

A PSYCHOPHYSIOLOGICAL INVESTIGATION OF  
ANXIETY AND REPRESSION DURING FREE IMAGERY  
RECALL, DREAM RECALL, AND EMERGENT UNCOVERING

Thesis for the Degree of Ph. D.

MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

HOWARD H. MORISHIGE

1971



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ANXIETY AND REPRESSION DURING FREE IMAGERY  
RECALL, DREAM RECALL, AND EMERGENT UNCOVERING

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HOWARD H. MORISHIGE

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Major professor

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A PSYCHOPHYSICAL  
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By  
Howard H. Morishige

AN ABSTRACT OF A THESIS

Submitted to  
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Department of Psychology

1971

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## ABSTRACT

### A PSYCHOPHYSIOLOGICAL INVESTIGATION OF ANXIETY AND REPRESSION DURING FREE IMAGERY RECALL, DREAM RECALL, AND EMERGENT UNCOVERING

By

Howard H. Morishige

This investigation measured the CNS-ANS activating properties involved in visual imagery, the effort of re-visualizing previous imagery, and the intrinsic activating characteristics, or levels of drive representation, of primary process intrusion in visual imagery. It was specifically hypothesized that the anxiety-provoking drives represented by nocturnal dreams have greater CNS-ANS activating properties when compared with the effort involved in the re-visualization of the visual imagery. An attempt was also made to identify "hot" visual imagery, which was accompanied by experienced resistances and psychosomatic symptoms, and to evaluate the effectiveness of their re-introduction as an uncovering procedure used in psychotherapy.

A spontaneous visual imagery condition (Free Imagery) was monitored and compared with its corresponding baseline measure in order to determine whether CNS-ANS activation, as measured by the EEG, EOG, GSR, and FPR, is associated with visual imagery per se. Free Imagery Recall and Dream Recall conditions were monitored to assess whether CNS-ANS activation is associated more with the primary process intrusions in the visual imagery than the effort of recalling previous imagery. Because Ss' efforts in performing a specific task (recall of visual

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imagery) were assumed to be constant under both conditions, any monitored differences between both conditions could be the result of the intrinsic activating properties of the visual imagery. A fourth condition, Emergent Uncovering, was monitored to determine whether the re-introduction of anxiety-producing "hot" visual images, as detected by the GSR, is associated with greater CNS-ANS activation when compared to the original occurrence of the "hot" image.

Three groups of Ss participated in this investigation: Group A consisted of 10 male introductory psychology undergraduates; Group B was composed of 6 females and 1 male from the same undergraduate population; Group C consisted of 5 females and 4 males, all of whom were experienced in emergent uncovering psychotherapy. Groups B and C, used after Group A had completed the research, incorporated several procedural modifications designed to maximize changes in the monitored variables.

The results of the present study shows conclusively that visual imagery per se does not necessarily suppress or desynchronize the occipital alpha rhythm. Dream re-visualization and specific "hot" images often produced a pattern of CNS-ANS activation that included a desynchronization or suppression of the alpha rhythm. Effort of re-visualizing spontaneous visual imagery was found also to have a desynchronizing effect, but this factor was less powerful than dream re-visualization. An inspection of the protocols reveals that alpha rhythm during visual imagery is a stable function which is often unaffected

both when other measures of CNS-ANS are reactive and when S is reporting symptoms and emotional distress.

The data obtained indicate that REMs accompanying both nocturnal dreams and the re-visualization of nocturnal dreams in the waking state are just one facet of a pattern of CNS-ANS activation produced by the emergence of anxiety-producing processes motivating the dream, rather than a component uniquely associated with the neural determinants of sleep, scanning of images, attentive activity, or suppression of fantasies. The primary process expression of repressed striving in dreams is somewhat more activating than free imagery, but the more blatant expression of these strivings during the emergent uncovering procedure is most activating. The potency of the technique of emergent uncovering was amply documented.

Differences between experimental conditions are discussed in terms of the nature of the tasks involved, demand characteristics of the research procedure, improbability of E bias, and modification of procedure. This study contains implications for future research in detecting relationships between monitored physiological patterns and psychodynamic psychology.

Approved

Joseph R. Keenan  
Committee Chairman

Date

April 14, 1971

A PSYCHOPHYSICAL

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1971

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To Bill Kell,  
who cared enough to struggle with me  
so that I could finally feel and understand  
the liberation and joy of being human.

To Alyce and Vanessa,  
with whom I can share my innermost  
feelings of pain and pleasure.

The author expresses his relentless and  
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The author extends his sincere gratitude to Dr. Joseph Reyher for his relentless and continual encouragement and guidance in the planning and completion of this investigation. As chairman of the dissertation committee, he was instrumental in making this research a most stimulating, challenging, and invaluable learning experience. In addition, as an academic advisor and supervisor he did much to enhance my interest in becoming a viable scientist and psychotherapist.

Grateful acknowledgments are also extended to the other members of my dissertation committee: Dr. Robert Zucker, Dr. Charles Hanley, and Dr. Paul Bakan for their interest in this study and their helpful clarifications, suggestions in improvements, and concern. In addition, their successful attempts in making my dissertation orals a stimulating learning experience instead of a grueling ordeal were much appreciated.

Special thanks is also expressed to clinical psychologists Dr. Kathleen Sheridan (Loyola University of Chicago) and Dr. Edward Sheridan (University of Illinois: University Circle) who both graciously offered their professional services while painstakingly serving as judges.

Also, I wish to thank Mr. Karl Sirotkin for his interest and cooperative concern, Miss Barbara Brown who undertook part of the tedious ordeal in labeling the monitored protocols during the scoring process, Miss Barbara Bayr and Mr. Garret De Young of the Computer Center for their suggestions, and Mrs. Geraldine Stornant of the Psychology Department for her interest and concern in the completion of my graduate program. Finally, I wish to thank the volunteer research individuals who made the collection of the data possible.

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A Psychophysiological Investigation of Anxiety and  
Repression During Free Imagery Recall, Dream Recall, and  
Emergent Uncovering<sup>1</sup>

Howard H. Morishige

Michigan State University

Psychotherapeutic literature contains several references to the occurrence of a shift in cognitive modality from lexical to imagoic. Breur & Freud (1955), in their work with such patients as Anna O., found visual images to be useful tools in gaining insight into the psychodynamics underlying the symptoms. Since then, many psychotherapists (Assagioli, 1965; Deutsch, 1955; Goldberger, 1957; Hammer, 1967; Horowitz, 1968; Jellinek, 1949; Kanzer, 1958; Kepecs, 1964; Kubie, 1943; Warren, 1961) have noted that visual imagery may serve as a vehicle for the symbolic representation of unconscious processes.

Reyher (1963) has described a technique of using spontaneous visual imagery (free imagery) to promote the uncovering of repressed material. When interpretations are not given to the client, the procedure is called "Emergent Uncovering" (Reyher, 1968a, 1969). With free imagery, the client is asked to close his eyes and to describe only visual images, feelings, and bodily sensations that come to his attention. Reyher (1963) accounts for the use of this procedure in the following way:

The procedures involved in free imagery are designed to minimize secondary process and maximize primary process by eliminating or reducing visual and auditory

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cues that are necessary for supporting defenses and for maintaining an external frame of reference.... When a client is asked to describe only images, feelings and sensations, he is deprived of cognitive processes and is thrown back upon more subjective media which are easily influenced by unconscious material and primary process. (459)

Free imagery has been shown to have powerful uncovering properties in psychotherapy (Reyher, 1963, 1968a, 1968b, 1969). Resistances are acutely experienced by the client and primary process regulation of imagery progressively produces more blatant representation (derivatives and symbols) of repressed material. As uncovering proceeds, the client's images are often accompanied by experienced resistances (e.g., reluctance to describe images, involuntary opening of eyes) and psychosomatic symptoms, both of which denote "hot" images. The re-introduction of hot images and dreams by the psychotherapist has a strong intensifying effect on drives because they are spontaneous, idiosyncratic, and have particularly intimate connections with a salient drive or drive-complex (Reyher, 1969). The client realizes from his symptoms and resistance that something very disturbing inside of him is operating outside of his awareness. The goal of psychotherapy is the discovery of this pathogenic process. Eventually, if the client has sufficient ego-strength, his visual images become increasingly depictive of repressed drives. Repressed strivings gradually emerge.

Laboratory investigations into the psychodynamic and uncovering properties of visual imagery are consistent with our clinical experience. Burns (1967) found that the frequency

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of galvanic skin responses (GSRs) was proportional to the amount of primary process intrusions in visual imagery. In a subsequent investigation, Reyher & Smeltzer (1968) reported that visual images in response to emotionally toned stimulus words (e.g., penis, breast, etc.) had greater uncovering properties than verbal associations. Visual imagery to these words was associated with more frequent GSRs, more primary process, more direct expression of drives, and less effective defense than was verbal association.

Clinical experience with emergent uncovering has shown that many patients can be brought to experience vivid visual fantasies that clearly manifest the mechanisms of the "dream work" (Reyher, 1963, 1968a, 1969). At times these fantasies are so well organized that they differ from dreams only in that they are less disguised. As in dreams, free imagery can reflect repressed wish fulfillments, derivatives of anxiety producing drives, and may be characterized by mechanisms of dream production, such as symbolism.

Because the electroencephalogram (EEG) and the electro-oculogram (EOG) were monitored in the present investigation, predominant aspects of the literature relating EEG and EOG characteristics to visual imagery occurring both in the waking and sleep states will be reviewed here. Until recently, dream research was limited by the lack of a reliable objective method



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for determining when a patient dreams. However, a method for detecting the occurrence of dreams was described by Aserinsky & Kleitman (1955) who reported the occurrence of ocular motility during sleep. Two types of eye movements were observed: (1) slow eye movements (SEMs) -- slow, often binocularly asymmetrical, with each cycle usually completed in 3-4 seconds; (2) rapid eye movements (REMs) -- bursts of quick, binocularly synchronous, singular and grouped ocular deviations occurring often in clusters of unidirectional or multi-directional deflections which complete a single cycle in approximately one second.

The discovery that REMs occur in Stage I of sleep and may identify the visual dream (Dement & Kleitman, 1957a, 1957b; and Dement & Wolpert, 1958) has revived considerable interest in the study of the relationship between ocular motility and visual imagery. The hypothesis that the eyes scan a dream image in much the same way they follow an external stimuli was originally suggested by Ladd (1892), and later supported by Dement & Kleitman (1957a,b); Roffwarg, Dement, Muzio, & Fisher (1962); and Brady & Rosner (1966). Additional evidence was supplied by Berger, Olley, & Oswald (1962), who found that blind subjects who had retained visual imagery ability showed REMs during dreams, but congenitally blind subjects did not show eye movements. In contrast, Gross, Byrne, & Fisher (1965) who studied subjects with lifelong blindness and with no waking visual imagery showed recurring REM periods

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during emergent Stage I, similar to subjects with sight. The discrepancy between these two investigations was attributed to the different methods used in detecting ocular activity; the former study used EOG electrodes whereas the latter used ceramic strain gauges which utilize a different principle and do not depend upon corneoretinal potentials.

Since the aforementioned studies were conducted during sleep, reliable self-reporting was difficult to achieve and the type of experimental procedure was restricted. Accordingly, Kamiya (1961) has suggested that the relationship between eye movements and mental activity might be more profitably examined in the waking state. Also, Foulkes & Vogel (1965) pointed out that "dreamlike" process material (e.g., visual, dramatic, and hallucinatory episodes) occurred during descending EEG Stages 1 and 2.

In contrast to the EOG observations made during sleep, there are a few findings involving Ss who were awake with their eyes closed. Lorens & Darrow (1962) have reported electrooculographic changes caused by mental calculations. Jeannerod, Jouvett, & Jouvett (1962) observed that eye movements during "memorization" are slower and longer during recall than during active vision, and that eye movements during "memorization" are indistinguishable from those occurring during sleep. Employing a moving visual stimulus of specific excursion, Deckert (1964) found that imagining a previously-seen swinging pendulum was accompanied by pursuit eye movements, and that these did not

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Antrobus, Antrobus, & Singer (1964) and Singer & Antrobus (1965) reported that during the waking state active thinking or the attempt to suppress actively and voluntarily a conscious wish or fantasy were associated with considerable eye movement and blinking. By contrast, relatively relaxed, passive or wish-fulfilling thought (day dream) was characterized by relatively less ocular activity. To explain these data, they invoked a cognitive shift and rate of change of cognitive content model rather than a visual "looking" or scanning model as reported in studies involving REMs during nocturnal dreaming. Another interpretation of the results reported by Singer & Antrobus is that the high rate of ocular activity has nothing to do with cognitive change and suppressing a wish or fantasy, but was due to the activating effects inherent in the effort of suppressing. The presence or absence of visual imagery is irrelevant. According to Amadeo & Shagass (1963), eye movements are a non-specific neural concomitant of attentive activity.

In 1934 Adrian & Matthews confirmed Berger's original findings that visual stimulation desynchronizes the alpha rhythm but that visual imagery does not. In contrast, Jasper

Druckshank (1953) found that the strength of afterimages, the aftereffect, and vice versa. He concluded that the temporary aftereffect was associated with the "aftereffect" of the stimulus. He reviewed the literature and concluded that emotional arousal, stimulation, and reflection in alpha rhythm, and beta activity.

Travis (1953) found that alpha waves tended to be associated with relaxation, and that alpha waves appeared to be associated with alpha waves. He found that alpha waves were reduced when the association was reduced.

Still more recently, Travis (1953), and others have found that the suppression of alpha waves of visual stimulation leads to this conclusion.

& Cruickshank (1937) observed an inverse relationship between the strength of the alpha rhythm and the strength of visual afterimages, the afterimages waxing when the rhythm waned, and vice versa. They described a number of factors causing the temporary disappearance of rhythmic alpha activity but concluded that alpha desynchronization is psychologically associated with the "attention," "arousal value," or "reaction value" of the stimulus situation. Lindsley (1950, 1952, 1962) reviewed the literature pertaining to emotion and the EEG, and concluded that under conditions involving some degree of emotional arousal, as in apprehension, unexpected sensory stimulation, and anxiety states, two principal kinds of changes are reflected in the EEG: (a) a reduction or suppression of alpha rhythm, and (b) an increase in the amount of beta-like fast activity.

Travis (1937) found that alpha blocking or an activation pattern tended to be associated with visual images, kinesthetic sensations, and mental effort, while mental blankness and abstract thinking appeared to be accompanied by strong or well-developed alpha waves. He also observed that the amplitude of the alpha waves was reduced for both visual images of light and objects, with the association appearing to be weaker for the latter.

Still more recently, Golla, Hutton, & Walter (1943), Short (1953), and Short & Walter (1954) attempted to demonstrate that the suppression of alpha rhythm provides an objective index of visual imagery in problem-solving. These investigators came to this conclusion by observing that Ss who claimed to be



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aware mainly of visual images (visualists) during mental task periods had a greater percentage of alpha blocking than Ss who were aware mainly of verbal-motor images (verbalists). However, Barratt (1954), Costello & McGregor (1957), Drever (1955), Mundy-Castle (1957), and Oswald (1957) questioned this contention by demonstrating that there is no one-to-one relationship between alpha blocking and either visualization or attention. They posit instead that alpha desynchronization is related to at least two factors: (1) the vividness or clarity of the visual image, and (2) the extent to which thought associations, or what may collectively be called the "higher processes," suppress visual imagery. Costello & McGregor (1957) referred to the amount of blatant derivatives that are produced by a release in ego control, as noted by psychoanalysis and "Rorschach workers." They felt that the investigation of imagery and EEG changes is a worthy and fruitful endeavor in personality research.

More recent investigations do not remove the inconsistencies reported in the earlier literature between visual imagery and EEG changes. Foulkes & Vogel (1965) noted several stages of sleep onset that were characterized by vivid visual fantasies and alpha or theta waves; however, Stoyva & Kamiya (1968) reported that low alpha activity was associated with visual imagery in normal Ss and in Ss under the influence of LSD. Hart (1967) and Kamiya (1969) have shown that the production of alpha rhythm can be systematically increased by training

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Ss to accommodate their subjective mental states to sustained auditory feedback signals which indicate the continuous manifestations of this rhythm. While investigating the operant control of the EEG alpha rhythm, Kamiya observed that one of the ways which his Ss found helpful to suppress the alpha rhythm involved their using intense visual imagery.

In an attempt to clarify the psychophysiological relationship between waking visual imagery and dream imagery, Reyher & Morishige (1969) continuously monitored the EEG and EOG of 10 male subjects under a spontaneous visual imagery condition (Free Imagery). They reported that visual imagery per se does not necessarily desynchronize the alpha rhythm or activate REMs. These investigators noted that the results of previous investigations were confounded by either one of two procedures: the subject was asked to describe his mental state only when there was alpha desynchronization and/or REMs, or the subject was asked to produce a specific visual image. In the former case the images that were described had activating or anxiety producing characteristics; non-activating visual images would have been undetected. In the latter case, the request to do something or to exert effort is activating.

In addition to monitoring a Free Imagery Condition, Reyher and Morishige also monitored a Dream Recall Condition. They reported that the re-visualization of a dream was more desynchronizing than spontaneous visual imagery and they attributed this result to either the anxiety-producing, primary

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process nature of dreams and/or the effort to revisualize the dream. Both conditions were associated with an equal increase in REMs, which were more characteristic of the waking state than those observed during nocturnal dreams, despite the fact that the rate of visual episodes during the revisualization of the dream was greater and the images tended to be more kinetic. They interpreted this finding as evidence against the scanning hypothesis, but supportive of the hypothesis that REMs represent a non-specific neural mechanism which is a concomitant of attentive activity (Amadeo & Shagass, 1963). An instance of uncovering during the Free Imagery Condition was coincidental with an increase in REMs which is inconsistent with the hypothesis that REMs are associated with the suppression of fantasies (Antrobus & Singer, 1965). According to Reyher (1969):

Visual images function in the same way as derivatives that are too 'hot' for the moment. For reasons which are unknown, there is a momentary weakening of repression (specific nature of repression) which produces an increase in depiction. Anxiety is produced, and if it is near the beginning of psychotherapy, repression inevitably increases once again along with a decrease in depiction and increase of resistance. The psychotherapist can operationally verify that a 'hot' image actually is tapping an area of repression simply by re-introducing the 'hot' image to the client and observing its pathogenic, response-producing properties. (55-56)

The purpose of the present investigation was to separate and measure the CNS-ANS activating properties of effort of revisualization and primary process visual imagery. It was specifically hypothesized that the anxiety-producing drives

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properties than  
attempt was made  
effectiveness of  
procedure.<sup>2</sup>

represented by dreams have greater CNS-ANS activating properties than the effort of revisualization. Also, an attempt was made to identify hot images and to evaluate the effectiveness of their reintroduction as an uncovering procedure.<sup>2</sup>



## Subjects

Three groups of  
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## METHOD

### Subjects

Three groups of Ss were used: Group A consisted of ten volunteer, undergraduate, male Ss who were enrolled in an Introductory Psychology course; Group B was composed of six females and one male from the same undergraduate population; Group C was composed of five females and four males all of whom were experienced in emergent uncovering psychotherapy and whose ages ranged from 22 to 48 with a mean of 33.6.

### Equipment and Experimental Setting

The Ss were connected to a Grass No. 5 Polygraph (Yellow Springs Equipment Company) via electrodes which provided E with a continuous record of EEG, EOG, GSR, and finger pulse response (FPR) activity. The EEG was recorded bipolarly from the occipital area. The positioning of the occipital electrodes was determined according to the International 10-20 Electrode System (Jasper, 1958). Two silver cup electrodes filled with Bentonite electrode paste were attached to the skin by applying U.S.P. collodion. The S's earlobes wired in parallel served as a common reference electrode.

Eye movements were recorded and measured by using procedures described in Dement & Kleitman (1955, 1957a,b). Conjugate horizontal eye movements were monitored by attaching a

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pair of Beckman biopotential electrodes at a point approximately 1 cm lateral to the external canthus of each eye. Vertical eye movements and blinks were identifiable by means of supra- and infra-orbital biopotential electrodes on the S's left and right eyes, respectively. Bipolar potentials were recorded for both horizontal and vertical electrode pairs using an electrode attached to the mastoid area of the left ear as a ground.

GSR electrodes were secured to the third and fourth fingers of S's left hand which provided E with a continuous record of GSR activity and basal skin resistance. For interest's sake, finger pulse response was included to obtain an index of volumetric changes in blood flow. The finger pulse sensing device, provided by Ax and described in Ax, Beckett, Cohen, Frohman, & Gottlieb (1962) was applied with elastic tape to the index finger of the S's left hand.

Except for the GSR and FPR, electrode resistances were checked prior to running S, and any electrode giving a reading above 10K ohms was reapplied. The standard EEG constant speed of 10 mm/sec was used and the gain set for the EEG, EOG, and GSR so that a 20 mm deflection was equivalent to 50 uv.

