this is not my section and I'm confused about what they're singing. I leave and wander around the perimeter. There are men who want to get in and they mean us harm. Maria and I run to alert security. Security is 3 men and they don't take us seriously. We alert other women and they run to tell others. I am attacked outside and am fighting but my kicks aren't very effective. The attacker is more interested in my technique. Tom is there coaching and I feel really resistant to having him learn anything about what I'm doing (M.M.) I leave. Tom hugs me from behind, has his head on my shoulder. Doesn't say anything but is saying it's O.K. and I did good. Still the way he is holding me I have mixed feelings about.
10/4 (#10)

I have just moved into a big household with 4 or 5 other women. They are very earthy crunchie political type. I have just recently slept with Pauline Pratt and not told Anita. I don't feel any guilt about it and don't plan on telling her. Pauline wants me to come with her to Puerto Rico with her. I don't really want to but I can't say no so I say yes and I forget to tell Anita until the night before I'm supposed to go. I tell Anita I'm going with Pauline and she says fine - no reaction at all. I don't want to go and am really broke so I tell Pauline I can't go and she's trying to coerce me into going even though I don't think she really wants me to go either. She's a fast life party type.

10/6 (#11)

I'm in Wellerton at the Fishmongers. They have an outside deck and I'm alone. I want to ask the woman behind the bar a question and when I get there I forget what it is. I make one up then sit down at a table. I'm at Barbara Bateson's house. We are in the living room (more people there?) I ask if I can talk to her. We go outside and tell her that Meg is arranging a M.M. get together and say that it's O.K. for me to be there with her. Only I say it jumbled and the interaction is fuzzy. I'm not sure of what we've agreed when I leave. I've forgotten something inside and go back. B.B. is talking to her housemate about something she needs (I feel a little intrusive and leave) I am carring a dead smelly fish which is some kind of a totem to me. I drop it out on the street and decide to leave it. A kid picks it up.

I'm standing next to a quarry with someone else (Meg?) We want to get to the otherside to get to a game. We swim and have to roll back some rasberry vines to pass. We're in a hall with alot of women milling around. This is a women's event but there are a few men there and I'm confused but don't say anything. I run into Sheila and P. and they are kind of stone faced - reserved. We are lining up like we are going to dance.

We are in circles and someone is talking. I say "speak up please, I don't hear well." Someone says "say that louder so Sheila can hear you" I look for Sheila and it is Sheila G. I say "Oh I didn't realize it was you" No reaction from her.

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I'm interested in dating men. I am with a man with glasses. He's tall. We are talking - chit chatting. I show him some plans for a model town. I'm telling my mother I'm dating a man. She asks about him, what he's like and I can't remember, except that he's a doctor. He is there and she is showing him the plans for the model town. I've been having an unusual period where I keep bleeding and am getting worried. He says his mother is a doctor. I ask if she'll look at me. I get up on the table. She puts the speculum in me and says "ah no wonder" and pulls out a small loofa sponge that's been abrading me. I ask to look at my cervix. I want to see the polyp and it looks differently than I'd imagined, like a flat (pink) coral. I'm at a M.M. demonstration in Wellerton on Harrier Cove Road. People are lined up on the side walk like a parade. Anyone can watch. Our attackers are not in protective suits. They are men from the crowd. I only see myself fighting. I'm feeling slow and my kicks aren't connecting well. I beat the first man. The second is anticipating my moves and countermoving. I resort to punching and trying to choke him. I hear Tom say if you can touch his face he can touch yours. He does but I make him pass out. Men from the side lines are joining in they have malicious intent. Two attackers come at me once and I'm fighting them off anyway I can. Gary has a photo graph that belongs to Ted somehow. Its old - 30's and he wants to bring it to him. There tables at the end of the demonstration and chairs. My Grandmother has been sitting in one of them and has vacated it. Cathy Stebbins is also there somewhere. Ted accidently got thrown into the demo and got beat up. He needs to sit down. I tell him he can sit at the table. Then he disappears. Jenny Stone wants to sit at the table and I say sure then Ted shows up and I have to explain to her that I'd already promised it to him. Ted says he has been doing something strenous all day and thats why he's hurting. Gary is all worked up about the fighting - Upset that it's all going on.

10/10 = 2nd Interview

12/20 = 3rd Interview
Dream 2 weeks pre-course [From audiotape]

I witnessed my father in the bedroom doing something. He didn't know I was there. I was hiding out on the balcony that really isn't on their bedroom, it was out of his closet, where his closet would have been. He comes into the room and gets some sort of machine that's for jacking off, basically, and he's laying on the bed using this machine. I was scared that he was going to find out that I'm there, but there's no way I can get off the balcony. He finishes. He puts it away in my mother's closet and comes and--he's had my dog this whole time, my dog came out and found me and we were hiding out together on the balcony and I felt safe because I thought he'd just forget about her, but he didn't, and he came out looking for her. I hide behind the door, he opens it and doesn't see me --[he's?] moving all around the porch and he doesn't see, even though it's quite obvious that I'm there.

Then the scene sort of changes and I'm in --I've got him pinned on the floor. I'm sitting on him, yelling in his face, this is in their bedroom, yelling, "You ab- you sexually molested me as a child," or something. And he kept saying no, but his voice was getting smaller and smaller like a child's. And finally he was speaking in a little child's voice and he said, "Yes I did."
APPENDIX D

DREAM ACCOUNTS: DONNA SMITH
9/16 (#1)

Rick, Andrea, Pam in a car. They're late to get somewhere but the car is stuck. Andrea keeps getting out to push the car with Rick. I'm helping push. Rick gets angry and slaps Andrea's ass, she gets furious and walks off. He's trying to comfort her but she keeps walking. Pam whose been in the back seat is getting frustrated and yelling.

In one part of this dream someone violated my space. I only remember doing the chin thrust kick kick and they were down. This was in the country close to the circus barn.

9/17 (#2)

I am in a dressing room with other womyn changing for a class. We are talking about relationships and I talk about how often womyn begin relationships by thinking they have to or that they have some contract with the other person that forces them into it. This womyn comes into the area I'm dressing. I've been dating her and at that moment it makes sense that she's not an appropriate person for me. She asks for her chapstick back. I search through my bag and as I'm on my way out I glance in the mirror and say I'm so fat in these sweat pants. I give her the chap stick and the other voice in my mind say no you're not and besides who cares.

9/19 (#3)

I am at a family B-BQ. My mother assigns me the task of making hamburg for everyone. This is generations of family from both sides. Somehow I am not able to keep the fire going to cook the meat so I focus on what's going on. My sister is almost comatose. She sits close to my mother obeys her every word and seems like life has been taken out of her. My immediate family is talking about "the rebel" me I gather. They speak of how different I am. how far I've strayed etc. This doesn't bother me I focus on the meat again. As I'm walking to the grill I overhear someone say isn't that side of the family fat. I say (interrupting) why
yes the Smiths are aren't we lovely.) As I'm still struggling w/the grill some weeds catch on fire and then I wake with a start.

Part II Eileen my friend, Diana - friend and Lisa are sleeping over at my house. I'm sleeping w/Lisa and Kelly our dog begins to bark I freeze for one moment and then decide I can get up to see what's going on. I walk out and see it's daylight and all kinds of people are around. I see Kelly barking and chasing someone through the bushes I follow calling her name. We come upon Eileen on the deck w/a grill B.B.Q.,, it's smoking and she discovered it as she slept close to the deck. This other womyn Teresa appears and I feel slightly uneasy and unsure of exactly what is going on.

9/21 (#4)

I am at the circus it is the last day parents are trying to get kids and clothing together. I'm trying to find Pam the head counselor. I can't find her but I solve some of the dilemas. Andrew who is a man from last year is there he asks me if I want to go sleep with him I say yes we go to his room which in the end looks like my brothers room as a child. Everything seems fine except there is someone else in the room and Andrew isn't paying attention. Eventually people keep coming in and out of the room-- ^I am frustrated by his lack of effort We get up after a few kisses and fondling. People are angry with me for not being at the final circle. Kid get on the bus.