During the experimental session, each S was placed in a 12 x 12 ft. light- and sound-attenuated sensory deprivation cubicle. While reclining on a chair within the cubicle, S wore a headset consisting of a microphone and earphones which

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#### Group A

Training S  
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were part of an integrated communication system.<sup>3</sup> The remaining components of the system included a tape recorder and an amplifier. Placed adjacent to the S's right side was a switch which activated a light in the adjacent equipment room.

### Procedure

In order to isolate the variables of primary process (degree of drive representation) from the effort involved in revisualization, the CNS-ANS activation of the revisualization (FIR) of a period of free imagery (FI) was compared with the revisualization of a recent dream (DR). During the emergent uncovering (EU) condition, hot images, as detected by the GSR, were reintroduced as well as those determined by subjective and objective (opening of the eyes) expressions of resistance, subjective and objective (wincing, sweating, etc.) expressions of anxiety and symptoms (headache, nausea, etc.).

Groups B and C were constituted after Group A had completed the research. It was hoped that a few changes in procedure and selection of Ss designed to heighten primary process imagery would generate more vivid psychodynamic phenomena and thereby maximize changes on the dependent variables.

### Group A

Training Session. E administered a training session individually to each of eighteen prospective Ss to determine

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whether he was able to report spontaneous visual imagery with eyes closed, to provide him with experience in free imagery, and to accustom him to the laboratory situation. The criterion used to determine whether to accept each participant being able to report a minimum of 15 separate, but not necessarily mutually exclusive with respect to content, visual episodes during a 30 minute period. No participants were eliminated because of failure to meet the aforementioned criterion. The number of reported episodes during this period ranged from 16 to 65 with a mean of 33.4.

Each S was instructed to contact E as soon as he experienced a nocturnal dream which was vivid enough to be recalled in the subsequent experimental session. In the attempt to minimize the time lapse between S's experiencing of the nocturnal dream and the subsequent request to recall the dream, arrangements were made to have S report to the laboratory the next day or at the earliest possible date. Each S was asked to also abstain from sedatives, stimulants, or alcoholic beverages at least 24 hours prior to the experimental session.

Experimental Session. S was seated in a reclining chair and told that the purpose of the investigation was to determine the relationship between visual imagery and certain measurements of cortical and autonomic activity. No mention was made of eye movements. After E attached the electrodes,



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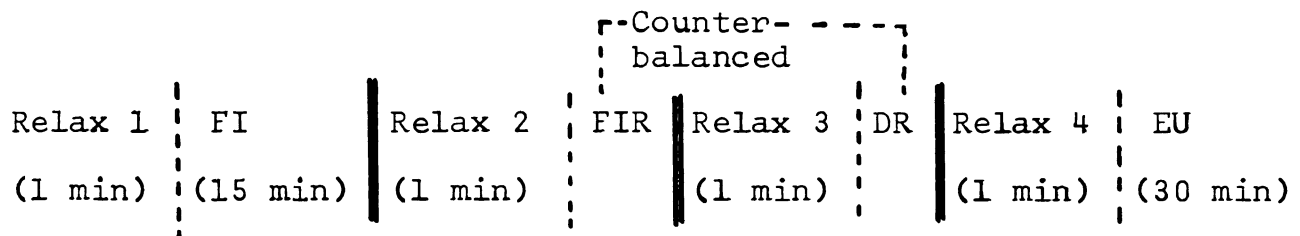
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S was instructed to close his eyes and keep as still as possible for at least 10 min. to allow for skin hydration under the GSR electrodes, adaptation of the S to the applied electrodes, and time for E to make the necessary calibration and adjustments on the polygraph.

The basic schema of the experimental design is given below. The sequence of presentation of the Free Imagery (FI), Free Imagery Recall (FIR), Dream Recall (DR), and Emergent Uncovering (EU) is from left to right.



A one minute relaxation period (Relax 1,2,3,4) preceded each experimental condition to establish a baseline measure for the following experimental condition. During the relaxed period S was asked to rest and to relax until E gave him further instructions.

#### Free Imagery Condition

The Free Imagery condition was monitored for two reasons: (1) to determine the association between spontaneous visual imagery per se and CNS activity, the monitored variables during the FI condition were compared with their respective baseline

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measures, and (2) for S to have a repertoire of visual images to recall later for the Free Imagery Recall condition.

During the FI condition, S was instructed to:

"Please lean back in the chair, close your eyes and report everything that crosses your mind, including images, feelings, and physical sensations." (Reyher, 1963, p. 454)

S was instructed to signal E at the onset and termination of each visual episode of images by pressing a switch with his right hand. To avoid contaminating the imagery, S was asked to describe in detail what he saw after each imagery episode. This condition lasted 15 min.

#### Free Imagery Recall-Dream Recall Conditions

The Free Imagery Recall condition was monitored to assess the association between CNS activation and: (1) S's effort to recall previous spontaneous visual imagery, and (2) the intrinsic activating properties of dreams by comparing FIR with DR condition.

The order of presentation of the FIR and DR conditions were counterbalanced among Ss so that there were five Ss in each order. For the FIR condition, S was instructed to close his eyes and to visualize, in the original sequence, the visual images which he reported earlier in the FI condition. S was instructed to signal the onset and termination of each visual episode and to describe what he saw after each episode.

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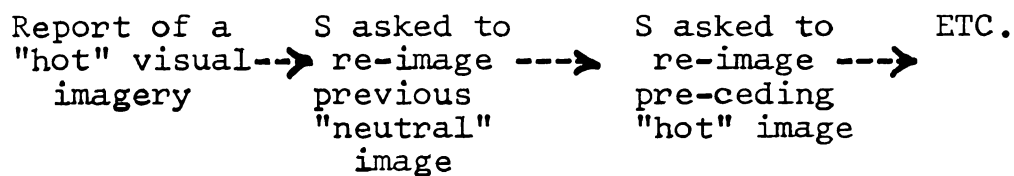
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During the DR condition, S was instructed to close his eyes and visualize the dream in question. S was asked to signal the onset and termination of each visual imagery episode, and was also instructed to describe what he saw after the entire dream was completed. The polygraph record of this phase lasted until the completion of Ss "dream".<sup>4</sup>

#### Emergent Uncovering Condition

The instruction for this condition was identical to the FI condition mentioned earlier. To establish that the increase of GSR activity associated with the "hotness" of the visual imagery and to reduce the possibility that heightened GSR is not produced by a transitory event unrelated to the imagery, S was consistently asked to re-image a previous "neutral" or non-GSR activated image before being asked to re-image the "hot" image. The following paradigm may clarify the above procedure:



Whenever S completed reporting either an imaged or re-imaged GSR activated visual imagery, he was asked to wait before imaging again to allow enough time for S's basal skin resistance to return to the baseline level just before the

onset of the particular visual imagery in question. This method was incorporated to offset any biasing effects due to the so-called Law of Initial Values (LIV).<sup>5</sup> As in the previous conditions, S was asked to signal the onset and termination of each visual imagery episode and to describe what he saw after each imagery episode. The emergent uncovering session lasted 30 min. During prolonged silences E asked S, "What do you see?"

Upon completion of the EU condition, S was asked to keep his eyes closed and to look in the following directions: left, right, up, and down, always returning his eyes to the front after each respective direction. This procedure was inserted to insure the identification of the proper EOG channel (lateral and vertical) for scoring purposes and also to give E an approximate indication as to which direction S's eyes were scanning during his visual imagery.

#### Groups B and C.

While applying the foregoing procedures, it seemed to E that asking S to describe his imagery after each episode was oppressive and interfered with the generation of primary process visual imagery and uncovering; viz., an increase in the blatancy of drive representation in conjunction with the production of symptoms and resistance. The procedure was

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therefore modified for Groups B and C to permit S to describe continuously his spontaneous visual imagery without interruption and interference of any kind. To further augment the generation of primary process visual imagery, Ss in Group B were prescreened for this ability, and Group C consisted of clients who had formerly or were currently in emergent uncovering psychotherapy with E<sub>2</sub> (Joseph Reyher).

E<sub>2</sub> was stationed with S in the experimental room and gave instructions for the experimental conditions. E<sub>1</sub> (Howard Morishige) attached the electrodes and sensors and monitored the polygraph in an adjacent room. This arrangement considerably reduced the burden of E<sub>1</sub> and permitted the client-subjects to be with their psychotherapist instead of a stranger. E<sub>2</sub> maintained a running record of hot and neutral images and always reintroduced a neutral image before a hot one, reflected spontaneous symptomatic comments, and during prolonged silences asked, "What do you see?". In contrast to Group A, there were no explicit criteria for when E<sub>2</sub> reintroduced images.

With the exception of the foregoing modifications, the procedure was the same as Group A.

### SCORING

Alpha Rhythm. Due to the limitations involved in scoring attenuated alpha rhythm activity by visual inspection,

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occipital alpha was defined as the presence of not less than 3 consecutive waves of 8-13/sec frequency and 2 mm (5 uv) or greater in amplitude. Per cent time occipital alpha (% alpha) was defined as the duration of the total observed occipital alpha activity in seconds multiplied by 100 and divided by the length in seconds of the total duration of the episodes or period examined.

REMs. Voluntary eye movements in the waking state with eyes closed are easily detectable; involuntary eye movements, however, are obscured by artifacts caused by blinks, ocular tremors, muscle movements, and brain waves (Dunn, 1967). Eye tremors and blinks, for the most part, occur vertically and can be detected on the vertical electro-oculogram. To attenuate the effects of these artifacts, only eye movements monitored on the horizontal EOG were used to detect the occurrence of REMs.

The EOG contains slow (SEM) and rapid (REM) eye movements which are distinguishable mainly in terms of duration and latency (Amadeo & Shagass, 1963; Aserinsky & Kleitman, 1955; and Shimazono, Ando, Sakamoto, Tanaka, Eguchi, & Nakamura, 1965). Only REMs were considered in the present study, and difficulties in counting very small baseline oscillation and borderline slow eye movements were avoided by adopting the following criteria: (1) horizontal EOG deflection was equal to or greater in amplitude than the corresponding deflection on the vertical EOG;

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(2) amplitude of the horizontal EOG was equal to or greater than 4 mm (10 uv); and (3) duration from base to peak was of 0.5 sec or less.

Mean rapid eye movements (REM/min) was defined as the total number of scored REMs occurring during the visual imagery episodes for each experimental and relax condition and divided by the total cumulative duration in minutes of the visual imagery episodes occurring in each condition.

GSR. The method of scoring GSR consisted of counting the number of responses that were 2,000 ohms or greater in amplitude which occurred during the period of the visual imagery episodes for each of the four experimental conditions and their respective baselines. Surwillo (1967) and others have found that there is a relatively greater latency of an autonomic response such as the GSR when compared to the EEG. Latency was defined and determined by measuring the lineal distance between onset of stimulus and a point corresponding to the initial negative deflection of the trace, and converting this value into units of time. Surwillo reported that the mean GSR latency for a group of 42 normal males was 1.75 sec. Based upon the results just mentioned, the scoring of the GSR in the present study involved displacing both the onset and termination of each visual imagery episode by 2.0 sec for each of the four conditions.

Mean GSR/min was defined as the total number of scored GSRs occurring during the visual imagery episodes for each

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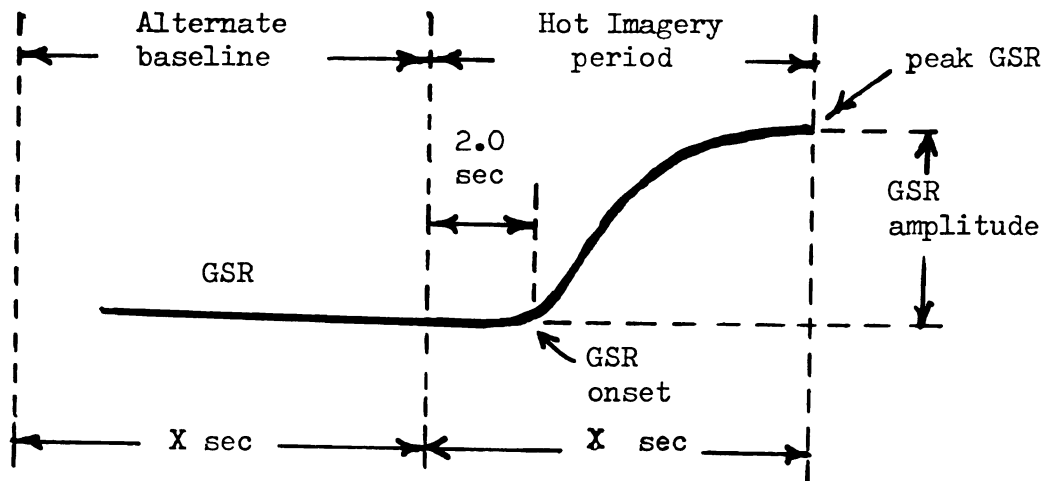
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FPR. Finger pulse response (FPR), or finger vasoconstriction, was defined as a decrease of at least 20% in pulse amplitude (measured in mm) which persisted for a minimum of two pulse beats.<sup>6</sup> Mean finger pulse (FPR/min) was defined as the total number of scored FPRs occurring during the visual imagery episodes for each experimental and relax condition and divided by the length in minute(s) of the total cumulative duration of the visual episodes occurring in each condition.

Hot Images. The period of maximum CNS-ANS activation during a hot image was defined as the time elapsing between the onset and peak of the GSR in addition to an 2.0 sec latency period immediately preceding the onset of the GSR. The two second latency period preceding onset of the GSR was considered to be sufficient time between image formation and CNS-ANS activation for all the monitored variables to respond. As previously noted, the latency of the GSR is 1.8 sec (Surwillo, 1967). As an alternate to the Relax as a baseline measure, a period of maximum CNS-ANS activation was delimited. The schema below graphically represents the foregoing relationships:



Level of Drive Representation. The tape recorded transcript of each subject's reported visual imagery episodes were evaluated by two clinical psychologists (Ph.D.'s) who served as judges using a modified version of the Holt system (see Holt & Havel, 1960) for scoring level of primary process. Primary process responses are divided into two levels in the Holt system: Level I represents very direct, intense, or blatant drive expression whereas Level II represents more socialized drive expression.

In order to use a more sensitive measure of the level or degree of drive representation, the present investigator devised a 5 point rating scale instead of using Holt's two levels of assessing primary and secondary process materials. The five point scale is based on a stepwise continuum in which a rating of "1" anchors one end of the continuum by representing the highest degree of representation of drive and



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a rating of "5" anchors the opposite end, representing repressed, very remote derivatives of drives. Stated differently, a rating of "1" characterizes direct acting out or gratification of drive impulses such as "shooting one's father" or "screwing one's mother," whereas on the opposite end of the continuum a rating of "5" characterizes a protocol giving very little or no hint of what drive is involved.

To expedite and facilitate scoring of the protocols, each judge was instructed to assign one rating after reading each of the experimental conditions in its entirety.<sup>7</sup> For purposes of the ratings, the verbal responses to each visual imagery episodes were edited by E as necessary to remove any cues which might identify the nature of the experimental conditions or the sex of the subject. This procedure was incorporated to minimize the operation of biases that might have influenced the judges' scoring.

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## RESULTS

Before commencing with a statistical analysis of the data, the verbatim protocols of two client-subjects in Group C will be presented. Even a cursory examination of these protocols reveals the gross differences in the level of drive representation between the experimental conditions and documents the powerful uncovering properties of emergent uncovering.

Subject #8: a twenty-nine year old single, very attractive school teacher who is sexually frigid, does not experience anger under any circumstances and lacks a feeling of personal identity. Her request for psychotherapy was precipitated by the end of a five year engagement during which both she and her fiance agreed to remain chaste until marriage. Psychotherapy twice per week was commenced three years before this research.

all of a sudden  
 FIR: "To the left is a cliff. You could almost pass over it. But then, it changed into women with old fashioned dresses with puffy sleeves. Their hats (pause) great big brimmed hats. Looks like feathers or flowers or something. At the crown there's a big cluster of them. There was a woman instead of a cliff. (Pause) I don't think this was the right order, but a big field with a pond in the middle. Off to the right (pause) and then all of a sudden a bird like a crow swept down over the trees. Then I saw a fortress (pause) a small one and a man had a black suit like with a (pause) waved hair (pause) and was bald. He threw this round hat in this big opening. And there was a black hat. Then I saw a hat on the, um, drink-

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DR: "I can't seem to get started. I see other things. I was in Germany and I had gone to sleep and then all of a sudden (pause) seemed as though I had woken up but I discovered I was still asleep. I couldn't wake up. (Pause) I never thought that it would scare me so much that I had tried to (pause) figure how I could wake myself up. (Pause) I tried to move my arms and I couldn't move them. Then I tried to move my feet (pause) but nothing would move and I couldn't wake up. So I thought if I could (pause) get into the bathroom to splash water on my face I'd wake up. (Pause) I tried to to into the bathroom and turn on the water (pause) and I did put water into my hand (pause) and by the time I got my hands to my face they'd be no water. I just saw water run into the sink. (Pause) I just saw something like a circus being pushed (pause) into some compartment (pause) but I would try and get (pause) the water to my face and I couldn't do it. (Pause) I'm seeing the bathroom where I was so I went to try and put water on my face and look in the mirror I was just a negative (pause) there was nothing there. Then I think I finally woke up."

EU: "I saw (pause) like a corner, around the corner where a group of boys standing flat against the wall and they all had like the bottom of the foot on the wall so their knees stuck out. I saw that really quickly. (Pause) (Reimage hat getting larger and fountain and face appearing beneath it with sad eyes?) (Pause) (Are you awake?) Uh huh. (Pause) (Do you feel like you're on the verge of sleep?) No. (Pause) (Can you verbalize or describe that dream again and report any images?) (Pause) (Are you awake?) uh, huh. (Can you verbally describe that dream again?) (Pause) (Can you say your name?) (Client-subject mentions her first name) (Pause) (Are you aware of any resistance against describing the dream or anything before?) No. (Describe the dream again and making note of any images that happen to come to your mind's eye) (Pause) I was (pause) lying in bed in Germany.

(pause) And I wouldn't wake up (pause). I tried to wake up and I tried to move my hands except they wouldn't move (pause) at all. (Pause). I am, I was trying to wake up and I couldn't move anything and I laid in bed and thought if I could get some water on my face it would wake me up. I'm having different visions. (Describe them?) I have a vision of a male standing at a toilet going to the bathroom. (Describe image) He's just holding onto his penis and just going to the bathroom. (Pause) I went to the sink, to try and get some water and I could feel it on my hands but couldn't. When I put my hands to my face I couldn't feel anything. (Pause) So I looked up into the mirror and there wasn't anything there and I was just a negative. (Describe what you do see) (Pause) I don't actually see it. I just remember so well (pause). I remember that there was nothing there but just black and white. (Pause) Then I see the toilet, but the toilet is not in the right spot. (Is the man still there?) No. (Pause) (What's happening?) I was trying to figure out the man at the toilet. (What's happening; what's he wearing?) Plaid shirt, but (pause) I don't necessarily know if it's a man, I think it could have been me. (See penis now?) (Pause) I don't know. (Pause) (What's happening?) Nothing. I just was thinking about, I just became aware of what I wasn't (pause), a machine. (Any feelings and sensations connected with that thought?) I just realized that I didn't switch on the light. (See yourself or what seems to be yourself at the toilet?) This was when I saw myself looking down into the sink basin, (pause) and moving my hands to cup the water. All of a sudden I saw (pause) the hands moving towards the penis, I saw the figure. (Pause) (What's the faucet like in the sink?) It's a turn handle (pause) it's huh, hot and cold on either side. (Faucet itself?) Oh, comes up the center (pause) I don't know. (Pause) I feel as though I'd like to sit up and open my eyes or something. (See anything?) No. (You know why you'd like to open your eyes?) (pause) (How are you feeling?) I feel fine now. (Describe that hat that grew larger and tell me what pops in your mind's eye?) (Pause) The hat was sitting there in the drinking fountain and it started to grow higher like a Lincoln hat. (Pause) And all of a sudden there's a black face under it (pause) and he was looking at me. His eyes were so sad and bloodshot. (Pause) (What's happening?) I thought of going back to the apartment and Dave would be there and he would probably

get mad or something. I created a little scene in my own mind yelling back and forth at each other. (Describe scene?) I don't necessarily see it, but he'll say something about why does it take that long? But really (pause) in a critical manner and I would just jump back at him. (What do you see?) Hmm. I don't see anything. I just think of jumping back at him because it's as though I have to account for all of my time. But as yet I haven't done anything. Lately I'm good to him. So (pause). (What's happening?) I've been thinking. (Pause) I don't know. I guess I'm quite aware of the machine. (In what way?) I wonder, I had envisioned him sitting there watching and yet at the same time (pause) I hear his foot tap once in a while. I just thought in terms of almost a code worked up between the two of you. (Foot tapping code?) Uh, huh. (Any sensations or feelings?) No. (Pause) I think, I kind of think you might react negatively to the idea that I would think that he's tapping his foot for some reason. (What negative way might I react?) That I'm suspicious. (Pause) (Anything in your mind's eye?) No. (Pause) (What was your reaction when you saw that man standing up and going to the bathroom holding his penis?) Startled me. (What about later when you thought that that person might be you?) (Pause) I just thought about (pause) it seems typical of remembering, not typical, it would be in line with my idea of wanting to be a boy. (Pause) (Any feelings, sensations?) No, I just thought about Dave, umm (pause) saying something to me again. (Saying something to you?) Just like I saw him saying something like 'It took you that long (pause) or did it take that long?' And I saw myself screaming back that it did take that long and telling him I was tired of (pause) having to answer for all my time when I wasn't with him or didn't include him. (Pause) And I just saw (pause). (Sigh) I feel like I'm doing what I'm not supposed to be doing."

Subject #7: a twenty-nine year old single male  
graduate student and writer who cannot enter an elevator



or leave town via an automobile or airplane. He does not experience anger in interpersonal relationships, tends to be diffident with authority figures, allows himself to be debased by castrating females, and is unable to enter a romantic relationship with more mature, well-adjusted women. His request for psychotherapy was precipitated by a bout of impotence and/or loss of penile erection soon after initiating intercourse. Psychotherapy twice per week was commenced about six months prior to this research.

FIR: "White coil, in a black background. Then there was the falling (pause) the coil seen from the point of view away from it. Third eye falling down the coil, experiencing it more (pause) not really eyeing it, but sensation of it. (Are you seeing these?) Yeah. I was in a cave, I guess I sort of landed there softly after landing from the coil. The ledge, wall opening up walking into this bathroom type thing (pause) locker room type thing. Walking up to the top of the step turning on and coming back down. Seeing the ocean, the sky, the horizon. Getting a long exterior shot (pause) a cinematic shot of the whole thing and back into the cave and seeing the water which had been white-capped turning to darker blue to black. Jumping into the water (pause) going to this black area down to the crystal clear world. Seeing a castle, seeing fishes and mermaid. The castle type structure (pause) seeing the domes of the castle kind of joining into a spinning into a spinning thing (pause) seeing that become the image of chandelier in the three musketeers movie because the chandelier of my own house. Visualizing the furniture, the doors in the living room, the bed, radiator. Visualizing the dining room, the radio, table, buffet, windows, the doors. The upstairs image, the dream, kissing the house goodbye. The side porch outside. The unpainted house with the painted garage."

DR: "I'm in the Union grill standing in the line. Just picked up a tray. I set it on the tray slide and there's a girl there. She says something to me. I think I say something (pause) I can't remember what. We start talking as we go along the line. We get to the part where we order dinner and select the dinner. I start to look up at the menu and she suggests a plate of macaroni and cheese which I hate. But she insists that I'll really love it and take a taste of it or two. I seem to like it O.K. The next thing that happens is that I'm home and I call her on the phone and I ask her out. To my great surprise because I act timidly almost always she says yes quite enthusiastically. So I'm driving to pick her up. She said she was on G Street which is where Anita lives. I get the feeling that it's someone very similar to Anita. As I'm driving to pick her up, I get a really incredible image. As I'm driving along it's kind of raining or something and I see this girl. At first I think it's the same girl I'm going to pick up. She's wearing a raincoat and carrying an umbrella. She's crossing the street and waiting at the light and I'm watching her. All of a sudden she turns around and doesn't have any clothes on (pause) it's really scary (pause) upsetting thing that this girl has a penis. I remember my thoughts in my dream as I see this. I say, 'God, that's really a weird thing.' And I drive on."

EU: "I see, huh, this girl. My sensation now is sort of (pause). The closest thing I can think of is repulsion. It isn't that strong, because in repulsion you get turned away from it. It must be pretty important obviously. It's still upsetting. (How feeling?) I feel I want to repel from it (pause) like it's uncomfortable. Whatever it represents I don't like it. It's something about myself that I won't want to enjoy finding out (pause). Repulsion isn't the word I want, it's too strong. Just kind of upsetting to know it exists in my mind and upsets to know that it exists in a near dream (pause) incredible nightmare (pause) down below it. (What comes to your mind's eye?) This dream wasn't a nightmare (pause) but if this image comes in that wasn't a nightmare, wow! I still see the same kind of image (pause) just kind of looking out the car window and seeing this girl. (See her now exposed with the penis?) Yeah. She seems, except for that, extremely feminine. I don't know how to describe the penis, it's just a penis. In the dream

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(pause) it was kind of hard holding the image because of the jolt of seeing it (pause) the feeling, the reaction. After that it was just a matter of shrugging it off. I'm obviously feeling the reaction. If I can feel the reaction the machine must be going wacky right now. (What kind of reaction are you feeling?) Well (pause) fifteen or twenty seconds ago I felt a tremor of of heart (pause) feeling of something in my stomach (pause) kind of jelly sensation (pause) of quivering almost excitement that I feel before a football game. Scared, anticipate like something is really happening (pause) kind of afraid to participate but more afraid not to participate (pause). I, feeling all through my body a reaction against it but an equal and probably stronger one toward or for pursuing it. (What see?) Same image, girl in raincoat and umbrella (pause). Umbrella is open and transparent. It doesn't really seem to be raining really hard. (Pause) I'm kind of bloody or something, I kind of get the feeling (pause). I thought about the girl to myself (pause) that's really strange and weird. Then I checked to see if she'd stolen my penis. That's the part I was probably repressing or hiding it. I distinctly remember that being in the dream. Something similar to that. (Pause) That's really upsetting on a conscious level (pause) especially connecting it to G Street and Anita because I feel she was really emasculating in the long run and taking a long time to feel again any masculine dignity (pause). (Image of this girl, did her penis look like your penis?) I think so. Similar. It's not all that clear, it's just the sensation of knowing it, feeling strange, that she's got a male sex organ. In the dream itself, it must have felt like some sensation of that (pause) I remember thinking that I'd better check and see if she had stolen my sex organ. It's really weird (pause). (Do you have any sensation in your penis?) No. Again it was also very defensive because it was sort of a jolt when she turned around like that. My first reaction was that it was weird. My second reaction was that I think I was base. Third, it was a panic reaction whether she had stolen mine (pause). Image of Anita and I see her very clearly. I see her on G Street. We're up in her bedroom. I remember the first night I ever spent there. I preface this by saying no one ever screwed Anita, including me. She was just too uptight (pause) she was unscrewable (pause) at least at that particular time. I see her

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room, desk, and her bed and a book shelf I built for her. I remember that night, it's dark outside the window. I see her on the bed and me (pause) she asked me to sleep on the floor (pause) on a sleeping bag right beside her bed. It was about ten minutes before I was in bed with her (pause). With Anita, it's the closest thing I ever felt (pause) it was an immense warmth and genuine beauty. I never felt that with any other girl. She was absolutely warm and gorgeous (pause). I feel communion (pause) an absolute awareness of her and me. The thing was not uptight but it was very lyrical (pause), warm. I can relate that in the warmth of my mother when I slept with her when I was three or four years old. In fact, I remember it so closely, I've been looking for it all my life. (That's something you just connected right now?) I think I connected it a week ago without saying it (pause). I see another apartment of Anita's, this aptment at G Street was there the year before but the next year I see this apartment. I really like the house at G Street (pause). I see the room, I don't like the apartment. It's just a bland apartment, the bed came down from the wall (pause) and I see us fighting an awful lot. I do remember the sexual frustration in that apartment because the year before it was beautiful (pause). It seems very bare. Anita has this incredible body too. I see her. Just an incredible body. (Pause)...."

### Free Imagery and Percent Alpha

As in the previous investigation (Reyher & Morishige, 1969), inspection of the monitored protocols revealed that occipital alpha is not suppressed during spontaneous visual imagery. Table 1 shows that percent alpha during FI was not significantly different from its baseline, although the means of the three groups showed a slight decrease. Table 1 also reveals that there was CNS-ANS activation during FI, but it was not particularly strong.

### Effort of Revisualization

Inspection of Table 1 shows that the mean difference of percent alpha between FIR and its baseline approached significance (Sign Test) for Groups A and C. Using Jones and Fiske's (1953) Chi-square transformation of  $p$  to determine the joint probability of the mean differences for the three groups, a Chi-square of 17.99 was obtained which is significant at the .01 level. Furthermore, it is apparent that the joint probabilities of the other three variables also are significant at even greater levels of confidences. According to these data, alpha suppression is one facet of a pattern of CNS-ANS activation.

### Dream Recall

Table 1 shows a seemingly stronger pattern of CNS-ANS activation during DR, including an even greater decrease in percent alpha. The mean differences of percent alpha progressively increases, without exception, across conditions for the three groups, and the Friedman Two-way Analysis of Variance was significant at the .03 level ( $\chi^2 = 6.00$ ). The mean differences of the remaining three dependent variables did not consistently increase and were not significantly different. The most valid comparison, however, is FIR vs DR because these were the only counterbalanced conditions. Furthermore, both

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conditions required effort of recall, and it was assumed that the amount of effort was equated.

As might be expected, the spontaneous behavior (e.g., hmm, now let me think, let's see, etc.) of some Ss suggested that a previous sequence of visual imagery actually was more difficult to recall than a dream despite its relative recency. Also, the dream was characterized more as an organized unity or gestalt than the seemingly unrelated, discrete episodes of imagery. Moreover, it is likely that the Ss rehearsed their dream in preparation for their experimental appointment. Nevertheless, whatever the contribution of these factors, an examination of Table 1 shows that the mean difference was larger for the DR condition with respect to each of the four dependent variables over the three groups. An overall test of significance was obtained by determining the joint probability of this outcome over the three groups. Since the probability is 0.5 that any one of the four variables for DR would be larger than its counterpart in FIR, the probability of obtaining four out of four mean differences in the expected direction is .06. Using Jones & Fiske's Chi-square transformation, the joint probability for the three groups is  $p=.01$  ( $\chi^2_r = 16.88$ ). Thus, the DR condition shows a small but consistently greater CNS-ANS pattern of activation than the FIR condition.

# Level of Drive

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### Level of Drive Representation and CNS-ANS Activation

The judges' ratings of the level of drive representation for groups A, B, and C were subjected to Pearson's coefficient of correlation to obtain estimates of the inter-judge reliability ( $r = .78$ ,  $p \leq .005$ ). Table 2 shows that there is a significant difference ( $\chi^2_r = 7.4$ ;  $p = .033$ ) in the mean level of drive representation of Groups A, B, and C for each of the conditions. In fact, there was almost no overlap between Group C and Groups A and B. This is not surprising because the Ss in Group C were clients presently or previously in emergent uncovering psychotherapy with  $E_2$ . The procedural change from inquiry (Group A) to unrestrained visual imagery (Groups B and C) probably accounted for the decrease in mean level of drive representation (scorewise) during EU.<sup>8</sup> The appropriate comparison to test this decrease is between conditions FI and EU. Even though these conditions were not counterbalanced, the instructions were the same except for the additional request during EU to describe bodily sensations and feelings. The P values (Sign Test) for the obtained drop in mean level of drive representation between FI and EU were .11 and .02 for Groups B and C, respectively, with the joint probability not reaching the .05 level of significance.

Based on the absence of significant difference between the FI and FIR conditions across all three groups, the mean drive level scores for conditions FI and FIR suggest that they

were not influenced by processes that occur over time; therefore, the absence of counterbalancing probably had little effect. An inspection of the illustrative protocols listed in Appendix J documents the success of the EU condition.

To determine if the mean level of drive representation and CNS-ANS activation were related for the four conditions, Spearman Rank Order Correlation coefficients ( $\rho$ ) were computed between Ss' mean drive level scores and percent alpha change from baseline. The obtained correlations were low and insignificant. Because the relationship between level of drive representation and CNS-ANS activation seems reasonable, another analysis was performed by using a composite score for CNS-ANS activation. This composite score was obtained by ranking Ss' change scores between each monitored variable and their respective baselines across conditions and then summing the ranks on the four dependent variables for each condition. These sums of ranks were correlated ( $\rho$ ) with Ss' drive level scores for each respective condition. The same indifferent results were obtained.

The Low scores of Group C on measures of CNS-ANS activation (Table 1) and level of drive representation (Table 2) further suggests that the two variables are not related in any obvious way. This result is consistent with our clinical experience with emergent uncovering which uniformly shows that some clients are able to tolerate blatant depiction of repressed material without manifesting symptoms, resistance,

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### Hot Images

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### Hot Images

CNS-ANS activation accompanying hot images (GSR of 2,000 ohms or greater) during EU is presented in Table 3. All three groups showed a significant pattern of CNS-ANS activation when compared with their respective baseline conditions, but they did not differ from one another, although percent alpha approached significance (Kruskal-Wallis One-way Analysis of Variance;  $H = 4.46$ ). The same findings were obtained from Groups B and C when Prior Period to a GSR was used as the alternate baseline instead of the regular relax condition; however, this alternate baseline was associated with more activation than the relax baselines.

Only REMs and alpha for Groups B and C were scored. Group B differed from the relax baseline in the proper direction with p values of .008 and .06 for REMs and alpha, respectively. The corresponding values for Group C were .004 and .04. The obvious and most parsimonious explanation of this enhanced level of activation just prior to GSR is that it occurs within a condition which is activating because of the uncovering procedure. Another explanation derives from the fact that some clients report that they are frightened

and do not want to see the next image even though they do not know what it might be. Thus, on occasion, the enhancement of CNS-ANS activation during the alternate baseline may be a prodromal indicator or pre-cognitive aura of anxiety-producing imagery which is about to be consciously perceived.

To determine operationally if hot images actually are anxiety-producing due to their alleged close connection with repressed, anxiety-producing processes, they were to be compared with neutral images that also were reintroduced. It was not possible to make this comparison because the reintroduction of neutral images in itself was often activating and frequently produced GSRs of 2,000 ohms or greater. Because the only way  $E_2$  knew that the GSR criterion had been met was via the flash of a concealed light, discrimination between hot and neutral images was not possible; hence, the procedure was abandoned. Also, while in the midst of crucial and dramatic moments of uncovering,  $E_2$  experienced strong reluctance to distract himself and the client by reintroducing neutral images.

The comparison between neutral and hot images was confounded in another way. For some Ss, images which appeared to be neutral at the beginning of EU rapidly revealed connections with conflict. For example, an automobile turned into a father's car and subsequent imagery about the father was distressing. As in the case with clients in emergent uncovering, a retro-

spective examination of a protocol shows that earlier innocuous appearing images are actually remote depictions of the same anxiety-producing processes depicted by subsequent more blatant hot images. Therefore, the Group A scores for the four dependent variables under Hot Image Reintroduction (HIR) in Table 3 have no meaning other than showing the usual effect of adaptation. A pilot study and inspection of the individual protocols revealed that the re-introduction of some hot images initiates more depictive imagery and CNS-ANS activation while the majority of hot images do not. Since these images are few in number, their greater anxiety-producing properties would only have a small effect on individual and group means.

The period of maximum CNS-ANS activation during a hot image for the EU condition did not show the expected effect. A comparison between Tables 1 and 3 revealed that the change scores for HI tend to run larger than the change scores for the other three conditions; however, only Group A was significantly larger in comparison with DR, which was the most activating of the three conditions with all four of the monitored variables being significant at the .05 level or less. Only alpha and REMs were scored for Groups B and C because they were of special interest. Overall, these data indicate that the GSR alone is not a particularly good indicator of a hot image, that is, one that has particularly close connections with repressed drive-related strivings.



### The Uncovering Properties of Dreams

Clinical experience with emergent uncovering has amply documented that dreams are particularly useful stimuli to initiate uncovering (Reyher, 1968b, 1969). According to Reyher (1969), recalled nocturnal dreams are visual but disguised depictions of repressed strivings that have unusually close or intimate connection with the repressed strivings in question. This connection is particularly true of recurrent dreams and nightmares. The act of revisualizing a dream activates the repressed strivings that produced it and subsequent free imagery is generated by these strivings. This process leads to uncovering which is operationally defined by the production of symptoms, resistance and/or emotional distress accompanied by progressively more blatant depiction. The illustrative protocols listed in the foregoing articles document these clinical observations.<sup>9</sup>

The recalled dream of client-subject #6 produced such distress that the research was terminated at the end of DR. Since this S was a former client, E<sub>2</sub> felt ethically constrained not to proceed without an agreement to resume psychotherapy. In the protocol below, it appears that she has developed a sexual interest in her son who five years ago had surgical removal of his larynx.

DR: "... I felt apprehensive, worried, and frightened but I don't know why. (Pause) And then (pause) John (client's son) calls to me and he's frightened. I see him smaller than he really is (pause). He wants me to come and check something that happened. And as I get into his room (pause) I see quite a bit of John's blood (pause) and I'm aware that this (pause) uh, comes from the end of his penis. And the first thing that (pause) I think is that I mustn't frighten him, but my mind's in a panic (pause) because I think, huh, we didn't get all that cancer. I hear it coming somewhere else. (Pause) And that he's really doomed and he won't really live after all. And I look on a pillow and I can see a design, real plain, but there's blood over that ...."

TABLE 1

Mean Differences Between Experimental Conditions  
and their Respective Baselines

Group	C O N D I T I O N											
	FI				FIR				DR			
	A	B	C	D	A	B	C	D.	A	B	C	D
Group A (N=10)												
$\bar{X}_{diff}$	-3.1	2.6	6.1	3.9	-8.1	3.4	4.3	2.1	-10.7	8.4	4.8	3.8
p	.17	.38	.06	.01	.06	.17	.02	.001	.001	.06	.01	.001
Group B (N=7)												
$\bar{X}_{diff}$	-.1	11.0	2.0	1.2	-1.9	10.7	1.7	1.5	-8.1	14.3	3.0	2.3
p	.23	.008	.008	.11	.23	.008	.06	.02	.06	.06	.06	.02
Group C (N=9)												
$\bar{X}_{diff}$	-2.8	3.5	1.3	-.3	-7.2	2.8	.8	.7	-9.4	8.5	2.3	1.2
p	.17	.09	.11	.86	.09	.02	.11	.23	.02	.02	.004	.09

Note: A= Mean % Alpha; B= Mean REMs/min; C= Mean GSR/min; D= Mean FPR/min.

Group	$\bar{X}$
Group A (N=10)	3.9
Group B (N=7)	3.4
Group C (N=9)	2.2

\* Friedman  $\chi^2$   
 $\chi^2 = 7.0$

TABLE 2

Mean Level of Drive Representation Over  
the Four Experimental Conditions\*

Group	C O N D I T I O N							
	FI		FIR		DR		EU	
	$\bar{X}$	S.D.	$\bar{X}$	S.D.	$\bar{X}$	S.D.	$\bar{X}$	S.D.
Group A (N=10)	3.9	0.85	3.7	1.10	3.2	1.38	3.5	0.88
Group B (N=7)	3.4	1.20	3.7	0.88	3.2	0.84	2.9	0.94
Group C (N=9)	2.2	0.78	2.3	0.88	1.9	0.81	1.3	0.16

\* Friedman Two-way Analysis of Variance

$$\chi_r^2 = 7.4; p = .033$$

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Group C  
(N=9)

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Values in parentheses  
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Note: The X values  
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A= Mean

TABLE 3

Mean Differences Between Maximum CNS-ANS Activation  
 Period of Hot Image (HI), Hot Image Reintroduction (HIR)  
 and their Relax Baseline Scores during Emergent Uncovering\*

Group	P E R I O D							
	H I				H I R			
	A	B	C	D	A	B	C	D
Group A (N=10)								
$\bar{X}_{diff}$	-16.0	15.0	12.6	8.2	-13.2	9.8	5.5	7.2
p	.01	.004	.001	.002	.01	.17	.001	.001
Group B (N=7)								
$\bar{X}_{diff}$	-2.7 (-3.5)	14.8 (7.9)						
p	.06 (.15)	.008 (.02)						
Group C (N=9)								
$\bar{X}_{diff}$	-11.5 (-5.6)	13.6 (7.6)						
p	.04 (.06)	.004 (.008)						

\* Values in parenthesis are mean differences between HI and Alternate baseline scores.

Note: The Kruskal-Wallis One-way Analysis of Variance was not significant ( $H=4.46$ ) for any of the dependent variables.

A= Mean % Alpha; B= Mean REMs/min; C= Mean GSR/min; D= Mean FPR/min

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## DISCUSSION

The results of this study generally support the results and conclusions of the earlier investigation (Reyher & Morishige, 1969). Dream revisualization and specific "hot" images often produced a pattern of CNS-ANS activation that included a desynchronization or suppression of the alpha rhythm. Effort of revisualizing spontaneous visual imagery also was found to have a desynchronizing effect, but this factor was less potent than dream revisualization which itself was not very potent as it only produced a decrease in percent alpha of 8.3, 9.0, and 8.8 for Groups A, B, and C, respectively. An inspection of the protocols reveals that the alpha rhythm is a stable function during visual imagery that often is unaffected both when other measures of CNS-ANS are reactive and when S is reporting symptoms and emotional distress.