Somewhere I see a pregnant woman in this dream. I and the others around us realize this is the woman who will give birth to the new world and in her belly we can see the map of the earth.

Class 3 = 9/23

9/23 (#5)

I dreamt the whole night of MM fighting. All the fights I'd had during class. The mugger was padded in all my scenarios, I felt exhausted when I woke up and realized I had been going over techniques and fights.

Interview 1 = 9/25

222
9/25 (#6)

I am with Lisas father he is younger than in his early 50's He owenes a junk yard. We have a close relationship. He asks me to come and help him. We are wandering through this massive junk yard. He finds this old part of a car and I have found lying on the ground Lisas engagement book from 1988. He wants to keep wandering but I look up and see 2 old friends from my hometown drive by. I run to try and catch them but the truck disappears. Lisa is at the top of the hill. She is younger in age than now, but I am 28 as in my real life. I ask her where they went she doesn't know. Lots of people are getting out of their car and walking toward us. Alot of other lesbians. Lisa get nervous and I'm trying to talk and tell her I just found her old engagement book (as if it were an essential part of her life). I'm getting pissed and as I'm talking I see Lisa change from infant to young adult. I see all her faces and I see myself as an infant to the present it was like visions of these girls.

Her father approaches again and w/humour tells me he needs me to help look for more junk. I turn and go off with him

9/27 (#6a)

I am at the circus.
(How's that for brievity)

Class 4 = 9/28

9/28 (#7)

Part of my dream was anxiety about MM on Sun. I kept repeating certain fights and staying stuck in feelings of defeat. It felt like what happened last night in class. I woke up once in the night thinking that I was going to have to do this today I felt terrified. I dreamt some of the circus with the general theme again of me returning and reconstructing all the frustrations and chaos that happened this summer. Another stuck feeling.

Graduation = 9/30
9/30 (#8)

I dreamt earlier in the night abt MM but I can't remember now.
Pt. II is me at a tag sale or a discount store and I come upon a box of clothing that is just my size of stuff. I'm sorting through. I come upon this candy, but the box is full of mice shit. I eat the candy anyway. The next scene is me in bed nude ^still in the store in this dream searching for a shirt because I feel exposed. I find one and awake.

10/1 (#9)

A brief scene where I am sleeping in a room with four other people. Sort of like a camp. 2 men and 2 women. I know the womyn but not the men. When I first wake up here I am disoriented and concerned about where I am. After figuring out I know someone in the room the anxiety goes away.

Part II I am in a home and the phone rings. A friend has been telling me about a case she's been working on w/a psycho man who's very dangerous. When I get the phone call it's this womyn's office and they are panicked because this guy has escaped. They tell me the story and I quickly try to catch (Shelley*) She comes to the phone and listens and gets very afraid because she thinks he'll be after her.

I wake up.
*I don't know a Shelley who is an attorney.

2nd Interview = 10/4

10/8 (#10) [From audiotape]

I am with the Circus and we're in Moscow. This is a reunification with our old friends we met last summer. I am thrilled to be travelling in a part of the circus. In my dream I am going through scenes of performances on trains, lunches, meeting people, it's a happy experience.

I am back in the U.S. at a MM training. It's like a graduation with people observing, but it's a supermarket. Pat is there and she is talking with the audience. I'm the first one up. It turns into being an introduction and my name gets called. I go up and get a pair of socks. The audience cheers. I take the socks and go into the bathroom, where in the stall is a friend
I knew when I was 18. He was talking to me, not realizing it was me. We never really met or connected.

Somehow I'm outside the supermarket walking in. I see a newspaper article with a group of college-age men. They have been involved in some kind of an assault. I walk in the door and Pat is telling the story of how I successfully used MM against these men. Their motive was homophobia. I felt proud and the audience clapped.

The end of the dream was me spotting my father in line at the market. I approach him and ask him if he saw me do MM. He just randomly stopped off at this market. He acted like a young boy and said, "Guess what?" and begins to tell me a story about what he's doing.

11/4 (#11) [From audiotape]

I and several women are in the formation for MM. Only in the fight it was a little girl approximately 10. I was an adult. The child was me. The muggers, 2 old men, weren't padded. Before the whistle was blown, one man came up to the girl and touched her breasts and spoke obscenely to her. She started to disappear with her attention. I yelled from the side, "Hit him! Bite, elbow, eye!" and she begins to fight. But her eyes are closed. She gives him a knockout blow. As the dream fades, I see her on the mat with her eyes closed and the fight ended.

12/14 (#12) [From audiotape]

I couldn't defend myself. It was again a dream similar to this, during MM, where I was being chased and I couldn't quite figure out how to get myself out. I was rlly afraid.

Interview 3 = 12/15
APPENDIX E:

DREAM ACCOUNTS: KATHY LOMBARDO
KATHY LOMBARDO

1st class = 9/15
2nd class = 9/16

9/16 (#1)

At college with Danny, sleeping, woke up and began to write in dream log book. Danny had gone already to go shopping. Our bed was outside and alot of people walked over it as a shortcut. I asked them to stop --young and older people (7-25 yrs old I would say) --and also yelled at the younger ones who didn't stop right away. I got pissed and got out of bed and straightened it up. I went over to a pile of clothes. Danny had come back and showed me a little pouch he had bought to keep toiletries in. Jill came by with a woman friend and wanted to use the top drawer of my dresser. I was concerned about people coming into the room at all hours. We all talked about it. Danny tried to call B&G from a car, with a tape recording. Couldn't get through. Ned was also in the dream-- He shared part of the dresser because he lived right next door. Mary Tyler Moore and some oriental man were around--they were both running for some election.

9/18 (#2)

At work--Vicki was the new marketing manager. Work was in a big white farmhouse. Can't remember much of what happened. There was a cat. Mary was in it. (the dream) I remember asking Vicki about the honey harvest this year. Work was busy, and I worked through most of my lunch hour.

9/19 (#3)

1. One about being at work, end of the day, getting sweats on and bundling up--it snowed all day--a few inches-- I was going to drive to Norton that evening. Discovered some cover sheets I hadn't brought downstairs. Called Rob Lane because they all had his handwriting on them. We couldn't figure out where they came from.

2. One about "Gone With the Wind." Can't remember much of it.

1st Interview = 9/20
3rd Class = 9/23

9/24 (#4)

Had a dream about being in some motel and my parents were gone till the afternoon. You could only drink at a certain fountain because the other was just for bathing. At the front desk, the woman there was making all sorts of complicated reservations-- I looked through a looseleaf of "California People" which had people listed under what college they had gone to. Matthew was also listed under my college. There was some medium sized blurb about me, although they spelled my first name wrong. It was sunny outside, I wrote some postcards to friends and family.

9/25 (#5)

I was in a city--Norton?-- It was difficult to be alone--there was a shortage of SPACE. A few different scenes I can remember: being at a store where there was a book display and you could borrow the books and pay for them (to borrow them). Jean was there and some man I knew (can't remember who) and other people. Was in a house right on the main street. There was an alternative school nearby and the people in the house went there, 2 of whom were my JA's. I rested there, in a big bed. People were leaving. Marla (JA) was wondering if I'd be safe, since the house was so close to the street and there was so much space inside. Said she saw some woman looking in in a funny way. I was under the covers. Then, we were outside, Marla and Nina and others and I asked how long they'd be staying in the area. It was sunny and I had to squint. Marla said I was turning red. I was on the edge of crying--because I was happy they had lived there so long. Marla said she'd finish school her and go to Law School. She looked beautiful--^something also about all her friends coming over to shower because she had a huge bathtub

Also a scene of some graduation party or some function. I was there and some old people I knew in high school-- Ellen, Kerry, Jean, Diana Sanchez, Rob Kilbourne, Jim Lafleur, Paul Ladd was there. Mr. Vincent looked really familiar but I couldn't place him. So he took off his glasses and turned around and then I knew. People were watching so I said it was good to see him and went to give him a hug and he walked toward me and crowded me against the wall-- didn't really hug, just pressed, I had to push him away. I didn't want to react too strongly because of all the people and it seemed to look okay. (what I did) A little later Paul
Ladd and I were sitting down for coffee and he was saying what a jerk Mr. Vincent had been. I was writing some card to him and thought it was amusing I had screwed up his address.