One of the main advantages of continuous, spontaneous visual imagery is that it prevents the investigator from misinterpreting the origin of transient periods of alpha desynchronization and suppression. For example, Kamiya (1968) attributed an instance of alpha desynchronization to an image of the S's ex-wife which most probably was a hot image. However, if a base rate of visual imagery is not available, then it is only reasonable to conclude erroneously, that visual images per se desynchronize alpha.

In the present investigation, REMs increased during the experimental conditions, but unlike the earlier investigation, the results showed a greater increase of REMs for the DR condition. REMs behaved in the same manner as other sensitive indicators of CNS-ANS activation which was particularly evident for hot images. Thus, contrary to our previous conclusion, the data do not support the hypothesis advanced by Amadeo & Shagass (1963) wherein REMs represent a nonspecific neural mechanism which is a concomitant of attentive activity. Neither is the data consistent with the hypothesis of Singer & Antrobus (1965) which attributes an increase in REMs to the suppression of fantasies. Instead, the data shows the opposite to be true: the emergence of anxiety-producing fantasies activates REMs as well as other indicators of CNS-ANS activation. Also, as was the case in the previous investigation, there was no support for the scanning hypothesis which states that REMs represent S's scanning of his visual images. Since FIR represents the consecutive recall of the spontaneous visual imagery of the FI condition, the former condition was accompanied by a much greater rate (intraocular traumatic test) of visual imagery episodes. Accordingly, if the scanning hypothesis were true, there should have been a corresponding increase in REMs, which was not the case.

The foregoing considerations concerning REMs has implications with respect to nocturnal dreams. In the previous

investigation, REMs commonly associated with nocturnal dreams were not present. The obtained REMs were less than the 75 uv criterion (Caldwell & Domino, 1967), were more gradual in slope, and did not occur in clusters. In the present investigations, there were several occasions when these criteria were met, presumably because many of the dreams were rather blatant depictions of anxiety-producing conflict. This blatant depiction is reflected in the comparatively low level of Drive Representation Scores for the DR condition for all three groups. The fact that these scores were even lower for the EU condition not only indicate the success of the emergent uncovering procedure, but probably accounts for the occurrence of REMs identical with those which are coincidental with nocturnal dreams. These findings strongly suggest that the REMs accompanying nocturnal dreams also are but one facet of a pattern of CNS-ANS activation, and that the activation is produced by the anxiety-producing processes motivating the dream. The EU condition of client-subjects #5 and #7 (Appendix J) document this relationship as does clinical experience with emergent uncovering (Reyher, 1968a,b, 1969) using recurrent and recent dreams as stimuli for free imagery. The research literature on REM sleep also is consistent with the activating properties of dreams. The present data strongly suggest that REMs in the sleeping and awake person are just another indicator of CNS-ANS activation rather

than having a component uniquely associated with the neural determinants of sleep (Jouvet, 1962), scanning of images (Roffwarg, et. al., 1962), attentive activity (Amadeo & Shagass, 1963) or suppression of fantasies (Singer & Antrobus, 1965).

The variation in CNS-ANS activation across conditions cannot be satisfactorily accounted for merely in terms of the demand characteristics of the research, which are quite pronounced. When S was asked to contact E soon after he had a nocturnal dream, he probably realized that there was some special emphasis upon dreams. This focus on dreams probably created the higher level of activation for the DR condition. This demand characteristic is a more plausible explanation for the results of Groups A and B than for C for the latter had become accustomed to revisualizing dreams as a routine aspect of their psychotherapy. To test this hypothesis directly, a comparison was made between the instruction periods for FIR and DR. If Ss were anticipating the DR condition with apprehension, the instructions for DR should have been accompanied by greater CNS-ANS activation than the instructions for FIR. Adaptation was not a biasing factor in this comparison because the two conditions were counter-balanced. None of the four dependent variables distinguished between the two conditions (Sign Test).

A similar argument can be made in favor of the FIR condition. S suddenly was confronted with a task to perform

and his anticipation of possible failure piqued anxiety which enhanced CNS-ANS activation. Although the joint probability of FIR vs its baseline reached the .05 level of significance, FI vs FIR did not. This comparison, however, did not take into consideration the effect of adaptation of S to the experimental situation. Despite the novel challenge presented by the FIR condition, S might have been adapting to the experimental situation per se which would have made this condition less activating than it would have been otherwise. To test this hypothesis, the four relaxation baselines were compared with respect to each of the four measures of CNS-ANS activation, but none of these reached statistical significance (Friedman Two-way Analysis of Variance) for the three groups. This being the case, it was concluded that the instructions to S in FIR did not represent an anxiety-provoking challenge.

The other variables which could potentially have influenced any reported differential effects between the FIR and DR conditions were not comparable. It was a matter of minutes for the FIR condition, but a minimum of a day for the DR condition. Second, S's dream took place at home whereas the FI occurred in the laboratory. Both variables involving the time lapse and location where S originally visualized the imagery episodes could possibly have influenced the type of imagery reported

during recall and also S's ability to recall the FI and nocturnal dream. Visual inspection of both the monitored data and the verbatim taped transcript tend to indicate that the aforementioned two variables did not have any cogent influence or implications between the FIR and DR conditions. However, in future studies it might be worthwhile to control for these two extraneous variables in the attempts to reduce potentially biasing differential effects that could occur between the FIR and DR conditions.

The possibility that E could have biased S unwittingly is almost nonexistent. The revised procedure for Groups B and C involved no communications from E to S other than the brief instructions that were given.

The modification in procedures had little if any effect upon level of drive representation for the EU condition except when, as the illustrative protocols reveal, it dropped to a value lower than the DR condition for Groups B and C. This outcome is quite understandable for the DR condition because the level of drive representation of the dream was determined by the degree of recall, not by the fragmented vs continuous manner of its revisualization. Similarly, the level of drive representation of FIR is determined by the degree of recall from FI. The mean level of drive representation for FI is expected to be high

initially for naive Ss (Groups A and B) and lower for clients (Group C) accustomed to emergent uncovering, particularly current clients. The consistently lower mean level of drive representation for Group C reflects the greater contact they have with their drives as a result of their experience with emergent uncovering in psychotherapy. This is of particular interest in view of the fact that the CNS-ANS activation had not correspondingly increased, which implies that anxiety connected with their sexual and aggressive drives is less intense than the Ss in Groups A and B. The absence of differences between Groups A and B for conditions FI, FIR, and DR indicate that sex of the Ss and investigator variable ( $E_1$  vs  $E_2$ ) were not an influencing variable.<sup>10</sup>

$E_2$  did not find that reintroducing hot images identified by the GSR were obviously helpful for uncovering purposes and he felt that reintroducing neutral images was often distracting. The inferred symbolic significance of Ss' visual images in conjunction with symptoms, resistances, and overt behavior was more useful. Since  $E_2$  often abandoned the experimental procedure for the clinical procedure, hot images, as defined by GSR, were not analyzed. These problems notwithstanding, future prospects for using CNS-ANS activation for identifying hot images are favorable. More stringent criteria for defining a hot image should be established, such as activation of at least three of the monitored functions and equal or

greater activation upon reintroduction of the image(s) in question. Ideally  $E_2$  should have an oscilloscopic display of the functions being monitored rather than coded signals from  $E_1$ , which necessitates a loss in information, speed, and efficiency.

The present investigation conclusively shows that visual imagery per se does not necessarily suppress or desynchronize alpha. The effort of revisualization of preceding spontaneous, visual imagery is a weak but influencing variable. The primary process expression of repressed strivings in dreams is somewhat more activating, but the more blatant expression of these strivings during emergent uncovering is highly activating. The power of the technique of emergent uncovering was amply documented even with naive subjects. However, it was only the clients that were capable of blatant depiction of repressed strivings, the importance of which, when considered along with the production of symptoms, resistance, and emotional distress, can hardly be overstated. The implications of these data to psychophysiology and psychodynamic psychology will be discussed in a larger, more comprehensive forthcoming manuscript in which the backgrounds and psychopathology of the clients will be examined.



SUMMARY

The basic objectives of the present investigation was to measure the CNS-ANS activating properties involved in visual imagery per se, the effort of re-visualizing previous imagery, and salient intrinsic activating properties of primary process intrusion, expressed in terms of level of drive representation, in visual imagery. It was specifically hypothesized that the anxiety-provoking drives represented by nocturnal dreams have greater CNS-ANS activating properties when compared with the effort involved in the re-visualization of the visual imagery. In addition, an attempt was made to identify "hot" visual imagery which was accompanied by experienced resistances and psychosomatic symptoms and to evaluate the effectiveness of their re-introduction as an uncovering procedure used in psychotherapy.

In order to determine whether CNS-ANS activation, as measured by the EEG, EOG, GSR, and FPR, is associated with visual imagery per se, a spontaneous visual imagery (Free Imagery) condition was monitored and later compared with its corresponding baseline measure. In addition, Free Imagery Recall and Dream Recall conditions were monitored to assess whether CNS-ANS activation is associated more with the primary process intrusions in the visual imagery than the effort of recalling or re-visualizing previous imagery. Because Ss'

efforts in performing a specific task (recall of visual imagery) were assumed to be constant under both conditions, any monitored differences between both conditions could be the result of the intrinsic activating properties of the visual imagery. Finally, an Emergent Uncovering condition was monitored to determine whether the re-introduction of anxiety-producing "hot" visual images, as detected by the GSR, is associated with greater CNS-ANS activation when compared to the original occurrence of the "hot" image.

Three groups of Ss were used to test the aforementioned relationships: Group A consisted of 10 male introductory psychology undergraduates; Group B was composed of 6 females and 1 male from the same undergraduate population; Group C consisted of 5 females and 4 males all of whom were experienced in emergent uncovering psychotherapy. Groups B and C were constituted after Group A had completed the research in the hopes that a few procedural changes and selection of Ss designed to heighten primary process imagery would generate more vivid psychodynamic phenomena and thereby maximize changes in the monitored variables.

The results of the present investigation conclusively shows that visual imagery per se does not necessarily suppress or desynchronize the occipital alpha rhythm. Dream revisualization and specific "hot" images often produced a pattern of CNS-ANS activation that included a desynchronization or suppression of the alpha rhythm. Effort of re-visualizing spontaneous visual imagery was found also to have a desynchro-

nizing effect, but this factor was less powerful than dream re-visualization which itself was not very potent. An inspection of the protocols reveals that the alpha rhythm is a stable function during visual imagery that often is unaffected both when other measures of CNS-ANS are reactive and when S is reporting symptoms and emotional distress.

The present data strongly suggest that REMs accompanying both nocturnal dreams and re-visualization of nocturnal dreams in an awake person are just one facet of a pattern of CNS-ANS activation which is produced by the emergence of anxiety-producing processes motivating the dream, rather than having a component uniquely associated with the neural determinants of sleep, scanning of images, attentive activity, or suppression of fantasies. The primary process expression of repressed striving in dreams is somewhat more activating than free imagery, but the more blatant expression of these strivings during the emergent uncovering procedure is highly activating. The power of the technique of emergent uncovering was amply documented.

The differences between the experimental conditions were discussed in terms of the nature of the tasks involved, demand characteristics of the research procedure, improbability of E bias, and modification of procedure. Suggestions and implications for future research were made in the hopes of detecting possible relationships between the monitored physiological patterns and dimensions involving psychodynamic psychology.



FOOTNOTES

1. Use of the Michigan State University facilities was made possible through support, in part, from the National Science Foundation.
2. Recently, Reyher & Johnson (1969) successfully used the GSR to function as an indicator of "hot" but remote images and derivatives.
3. The microphone and earphones were manufactured by Midland Electronics under the trade name of Dynamic Headsets, model 21-236. The tape recorder was a Uher four-speed Report-L Recorder. Monitor and amplifier were built by Main Electronics under model No.SA1400, which included balance and volume controls to adjust recording levels. The integrated system was developed jointly by the Department of Psychology of Michigan State University and Main Electronics of Lansing, Michigan.
4. In a previous investigation by Morishige (1968), the longest total duration of the dream recall condition was 3.8 min from the time S was instructed to recall the dream to the termination of the entire dream.
5. For further elaboration, refer to Sternbach (1966, pp. 43-55).
6. Criteria used by Spreng, Johnson, & Lubin (1968).
7. For further details concerning the scoring procedure, refer to Appendix G.
8. Henceforth, any descriptive or qualifying comments made regarding the mean level of drive representation (e.g., increase, high, low) refer to the scored level of drive representation and not to the amount of drive representation. That is, based on the particular way the scoring system was devised in the present investigation, there is an inverse relationship between the scored (mean) level of drive representation and the intensity of the amount of drive representation.
9. The verbatim transcripts of the other Ss are listed in Appendix J. The protocols illustrate that elements of the

recalled dreams are potent initiators of emergent uncovering.

10. Walter & Yeager (1956) reported that the following variables were found to be of no significance in the reduction of the occipital alpha potential: age and sex of the patient, the presence or absence of abnormality in the EEG tracing, the hyperventilation response, and the rate of return of the alpha rhythm following eye closure.

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## APPENDICES

## APPENDIX A

Mean % Alpha, REM, GSR, and FPR by Subjects and  
Experimental Condition Free Imagery for Group A

Subject No.	Relax 1				Free Imagery			
	A	B	C	D	A	B	C	D
1	80.2	8.0	0	3.0	79.8	11.9	3.0	4.3
2	87.2	10.0	2.0	2.0	89.2	7.5	4.2	2.8
3	84.2	14.0	1.0	3.0	78.1	14.8	11.1	12.0
4	78.7	4.0	0	0	53.6	5.0	6.2	5.6
5	32.2	20.0	1.0	3.0	40.0	41.3	1.2	3.2
6	48.5	3.0	0	5.0	67.4	21.4	13.4	15.2
7	48.3	36.0	0	3.0	43.5	28.4	1.3	1.7
8	44.2	13.0	0	3.0	38.9	8.7	7.1	6.3
9	63.3	23.0	0	3.0	50.0	26.6	13.6	11.7
10	43.3	14.0	1.0	1.0	38.4	5.7	4.5	2.3
Mean	61.0	14.5	0.5	2.6	57.9	17.1	6.6	6.5

Note: (1) A= Mean % Alpha; B= Mean REMs/min; C= Mean GSR/min;  
D= Mean FPR/min;

(2) Ss listed in the order they were tested;

(3) Relax period used as baseline measure (control)

Each Relax period duration was 60.0 sec (or 60.0 cm).



## APPENDIX B

Mean % Alpha, REM, GSR, and FPR by Subjects and  
Experimental Conditions Free Imagery and  
Dream Recall for Group A

Subject No.	C O N D I T I O N															
	Relax 2				Free Imag. Recall				Relax 3				Dream Recall			
	A	B	C	D	A	B	C	D	A	B	C	D	A	B	C	D
1	67.5	7.0	1.0	2.0	60.9	19.4	1.7	5.4	78.0	4.0	1.0	1.0	58.7	17.4	2.9	5.5
2	91.5	5.0	1.0	1.0	84.4	13.9	3.6	3.6	89.8	11.0	0	1.0	81.5	11.0	3.2	3.4
3	89.3	19.0	2.0	4.0	75.0	14.7	8.0	5.3	81.0	8.0	3.0	2.0	70.1	15.2	3.4	6.8
4	66.0	2.0	0	4.0	60.8	2.8	0	5.7	66.7	4.0	0	5.0	50.7	0	0	6.6
5	42.2	38.0	0	3.0	45.6	37.2	1.7	4.3	48.8	40.0	0	2.0	41.8	64.0	6.8	8.5
6	79.8	24.0	1.0	3.0	73.8	30.0	8.3	4.2	77.7	17.0	0	3.0	72.3	40.0	10.0	12.9
7	49.5	23.0	0	0	42.5	34.7	3.5	2.4	46.3	29.0	1.0	2.0	38.2	44.4	5.9	2.9
8	57.2	15.0	0	2.0	43.8	1.9	5.7	3.8	55.2	17.0	0	1.0	40.3	9.1	3.6	1.8
9	76.5	20.0	1.0	4.0	63.5	31.3	10.4	9.0	65.3	29.0	0	3.0	60.8	33.2	7.0	5.5
10	50.8	6.0	2.0	2.0	39.0	7.4	8.1	2.3	48.8	7.0	1.0	0	36.7	15.6	11.1	4.4
Mean	67.0	15.9	0.8	2.5	58.9	19.3	5.1	4.6	65.8	16.6	0.6	2.0	55.1	25.0	5.4	5.8

Note: (1) A= Mean % Alpha; B= Mean REMs/min; C= Mean GSR/min; D= Mean FPR/min;

(2) Ss listed in the order which they were tested;

(3) Relax periods used as baseline measure (control)

Each Relax period duration was 60.0 sec (or 60.0 cm).



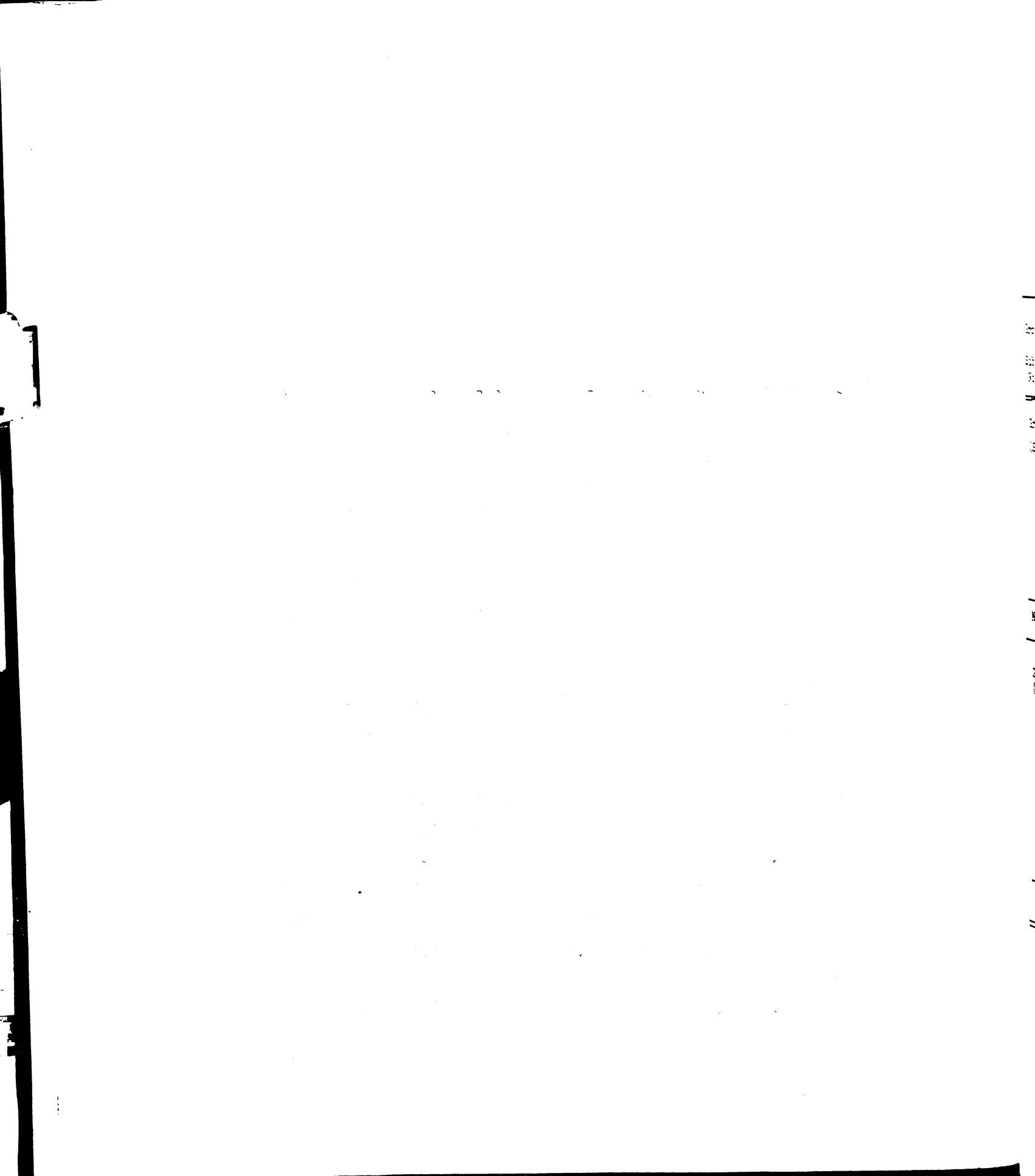
## APPENDIX C

Mean % Alpha, REM, GSR, and FPR by Subjects and  
Experimental Condition Free Imagery for Groups B and C

Group/ Subject No.	R e l a x 1				F r e e I m a g e r y			
	A	B	C	D	A	B	C	D
<hr/>								
Group B (Ss)								
1	86.8	8.0	0	3.0	90.0	9.8	5.6	3.5
2	59.0	9.0	0	2.0	78.5	31.0	2.0	4.0
3	94.8	19.0	0	2.0	89.1	26.8	1.3	3.2
4	87.0	21.0	0	2.0	78.4	28.1	0.9	3.4
5	87.5	3.0	2.0	2.0	82.3	20.0	2.4	NS
6	76.2	7.0	0	3.0	73.2	23.1	2.4	6.3
7	79.2	15.0	0	3.0	78.4	19.9	1.8	1.0
Mean	81.5	11.7	0.3	2.4	81.4	22.7	2.3	3.6
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Group C (Clients)								
1	43.7	12.0	3.0	2.0	42.1	10.4	3.0	1.8
2	94.2	27.0	2.0	1.0	84.7	22.4	4.8	2.1
3	62.7	10.0	2.0	1.0	75.7	15.5	5.7	0.8
4	80.3	15.0	0	1.0	78.2	15.2	2.7	1.3
5	70.8	8.0	1.0	2.0	68.2	23.9	2.3	2.6
6	78.0	2.0	0	1.0	78.4	5.6	2.4	0.8
7	48.8	23.0	2.0	2.0	36.1	30.3	0.3	2.0
8	82.5	3.0	0	4.0	79.0	6.9	0	2.6
9	94.2	3.0	0	4.0	88.0	4.2	0	1.4
Mean	72.8	11.4	1.1	2.0	70.0	14.9	2.4	1.7

Note: (1) A= Mean % Alpha; B= Mean REMs/min; C= Mean GSR/min; D= Mean FPR/min;

(2) NS= Output not scoreable.