Paul was asking about my life—really listening (very unusual). I spoke about the last 4 years and how I'd lived in Norton for 3 years after working on the farm and I wanted to live alone, so I moved to a different place.

9/26 (#6)

A few scenes of the same dream:

I was with Meg looking through different rooms of this motel/dorm. One of the basement rooms was larger that all the others and belonged to this overweight woman. I don't think I knew her. Meg chose to live in one of the upstairs rooms. The overweight woman was telling us she was into horoscopes and reading the personals in the newspaper, etc. Later on that day I went back to her room and all her stuff was gone except a few items. I considered taking her rocking chair, but decided against it. Then I peeked in her bathroom and there was blood all over her tub and blood on this big butcher knife by the sink. She had committed suicide. I walked out into the lobby area and a lot of her friends had gathered. I was upset, was hugging someone.

Same dream— with my parents, walking back to the motel. Had to use a key to get in but the lock wasn't very strong or well-designed— anybody could have come in. I think I lived on the 2nd floor.

9/27 (#7)

Danny and I were on a walk—at work—we went outside and climbed this mountain. Walked up to this house that no one was living in yet and was going to make phone calls to 2 stores for their orders. Took off my jewelry and left it there by mistake. Some guy came down to work and told me I'd left it.

Also—in the water—Joanne and Naomi were there. Can't remember much of this one.

4th Class = 9/28
9/28 (#8)

Meg and I were in some dance class-- a very intense course only 5 classes (like MM)--and we were to be putting on a show at the end. One woman-- Sandra Popper-- she stormed out of class in frustration. It was almost like ____. The teacher was pretty insensitive, though, -- didn't stop to check in w/Sandra at all. Meg and I went to the locker room-- it was late at night. And then I got the car started-- some flashy red sportscar! -- and waited for Meg. A man and his son walked buy. I started getting impatient and yelling for Meg-- she was talking and talking and talking to some friends in the cafeteria, but she eventually came-- Also-- some scene outside my Grandmothers door, but at the gym, I knocked and she said she'd be out in a few minutes, but turns out she was taking a 3-4 hour nap. And I waited and got a later start back to New England...I was annoyed.

 --Also some scene at this motel or INN, at night and walking down to my room in the dark, looking at stars. Not able to see the path, but I held onto the rope, and I wasn't afraid. Other people were also around.

Graduation = 9/30

10/1 (#9)

1. One dream-- can't remember much, but I was in touch with Jed--got a letter from him or something--

2. Another dream--in Balford, it was dark and I was walking around People walked toward me like in the front walk by. Didn't get attacked. Wen to the library. Went to walk home and I got lost. Ran into Meg, Philip and Eddie. Eddie drove and was acting like a jerk-- just was being really condescending-- said he was gonna take Model Mugging (not seriously)

          At work--gave people birthday cards. Wanted to put ^extra cloth on my curtains-- kept thinking about that. June said she'd made dinner for me.

10/2 (#10)

 had a dream there was some huge frat party going on and alot of men were looking in over or through the curtains. and then breaking windows. Eddie was here, I called 911, but wasn't confident they'd come. Then two men came in my aprtment and I started doing MM moves on
one of them. He didn't drop as quickly as I wanted him to, but he definitely did slow down. I started thinking they would break a lot of things and it didn't matter to me.

2nd Interview = 10/3

10/5 (#11)

Hal came to visit and we were on the way out. It was Friday night. He had on some funky but really nice blue cotton shirt. We were walking arm in arm and talking. Ben was standing nearby, watching us. And he came over to say hello, admire Hal's shirt. Lynn was there too, but further away. I walked away from Hal to go say hello to her -- helped her figure out some financial papers having to do with her and her ex-husband. She was depressed. I helped out a little and then decided to stop. I was getting resentful -- wanted to spend the evening w/Hal. Ben wanted to know if I found Hal attractive. He was depressed too...I remember being upset I had spent so much time talking to both of them that it was late and I wasn't sure if I'd get to see Meg.

-Later- I was watching some young baby by some pool in the woods. Lots of people were around. I walked around with the baby but he eventually got heavy and I gave him back to his guardians. Talked with some guy about the sights in the area. Ran into Eddie and he was friendly.

10/6 (#12)

In some big inn/house/motel/mansion with Meg, Eddie, my family.

Assorted scenes:

-watching Matthew in some sports game. I had a newspaper w/me that had a picture of Danny holding a machine gun and I was showing it to everyone. After the show, I walked back out of the place, arm in arm w/ Matthew. We were talking, happy to be with each other. It was a long way to get out to the car and we were almost out and I realized I forgot the newspaper, so I went all the way back... Walked through some fancy restaurant on my way out. Saw Joanne and Joseph there.

- Something about Eddie meeting up with these 3 different women. Eating dinner in a big group around a table
- Walking arm in arm w/ Meg through the halls, talking and laughing.
- Another scene - Danny was driving. I was in the front seat, Jeanne in back and this car - a big blue car w/ these young men in it - it kept running us off the road. We didn't get hurt, just scared. They eventually sped off. I got their plate #. On an exit ramp there were couples learning to dance for their prom or something. Meg and I were also going to some dance but not their's and we were wondering which room we'd be in since their prom was going on. I remember thinking the curtains were ugly (in the room for the prom). This was like back in the motel place.
- Also - some scene back in the motel-like place there was this conference going on and I kept having to walk in the room to get ^the cover sheets (for work) from this desk in there...

- Something about meeting up w/ my Dad and him not wanting to drive somewhere w/o my mom

10/11 (#13)

I was trying to explain something to my father about sex and closeness - in a letter perhaps? - can't remember - Anyway -
I drove to Amesville to see my family and my mother was at some party but my father was home and so were Joanne and Joseph and Naomi. Well, my Dad, in response to my letter made this float chart up w/ different choices, but, in the end, only one route would take you to "home." looked something like this w/ words in it. {arrow and diagram}

And up at the top - one of the first things written was "John loves Phil. Phil only wants to spend 5 hours/day w/ John, should they stay together?" And everyone answered as if they knew and I screamed at them all - how there wasn't enough information to make a decision. And really sarcastically - I told my Dad that I was so happy he'd really listened to what I'd said.
And I stormed out and drove home.
-oh yeah - and the reason I left in the first place (for Amesville) was that Eddie was here in the LR on the couch on the phone w/ some woman and crying.....
10/13 (#14)

The Annual Mtg was happening - was in some room w/ people and was practicing MM stuff on this weird woman. She was associated w/ weird stuff - levitating the table, and something about drugged rice, and she was a total fraud. Anyway she "attacked" me, but not for real and I did the moves on her. Then this other woman tried and couldn't do it, but was signed up for the next course.

The room w/ the Annual Mtg was filled with tables and food and lots of people (like in real life - today is the Ann. Mtg).

Was in my Grandmothers old neighborhood Her whole building was being redone and there was a lot of construction on the road, too. I was driving/walking along, avoiding boulders and looking for a convenient place to turn around, so I could park in the lot. There was something dangerous about this - it was dark or getting dark? Can't remember. The road got thinner. I was on the road in the first place because I was about to get a ticket in the lot I had been parked in.

10/15 (#15)

Naomi was packing up her apartment and she only had a few hours. She was confident shed get it finished. I told her it had taken me days. Mom was in this, too. We were moving to some different, bigger place. Can't remember much more.

10/19 (#16)

-Lots of men around my car - threatening situation - I can't remember the details

-In some class w/ Amy Peters and Danny and ~10 other people. In Amys evaluation it said all these great things - plus at the end it said she has a "killer attitude" (-like a "really good attitude). Danny said how that was such a chauvinistic/sextist remark.

-Something about playing cards in this dream, being evaluated

10/23 (#17)

Walking to some park w/ Ben, Jenny, Joanne and a friend of Ben and Jenny's. In some city near Boston.
Got to the park and it was a wooden boardwalk in this grassy, beachy area. There were men lying occasionally, a couple snapped pictures of us as we walked by, some were reading with their penis's exposed. I was trying to fix a shade, while everyone else got settled in the grass and began eating our picnic lunch.

Also - in some huge ^OLD house w/ lots of hidden stairways to obscure nooks and crannies. I remember sitting high above the main floor of the house and being able to see all the stairways. Some man kept having a heart attack - my father? - He was bringing in wood and collapsed but then got up

Also - some scene in a bookstore - I was buying 4 books and Todd walked in and handed me 3 wrapped presents - the first was a grapebox full of balls and toys and plastic animals. The owners of the bookstore had 2 young children

10/24 (#18)

had lunch somewhere and then was late getting back ^to work but stopped off to see Meg, which made me later. She was waveriing about coming over this weekend and it pissed me off - like we'd already made plans. I went to get my car out of this New Eng. Telephone parking lot and they guy there wouldn't let me get it, because I had parked illegally in the first place and didn't I hear the bell? So, I got a ride w/ some folks, including Mitch, and they were driving much too slow for my tastes and I was late and getting worried about that. So, as they stopped to pick up a hitchiker, I got out and went to my car (miraculously on the side of the road, right there) Mitch came with me - I hastily threw my stuff in the car and drove to work. Got there and slept? and showered? and it was 3pm. Naomi was there and had friends coming over and was trying to locate them w/ the PA system. I started doing some accounting stuff and woke up.

10/25 (#19)

The Annual Mtg was happening. Lots of people were there and filing out of the auditorium and I was giving them tickets to the contradance. Joanne was there and Joseph was helping me give out tickets to all these people. Joanne had organized the whole thing (Joanne/June). The day before I spent working in the Accounting Dept and getting ready for the meeting. Had
to do a lot of xeroxing. Then I decided not to go to the contradance, so I drove home to Meg's - down this dirt road. - Got home, was listening to music - doing the dishes and relaxing, and it was dark out. And someone else - Amy Peters? was with me. Then the bell rang and it was Eddie. I wasn't expecting him so knew something was up. He said he was having a hard time staying sober so he came over. Some other man was there, also a friend of Eddies and we walked outside. So, I was then talking w/Eddie and this other man walked away to talk w/ Amy. I started telling Eddie about the contradance going on and decided I wanted to go. He didn't. Amy meanwhile was upset she'd let herself be seen naked by Eddie, sometime in the recent past. The other guy was answering her that that had nothing to do with his visit.

11/3 (#20)

driving - couldn't control the car and went into this grassy area w/ 2 fences

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fence          fence
  cows         cows
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and I thought I hit the fence but didn't. and then the cows came after me.

Bizarre!

11/4 (#21)

Some gathering at the home of some guru-type woman. It was a sing-a-long or something and everyone packed themselves into her house by the ocean. I was there but couldn't see or hear her very well because where I was standing, she was right in the sun. So I went driving w/ Rob Lane and a couple other people and we saw the moon really low on the horizon. Got some pamphlets about something.

The next night we also gathered at this house of this woman and it was a costume party (night after Halloween). She was friendly but a bit temperamental. I got there early with some friend(s)? and we all talked about our childhood, our parents. One of her beliefs was that you could heal your hurts in an instant and emotional release was no longer necessary. She reminded me a little of Naomi Kantor Other people came and we
were all in costumes... She needed a break before starting, so she started wheeling around throwing this ball - was a little pissed that people had come so early and she couldn't cool out alone. So I left and walked over and around masses of people in the hallway. This one woman right by the door was naked under a blanket. When I finally got outside, this woman was in the hospital. And as I walked back in, I was in a school with a gym and halls. Went by a gymnastic class - one girl was doing back handsprings on the cement stairwell area and I found my way back to her hospital room, where people were bringing her flowers and other people were waiting around. Her name was Rose something and she was some really popular woman in the high school? I remember thinking that this guru woman, who was now a man - if he was angry and started attacking people that i could do my MM moves on him even though he had a knife.

For some of the dream I was walking around w/ eyes closed - I had a mask over my head, it was difficult to see.

When I was talking to her about my mom, I was about to cry but didn't want to because it wasn't her belief anymore or something. Thinking about my parents not really being there for me.

11/7 (#22)

Walked into a mall/school and this man in front of me turned and had a mace and a 2-pronged blade thing and he threatened to throw it at me. I screamed "NO" really boldly, twice and assumed MM stance, but knew that thing could slice through my heart. I had heard of this man before and he was a bit crazy. He left me alone - wandered off - I went to go get help. There was a class of young people at the end of the hall and I interrupted the teacher - a youngish black woman. She was a bit annoyed and then was sympathetic. I explained Model Mugging to her some and wanted to call the police. and then, the kids were gone and the man w/ the mace was fighting a couple other men - one = Police? [and:x] in the classroom. I ran along the side of the wall amidst shooting bullets and the mace and blades being thrown the mace-guy had a bullet proof vest. Just as I was almost out - trying to dodge my way past the fighting, I got hit in the back w/ the mace. I pulled it out and felt my back - only a dent(!), not a wound (no blood). But I was scared, was running down the hall, which was now a hospital. Todd and June(?) grabbed onto me and wanted me to pull them along and I screamed Let Go! Let Go! With their extra weight, I
could hardly move. And then, one of the guys who had been fighting was there and June and Todd had let go and were gone. So this guy and I (I think he may have been Richie from badminton) - we were running down the hallway. I thought we were trying to escape, so I grabbed an elevator and ran in and Richie didn't follow me in - he turned around and started running back towards the classroom where the crazy guy was. And the elevator doors closed and it started moving and I screamed NOOOO! and got the elevator to stop and go back up and ran after him. He was eventually stopped by his wife and baby coming down the hall, headed home. Then something about some hospital room being cleaned and I remember seeing 2 or 3 hospital stretchers on wheels w/ bodies on them. and one was the crazy guy.

Also earlier I had gone outside and was looking in at the fight from the windows. - ducking around

3rd Interview = 12/5
APPENDIX F

DREAM ACCOUNTS: MEG ULLMAN
1st class 9/15

9/15 (#1)

There were three of us, two other women and myself, in some kind of mechanics garage. We were spread out doing things - but I'm not sure what exactly. A man entered the garage. He was psychotic or derranged, obviously coming in with a lot of aggression. Immediately I assumed it my responsibility to take care or handle this situation. I am nervous, but not really afraid. I just know I've got to handle him. He has a knife, but suddenly I have his knife. We are in the middle of the street outside the garage. I am fumbling to stick the knife into his chest. I can't get the correct grip on the knife - or angle to effectively get the knife into his chest. I'm not really aware of his resisting; [just: crossed out] my awareness is only on my effort to stab him in the heart. I stab him repeatedly, aiming for the heart. Then I am behind him, trying to get a better angle from the back. I am stabbing him again and again, and getting it now (the heart). The dream ends.

2nd Class 9/16

9/16 A (#2)

I am with my mom & her husband and we are visiting two of their friends. They are a physically beautiful oriental woman and black man. I have just come from a model mugging class and I am totally exhausted. I am just meeting this couple for the first time, and feel I should be very friendly and outgoing, but I am too tired and don't want to be social. There is an awkward lag in conversation. The women are sitting together (now there a couple other women) and I am off a distance. I see them talking and know they are telling the oriental woman that I am taking M.M. class. They ahd just attended my graduation. They call the men over - as they all find it very interesting. They do not ask me about it, but one woman (Pat - a feminine/not feminist kind of woman) proceeds to tell about how she has recently been raped. She is describing it within kind of a cocktail conversation. I am suddenly very interested, and at the same time, I am appalled that she is talking so casually, almost like she was drunk. She tells how the man who raped her was a "normal - type"
guy, married, and had just begun acting in this theatre. One of his first lines is something about "unbridled passion."

Scene change. I am in room with the man (of the couple), also my father is in the room. I ask the man where he is from. He tells me he is from Northern Calif, a town named Appleton. Did I know of it. I knew he was mocking me but I didn’t know why or what about. I told him I was from N. Calif but didn't know of an Appleton there. He laughed at me, I realized for being gullible. It was a familiar scenerio, like a power game - and there was some sexual edge or hint involved. I could sense this, but I just didn't understand it, didn't get it.