## APPENDIX D

Mean % Alpha, REM, GSR, and FPR by Subjects and  
Experimental Conditions Free Imagery and Dream  
Recall for Groups B and C

Group/ Subject No.	C O N D I T I O N															
	Relax 2				Free Imag. Recall				Relax 3				Dream Recall			
	A	B	C	D	A	B	C	D	A	B	C	D	A	B	C	D
Group B (Ss)																
1	88.0	8.0	0	2.0	90.7	11.3	3.7	2.5	87.0	16.0	0	0	89.9	17.7	4.4	2.3
2	48.7	15.0	0	--	62.1	30.0	0	--	78.0	14.0	0	--	56.8	40.6	0	--
3	94.2	25.0	0	2.0	90.1	29.3	0.9	3.1	90.2	28.0	0	3.0	86.8	24.2	4.1	5.7
4	88.8	12.0	0	0	85.9	22.3	2.1	4.2	90.3	19.0	0	2.0	80.7	32.8	1.3	5.0
5	95.8	0	0	1.0	92.8	13.1	3.8	1.7	96.7	3.0	1.0	1.0	90.3	22.8	5.9	4.3
6	86.0	7.0	2.0	2.0	80.4	30.5	3.0	3.0	89.5	4.0	1.0	2.0	78.4	29.8	4.5	3.7
7	67.5	7.0	0	0	54.0	12.7	0.8	1.4	58.2	12.0	0	2.0	50.4	28.3	1.4	2.8
Mean	81.3	10.6	0.3	1.2	79.4	21.3	2.0	2.7	84.3	13.7	0.3	1.7	76.2	28.0	3.3	4.0
Group C (Clients)																
1	45.5	7.0	1.0	1.0	46.4	10.3	2.0	20.4	52.3	1.7	0	3.4	46.1	1.7	3.0	3.7
2	95.0	24.0	1.0	3.0	65.4	27.1	1.5	3.6	94.2	24.0	1.0	3.0	77.6	42.2	2.7	4.5
3	62.5	18.0	1.0	1.0	41.8	14.7	2.5	1.6	68.2	14.0	1.0	2.0	54.4	20.4	6.5	4.1
4	93.3	12.0	0	1.0	90.2	13.4	4.5	1.5	95.2	18.0	0	2.0	87.2	21.9	4.0	2.8
5	54.2	10.0	1.0	2.0	51.6	18.3	1.0	2.7	64.7	6.0	0	1.0	58.6	22.2	2.0	2.2
6	89.5	2.0	2.0	0	88.8	5.2	1.2	0.8	85.3	7.0	0	1.0	86.3	6.4	3.5	1.4
7	55.5	25.0	0	1.0	39.6	26.6	1.1	2.3	63.7	27.0	0	2.0	45.7	35.6	0.6	3.3
8	74.8	1.0	0	3.0	84.0	8.6	0	3.7	86.8	3.0	0	1.0	76.0	6.7	0	3.5
9	92.3	3.0	0	2.0	89.8	2.5	0	2.4	93.7	2.0	0	3.0	88.0	3.0	0.1	2.0
Mean	73.6	11.3	0.7	1.6	66.4	14.1	1.5	2.3	78.3	11.4	0.2	2.0	68.9	19.9	2.5	3.2

Note: (1) A= Mean % Alpha; B= Mean REMs/min; C= Mean GSR/min; D=Mean FPR/min;

(2) Ss listed in the order which they were tested;

(3) Relax periods used as baseline measure (control);

Each Relax period duration was 60.0 sec (or 60.0 cm).

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## APPENDIX E

Mean % Alpha, REM, GSR, and FPR by Subjects and Period of  
Hot Image (HI), Hot Image Reintroduction (HIR) and their  
Relax Baseline during Emergent Uncovering for Group A

Subject No.	C O N D I T I O N											
	Relax 4				H I				H I R			
	A	B	C	D	A	B	C	D	A	B	C	D
1	77.8	5.0	1.0	3.0	46.7	25.4	6.1	6.1	49.4	30.4	3.2	4.8
2	52.1	6.0	1.0	3.0	76.5	17.0	5.7	9.2	81.3	17.3	5.6	8.6
3	76.0	10.0	3.0	2.0	65.7	24.6	20.5	8.2	68.7	16.7	7.1	8.3
4	70.2	4.0	0	2.0	52.8	4.0	11.9	11.9	53.0	3.7	5.0	7.5
5	48.7	30.0	0	5.0	45.1	44.6	5.0	5.0	35.2	16.6	0	6.2
6	85.8	22.0	1.0	1.0	61.9	46.2	15.4	21.5	70.2	39.2	7.4	12.3
7	44.7	20.0	1.0	2.0	33.3	42.9	28.6	14.3	36.7	60.0	20.0	20.0
8	64.0	12.0	0	4.0	48.6	--	16.7	16.7	49.0	0	0	12.5
9	75.2	30.0	2.0	2.0	30.7	41.2	12.5	9.6	40.8	39.5	10.4	10.4
10	57.0	14.0	1.0	3.0	29.0	26.5	13.6	6.8	35.3	27.9	5.8	7.7
Mean	65.2	15.3	1.0	2.7	49.0	30.3	13.6	10.9	52.0	25.1	6.5	9.8

Note: (1) A= Mean % Alpha; B= Mean REMs/min; C= Mean GSR/min; D= Mean FPR/min;

(2) Ss listed in the order which they were tested;

(3) Relax periods used as baseline measure (control)

Each Relax period duration was 60.0 sec (or 60.0 cm).

## APPENDIX F

Mean % Alpha and REM by Subjects and Period of  
Hot Image (HI) with its Relax and Alternate Baselines  
during Emergent Uncovering for Groups B and C

Group/ Subject No.	% A L P H A			R E M/min		
	Relax 4	Altern. Base- line	H I	Relax 4	Altern. Base- line	H I
<hr/>						
Group B (Ss)						
1	94.0	93.0	86.9	3.0	8.0	15.2
2	39.6	65.5	68.5	23.0	24.6	24.6
3	91.7	86.9	78.6	21.0	23.3	30.5
4	85.0	86.1	82.4	8.0	9.1	18.1
5	94.3	96.8	93.7	0	15.5	29.8
6	87.2	78.3	77.4	7.0	33.5	41.8
7	84.2	75.1	69.6	14.0	10.3	19.8
<hr/>						
Mean	82.3	83.1	79.6	10.9	17.8	25.7
<hr/>						
Group C (Clients)						
1	58.0	54.6	51.8	8.0	20.3	32.1
2	89.7	73.6	77.3	25.0	24.7	38.6
3	76.5	68.2	59.4	12.0	12.7	17.1
4	92.8	82.4	68.1	13.0	19.9	27.6
5	59.7	51.9	45.1	9.0	17.1	19.6
6	N.S.	N.S.	N.S.	N.S.	N.S.	N.S.
7	60.0	48.0	45.5	20.0	35.0	42.5
8	86.0	78.6	79.8	2.0	4.4	4.4
9	90.0	96.3	82.1	0	4.3	17.2
<hr/>						
Mean	76.6	69.2	63.6	11.1	17.3	24.9
<hr/>						

Note: (1) N.S.= Output not scoreable;

(2) Ss listed in the order which they were tested;

(3) Relax period (baseline) duration was 60.0 sec (or  
60.0 cm).

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## APPENDIX G

Scoring Procedure for Determining Levels of  
Drive RepresentationBrief Overview:

The more primary the thinking, the more it is organized and compelled by drives. In contemporary psychoanalytic ego psychology, motives are conceived of as a hierarchy ranging from the most uncontrolled libidinal and aggressive urges to the most controlled and relatively autonomous drive derivatives such as interests, values, highly socialized desires, and the like.

Contrary to Robert Holt's intricate and detailed method of assessing primary process (Level 1) and secondary process (Level 2) in the Rorschach, the present study is mainly interested in assessing the degree of remoteness or blatancy of derivatives contained in the attached protocols; the details are mentioned later in this instruction format.

In order to accomplish the aforementioned objective of the present study, the present investigator has devised a 5 point rating scale. This scale is based on a stepwise continuum in which a rating of one (1) anchors one end of the continuum by representing the highest degree of representation of drive and a rating of five (5) anchors the opposite end, representing repressed, very remote derivatives of drives. Stated differently, a rating of "1" characterizes direct acting out or gratification of drive impulses such as "shooting one's father" or "screwing one's mother," whereas on the opposite end of the continuum a rating of "5" characterizes a protocol giving very little or no hint of what drive is involved. The following schema illustrates the scoring system:

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Highest degree of representa- tion of drive	<hr/>					Lowest degree of representation of drive
(E.g., proto- col includes direct acting out and gratifica- tion of drive(s))	1	2	3	4	5	(E.g., protocol gives little or no indication what drive(s) is involved

Each research subject is designated either by their last name or initials (including date). The first ten (10) protocols which are designated by the S's last name contain two experimental conditions FI and DR for each S. The remaining twenty-six (26) S's protocols designated by their initials and date contain four (4) experimental conditions: FI, EU, FIR, and DR.

#### Part 1: Degree of Representation of Drive(s)

To expedite and facilitate scoring of the protocols, each judge is asked to assign one number after reading each of the aforementioned experimental conditions in its entirety in the order listed on the scoring form instead of scoring each experimental condition in parts or sections and averaging the ratings accordingly. In assigning a number between 1 and 5 which best characterizes the degree of representation of drives according to the above scoring schema, each judge is asked not to be influenced by such variables as the length and verbosity of each protocol in determining the degree of drive representation involved. In addition each judge is asked not to confuse the above scoring method with variables such as primary process (Level 1) and secondary process (Level 2) ideation or thinking. That is, the present investigation is not



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interested in determining the degree of defensiveness associated with primary and secondary process thinking but only the degree of blatancy of drive(s) depicted in the protocol for each experimental conditions.

Part 2: Predominant Drive(s)

For each experimental conditions, three categories are listed on the scoring form which represent the latent or manifest predominant drive intrinsic in the protocols: (1) libidinal or sexual; (2) aggressive or hostile; and (3) equally sexual and hostile. Please designate your appropriate choice by checking only one of the three categories for each condition.

## APPENDIX H

Post-Experimental Questionnaire

Your Name:

Your present address:

Phone number:

Class Standing (circle one): Freshman      Sophomore      Junior      Senior

Present major:

Marital status (circle appropriate one): Single      Married      Widow

Age:

Instructions:

Please read the following questions very carefully and answer each question to the best of your ability.

If there are any questions which seem vague or unclear, feel free to ask the experimenter for clarification.

This questionnaire is divided into three sections. Complete each section before continuing to the next section.

Part One

- (1) Have you ever had a brain injury due to physical impact (e.g., concussion), chemical (toxic) ingestion, bacterial or viral infection, etc.?

\_\_\_\_\_ Yes      \_\_\_\_\_ No

If yes, state the type of injury, date of injury, extent of damage, and treatment.

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- (2) Are you presently taking or have been taking any type of medication or drugs (e.g., tranquilizers, pain killers, sleeping tablets, antibiotics, etc.) within the past two weeks?

\_\_\_\_\_ Yes      \_\_\_\_\_ No

Note: The information which you volunteer is to be kept confidential. Information is needed only for experimental purposes.

If yes, please state general type, dosage, and when last taken.

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

- (3) In your own words, what do you think is the purpose(s) of this experiment?

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

- (4) How well do you think you performed today in terms of the experimental tasks asked by the experimenter?

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

(MORE: Proceed to Part 2)

Part Two

- |   | <u>Yes</u> | <u>No</u> |
|---|------------|-----------|
| (1) Does your mind tend to wander while you are trying to concentrate?                  | _____      | _____     |
| (2) Do you like to indulge in reverie (daydreaming)?                                    | _____      | _____     |
| (3) Are your daydreams frequently about things that can never come true?                | _____      | _____     |
| (4) Have you often lost sleep over your worries?  | _____      | _____     |
| (5) Would you rate yourself as a tense or "highly" strung individual?                   | _____      | _____     |
| (6) Do you have periods of such great restlessness that you cannot sit long in a chair? | _____      | _____     |
| (7) Do you dream relatively frequently during sleep at night?                           | _____      | _____     |

If yes, how frequent? \_\_\_\_\_ (#/day)  
 \_\_\_\_\_ (#/week)

- (8) Do most of your night dreams occur when:

☐ your'e in the light stage of sleep (onset)  
 or ☐ your'e in the heavy (deep) stage of sleep?

- (9) In todays experiment, you were asked to recall (revisualize a recent night dream.

When did you dream it? \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_ A.M. \_\_\_\_\_ P.M.

Was it a recurring dream? \_\_\_\_\_ Yes \_\_\_\_\_ No

If yes, how many times can you recall having dreamt it prior to the above date? \_\_\_\_\_ (#)

(MORE: Proceed to Part 3)

Part Three

- (1) The following question is to be answered by using a 5 step scale for rating the degree of distinctiveness of visual imagery under the various experimental conditions.

<u>Rating</u>	<u>Degree of Clarity</u>
1	Visual imagery very clear and comparable in vividness to the actual experience of seeing the object
2	Moderately clear and vivid
3	Not clear or vivid, but recognizable
4	So vague and dim as to be hardly recognizable
5	Not really a visual image, but more a thought

How distinctive or clear were most of your visual images today during the following experimental conditions?

- |   |              |
|---|--------------|
| (a) Spontaneous (free) imagery  | Rating _____ |
| (b) Recall of free imagery  | Rating _____ |
| (c) Dream recall  | Rating _____ |
| (d) Particular visual imagery which the experimenter periodically asked you to revisualize. | Rating _____ |

- (2) If you had to list or rank the degree of clarity or distinctiveness of visual imagery under the four aforementioned conditions (a), (b), (c), and (d), how would you rank them in the order of decreasing distinctiveness?

<u>Condition</u>	<u>Rank</u>
_____	1 (most distinct)
_____	2
_____	3
_____	4 (least distinct)



- (3) The following question is to be answered by using a 0 to 10 scale for rating the degree of discomfort you experienced under the various experimental conditions.

0 (at ease; comfortable) ----- 10 (very ill at ease)

How discomfoting or ill at ease did you feel toward what you visualized and reported (content-wise) at the time during the following experimental conditions:

- |   |              |
|---|--------------|
| (a) Spontaneous (free) imagery  | Rating _____ |
| (b) Recall of free imagery  | Rating _____ |
| (c) Dream Recall  | Rating _____ |
| (d) Particular visual imagery<br>which the experimenter<br>periodically asked you<br>to revisualize | Rating _____ |

- (4) If you had to list or rank the degree of discomfort or lack of ease that you experienced while you were visualizing and reporting the contents of the imagery under the experimental conditions (a), (b), (c), and (d), how would you rank them in the order of increasing discomfort?

<u>Condition</u>	<u>Rank</u>
_____	1 (least uncomfortable)
_____	2
_____	3
_____	4 (most uncomfortable)

↓

- (5) You most likely had some thoughts other than those you reported in the course of todays experiment, especially during the free imagery and dream recall conditions.

Could you recall and describe them below?

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- (6) While you were visualizing images during free imagery and dream recall, did you have any thoughts about the possible symbolic or hidden meanings of these images?

\_\_\_\_\_ Yes \_\_\_\_\_ No

If yes, please briefly describe what thoughts you experienced.

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- (7) During the experiment did you wonder what the experimenter was thinking in terms of the significance of the content of your reported visual images during free imagery and dream recall?

\_\_\_\_\_ Yes \_\_\_\_\_ No

If yes, please describe what you thought the experimenter was thinking.

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- (8) During the experiment today, were you somewhat reluctant to report certain types of imagery?

\_\_\_\_\_ Yes \_\_\_\_\_ No

If yes, please describe briefly which type.

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(END OF QUESTIONNAIRE: Thank you)



## APPENDIX I

Documented Illustrations of Reported Visual Imagery  
during Free Imagery Recall and Dream Recall for Group A

## (A) Male, age 19

- (i) FIR: "Steamboat moving away from me;" "Saw myself running down the hill and climbing up the other side;" "Field of grass and birds flying around."
- (ii) DR: "... Saw myself walking through a jungle and walking up a hill and we were attacked. Other men were terror-stricken. I was firing my gun into the field but no one was there. Now I see myself in the hospital with a white sheet on me and my talking with a nurse. I then went out on an airplane. When the plane landed, I got out and took a car home. When I got home, no one was there- it was deserted."

## (B) Male, age 20

- (i) FIR: "Saw myself and a friend riding in a boat on a lake on a Sunday afternoon." "Street in front of Olds Hall;" "Scene of a dorm floor where I live and some guys standing around."
- (ii) DR: "... I'm upstairs at my house and get a beer out of the cupboard and go to one of the bedrooms where my sister and her husband are sleeping there. I see a head of my sister's boyfriend on the shelf. Its alive and it talks to me.... My car is in the garage and I want to go away. There is a blue car behind my car- my sister's boyfriend's car- the one with his head on the shelf. I can't get out so I went to ask him if he could move his car. He told me that I could move it myself. Couple of people ran out of the house saying stop, stop and not to move his car because they thought I was going to take it away. Actually, I was just trying to lose it- no, just move it. I try to start the car and its a straight stick and the car starts rolling back. The car doesn't start. I get out and a couple of people running with their hands over their faces. I can't figure what's wrong. There is one by the house and one on the front lawn and there are running with a horrified look. Somebody yelled at me not to start the engine because some kind of pin flew out and hit these two or three people that are laying and bleeding on the lawn and driveway. I don't know what kind of emotion to show and I feel helpless in helping the bleeding people."

## (C) Male, age 19

- (i) FIR: "Saw a big jet plane flying;" "Album turning on a turntable;" "Ralph Simpson the M.S.U. basketball player;" "Male friend wearing a headband."
- (ii) DR: "... I was in a fight with Joe Frazer.... The bell went off and we went out and started punching and he was beating me. He was hitting me and I could also see myself being hit....Second day. We got back into the ring. He came after me again and he was about to make his first punch and I caught his arms and threw a block and he fell down. While he was getting up, I hit him three times in the face and the crown went crazy. He tried to get up and I hit him three more times.... I'm back in the room. I open the room door and there is a naked girl on my couch. She is in my Education class. She was waiting for my roommate. I remember thinking that he's got all the luck.... We walk and I walk her back to my dorm and I hear a big booming voice coming from a building. I look around and see my girl friend with her head sticking out of a window with this booming voice (can't remember what she said)."

(D) Male, age 21

- (i) FIR: "I see the ground;" "A clock reading 8:47;" "Fishing with my girl friend on a boat;" "I see a tape recording gadget."
- (ii) DR: "Saw a big yellow bus with me on it and I'm looking out and seeing old, tall Colonial homes set close together like gables, dark colored wood. Balconies with rug hanging out.... See myself going down a road and seeing three cop cars with flashers. Their driving up to the bus. See myself on a bus.... See Coney Island, hot dogs with chili and mustard on it...."

(E) Male, age 19

- (i) FIR: "Image of a moon;" "A moving train- moving fast;" "A black face with white eyes. A black guy like Al Jolson's face."
- (ii) DR: ".... See myself going downstairs in an elevator with walls on each side. I turned the corner and there was a crowd of people on the stairs. When I enter a room there is people in it and there's a stair coming down from one wall and opens up and is like a room with a door to the far side and people around sitting on the floor. Instead, the crowd opens up and I walk across quickly then with baby steps and I look back and people are smiling and laughing and I see a familiar face on the other side, a girl. I go out of the room through the glass door into an old room where I see an ironing board and a box of clothing around a bed...."

(F) Male, age 18

- (i) FIR: "Cube shape box;" "A heart shape... like on a playing card;" "Back of a man's face;" "Woman's face looking at me from the nose up. She looked more surprised."
- (ii) DR: "Playing little league baseball... sitting on a bench. Funny thing about it was that I was my age now and we were playing another team and they were little kids- 10 to 12 years old. My father was the manager of my team. The first time I batted. I hit a fly ball to the right fielder and he (8 years old) fell down when he caught the ball.... Second time I batted; there must have been 20-30 bats laying in a pile. I used to use the Mickey Mantle bat and I couldn't find it. All the bats were odd shapes- handles were way too thick...."

(G) Male, age 19

- (i) FIR: "I saw a word and the only letter I could decipher was capital E;" "Just a man's face-- not distinguishable. For a second I mentally changed him to resemble a man of the 19th century."
- (ii) DR: "Bedroom scene. One of the beds was an old type bed made of metal. Emotionally and idealistically I remember it being where a friend and I spent the night-- in a party. Friend and I were in the back of a truck and the truck has wooden sides and driving away. I jumped off and I ran up towards him. The field of view changes to a spot on the ground where my foot steps, like on the run, and I poof. I don't explode but everything kind of blows up like a mass of color. I see a vial which is pencil thin and it is filled with liquid, about 3 inches in it. My best friend appears with a vial in his hand and he takes some of it into his mouth. Another bedroom scene where he and I partied that night. Its a little bit different because inside the room there's a window. Seems like the shades are drawn. On the left hand side there's a bed but it isn't on the floor level. Instead its set up on the wall like three feet off like in a cabinet space. Corridor-- it leads off away from me where its got some steps that go up and off to the left-- inside facing me. My friend shrinking into some kind of ball and himself poofing."

## Appendix J

Verbatim Protocols of Visual Imagery during Free  
Imagery, Free Imagery Recall, Dream Recall, and  
Emergent Uncovering for Groups B and C

Group B (Subjects)

(1) Female, age 18

- (a) FI: "Sort of like T.V. antennae, but more like airplanes with pointed up towards the sky, with white, green, and red on top of a house with green shutters, lace curtain. Real skinny house and really tall and doesn't look like it has more than one room. There is a kind of an edge of a ravine where it goes down about knee deep, rocky and black-bottom with points. Going out of this point are colored streamers and one set is long and flat along the bottom of the ravine and other set is kind of waving in the air and curling and twisting around and shooting up. There's, umm, umm, a man with one eye-- glowing, umm, it's like a bright disc of a copper button glowing in the middle and he's screaming he's got only four fingers and long finger nails and he's got wavy red hair that moves around on its own. One section of his hair kind of shoots up and becomes some kind of bird or a duck or a flying kind of creature going up into the air and doing somersault and spinning around and its got feathers that are blue and purple and yellow-- and now the bottom is spreading out to some kind of a fan and the beak becomes a round ivory half circle, sort of like a hex sign on the bottom and that's land on the ground. The land spreads out into like peacock feathers. It kind of dips out the earth and the brown earth starts being thrown around and into the air-- clods of it until there is a hole made. It's like a long kind of-- like making rip in the paper-- makes a rip in the air so that there is a long kind of channel with water running down it over all these hills bumps and gets to a point where it goes down a well that looks like more like a pipe way, way down underneath until you hit an underground cavern and it sort of shaped like inside a submarine only its got shiny rock surfaces that looks like they've been polished off. There's a man, probably dead for he's completely quiet and his head is turned toward the side and is very thin like all the fat layer is gone and there's only skin and bones. There is a big panel of instruments with, hmm, big letters and knobs and T.V. screen which shows a flat kind of plain

and, hmm, a blue kind of a sky. There's two ears on either side of the T.V. screen and there's earrings in them. And back its almost like looking in a series of mirrors. The image of the T.V. screens with the mirrors on the instrument board and goes back and back and back into infinity and gets lighter and lighter so that it fades into a grey mist which, hmm, kind of flows around and up into a bowl shape like a cut out of a bowl in half and there's a lip in it so that it dips down and on the underside, the lip looks like you can put it on like a mask only there's no eye hole. There's a shadow where the curve of the bowl comes and dips inward and-- outward kind of a curve and it dips in and then there's a lip which dips down over a nose piece kind of thing. Then there's layer of them-- making almost a tower kind of shape making up all these little plugs. It gets narrower, its like a ring of plugs, getting narrower till you get one on the end and that kind of spreads out so that the plugs becomes round-- eye holes in a mask that is just made of two pieces of green plastic curved against each other and the eye hole setting in the middle where the hole is. Then there is a white elastic that goes around and that changes into a ring with a rose in the middle and that's got two gold ring parts to it. That bends back and forth and its sitting on the forefinger of a hand with black finger nails and the hand has a lacy kind of a cuff on it-- on the wrist and it goes into a white sleeve which spreads out over this landscape and there's like folding material all over a flat kind of surface. The elbow is sticking down against the ground and it feels like kind of grey heap with sand and stuff. The forefinger has this ring on it which the roses has a leaf on it and it curves over the top of the finger and down and then tucks underneath the ring and then curves around and holds it very securely. The forefinger bends and with the rest of the finger kind of makes a fifth and the fifth starts swinging widely around. There's a brick wall and the finger smashes into the brick wall. It starts bleeding and the blood bubbles around on the scraped skin. There's like a wheeled vehicle-- it's a cart, it's blue, geometric pattern. There's a spotlight trained on it. It's a weird kind of light-- it's hard to describe. It's got plastic and it's got a spiral do-hickey in it. The light shines through this plastic. It slams down against them, on the ground, and they just sort of fall over like a cardboard piece that has come apart from the little tab thing. There's a hand reaching out and putting fingers in a mouth that has green lips and started smiling. It's got very white teeth, very small teeth, and the teeth bit down on the fingers and then grab. As the hand pulls back, there's a rubber glove on it and it pulls on the rubber gloves and there's looking down on a car that isn't really a car. Its shaped part of like a whole (laugh), not exactly.

There's like a umm, a horn, antlers kind of thing-- sitting on a wooden stand and the stand is more like a clamp and the clamp holds the two antlers. They're big giant screws on either side of the clamp that push the antlers together. As they squeeze together they kind of flatten out and except the bottom part of the antlers and then they go up where they're held by the clamp and branch out on either side like antlers do. On the top of each antler there is a red ball, just a balloon which the antlers are really rubber now. The balloon holds them up there while the clamp holds them down. It stretches out and it rips and pours out of it, coins, gold, marbles, falling down into these little holes that are like windows that have shades-- that flap up and down. The windows are set in a brick wall on a twenty degree angle. Umm, these little things fall through the window and break the glass or sometimes the window opens and falls into these rooms, that's spread at this weird angle. They bounce around and roll around on the floor and all run down against the far wall and pile up there and make this beautiful display of glittering kind of marbles, there's pieces of lace. And then a door opens in each of the rooms and then they sort of run out the hall-- The marbles all run to, either down this hallway. Umm, there's a double set of tubing in a coil and each coil is hanging underneath a river bed like a map, like a picture of a riverbed, only, the river beds shaped like a cross with an actual river going up the top part of the cross on the two sides and there's overlaid of tubing with a coil hanging underneath-- its coils of rick-rack hanging loosely and curving upward and its, umm, a face with a moustache, and a beard sipping on a straw and holding this very cold glass of lemonade for its really yellow with ice cubes in it. The face splits in two and it's a fake-blownup face. It splits in two and you can see the white in between the nose like its sealed such that there's two separate halves, each one sealed so actually there's two separate halves of a blown up thing, each one sealed off so the air would stay in. The underside is white and peels apart like the adhesive wasn't there. It's a handbag, umm, some kind that you put little small bags, miscellaneous type junk, small ivory statues and weird-looking objects with hooks in them, pointed kind of hooks. Strong kind of twine holds the whole thing together. The handbag has a pattern (laugh) on the other side which is blue, red, green, and shiny. It's like an embroidery thread, it's like an old lady's handbag and its nondescript rainbow-shape patterns. The individual threads are sort of coming apart and underneath of it is actually old and brown and shabby. There's a thread hanging out the bottom which is long and has a comb on the end of it attached by a little round circle and the comb is combing long platinum-green hair. It's

kind of wavy hair on a wig stand and the bottom of the stand has blue yarn wrapped around it in a criss-cross type pattern which is now like a hook and eye or crocheted buttons with all kinds of little doodads over them. There's a round loop of this embroidery kind of crocheted stuff that loops around so that the whole thing on the bottom (laugh) is buttoned up oke an old fashioned lady's neck, maybe its only a little long. Underneath that there's black, umm, with wings and its made of paper up until the wings which are real feathers and its sewn on it and you can see it. From the top it looks kind of nice; you can't see the raveled edges. Its all feathers and then there's this black paper-- like black paper airplanes. On the underneath where the seam is cut into a fringe and some of the fringe part is bent one way and some other way. There's a lace, umm, thing hanging down like picture of a stork carrying a baby-- well the kind of carrying method, the blanket up like that is against the black part and sewn on-- being in the stork's mouth. There's a lace hanging down from that and its a tent and its got elastic on the edge of it, no, in the middle of it. Its got four rows of elastic and the elastic is, hmm, its a white tent and the elastic is black. Its fringe which flows around as if its in water and it just kind of flows and moves. Inside of this tent there is an Indian blanket, red and its got kind of gold lion patterns in it. There's someone, either sex, lying on the blanket wearing a loose kind of garment and bare feet and the feet stick off the blanket and wiggle around in the dirt and resting very peacefully with its head on its arms and wearing this weird hat, big wide brim and ostrich feathers and really tall like Hoss's hat. The hat falls off onto the blanket and the blanket wrinkles up and rolls up and rolls the persons in it-- rolls away and knocks the tent down. The person is getting bruised and bumped up and it rolls down this long hill which curves upward and flips the blanket off the end and the blanket, with this person rolled up it turns into a black hotdog but actually its a bomb with a fuse in the end and the fuse is lit but, and sparkling and its not really going down like its going to blow up or anything. The black bomb is made of black plastic and opens up to the reel a red silk interior with lines of stitching down in it and four people, no, four couples in it all of them lying in each other's arms and cuddled up together and making out. Its really soft and silky in there that they're lying on with cotton padding underneath it although in place of it where the stitching is it can't be padded for its down to the hard plastic. They are tiny people and they're not doing anything else and fully clothed and just lying around with their arms around each other. In fact, they're in a very ritualized or stylized kind of position like, umm, they're growing. Their legs

are growing and they're growing bigger. Its narrowed down to one couple and they've grown very big and the girl is wearing a tight straight skirt, nylons, and soft red sweater with pushed up sleeves and a white shirt underneath and grey pants and boots. He's got his mouth against hers because its really weird because he's not doing anything with it. They split apart and you can actually see layers of felt-- both of them are felt cut-outs."

(b) FIR: "There was a black bomb like thing that opened up with red lining. There was stitching and the people lying on the soft, umm, lining. They wore white sweaters on the girl and straight skirt and rolled up sleeves and the guy wore a brown sweater with a white shirt underneath and grey pants. They're holding onto each other living apart and turning into layers of felt shape. (Pause) No visual imagery. Antennas that look like airplanes on top of a long narrow house (pause). No visual imagery. (Pause) Wavy streamers on top of the antenna. Can I tell it disjointed? (Yes) There were the ant farms that were housed in me, wooden clamp with big screws on the side that went out to each side and had the red ball on top-- it was like a Christmas tree decoration that was a balloon. It held up the antlers which turned rubbery and which split open and the marbles and pieces falling down into that tilted house with the windows whose blinds were drawn up and things falling down onto the window and blowing against the wall and piling up there with pretty colors. The door opening and going down the hallway. (Pause) There was a bird that turned into a fan with an ivory handle with a round circle which wasn't quite closed because it looks like a lake scene and-- it turned into a black shiny wing sewn onto the paper and into that V-shape and then the seam underneath and how nice it looked on top. The white bundle kind of thing hanging down with the fringe underneath it or the crotcheted lacy thing underneath it."

(c) DR: "I was walking along a street at the university while I was going to class and the buildings were all, umm, very straight, square with flat roofs much like this building. They were slightly out of proportion to what normal buildings would be. And on top of each building was a green monster with bat-like wings and scales and coiled kind of position with evel-looking eyes and sharp teeth and breathing fire. There were one of these on each of of the buildings. I was walking alone but there were people around me and there were strikers and policemen. The strikers were saying 'Good, now nobody will be able



to go to class' and the policemen were saying 'Ehh, I hope they get those students.' Everytime someone tried to go into a building, one of the monsters would swoop down, grab them by the back of the neck, like a cat carrying a kitten and lift them up and like I expected that the monster would eat them, but actually all they did was dump them on top of the building or something like I don't know what happened to them. Then this one monster swooped down by me, only the monster looks like a brown-white dog with long snake-like tail. It had claw-like feet and weird eyes and was flying along by my side. I thought the only way to take care of it was to talk nicely to it and I began to say, 'Nice monster, nice monster,' really nervously and the monster kind of flew along by my side more and more like a dog when I did that. Finally it started barking and flew away. Then I ran into this girl, I know whom I knew back home in high school and she was wearing an orange poncho and it had all kinds of decorations on it and she looked at me, her name was Mary and had wide-rimmed glasses, and she said 'wow, you turned into a freak.' I realized I was wearing this red loose kind of garment with big slits inside that went all the way to my feet and I said, 'Yeah, that's right.' I offered to take her and two friends of hers out to dinner. On our way we walked through this building which I was showing her around. It was a house with white pillars and very beautiful house like interior, except you could see that it had been turned into offices. There was a lot of wood and paneling and there were desks everywhere and they really looked out of place. There were lots of windows. As we were walking along I was telling her that this was the oldest building in the university. As I thought that, a mental image of the old Administration building flashed into my mind and I remember someone telling me, "That was the oldest building in the university." I thought this was quite right because this was a white house and I was telling her but really feeling phony about it, that all classes used to be held in this white house originally and also it was the dorm, library, and museum. Then I realized that it was the back of Lindon Hall and that they had added Lindon Hall to it later on. I thought that this was so to make it look more university-like because the house isn't very much like the University. So we walked along the street to find somewhere to eat and we went to Ling Ting and we got there awfully quickly. And that was closed and all those hamburger places with red-white awnings and those were all closed. We finally ended up having barbeque outside in the middle of Grand River in this hole dug in the concrete."

- (d) EU: "Wide open mouth very big with teeth showing and can look back into the throat and a pink tongue wagging back and forth and it opens so wide that the jaws hurt. There is a tearing at the edge of the lip. The ears on either side which become butterfly wings. The butterfly is, hmm, has on the edge of its wings shade of white and blue and very intricate patterns and deep shade in the middle and there is a band that's pale white and blue and then there is the reds again. There is a salt shaker which is shaking towards me so I can see holes on the top of it and it's shaking out salt-- that's hanging in the air shaking out the salt. There's the feel and taste like the salt and the feel of the coldness of the metal top. The kind of slightly warmer glass and the hardness of it. There's flowers, tulips, made of crepe paper and they have wire on part of it. The feel of stiff wire as it bends and the feel of crepe paper. There is a purply kind of flower part and there's a hole at the top. The crepe paper is wound around the wire and there's a point at the bottom where the wire sticks out touching the palm of the hand-- a sharp kind of feeling. (Can you image an automobile?) Its a (pause) Malibu, '69, pale greyish blue. Its got a black vinyl roof and its got curvilinear type flowing-racy shape. Black interior and (pause). (Can you reimage the mouth?) Big, wide open mouth with little white sharp teeth and pink tongue and can look way deep into the mouth-- very, very wide open so that the jaw hurts and you can feel the tearing at the edge of the lips. (Pause) Shield hanging on the wall, middle of the shield with circles and it moves until its a, umm, pointed round, what the hell do you call a pointed round shape? Ha. Its a hollow, not a cylinder, umm, and it still got this white stripes going around it like a target type thing-- and on the inside its a silvery color. The point is very sharp and its got a belt across the opening, triangular opening. Cone!-- that's the word (laugh). Its got brown leather belt-- its more like a plastery leather. It feels too smooth for leather. All the edges are sharp, the bottom edge is very cutting and its against this wall. It has a shelf beneath the level of the cone. The shelf is made of pale wood and its a half-sickle shape. Its got two supports which are curvy. There is an apron which is blue, with ruffles and its got flowers on it (pause) old ladies' kind of apron and long ties. Its over a dress which has a red Gypsy sash and black and white strips. Wearing black stockings and tall, old-fashioned tall boots with high heels. The person wearing it is really young and the tops of it is red with puffy sleeves and deep V-neck and a medallion hanging between the breasts. Its a little green medallion. Its made of, I don't know, but its got carving on it. The person also wearing a ribbon around the neck with a cameo on the

ribbon and really looks funny. She's got a very square chin and very sharp cheek bones and sharp kind of eyes and long, very dark, curly hair which is but back in a ribbon. She's got long, very light pale arms and wrist which is shaped like a bowl. There's only some of the numbers because there isn't room enough for all of them. The watch band is, hmm, made of wire with, hmm, loop of wire with a light transparent kind of green material stretched over it. (Can you reimage the car?) It's a Malibu and it's blue-grey. It's got a black vinyl roof and the inside is black. (Reimage flower with wire?) Tulips, purple, feel of crepe paper and the taste of paper. Feel stiff bending of the wire and the green crepe paper wrapped around the stem. The point at the bottom where the wire sticks out on the palm of the hand. (Can you reimage the mouth again?) Big, wide open mouth, very big-- pink tongue stretching over the entire picture frame. The eyes are just above it-- cartoonish. All cartoon characters all over the place, recognizable like Porky Pig, Donald Duck. White soft feathers on a duck's back. Feel of a warm living kind of body and the heart beat of a duck and it's wriggly kind of movement and the yellow beak snapping. Pluto, the dog, with it's ears up and curved forward with his eyes big like surprised. He's in three dimensional paper and he starts distorting and his face getting longer and growing out of proportion and back end turning very narrow and growing into a balloon in the back with the tail flapping like a horse's tail. A wire wrapped around the horse's tail. (Can you reimage the car?) A blue-grey Malibu, very curved. Black vinyl roof and black interior and bucket seats. (Pause) Goggles, like you wear underwater with a strap which is buckled onto a wider band of material which goes all the way around the back of the head and fits on like half cap with a piece of itself which goes all the way down the back and around the buttocks and up around and comes back over the stomach and attaches to the belly button with a little hook. It's hooked into pockets like pouch on a kangaroo only it's made of terry cloth. A metal hook, wide, flat and sewn into the material and hooked onto it. The terry cloth is very soft and it's a stuffed animal and it's got button eyes. And because the hook is in its pouch it has a little baby stuffed animal on its back carried in a sling. There's a weird kind of monument-- hard to describe. A concrete that comes up and curved into three half circles attached to each other and another big curve on the other side. The whole thing makes a half-circle shape. Inside of the concrete comes out and makes little shelves so that you have individual places that could be made into little rooms. (Can you reimage Pluto?) Pluto's standing still and he's got his ears curved forward and his eyes wide in surprise. He's 3-D paper. He's distorting and he's got turning skin around the middle and then the back