The woman told me she was a professor at the University. I asked her what subject she taught, and she said Chem. 111. I asked her if she knew my friend Dina, who is taking Chem 111. She said no, and that it was the easiest Chem course offered. She said she had to be very thourough in the way she taught. I noticed how physically beautiful they both were, and wondered if they were a happy, passionate couple.

Scene change: I am in their house in the bathroom, preparing for bed? to say goodbye? As I walked out of the bathroom, something moved, as if someone/something were there. It surprised me, and I thought it strange, but I didn't try to figure out what it was.

I said goodnight to the woman, nice to meet her, etc. Then I went to the man to say goodnight. He had his 8 yr. old son on his lap. Some part of me found him attractive; and yet I was also kind of afraid of him - distrustful.

Scene change:
Now I am with my mom, her husband and his 27 yr. old daughter, Annette. We are in the mountains at a vacation ski resort. It seems there is snow in some places; green meadow in other spots. Annette is [leading: crossed out] instigating one of her "Let's get-people-riled-up games." She yells out to the different campsites (my parents are at one and the couple at another) that she is attracted to "Bud," who is the black man of the couple. Then she asks everyone else to yell out who they are attracted to. I am near her, and she begs me to yell out who I am attracted to. I don't want to - but she harranges me. I tell her I am also attracted to "Bud" and then I add also the brother of one of the people because he is present and I don't want him to feel badly (though I'm not really attracted to him). I'm not willing to yell it out, so Annette does. I'm embarrassed.
Now it's coming on dark and I need to find a place to sleep. Other people are sleeping in cabins, and I'm going to camp out.

But it's getting dark and I begin to be nervous that I haven't found a good, level place to camp. It's all hills. I find a spot - right where I'm standing; but then I realize that it's a public bathroom. Annette says she needs to share my tent and I'm relieved because now I'm scared about sleeping out alone. But I can't find a level space for my tent, and now I'm aware of a group of men playing pool upstairs - drunk. I'm paranoid of men all over the place, and they will see me putting up my tent. Now I'm trying to hide the fact that I'm looking for a place to put my tent. I don't want them to know where I am. Night is coming, and I'm beginning to panic. There's no space. There's no space.

I wake up and write this.

9/16 B (#3) [From audiotape]

So, it takes place, I'm in Murmansk in the Soviet Union, a very grim industrial town. I'm at the train station, and there's some kind of celebrations in, uh, like big political upheavals. I don't know, it was like a big, festive, revolutionary air. I'm by the railroad tracks, there's a lot of commotion and I have some interaction with this woman, I can't remember really what it was. And, I don't know, there's some young man that I'm attracted to. I don't know, we go off together. We go to his home where - at first when we go there we think that his mother's not there, it's right by the ocean, and so we go in. You know, we're going to have sex! I'm really horny, and it's more like my initiative, but logistically, it just won't work out. It's like, I don't know - we go in the house, and then like his mother's there, so we go outside. And then it's right outside her window. I don't know - we're right next to each other and I pull out my two tampons [she laughs] and they're like bloody sitting next to me. And then like he's called back in the house and I'm in the house, we're like having a meal, but his mother's very suspicious of me. And they're Jewish. I don't know - there's some really protective quality that she has. I don't have so much sense of the man. And then we're like by the beach, and again it's like we're trying to like find a place to be sexual and it's just not working out, and I'm frustrated. Oh no - they're Indian, they're Indian. They weren't Jewish, they're Indian, like eastern Indian. His mother's a very strong character.
I am visiting some city, with a couple friends - (who?). We are strangers in the city. We are walking into an apartment building (brownstone) that was, until not too long ago, a nice bldg. in a nice neighborhood. Now it is loitered by drug dealers and users.

We walk passed the drug users, into the main entrance. I am suddenly very afraid, and think to myself that this is what it must be like for all the people living in project neighborhoods that are turned into drug havens. Going into the bldg, it seems there is no turning back. I am panicked.

Scene change:
There is loud music blaring, lots of people ^men, drugged, crazy, hyper, aggressive energy. They are downstairs. An older woman, (45ish) maybe the mother of one of the psycho men; maybe a tenant in the bldg - she is scared, and also tired/hopeless about the whole scene in her bldg. She is running up the flights of stairs (maybe someone is running, chasing after her?) She goes to the window overlooking the street below. Now everyone is outside. She throws herself out, as if making a dramatic statement that everything has just gone too far - too crazy. I am looking down at the spot on the street where she has fallen. I am an observer ^of all this, but not aware of my presence in the dream.

Scene change:
I am walking up the driveway leading to the backyard of this bldg. One of the two "wild" guys is playing the keyboards - really getting into it. I spot him and immediately duck down under this board, as I am afraid of what he will do if he sees me. My dog is with me, and I'm calling to him softly because he'll give us away. The man turns around (I notice he is good-looking) and I'm praying he doesn't see us (my dog & me) but he does. He becomes angry and starts after us.

Scene change:
I am inside the bldg now, and the other crazy guy (the first one who chased the woman/his mother up the stairs) is coming into the front of the bldg. I can see his face thru the glass door. I'm hoping he doesn't see me. I hid behind a beam. He walks up the stairs and will obviously see me, so I try to act normal, like I'm supposed to be there. It's his apartment he shares with the other guy who was playing the keyboard. Now there are more folks in the room (his friends). They're all young - my age, or late 20's. We're talking about how much rent they pay to live there.
Scene change:
I am being chased by the man who was playing the keyboards. I am in a car w/ a couple friends and I am telling the driver to go to the police station. But we don't where the police station is. He is in a car behind us, with several people. He catches up to our car, and suddenly there is no danger - he is not a threat, but rather its as if we are both attracted to each other - and I am very relieved. Both cars stop at a supermarket to pick up something? and now it is like we are 2 cars kind of partying together.

Scene change:
I am with my parents, eating very dry pancakes over brunch. I am describing my "visit" and the new friends I have made. I tell my mom that they do drugs, and then I'm afraid I've given her a bad impression, so I tell her they do just a little drugs. I continue to describe them to her, but am uncomfortable because I am not making them sound good.

Scene change:
I am in the kitchen and have discovered there is maple syrup for the pancakes. I am now finding the pancakes delicious, and keep sneaking more.

9/18 (#5) [From audiotape]

My dream last night was very fragmented. I have alot of resistance to recording it for some reason [she laughs].

Um, the first thing I remember, I was with a couple of really good friends, we were in a neighborhood, you know, with houses on either side of the street and we had just gone swimming or were going to go swimming and it was raining out. We were kind of half naked. And this car, we were just standing there and kind of laughing and talking, this car pulls up and a man and woman and a child get out, and the man, he's kind of a, he comes out he, uh, says, "You should have your," um, "You should have your clothes on, what is this?" And I responded, saying, "Well, it's really fun to go swimming nude, it's not really a big deal." And he, and then we got in a conversation between my friends and the family and he kind of saw our point and we ended up having a very friendly conversation between all of us.

Then the scene changes. And I'm at my best friend Melanie's wedding. I don't know who she's marrying. It doesn't really matter. Um, because the dream's all about her and me. And, uh, it takes place by a lake, and there's a bunch of women dressed in their African clothes. They're African dancers, and they're doing
different kinds of rituals, to celebrate her, Melanie. I don't feel real at ease with Melanie. I feel kind of left out. Um, it's just like wedding plans, or wedding arrangements, people are running around the lake, pushing each other in. It's a big festive time. I'm very uncomfortable and sad.

Then the scene changes and I'm building a chicken coop with my friend Geoffrey. Uh, and the [laugh], we have to figure out how to, how to deal with all their shit, just so that it will be easier to clean next time, because this time it's just a horrendous job. So we end up building this huge fantastic chicken coop and we're sitting on the second floor and it's kind of shaky, it's in the barn, and the foundation's pretty shaky, but I can see the outside, the sky, it's real beautiful.

Then the scene changes and now it's my wedding and there's some man who's been a friend in my life but who also was, really wanted to be with me and I hadn't wanted to be with him and he's resentful, and he's not happy that I'll be getting married. And again, I don't know who I'm marrying, [inaudible at counter = 76]. And, uh, he's giving me his blessing, he's writing it out in sand, it's a big sand dune, a big sand bar, and I'm writing out my kind of blessing for myself and he comes, I don't know, mocks it, makes fun of it, changes it. I can't remember.

The scene changes. I'm going to go to visit my parents just for a day or two, I really just need the car, to use their car to drive a friend somewhere. And I'm trying to get through to my father, and somehow I get through to his daughter, Annette. She says, when you come down, you'll visit me, won't you? I mean, can I come and visit? I don't really want her to, but I don't say that. And that's it.

1st Interview 9/21

9/21 A (#6) [From audiotape]

Well, it's 9/21, it's actually the evening after we had our interview in the field. Um, I came home and went to sleep, feeling very sick and feverish and, um, it's now about midnight. I slept about the last 5 hours and had, had some intense dreams, very related to Model Mugging. Unfortunately, I can't remember one of the main ones. As I came out of the dream, remembering the words "Model Mugging" and remembering, oh, all I can describe is the feeling coming out of the dream: Intensity, impact, umm,
I just can't remember the scenarios. But one of the scenarios, I mean, I can remember one part. Actually, it was a different part, again about George.

Um, George and I were in this, we were swimming in this stream on some piece of land, some beautiful piece of land. And we were in the pond, we were in the stream talking, you know, he was, we were talking and swimming and I went under the water and I swam a long distance, the opposite direction of him, and, uh, and I wear contacts and in the dream I, so I never open my eyes underwater, and in the dream I just open them a little bit, and I could see so clearly, you know, I was swimming along, you know, a hundred feet up the stream and it was so clear and so clean. The bottom of the stream was almost like it was a built swimming pool, it was so clean and clear. So I went about a hundred feet and then I turned around and George and I swam, he was swimming and we swam towards each other, and again, it was so clear. And then as I got closer, you know, I was kind of worried about my contacts, so I closed my eyes and then I put my hands in front of my head to make sure I didn't run into George, you know, when, as we were swimming towards each other. And, you know, we kind of, we were talking again and got out. And next I'm, I walked a couple of hundred feet over to, I don't know, to a more public area, where there was a road, and I was just lying there and I was naked and I was lying there, I don't know what I was doing, George was still back at the stream, and I see this cop, police car come around and I hope they don't see me, and they see me, the two police, they're really young, they're like our age, and they, they yell out this code number like, the one who wasn't driving saw me and said, I don't know, yelled out a code number which implied that I'd be arrested for being nude. So I ran, I wasn't really scared, but it was like, I don't know, um, I wanted to run back and get my clothes on [laugh]. So I ran back there and I yelled to George ahead, "Put on your clothes!" so we didn't get arrested. And, and, so we got back, but the police were right behind me, so I didn't have time to really put on my clothes, but I did as they were getting there. And, uh, so they were going to give us a ticket, they were writing it up, and we were talking to them, just being friendly, it wasn't a big deal. And, and, I don't know, we were having a conversation and then it just got friendly enough, or you know, casual, that they decided Oh heck, it's a pretty minor misdemeanor, and not really a big deal, so they ripped up the ticket. And we all laughed and then kind of started away together, George and the two cops and I, and maybe, I don't know, then it was kind of a festive air.
Then the scene changes and I'm with George's cousin and his cousin's wife, um, and they park their car and they ask me about, or, I don't know, we talk about, about George's other cousins or other relatives and I can't remember their name. I'm kind of embarrassed, and then as I'm talking with them I realize, gosh I can't remember even their names, and I had seen them a lot. And then we got into a conversation and he asked me if I knew about this dentist nearby, and I said yeah, I know this, I know him. I couldn't remember his name. And, uh, and then we're talking very in-depth about George's family, kind of like an analysis of some of the characters in George's family. And I never really liked this, I never really liked any of his cousins. I mean, they're all right, but I don't really connect with any of them, so there was, there was a little bit of uneasiness for me, or just not real warmth. And, uh, so it was mostly his cousin like giving me a big spiel, talking a lot. Um, and then, I'm near a flame. It catches on fire, I mean, the whole lamp, or something, like an oil lamp that catches on fire, so I yell to him and her to come and help put it out, and they do. It's kind of like, I don't know, there's some way that I was kind of hysterical or I couldn't take care of it and, um, they came and took care of it. And I had written, and in the meantime, I had written this long letter to, I think to George and Carla. Um, and it was all about his family. It was kind of like a reflection of the conversation that, that his cousin and I had just had, but it was also with my own, kind of what's going on in my life, my own interpretations and that kind of thing. And as the cousin was putting out the fire, he was looking down at the paper, at this long letter I'd written, and I was uncomfortable with that, but thought, well, he'll be done any second with the lamp, and, you know, he can't read that much. I kind of left the room, had my back turned, and he still was reading my letter. And I turned around and I saw, I turned around and saw him and I said, you know, "Don't read that letter." And so he put it down.

And then the dream changed and it's just a blur of images, I can't even begin to describe it. The thing that keeps, the word that keeps coming into my mind is "toilet paper." And "emotions" and "George." There's some kind of like group, women, a group of women, older women [inaudible whisper], and, uh, I don't know, some kind of organization. Uh, I just can't remember.
9/21 B (#7) [From audiotape]

Let's see, the first theme, I'm sitting at some kind of restaurant or something like that, and there's a kind of oriental atmosphere, and this little chinese businessman is talking about the beauty characteristics of this oriental woman who's sitting here. It's more like she's a mannequin, it's not even like she's real. He's kind of lecturing. And then there's this white man, a large white man, sitting next to me and he starts looking at me from the side, and I can tell he's kind of sizing me up, like looking at me in the context of the way this man was talking about the oriental woman. And I can feel his eyes, almost like he's touching me. I don't think he is-- I think he's just looking. And he's wanting me to look at him and make the same kind of face that this woman is. You know, tilt my head and my eyes a certain way. And I didn't feel like I wanted to do that. And I'm just looking straight ahead, kind of ignoring him. And then maybe he makes a verbal request, or maybe I just can sense his request, so I turn around and I look him straight in the eye and I stick my tongue out at him. And that was that dream.

9/21 C (#8) [From audiotape]

Then there's another dream. I'm on the moon, it's on the moon, and there's all these world top scientists. They're almost all men, not all men, but pretty much. And they're all like doing different sports, it's like a big cocktail party, but some sports. They all have these bandages all over like straps and bandages. It's like the people, the winning team -- some of them look like baseball, some of them were like dancing, some of them were just talking -- and the team that is the winning team has like the most of these bandages. And I was talking with different people and I was like, is this really the moon? How can we be walking without any breathing tanks or anything? Someone answers, I don't know what they said, some kind of scientific answer. So it was kind of weird, it was kind of scary. It's like dusty, it's like we were on the top of a globe. And then all of a sudden one of the men just like combusts, like in a really disgusting way. Not just comes on fire, but like, it's like half ashes and just really disgusting. His body just like combusts and it's like this, I don't know, physiological reaction to being on the moon or something in space coming and igniting him or something. And then I have this image of like some rocks just falling from space and hitting the surface of the moon and realizing that that could be me or anyone
standing there. And then we continue, everybody crowds around and then just goes back to what they're doing, and then someone else combusts. Then like 5 people, you know, one after a, there's like some time in between, but it just like starts happening. And they're all different and they're all really disgusting. And one of them, after he combusts, like all you can see is his skeleton with a cross on his back, like he's carrying a cross, and that didn't burn, everything else did. And it was like a real gory detail when they combust. So now everybody's pretty nervous. It seems pretty random and that it's coming from space, which is like a natural phenomena. And then I'm dancing with this one man, we're doing the jitterbug, but also nervous about this combusting thing. And we're not dancing real well together. It's clearly clumsy.