turning into a big balloon with a horse's tail on the end and wire wrapped in a loop. (Pause) Its a tobogan with a rope attached to it with a little kid sitting on the pad. The pad is blue and feels like floating summer mattress. The toboggan is made of wood and its going down a very steep hill-- slams into a tree and splits apart which then goes down the hill without the kid. It goes all the way down the hill and its bumpy. It lands up against a snow bank on the bottom. A baton twirler knocking a baton against her arm because she's not good and bruising her arms. She's marching in a parade with people looking on and the band going on behind her and twirling this damn baton and dropping it and picking it up and getting very embarrassed and marching. She's wearing white boots with tassles on them. (Pause) As she marches she can see all the concrete against the boots as she slams her feet down which begins to hurt. There's a man dressed in a parker with the hood pulled up and the fur around his face. It's a black parker with white fur. He's squinting and he's got his hands out in front of him and groping and he's wearing his big, thick, thick, heavy gloves, brown leather with fur inside and he's got them held out like that. He walks very slowly and he's wearing snow pants with fur on the bottom and big soft leather boots that come all the way up his knees. His feet are very cold and beginning to get numb. Every once in awhile he'll step on them to feel the pain. He's shivering and he can feel his skin very much under all that clothing which is very soft. There is a zipper up the front of the parker and the metal is cold and his neck is open and the wind is blowing against it. On the back of the parker is an abstract design impossible to describe. There is one little round spot in the middle which is such deep red and maroon, almost black. The sunlight is very bright and the sun is shining very intensely. The sun is like a laser beam hitting the man but its hot, extremely hot. That only hits the parker and its almost like the parker is beginning to heat but he's still cold inside. He's still walking slowly with the sun almost pushing him, the solid band of yellow sunlight, pushing against his back. He sort of walks off into the sunset like that on the ground which is white but not snowy. (Can you reimage the crepe flowers?) Tulip, made of crepe paper, deep purple, with yellow center and wire stems-- the bendiness of the wire and sharp point at the bottom. (Can you reimage the car?) Blue-grey Malibu, very racy looking, very shiny looking. Very curvy looking with black vinyl top and black interior. (Can you reimage the baton twirler?) Umm, the baton twirler with the baton hitting her arms and the white rubber edges. Blue and white tassle on the baton, dropping the baton and feeling really embarassed. The marching unit with white

boots with the tassles on them and the big marching band behind them. The field of the street underneath it. The is on a hill and all the characters are actually made of metal and they are in close formation and each has a little track, the little were that goes down into the track and little gears underneath and you can turn knobs. You can make them march down and play their little song, march down the track and make them turn around and march up the track. They have furry hats like the queens guard outside the palace in Windsor and they have belts from which hand bowie knives and Indian kind of (yawn) patterns of weaving on a sheath on the belt. The belts are held in front by being attached to a novel piece of metal and they're wearing tunics like things and the belt holds them in the middle. The pants are white with red stripes. There's a fingerprint which has one eye in the middle of it and its on a wooden table (yawn). With somebody's sitting and taking notes and hmm, with a pencil and the pencil makes thick marks because the pencil isn't very sharp and its got no eraser on the end of it. there is a radio. What do you know, the person is using his right hand to write with. And, its a light-colored radio and person is writing on a piece of lined paper and the radio is playing some dopey kind of sugary kind of song like 'Sweet Honey,' that's very blah. The person is very intent on writing and wants to turn off the radio but they just keep writing because the writing is more important and they can shut out the sound of that idiot radio. There's a round knob on the radio and a click if it would go off but it doesn't go off. Curtains in the background which are full length on a fairly tiny window. The curtain rod is made of some copper looking thing. (Can you reimage baton twirler?) The baton twirler-- hitting her baton against her arms and bruising her arms and dropping the batons. The baton has white rubber on each end of it with a purple and white tassle. She has boots on. She marches and drops the baton and feels hurt. (Describe whatever images comes into your mind's eye.) A can (yawn) with little ridges in it all the way around. A little ride in that all the way around and an opening in the front issued to disaster victims who are running away from a tidal wave which is in their valley which is in the middle of this canister. They're not really afraid because they're in a surrealist movie and its being filmed. As its being filmed its being shown. As they come out of their disaster area, they climb out of this canister and fall down over the opening. They're very tiny people-- as they have to be. There's some one sitting nearby who is very amazed and thinks 'That's how they do it' because they always figured they did it with camera tricks when actually all they did was set up a canister and make a disaster happen and have all little people come climbing out and

film it. The people come out in covered wagons to the edge of the canister and the horses have a hard time pulling them up the slope to where they can get out. The tidal wave is kind of an eternal thing-- it just keeps on. It picks up a few people and curls them under and drowns them and it has no bottom to it, just water down into a deep pit. Then in the bottom of the pit there's a little hole where the water is coming from and it has a red paper which covers up the hole and turns into water as it gets into the tidal wave. The way they can stop it is by pulling on this paper which is real sharp against the hand until it crumples up. Then yanking on it and pulling the water underneath but the paper rips and it has to be pasted back on the water-- it it rips all the water will shoot out of control."

(2) Female, age 18

(a) FI: "I'm thinking about going home and my little sister's planning on riding my horse-- so Friday when I go home I'll probably have to wash him. I'm picturing myself and her washing this horse because it's quite an act, because it takes a few hours and usually he gets wet and it's a mess. So he's standing there and he enjoys the water and we usually get just as wet as he does. (Pause) I'm thinking about we're having to ride him up to where we're going to ride him in the parade which is about four miles-- a side road. It's quite a scene-- a little creek and things like this. (Is that what you see in your mind's eye?) Yes. (Pause) Coming up to the town we have a parade and I see some of the people I know and things like this talking with them. (Pause) I see myself laying out in the sun behind our house because we were looking for the warm weather and warmer. There's just a mass of girls about sixty to one hundred girls out in the sun. Just like a pleasant felling-- warm. (Pause) I see a picture of the room now that we're in-- it's white with brick all the way around. It seems really quite tall with a high ceiling fairly bare. I see the walls with a clock over in the corner which I can't read because I don't have my contacts on. With a gadget or some sort of thing which you park on the wall and a table with a lot of apparatus and machines and things on it. The room seems really small but the walls are tall-- and it seems quite bare. (Pause) I see a picture of my room and my roommate and I are sitting in my room and trying to study and it's getting about 1:30 or 2 o'clock at night and we're both sitting on our beds, trying to study and we're getting very sleepy. The room is rather cluttered. There's lots of books and everythings settling down on the desk and things like this."

(Pause) I see a picture of a rug on the wall on the way from Case Hall to Olds. I was riding my bike so I'm going pas Wells which is quite crowded so you have to concentrate quite a bit so you don't run people down. I also see myself like going into a crowd of people, and I'm the only one going into the opposite direction and swerving in and out of a lot of people. Going along by the Administration building, and over through by Olds. (Pause) I see a little park-like place over by the sidewalk anyway that comes together and there's quite a few flowers right behind the Administration Building. I see a picture of my hand with the electrodes on it and the tape (pause) and sort of in an upright position with my fingers spread apart. It's just a big hand, I don't know. There's a lot of wires coming out of it. Strange looking. (Pause) I see inside the language lab-- and we're all sitting with earphones on and little booths. It strikes me kind of funny that everybody's sitting there with earphones on and listening. I see a picture of the different booths with the kids talking to the mike. (Pause) I see a picture of our backyard and we've got a big pasture out in back with a white wooden fence and new colt. The colt and the mother are out in the pasture and the colt's running back and forth as fast as it can go to get attention, I guess. It's a big open pasture and green. And the mother isn't paying much attention to the colt and its just eating as the colt's racing back and forth and trying to get its attention. I see quite a big yard and there's a big wall in the tree with flowers all around and bushes. (Pause) I see the picture of a big huge church, inside of a huge church, with stain glass windows in the front. It isn't familiar but I don't know why I have them. The steps going up in the front with the big stain glass window. Its got a very high ceiling-- kind of round and dome-like. I can't think anywhere else I've seen that. (Pause) Rows and rows of pews-- it looks more like a Catholic church. There's statues on the side and lots of pictures hanging on the walls. (Pause) I see myself lying in the sun at the beach. I don't know I must have the sun in my mind. It's a big sandy beach with quite a few people-- myself lying out in the sun. It's a real warm day. (Pause) Not too many people in the water, mostly on the beach. It must be Memorial Day."

- (b) FIR: "A big cathedral, a church that's dome-shaped with a large picture window in front of the big altar. It's all empty except for me and there's a big pew, long-looking stained glass windows and there's lots of art work around, lots of statues. I looks like an old

cathedral, I guess. V ery huge and empty. (Pause) I'm at a lake with some friends on a hot summer day, swimming, laying on the beach. (Pause) There's not too many people around. I don't see any familiar faces, just a whole crowd in general, I guess. (Pause) Picture of the outside of my dorm walking through main doors and walking through lobby and lots of people running around, talking at the reception desk, looking in the mail boxes, going up on the elevators, stairways. People in group of twos and threes. I see some familiar faces. I'm walking back to the hallway to my room. (Pause) I see a picture of myself riding, my horse again in the field, racing, off real fast. This time it was my sister riding alongside of me-- I guess we're racing. We're holding on very tight. The wind's blowing and they're both running very fast."

(c) DR: "I was with my roommate and her boyfriend. They were driving their car over by Cedar Village. It was really weird because I don't know if it was some convict or what it was but he got in the car with them and they were driving by and I was on the sidewalk walking and they kept driving back and forth and I realized something was wrong but I didn't really realize what. It was just that they were driving back and forth in the car. It was all really quick and I didn't get it all. (Is that all?) Yes."

(d) EU: "I see a picture of a river down here along the river bank with all grass with everybody laying out in the sun and sitting on a blanket with some friends and playing cards or something. Very warm out-- it's a great feeling because the sun's warm on us and we're having a good time. There's quite a few people around but nobody we know and they're all laying out in the sun. (Pause) Walking back to my room, I can see the lobby and everybody scooting by and I have a disgusted feeling or something because everybody is running by so quick I just want to get out of their way and get into my room and at least be somewhat by myself. It's a kind of like, sense of anxiety, I guess to get back to my room and away from all these people. (Can you revisualize being on the blanket?) I'm sitting there with three other girls and playing cards, talking, laughing, arguing as we usually do and having a good time. We're drinking some iced tea. It's just a feeling that I was relaxing and enjoying ourselves sitting in the sun where it was nice and warm. (Can you re-image the disgusted look?) I'm walking by the lobby and everybody's walking really fast by me and I'm trying to dodge out of the way and get out of their sight because everybody's going really fast, not concerned whether



they bump into you or about to run you over. They're just concerned about getting to where they want to go or what they want to do. I'm done in my classes for today so I'm ready to relax a little bit. I'm just trying to escape to get to my room. Maybe once I get inside and change my clothes and go out to sit and read a book or, something like that. (Can you reimage your going through the lobby, bumping into people and people bumping into you?) I'm walking through the door of the lobby and people are coming out-- lots of people like one after the other. I'm just trying to walk through and get inside. When I get inside I notice a bus and it was also quite crowded. It reminds me of the lobby itself and the people and everything's crowded about the place. I'm just kind of tired about being around lots of people screwing around and everything. I just want to relax. I just try to dodge away and get around the corner. (Pause) (More images will come) I'm working on a survey I'm taking for a psychology class with a girl down the hall. I get really disgusted because whenever she does anything it's like whenever we do anything together we always get it botched up. I get disgusted with her and she gets with me. It's just a feeling of wanting to get this whole thing over with and getting it turned in. Just a feeling of becoming disgusted. Sick of the whole thing. (What do you see?) I see that we're trying to sort out all these different parts of the survey that we've been doing and not getting any sense out of them at all. Trying to write down some simple analyses and we don't agree on anything. We just sit there and not really argue back and forth but sit there with a blank. (Can you describe in detail what you see?) Twenty girls in my room with my other two roommates. They're both trying to make some sense out of the whole thing and as usual they're siding more with me than they are with her. She's just kind with all three of us that it's not right. We don't really get mad or anything, it's just that we're disgusted because we're really not getting anywhere. The room is kind of crowded with papers all over the desk and we've got it all sorted and we thought we were getting it organized but we can't seem to get anywhere. Finally we give up and sit down and try to forget about it for awhile. We have a little kitten in the room so I start playing with the cat. And Betty the girl that we have a hard time with keeps on talking and everybody just kind of lets it go. (Can you see Betty again?) I'm sitting down and she's standing up and trying to make some sense out of this whole thing and trying to point up some facts-- she tries to say these things in a dogmatic like fashion. We're just sitting there listening and not taking it in for we've heard it all before and know what she's going to say. We keep trying to make a point over and over again to see it in a different light but she just can't seem

to see it. So we just kind of give up on the whole thing and go about doing something else like talking to each other. She's still upset about the whole thing and trying to get it settled but nobody's paying much attention to her. (Can you visualize the expression on her face?) It's like a dogmatic expression, really serious but set. She's not smiling or anything but she's not terribly mad. Her face is set in a certain way-- kind of an unhappy look but a straight look. She tries not to let anyone else see it. Everybody's kind of sitting around and one of the girls is getting kind of upset with her and another one's laughing. She just keeps a straight look and trying to get others to see what she's talking about. Dogmatic and very overpowering. I just try to remove myself from the whole thing and just sitting back and listening. (Can you visualize the blanket and your friends?) Same group of kids and we're playing cards, pinochle. (Pause) I don't play with Betty and so we get along better. We just go through the motions of playing in the game, bidding and letting out cards, losing and winning, just generally a good time while we're discussing, talking, and laughing at each other. (Can you describe the imagery in detail?) It's (pause) kind of an old blanket and four of us sitting on it, it's kind of crowded because we've got some books out there, stuff to drink, couple decks of cards. There's quite a few people around, they're all busy with their own stuff. We're just laughing and having a good time. Trees around in the river and there's a great grassy bank. We're a group of people but we're still kind of secluded. (Pause) Walking through the lobby again, coming in the main door through a swinging door and just as I open it my roommate coming through the door the same time I am. We stop and talk and I ask her where she's going-- she's going to her Physical Education class and I'm all done for the day so I go back to my room, She just goes on. I don't see anyone else so I just go back to my room. (Something from the dream will come back) Standing on the sidewalk and I see a car swishing by very fast. I just catch a glimpse of it, almost like my roommate's boy friend driving the car. I see three people in the car, she and him, and third person-- I can't make out who is in the backseat leaning over the seat. They go by and come back again-- this time a little bit slower and I still can't see them very plainly. My roommate Sue glances over at me. I realize there's something wrong and I can't really figure out what so I keep walking along. I just keep seeing this car going back and forth. It's kind of like an old car, like an old Ford with high ceiling, high roof, kind of stocky-built car. As it goes by, I can't really see the details in the picture. I'm just kind of walking along puzzled about the whole thing. I stop and look as they go by again so I keep on walking. There's nobody else around except different apartment buildings. Really kind

of confused about the whole thing. (Other images will come) (Pause) (Images from another dream will come to your mind's eye) (Pause) All I see is like a dark pool with three people swimming around in it. It seems it's down lower from the surface of the earth. It's small, round, and I can't think what it reminds me of. I think I'm down there. It's dark and just two or three people swimming around and around in it. I can't make out who the people are-- I can't see anything from above. Seems to be really dark and deep. Can't tell whether the people are swimming for their lives or they're just swimming around. They must have some purpose. (Pause) (Tell me what pops into your mind's eye now, 'Betty') (Pause) I can't seem to see anything. I'm feeling impatient. (Betty) I hear a knock at the door, it's like early in the morning before we get up. I go to the door and she's knocking and asking me if I want to go to class. I get kind of upset, a little bit. Wish she would just go away. She's trying to help. I just see her standing there and I tell her I'll be there in a little bit and I just go back to bed."

(3) Female, age 18

- (a) FI: "I think I see my head. (Pause) (Can you describe what you see?) I imagine (pause) that it's covered with wires and tape-- with umm. (Could you please speak a little louder?) First of all (pause) a face that looks like, huh, it's trying to be relaxed and all that. But yet, at the same time trying to be more aware, I think. Huh, more aware of my body like I said. Except my toes-- more down to my toes. I feel very, very relaxed. I think if I were to be standing in front of me, with my arms over my head wired up. (Pause) I imagine you sitting there, huh, with your legs crossed over. I feel like you're looking at me (pause) and you're relaxed, too, in your chair. (Pause) I wonder what it would be like, to be in solitary confinement-- without noise. (Can you describe what you see?) (Pause) Nothing really-- just emptiness. Quiet, except that buss coming up from the top. (Do you see anything in your mind's eye?) No-- just the ceiling (laugh). (Do you see the ceiling in your mind's eye?) Uh, huh. Walls. There by myself and coming into the whole room, my eyes (pause). I imagine being in the room and the machine tracing and he's standing over it looking down and writing things on it as it goes along probably. (Pause) And I saw him with the pillow-- maybe he's sitting down-- or maybe he's standing up. (Pause) I see the machine which seems to me anyway twenty different thing-a-ma-jigs going. (Pause) It seems as though I can (pause) I'm not concentrating but at

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times it seems as though I'm concentrating on blankness-- it seems as though I can just see my life before me but umm-- nothing there. But it's great (chuckle). (Pause) My whole head is blank. My eyes are (pause) Now I can see the tape recorder and I have no idea what it's doing. I imagine it's working. I think I can imagine what my voice would sound like later on-- played back. In my past experience my voice never came through on a tape recorder. Once it came through but I didn't know if it was my own voice. (What do you see?) I see a little girl (pause) huh-- my finger just jerked-- my thumb. (That's all right) My voice on the tape recorder. Not knowing the person who confronted it-- I imagine a little girl-- umm (pause). The room is quiet, a little at the time. (Pause) A girl friend of mine-- senior in high school who wanted to, taped my voice, and asked me questions. Speech contest. (Pause) She's interviewing me as a class president and she kept asking all kinds of good questions. I started answering them but I didn't. I wanted to say many things, but I didn't. Oh yeah, this thing-- dialogue was supposed to be played in the class and I think she thought she would get it much better. We played it over and I don't think she used it in the end. It didn't take at all. (What do you see?) (Chuckle) The voice is coming off the tape sounds like my voice and it operates by itself. And it also sounds kind of message inside that's-- doesn't want to communicate and she's in front of the tape recorder reading off the questions. She's (pause). I had the weirdest sensation just now-- it seems like my body somehow lifted off the chair. I think it's doing it again right now. Up in the air-- in like a cloud almost, and then, and my gosh, my arm and it doesn't even seem like a part of me right now-- way over there. Sometimes it's heavier and sometimes it's so much lighter. (What do you see?) I see my arm-- it seems as though the upper part of my arm is 20 feet higher than my fingers. My fingers are switched. The little thing I have between my fourth finger and thumb-- it seems as though it's switched-- doesn't seem like it's really on the chair. (Pause) There's some kind of thing touches down and is connected (pause) to the thumb (pause). I can also feel the toilet paper against my fingers. (Pause) I feel numb in the leg (pause)."

- (b) FIR: "The first one-- how I must have looked with the wires taped. (Pause) Trying to look relaxed. (Pause) I visualized you sitting on my right in the yellow chair with a notebook. I imagine you looking at me. I imagine what it would be like to be standing in front of me looking at my head taped and wires in my arms-- without disapproval. In the other room with the machine going-- it seems to me twenty different separate arms whatever they are

with him (E<sub>1</sub>) standing over it writing things on it. I imagine the pillow being with him, too. I imagined me in that bed and him out there in confinement with no noise. My eyes were scanning the room while in bed. (Pause) I imagined being tied up to the ceiling, my body felt light and it kept rising and falling. My arms felt lighter and heavier than it is. (Pause) My arms seem to be way in the clouds somewhere. (Pause) Tape recorder, I see it turning and I can imagine my voice coming out on it. (Sigh) Low, quiet voice. I imagine experience I has with past tape recorders. Can't be nice sitting in a small little library. My voice in the corner and her voice in front of it reading off the questions."

(c) DR: "An ex-convict I met that was pedding around talking to kids on campus here. I thought of how I mentioned his van and the needle jumped off the paper. (Pause) He was playing the guitar and I helped him carry off the amplifiers back to the van outside of the hall. It was dark and warm outside and the van was huge and blue and stuffed with instruments and amplifiers. And I imagine that he said his name was Henry. I don't usually remember people's names but his name I remember because my brother's name is Henry. I imagine what he looks like now, he's jittery (pause) I don't remember, tenth century, I think down in Florida. He was convicted of possession of narcotics. (Pause) He wasn't jittery from past experiences because he just got out and he hadn't been on food elsewhere."