Then the scene changes. And now I'm there with 2 women friends, actually one woman friend and her friend, and like at the top of a mountain, still on the moon. It's like being on the top of the mountain, we felt more exposed and if we could go down, we could drive down, somehow we'd be alot safer. So Alice is driving, and she drives to the very top, there's like a school where a bus comes, and she's like turning around, but she's taking forever. Now it's the sense of like, you know when you're in an electrical storm and if you're at the top of a mountain totally exposed you're alot more vulnerable, or at least you feel alot more vulnerable. And so we felt, and I was like hurry up, it was just taking her so long to turn the car around and go back down the hill. So finally, we're going down the hill and on the side of the road there's these two cats, one was a big striped tiger cat and the other was a black cat. It's like they were people, they were people we knew. One of them was George's father and one of them was someone else, and they were on the side of the road, like purring up against each other. And that's all I remember about that, and so we continued on and now we came to Geoffrey's house, the house he'd grown up in. He was staying there and there was [inaudible]. I went straight to bed, I was really tired. And the next day I woke up, got up, and it took me a long time to get dressed. I was wearing this kind of wild like hand-made chartan vest and putting the belt on took me so long. The belt kept being twisted, so it was taking me a long time. And I noticed the bed was unmade, but I wanted to get out. I didn't know what time it was and if we needed to go. So the belt was taking me a long time, finally I got it and I come out into the kitchen, and there they all are, they're all awake, Geoffrey, Alice and her friend. And they had a big bowl of oatmeal for me, and I said what time is it? And they said it was
almost 12 o'clock. And I said, no, I can't believe it. I have yoga class in one hour. Can I get back in an hour? because apparently we were on our way to somewhere, back to Appleton. And I was like, oh I really didn't want to miss yoga. So, they said, I don't think we can get back, so I was like well, let's try because I don't mind being a little late. We get in the car, and now I'm with 2 men in the car. I don't know if they're like kind of friends, I think, and we get close to Appleton, and I'm still kind of paranoid about this combusting thing. We get to Appleton and I say let me out here, I want to walk. I start walking, but there's something wrong with my body, some kind of injury or something or sickness. And at the stop light I walk up to the car and get back in and say that I don't want to walk. We're now in Tuckerton, the little town I lived in when I was from 10 to 15 years old. That's all I remember.

9/22 (#9)

I'm in a m.m. class w/ Patty as our instructor. There are 2 men in the class, and one of them asks Patty to come to him to help him out w/ a movement. Then he begins telling her what a good instructor she is in a very seductive manner. I can't believe he is being so outrightly suggestive. It's embarressing to watch.

Scene changes:

I'm at a teenage boy's camp, and I'm really horny. The - oh there's something before this, I'm standing in line for some kind of lunch. The scene is a sports event and there are lots of teenage sports players around. I'm standing next to a young man who is talking w/ me, flirting w/ me. I am thinking to myself "what does this young Jock guy think he's doing?" It seemed a ridiculous situation, yet I began flirting back and even getting horny.

Scene change:

I'm at this teenage boy's camp, horny. I meet the coach or director of this camp. We don't exchange words, but we ^come to some understanding. He goes to where the boys - or young men - are doing their jumping jacks and exercises, and brings 2 of them back to me. They are both beautiful, one white, one black. I begin walking walking somewhere? with them and now we are in my old town Tuckerton. We all know that we are going to be sexual. They are very excited, as it will be their first time. I am horny, but also feel like taking it slow, teaching them to love and be tender, and please.
It's like I'm going to teach them to make love and it seems like a very sweet experience. The rest of the dream we are just talking about what it means to make love, and feeling very open and loving.

3rd Class 9/23

9/24 A (#10) [From audiotape]

It's Sept 25th: I had a couple of dreams. The first one, I'm with Melanie and Philip, my two housemates. We're all in bed together, I'm in the middle and we're like cuddling, and then they start kissing. And suddenly I feel very uncomfortable. I try to say, wait a minute, stop. Should you be doing this? Partly because Philip has a woman friend and it just was weird to me. And they said, yeah, yeah, it's fine, and they went back to kissing. So then we're in a restaurant and they're laughing at me, because apparently I had fallen asleep and in my sleep I had like climbed on top of Melanie and started kissing her all over and really really actively, you know, started being sexual with her. And it was in the restaurant, and all of a sudden, I was talking very loudly, and then everybody looks and I was embarrassed. Then there was another part of the dream and I'm staying in this kind of motel or something and there's this Mexican or Spanish disco/cafe, and we had to, I had to walk through this to get into my kind of hotel room or something. I'm trying to walk to the door, and then people at the club, the man who takes money, or I don't know, works there was like, oh no senorita, you've got to dance. no, no, no, you can't go, you've got to stay and dance. I was like, no I don't want to. Let me go, I want to go home. No, let me go. He didn't physically touch me, he was just, oh come on, stay and dance. And I did get through. And then there was this whole crowd of people and they were like, come on, including women, and I said no. So it was like two images [inaudible].

9/24 B (#11) [From audiotape]

Then it went into this totally weird dream. There was a bunch of us in a classroom. In fact, my old therapist who I was working with around sexual abuse was there watching it with me. We were eating like carob covered peanuts, or she came in, we didn't come together, and we were watching this big screen and it was dark, and there was a bunch of people in the room. And the images, all of a sudden, they were observing, it takes place in Central America, some of the war-torn countries, and I
don't know which forces were which, I think they were
government forces, they were like taking these men,
people, off of the trains. The train was going by and
all of these, there was like a group of men, they had
guns, and they were stopping the train and unloading all
the people. They were like guerillas in the train. And
as they came off they were just like blowing them away
either with bombs or with guns, just like one train car
after another, totally blowing them away. And even after
they shot them and stuff, then they came over and would
just stab them and spear them, just totally--axe them,
until they were totally like totally dead. It was just
really really gory. And then I woke up.

4th Class 9/28

9/28 A (#12)

We are visiting some hospital; on a trip. We are
waitressing for this huge banquet. There are a couple
of other women and myself. I don't know them, but we
are there together. A doctor recommends that we can be
more efficient? better? if we take this new drug? or
have this operation? One of the women decide to try it.
And after taking it she is like a zombie.

Then I wake up from some deep unconsciousness. The
banquet is over and the waitresses are cleaning up. I
join the others washing dishes and I ask them if I had
been waiting tables all this time. Nobody was certain.
They said I definately had been out of it. Then I
looked at the schedule of tables and could confirm that
I had indeed waited on tables all evening - but I had no
recollection. I was relieved. I insisted that I do the
dishes - to make up for my not being on top of it at
work.

Now I'm back at the hospital. There's a woman
patient in a room. She has received this drug and is
really screwed up because of it. And she knows it.
She's angry this happened to her. Her doctor is in the
room w/ her. She picks up an empty bottle and hurles it
at him. It hits a beam and makes a loud noise. The
nurses come rushing into the room. (The doctor is gone).
The woman hides in the closet. When they leave, she
comes out. Then they come in again and find her.

That's all I remember.
9/28 B (#13)

All I remember is some kind of physical struggle. Some kind of fight.

Next dream: I am adversaries w/ this young man. I don't know why, but we are out to get each other and its a race to see who will get ^ (kill) the other first. I think we have teams - his team, and my team. I get him to the edge of a big tank or beach, where there are sharks who will eat him. The sharks are my allies. I throw him in and am anxiously watching, encouraging the sharks to eat him. He's bleeding and I hope this draws the sharks in. They are finally attacking him, but they don't kill him and I'm just hoping they finish him off, or else I'm going to have to contend w/ him more and I'm fearful. But they don't finish him and the scene changes:

He arrives, recovered from the shark attacks, and again we are enemies -- who's going to get who? We have teams again. This time I am trying to fly away. I don't want to be in this situation. I am flapping my arms, trying to fly away. He is reaching up trying to grab my legs. I am hovering just w/ in arm's reach of him. I can't remember, but I think we just finally call it off and decide to be friends, or at least stop attacking each other. There is a "teacher" figure somehow between us throughout the dream. She's not on either of our sides, and she seems completely neutral.

9/29 (#14)

It's graduation day. We're (the class) setting up chairs for our supporters. Its hard to know how many will show, so I place 3 seats per/chair. We are going through our fights -- and after each of mine I'm being drawn to leave to go on a "quest" -- some other aspect of M.M. I am going up a hill, now crossing this stream, stepping on logs to cross. They're slipping under my feet, but I don't lose my balance -- which surprises me. There is a teenage woman and 2 of her boy friends at the top of the hill, playing music and hanging out. (This woman is the daughter of a male instructor (mugger). She gives a little speech during the ceremony about M.M.)

I keep crossing back and forth on the logs -- there's a peice of paper floating that I'm trying to reach. I am racing across the logs trying to catch it -- but its just out of reach. I believe the paper is a message of how to continue on the "quest": Finally I reach it, then the [dream: crossed out] scene changes:
I'm back at M.M. I've cut my hair short and considering cutting it shorter, but other people tell me I shouldn't. I get it permed, but I don't like it, so I cut it shorter.

Now I'm back on top of the hill. Apparently I'm going to stay / live there. This young woman is there - she lives there and is very at home there. I am intrigued by her, but also bothered or pre-occupied by her. I am constantly aware of her but can't figure out why.

I move into a red cabin. I am looking for a place to masturbate. I try several locations, but there's always people, And I have to move. It's frustrating.

Now Stuart Neumann is moving in w/ me. We are flirting, becoming sexual. I am so horny. Im so glad ^ (releived) to be sexual. It feels so good. That's the last part of the dream.

Graduation 9/30

9/30 A (#15)

I'm cleaning (sweeping) my living room? It's very dirty and dusty with lots of junk and furniture all around. As I'm moving the couch and lifting up things to clean underneath, I am surprised and frightened by a large fat beige-skinned snake. Then I see a big fat lizard. Then something that looks like a distorted turtle. I go to pick it up, then I realize its something ? potentially dangerous. Then there's also a muskrat; but then its a skunk. I watch the skunk for a while.

There is another person in the room. I tell them to be careful of all the animals. I'm paranoid of running into the snake especially. I search a little for it, as it had moved. But I don't see it. Now I'm walking around my living room w/ caution. I'm not certain the snake is dangerous; but it's "supposed" to be. Traditionally, I should be afraid of snakes. But I'm also intrigued by this fat snake.

9/30 B (#16)

I'm searching to buy a pair of tennis shoes. I'm at a shoe store. The man asks if I want any help. I tell him what I'm looking for. He shows me what he has - 2 different pairs of shoes - only come in men's sizes. I'm not interested in either, but I go ahead a try the first pair on. It's too big and I tell him I'm not interested.
I'm at a very small, very cheap circus (there's not even a ferris wheel). There are 2 men running this little ride (its more like a swing set). And they are pushing 2 young children/babies. The guys are jerks and they are swinging the babies very hard and crazily - so that its obviously dangerous for the kids. There's no one else around. I walk up to them and scold them, and take the babies.

Scene changes:
I have found a 1-2 yr. old baby lying face down on a table (where the swing set was). At first I think its dead, but its heart is beating. I pick it up and bring it to some kind of office where I call an ambulance for help. I think the child is dying. Its been neglected and needs nourishment. I can't get through to the hospital, so I walk there. I leave the baby behind and somehow have another baby as well that needs medical attention. I go to an ambulance center and [tell:xed out] describe the situation to this man. He is not particularly helpful, but I think he agrees to help. I'm leading him back, on foot, to the place where the children are. That's all I remember.

I am beginning a bike trip w/ 2 women. We are going through foreign and mountainous terrain, crossing from one state into France. None of us have been here before. We haven't packed anything - not a change of clothes, or even any food.

The journey is taking longer than we expected. We stop at several little general stores along the way to look at maps. We think we know where we're going, but its taking a long time.
Finally we reach this one point that we have located on the map. We are so disappointed to discover that it is still a long long ways away.

We are at this resting pt; its the main stopping pt. before a drop bridge. Our patience is wearing low. We consider sleeping there, with a pick-up truck, or just continuing despite our tiredness. I want to continue, and to hitchike. My partners don't really, so we go to this store to figure out what we're going to do. We're all hungry and I'm going to buy a bagel sandwich. I tell the others I am going off for a bit of alone time. I need to get away and have some space.
10/3 (#19)

I'm at a restaurant I think w/ my family, and our waitress is a young black woman (teenage). I get up from the table to leave and I realize I don't have my wallet. I look for it, and it turns out that the waitress is sliding the wallet into her purse - or so it seems. I have some doubt, but my intuition definitely is that she is trying to steal it.

Scene changes:
Takes place at my father's old house - in his front yard - in S.F. There's a huge gathering of people. It feels like a rally or something. Then the waitress stands up and accuses me of? Racism? all of a sudden the entire group's attention is focused on me and I'm being accused of something? Then she starts singing the sweet Honey Song "We will Not Bow Down to Racism." Then Sweet Honey is there singing it. Then I start singing it. But it's aimed at me. I'm embarrassed. and confused. Then I woke up.

10/5 (#20)

I am in a car w/ a group of women & men, going to a volleyball match (though I didn't realize where we were going till we got there). Everone is anxious and being rude to one another. Finally I say, "Let's notice that we are all highly irritable, including myself, and try to be more concious of treating eachother better." We are pack into this car. I am so frustrated.

We are having a hard time finding the school where the match is to be held. We get to a football field, and I ask the coach where the volleyball is. He begins giving me direction, ^a bit unclearly. The driver of my car comes over and says or infers, "I better listen to the directions; you will get us lost." Anger rises inside me. We get back into the car and find the gym. When we get into the gym I realize I have forgotten my volleyball clothes & gear. I can't decide if I should go all the way back to the car, or if it's too far. I tell the coach. she ? says: "you're going to have a hard time without knee pads and correct shoes, but that's your problem." I decide I'll borrow them.

I am walking through these corridors of the gym and begin walking up the stairs when I hear my name being said by a group of women from my team. They are all getting dressed and gossiping about me. They are saying my name so clearly numerous times, but I can't hear what they are saying about me. I know they are saying very degrading, mean, hurtful things, but I can't make out their words. I am apalled, and can't believe they are
saying such things - but I just kind of relax and accept they are saying them - like I realize I have no control over what they say or think. Realizing this, it can't hurt me so much.

Next scene. I am sitting w/ Kathy (I think) we are on the bleachers in the gym. Kathy is my only ally. This is the grand, public humiliation - everyone (all women) is saying the worst they can about me - all at once. Kathy is with me. Somehow I am staying centered amidst all of this. Rather unaffected.

10/7 (#21)

I'm in a foreign town, alone (maybe on my bike trip). Often I am shy to meet people when I'm travelling, but I decide I'm going to this time. I go to a *women's gay bar. It's a very sophisticated, homey place. There's a woman there I'm immediately attracted to. She is tall and slender, dressed in jeans, boots, a silk blouse and vest. We are the only people there it seems. She has a very soft, but assertive way. We begin dancing, at first holding eachother in the traditional ballroom/waltz style. As the dance progress, we hold eachother closer and closer, so we can feel eachother's breath on our cheek and in our ears. We know we will be in love. When the music ends, we slowly, slowly let go of eachother. Now there's the woman who owns the place, and someone else sitting at a table. I ask the woman to give us two seltzer waters. She asks if we want "something" in them. I say no. I walk over to the table where my "beloved" is talking w/ someone (I'm not really aware of this other person's presence). I sit down. She says to me in a sad way that it's a pity her house isn't larger - that we could live there together. I am a little surprised that she is so forward & "fast". But I know how she feels, because I feel the same.

Then I wake up, unfortunately.

10/8 (#22)

Battering. This man was chasing after his wife. The woman was part of our group (what kind of group?) There were other women in the group who had experienced this kind of violence. It was like a recovery group.

When he started chasing her, she ran towards this warehouse. I kept thinking: "not in there - he'll have you!" Then she turned and swerved so that she was running back towards us. The people in our group were yelling and cheering her on, but no one ran after them to help. We all hesitated, afraid, unsure.
She ran back towards us and then one of them men of our group - the leader/teacher - had a gun and stopped the man and started singing a blues song about cooling out instead of using violence. He fired the pistol twice as part of the chorus of the song. He was training this man to stop - stop the cycle of violence. I woke up.

2nd Interview 10/11

3rd Interview 1/4/91