(d) EU: "I see a sharp, not really pain but a jab on my left-- going back through my head. Sort of in back of my ear. (Pause) (What's in your minds eye?) My eye lids seem to be flickering more than before, twitching (pause). I imagine I can see the beginnings of a pain or so in my mouth in my tongue. (Pause) It makes me mad because I get them too much. (Are you getting made right now?) Yeah. (Pause) Whenever I pain I think of a mouth infection I had at one time. (Pause) And I just feel like my ankles are tired and I turn my feet. (Do you want to stretch out your legs, will that help?) But my mouth's infection. (Describe what you see) First thing that comes to my mind is tongue and that night I saw yellow, white, seeing all kinds of colors. Cortisone. Umm, colds, sores, and pain all over my toes-- six of them maybe. It seems to be bigger, larger, deeper ones, my tongue touches my teeth. I don't imagine blood, but when I think of it, I just didn't think of it. I imagine the open sores between my teeth. (Pause) And also the medicine powder that makes me choke. I imagine tooth capsules with powdery white substance on each open sore. I'm supposed to swallow it but I washed it off. Each time the powder hit

the sore it stings and I leave it on until it stops stinging-- and I wash it off. (Can you image your family car?) I see a Ford, my dad's Ford Galaxie, light blue, which is the biggest car we ever had, powerful, makes me sick the way he comes on. Prizes, I think of crummy yellow, also a convertible with black top and very much older than it looks, but it looks great. I think of a gold earlier Galaxie, my brother John's. He put more stereo on more speakers on the back window. I think of his motorcycle, huge, red Honda (sigh). When I think of the blue Galaxie I see it sitting in the driveway in the same position with the flowers and the fence right next to it. On the other side of the driveway is empty and someone's car is there. A VW is in the garage and the motorcycle is always parked on the back door. (Can you reimage the mouth sore?) Uh, sometimes I think of white foam, but it wasn't white foam. It was like a white coloring that would form on top of each sore unless I had just put the medicine on-- that would somehow clean it all away. It felt that it penetrates open sores. (Can you reimage the yellow VW?) A little stands out because it's smashed way up in the back, smashed in on the side-- and very little like I could sit on it. A black top is worn, huh, and inside handshift white ball that says first, second, and reverse on it. I always think of how it used to fall off onto the floor. I think of the, not really carpeting on the VW, I think of the word 'tarp' sort off just flattens, hard. Back seat is covered with newspapers, rags, umm, wood, bags, Kleenix and regular junk. (Can you reimage the gear shifts?) Gear shift is black, stick, white round knob and black leathering. Black glove and white, umm, what do you call it, engraving marked thing for the knob to be screwed on. It was never screwed on because it wasn't a true VW knob-- so it was just placed on it. (Pause) (What comes to your mind's eye when I say the word-- 'Father') Little glasses, hair is thin. He walks a little limp with his left leg. (Laugh) He looks ridiculous in short because he's so short. (Pause) His skin is so old, it begins to hang. Sometimes he pulls his eyelids out. He pulls his outer skin, just -- is old and drooping. (Pause) The more I think of him, I think of him sitting in a Captain's chair. Green and white, umm, Park and Recreation shirt on. College ring on his left hand and wedding band that's worn bare and smooth. (Pause) I think of him with his eyes bulged out on his head because they are most of the time. (Pause) I think of him with an ulcer, but I don't think he has one. (Pause) When I think of my father now, I can smile, but I never used to. When I think of my father now I see him smiling. (Pause) (Can you revisualize the Kleenix on the back of the VW?) It's used and crumpled. It's torn up and in piles. Back of the VW isn't completely covered. Seems that way. (Can you reimage the tongue?) If I were

an impressionist or expressionist painter I would paint it with my tongue dominating my whole face-- being huge and red and smiling. Smiling teeth, painted pretty smooth. Red just dominating my whole face. I could never talk, my head, mouth, and section because it hurts so much rubbing against my teeth, moving around. Sometimes it would hurt (Pause) brings tears to my eyes because it hurts. (Can you reimage the Kleenix?) We..., it's been on the bottom of the VW and people stepped on it sometimes and, huh, like foot markings, dirt, and smashed. (Pause) There's also rags on the bottom of the VW back seat-- rags that have been used for lot of the dirty works, black and supposed to be underneath the seat but they're hanging out. (Pause) Old pajamas. (I notice you scratching your shoulder) (Laugh) (Do you have an itch there?) Yeah. Like a tick itch, like someone tickling me. I don't think it's the tears that did it, it was my skin because I know I was itching and the creep like I scratched it too hard. (Do you have any images in your mind's eye?) I picture my shoulder, first my thumb, nope, blouse. When I think of an itch I think of just, umm, something there. Red marks. (Pause) And little bump. I just imagine what I heard, umm, laughing over there. (Pause) (Laugh) My head itches. (What do you see?) I see the left hand, left arm moving (pause) itching (pause) umm, in the side or something. (Pause) It's almost like it's scraped over, (pause). Heard another sound come from over there and it got into my ear (laugh). From the right would be, I saw someone open their mouth and bit on their pen. (Pause) This isn't how it sounded but when I think of someone opening it, I think of a doctor I had the other day at the Health Center that had to talk through his mouth. Umm, no, I think he was talking through his nose. He had to keep his mouth open all the time. (Pause) Doctor had a weird looking beard that look like it was just stuck on. (Can you reimage the tongue?) My tongue, never forget it. Umm, it was, well, I imagine it being bigger than it is. Imagine it being six inches wide and somehow as I think of my tongue now it's just little compared to my mouth cavity and throat. But, when I think of my tongue, when it was infected, seemed as though swollen and-- fraction of an inch of space between my mouth and throat so that I couldn't move a muscle without it scraping and being touched. (Pause) It hurt when I opened my mouth and I remember going to the doctor. The doctor was frustrated before I even came in my room. Once he was in there he asked me what was wrong. I couldn't really, I thought I showed him what was wrong just by pulling but I guess I didn't. He got frustrated because he was looking in the wrong place and that made me mad because he should be able to see it."





(4) Male, age 19

- (a) FI: "Umm, Just a pencil turning around in different circles. Its axis of rotation right in front my eyes. (Pause) I don't see that anymore. (Pause) I was running today and umm- long road. Kalamazoo. I was dressed. I turned back and there was this girl in front of me about a hundred yards. (Pause) She's wearing a blue sweater T-shirt with a brown sort of sloppy hat and tan blue jeans. She was walking in front and all I remember as I was sweating and started running again-- she was crossing the street. I started to cross the street and a car was coming along the road-- a truck and he was trying to go into the highway but he changed his mind-- backed up into the woods-- to go into the highway but he changed his mind-- backed up into the woods-- to make some kind of right turn. As I crossed over the street I got to this turn, I got sort of tired and I stopped. There were some people over the right and (pause) that's it. (Pause) I'm in the basement and I'm coming up the stairs and in the auditorium. Last year, in a concert, guys in the French horn section came out on the stage, sit down. They started out with a difficult French piece-- I would have to make this a practice type of call. He raised the horn around and he tried to hit it-- to reach the note. (Pause) Oh. (pause) Have you ever been sitting in the back of a car and it's late at night and sleepy. Street lights are coming by you at regular intervals while you're traveling down the highway. You've got your eyes closed, and voices become thin and you just hear voices and you don't hear sound. (Pause) I was listening to a record-- oh (pause) let's see about huh two weeks ago and huh, I started to dream. See if I can remember parts of it. (Pause) I see a dinosaur walking over-- it turns its head. It roars and got red eyes and it must be 300 feet tall. I'm against a building trying to hide and I can't seem to find any place to go. And I'm lifting up (pause). I see this-- tile for a PA amplifier and it's above me. It's taller. (Pause) I'm in an elevator now wondering. (Pause) It's scary. I'm up on the fifth floor-- and there's quite a drop. There's someone making a telephone call and I'm trying to see who it is. I turn to my right (pause). I see a door sort of opening-- I don't know if I've been here before. All I see is the hinge on the door. Look inside, it's black and I just can't see anything. I close the door-- and inside the cupboard I've seen the brushes and go back into the street. (Pause) Walking along the Red Cedar River. (Pause) here are mosquitoes-- small little bugs flying all over the place. I dodge them and get some in your mouth or something. I see the waterfall-- white water. I throw myself down on the grass-- left side.

(Pause) There's a stream, People's Park, and two kids swimming back and forth in a rubber tire. I see those yellow lines-- everything else is black and I see a thin yellow line. It's bisected by a green line with it's geometric shape. There's a black background and (pause) off to the right there's sort of him and you."

(b) FIR: "I just saw the pencil and it's different from before. I wasn't on an axis, it was sort of mixed up. (Pause) I'm thinking of going along the Red Cedar. Saw all these books. Walk over and throw myself down on the ground. (Pause) There's this water, white water, going down the Red Cedar, kids swinging back and forth on the other side. The rubber swings are tires tied to a rope swing back and forth. (Pause) This is a dinosaur, red eye. Trying to hide from it. Can't find a place. (Pause) See that window, my friend inside (pause). And the wall to the left (pause). A pond. (Pause) (Sigh) Scanning from the left now, sort of spreading, all over the place. Now it forms a cone (pause). Not quite a complete cone. Black hall. (Pause) (Can you reimage running down Harrison with that girl?) (Pause) Saw that girl. It's dark and there are two of them and trying to fight me. They have this stick. I carry it over to the road. Look both ways. This girl was just coming on to play with him running across the street. I was walking along, kicking stones at my feet. (Pause) There are about 100 yards ahead of me. (Pause) My t-shirt is pulling on me. (Pause) It seems to be almost a pack now-- it's just the same as it was before (pause). Perhaps everything else is the same but instead of her there is a black and blue smudge walking across the road there (pause). There's this car, blue truck-- farm hand driving it. Looks like he's going to pull out on the road and running along on the road. He sort of pulls out, backs into side of the road like making a wide turn-- across River Street on the right hand side of the road now."

(c) DR: "Walking into the Administration Building. (Pause) Someone is taking us on a special tour. (Pause) It's very hazy. (Pause) I go around the corner and walk to her room. I stand outside. (Pause) Nothing's happening. (You're standing outside?) Yes. He's inside and talking to a friend (pause). A fat '57 really, he's the type, blue skirt pleated out (pause). Sign on the wall, yellow-brown \$2 bond something like that. (Pause) (That's the end of the dream?). Yes. (Pause)."

(d) EU: "I'm at a high jumping test at my old high school. I'm stretching. I feel grass under my legs. I fell forward and back. I see this guy and he's Craig. He's about

6'5" and 215. He walks up to my left and he was screwing around with the short put. He picks me way up in the air and works me on his shoulder and carries me on my stomach and drops me down. (Pause) He laughs and walks away. (Pause) I'm on this picnic. (Pause) Lying on a blanket and huh, a girl friend of mine is with me. I get up and walk over to the lake and just stand on top of the cement type of wastage pipe covered by cement sort of like wall slab-- (pause). A balloon-- orange balloon floating on water. Then, there's sort of a wind. (Pause) (Revisualize what you had last to eat?) Oh yeah. (Pause) Hamburger, steakburger. It's about three inches thick, sort of greasy juicy. I eat it fast. Before that I had a club sandwich-- too big for my mouth and it's greasy too-- caught on the side of my mouth. And iced tea. (Pause) I have catchup on my left hand side of my plate and potato chips. This is not a restaurant. (Can you reimage the high jump test?) It's, I'm to the left of it and sort of that way. Nobody's working up there. I'm doing stretches and my left leg is out. I'm on the grass as I do stretches. I get up and do a few more and touch my toes. (Pause) Craig is coming from a building and walks up and he's a lot bigger than me. He's lifting me up-- up on his shoulder. I'm sort of draped over him. He flops me down and walks away. (Can you reimage the hamburger?) Yeah, it's a (pause). I'm just taking it out of my mouth, sort of to the left hand side. It's got pickles on the top and it's greasy and well done, medium rare, I'm sorry. It sort of glis-tened in the sunlight. I guess it's not the sunlight but the overhead light. I also had a club sandwich-- it's over to my right; it was over to the left before (pause). And (pause) iced tea on my right hand side and it's sort of brown. I'm trying to get the ketchup onto the plate, and I sort of put it on one-half inches thick, potato chips (pause) and I eat them. (I'm going to say something and tell me what image comes: "Craig"). Height, size, that's what gets me about Craig. I just saw him again, this is at home. He's a friend of my sister's steady boy friend. That was about twelve o'clock at night, one o'clock. I was getting something from the refrigerator down in the kitchen and I heard a voice. I turned around and he was at the window. You see, just that, huh, you don't usually see people from out this window because it's a high window. He's about 6'5"-- he just shocked me. It was like a giant man in there. (Pause) (What's happening?) Nothing. (Can you reimage the pencil in your mind's eye that was just in front of your face?) Green pencil, turned on its axis this time. (Pause) It's sharp (pause). (What's happening?) Nothing. (Pause) I see a horse next to a hut and going way up. These are trees. I'm on the grass, same position I'm in now. (Pause) There's a squirrel with a big tail.

(Pause) It's as though I see about six ten inches high guinea pig squirrels. One is in front of me-- in an oak tree and sort of standing there (pause) looking down the street (pause). Outside on the hall. (Pause) A Catholic priest inside of the room. I'm going and sitting down in another chair. We talk to him. And he just leans back and smiles at you. Gives me a lot of confidence-- a very interesting person. (Pause) To the left of the door there is this mail box, it has about 150 slots in it for letters. I guess that's what the mail box is there for. Over to the right of the desk there is a stuffed Snoopy. (Pause) About two inches high. Calendar on the desk and on the left there is a tape recorder. I'll revise that, it's a record player. (Can you reimage the glass of iced tea?) (Pause) It's not coming yet. I'm getting more of a glass of water. (Report the first thing that come's to your mind's eye: 'Craig') Not yet, not yet. There he is. He's a, he's got this exercise machine. On this same day he's working out on it. It's staying on a wooden block and then you pull this rope up and down and it's got a spring on it to measure how high you can pull up. And, huh, he's just working out on it and I'm sitting back watching him do this. This isn't at the time when he pushed me up on his shoulder. (Pause) Speaking of him, I see him working on the far side of the track, not too fast but fast enough. He does the one hundred in about 10.4". That's fast enough for a big guy. (Pause) (What's happening?) Yes. Mary and Howard are sitting up by the machine. Checking, you've got your leg crossed and I think you got your right leg on top of your left leg. I have the feeling almost that you've got a pad on which you're writing things down, but I'm sure you don't. And over to your left, I feel that you're watching an instrument that connects you up with over there. (What's happening now?) I hear little noises, I'm not sure if it's the machine or the ventilating system. I don't think it's the ventilating system. Right now I feel my legs and they're-- sort of sticky. (Pause) (Anything in your mind's eye?) Not really. (Pause) Instead of being black, it's just a cloudy white now-- you know what I mean."

(5) Female, age 19

- (a) FI: "I've got a picture of a boy in my life, tall guy, quite heavy set. Really dark brown hair-- kind of longish dark eyebrows and dark eyes and long curly eye lashes. (Pause) Now I've got a friend, short guy, quite skinny, rather brownish hair and (pause) probably greenish-brownish, a big smile. (Pause) I've got a picture of my dorm room in my mind. (Pause) This was on the last one, do you still

want it? (Whatever comes to your mind's eye) O.K.  
 (Pause) My room is a light blue color and it's brightly decorated with flowers. On the door as you come in there's two big flowers with my roommate's and my own name on it. Brown dress with a large flower. Hanging down on the doorway. Separating the bedroom from the closet--bamboo rings hanging down with different colors with flowers and little birds in it. On one wall, as you come in at the door, I've got flowers up there back up on the wall (pause) all different colors. And, huh, across above the windows there's a large shiny pink sign saying, 'Happiness is happiness'. Picture of the bookshelf in my mind. On the bottom half of the book shelf is a book and on the top it's got a jewelry box and a little glass faun and a couple of stuffed animals-- a vase to put flowers in it. Little cracker jack toys. On my desk is the lamp and a small pad of color paper-- another vase of flowers in it and a large ostrich type feather. My bulletin board is covered with pink and blue burlap-- with a pink and blue pompom lying in it. I've got my calendar book in the middle. There's little pictures and stuff. I've got computer cards up there, pictures of a couple of onions up there (pause). Lipton soup labels up there and little coin of N. Carolina. (Pause) I've got a picture that was drawn by my little cousin up there-- a pink paper with all sort of lines swirling around. (Pause) Still got a picture of my bulletin board but I'm not able to pick things out-- there's so much stuff up there-- there's hardly an inch of space that's not used. (Pause) Umm, we have a bunk bed that's debunked-- it's kind of like a trundle bed now. Gray-frilly bed spreads on them. (Pause) I've got a picture of the windows and venetian blinds. (Pause) That's enough of the room. (Pause) O.K.<sup>3</sup> Picture of my boy friend in my mind-- 5'10", skinny, brown hair that's kind of curly, kind of wavy. Blue-green eyes, brown-rimmed glasses. (Pause) A great wide smile. (Pause) A picture of a camping tent flashed in my mind. A big yellow tent-- it's got a high peak in the middle and gets lower towards the end-- kind of rectangular shape. I just see it surrounded by trees, grass. (Pause) I see a picture in my mind of my boyfriend helping another girl with her homework. Umm, he tutors a girl with some kind of science. (Pause)"

- (b) FIR: "ATL professor, short, dark, grey hair. Dark brown-green glasses, beady eyes, freakish smile. (Pause) Picture of B., he's a tall guy, heavy, dark eye lashes, curly, long. Heavy set guy. I describe Ben, he's kind of short, skinny, reddish-brown hair. Big wide smile. (Pause) I describe my boyfriend-- uh, tall, skinny, brown hair, wavy curly. Bluish-green eyes and a bright smile and brown rimmed glasses. I'll describe my room-- light blue in color and

flowers just about everywhere. Hmm. (Pause) I think that's all."

(c) DR: "O.K. I'm in a dining room of this kind of strange house, yet it reminds me of something of my grandmother's dining room. Umm, nothing outstanding about the room. But I don't know where it is. Sitting at the table and the table is in kind of like a T-bar. Umm, my family is on the long part of T of the table and then across the table is a couple of guys. One of them is a boy I used to date-- really dark hair and eyes, curly eye lashes, good-looking and his friend John with blond hair and blue eyes. I don't know what they're doing with my family but we're in this dining room. I remember John and Dan acting really strange like they got all goo-goo eyed and real cocky. I didn't know what was the matter with them. I found out later that they had marijuana and that's why they were acting so strange. I really was upset that friends of mine could do something like this. From there I skipped to coming downstairs to the kitchen of my house and finding my younger brother there with three boy friends. I can't recall who they were. They were acting really strange and their eyes were real cocky and they were acting really strange. I found that they're on marijuana and that really upset me, because my little brother would do something like that. So, I'm ready to kill him and I get this knife and I'm going to kill him because he's on marijuana. The only thing to stop me from killing him is my older brother. Like he just held me back like I'm going to kill you. And I woke up crying."

(d) EU: "Sensations, like scratching. I got a tickle on my right leg. Umm. The back of the knee. It tickles. (Can you reimage the last scene of the dream?) Oh yeah. (Pause) (Can you describe what you see?) (Pause) I'm thinking about the last scene in the kitchen. Picture of my older brother holding me back (pause). I picture myself waking up and crying. My roommates just getting ready for school. And we're laughing and I'm crying. (Pause) (Is anything happening?) No. (Can you image what you had last to eat?) Yeah. (Pause) The dorm served us a pizza, it was really bad. I see half of a round pizza sitting there and it's heavy and it's not light. It's heavy and little pieces of sausages, pepperoni or something on it. (Pause) Also had some pineapples for supper and couple glasses of orange drink. (Pause) (Is anything happening?) No, my thumb just moved before. (More images will come to your mind's eye.) Oh, I wouldn't be too sure. (Can you reimage your boyfriend helping this girl out?) Naw, it doesn't bother me. (Do you have that image?) Yes."

(Can you describe that image?) No, it's, umm. I picture her sitting there and him standing up pointing at the book. It's all very vague. I didn't turn the light on. (More images will come. You're smiling) I was just thinking, I had a situation with my brother and why you're pressing the issue. (Do you think I am?) Trying to get some reaction and it doesn't bother me. I guess we can check later on it. But I don't care (laugh) if it does or not. (Pause) (Can you reimage that last image?) Him helping her. (Pause) It's vague. All I see is her sitting there, and I haven't got a picture of what she looks like or anything and I don't know her at all. But just see her sitting there and looking at the book and he's standing up pointing. That's all I see. (Can you reimage the pizza?) Ugh. Uh, (Pause). Yeah. Want a description again? (What do you image?) I just see the pizza sitting there. It's really repulsive. The food has been lately. (More images will come.) O.K. I see one of the girls at the dorm and a petite little girl, long brown hair and shiny nice smile on her face. She always comes bopping around trying to cheer everybody up. (Pause) (You have a smile on your face.) I don't know what for. Maybe because I didn't think of anything. (Can you reimage your room at your dorm?) (Pause) Yeah. (Pause) I just notice the flowers all around because I love flowers because they're bright and colorful. I have them all over the room. (Pause) I see my poster up above the window, bright pink because that's my favorite color and orange. Flower kind of shaped like a whale I guess. And in the middle, flowers kind of like wedding, happiness-- happiness is happiness cause it's true if you think about it. (Pause) I picture my roommate, umm. I guess, kind of a plain girl, brown hair, kind of short, brown eyes and (pause) that's about it. (Pause) Hmm, I'm giving a report and it's in my Natrual Science class yesterday. I can't really see myself from the audience. I guess I can't really see myself. I don't really know what I look like and how strange I look. I'm giving a report on wilderness survival and trying to stick some humor in there-- because I like to laugh. And I think it's wonderful when people are smiling or happy or something. But I must have made a fool of myself but I made them laugh. I hope I didn't seem too dumb. (Pause) You're smiling slightly) Huh, just thinking that I like to laugh, and hmm. Guess at the college I don't really get a chance to do that much to make funny things going on. When somebody is funny I laugh extra hard, just because it feels good. I guess. (Pause) Home, eating supper with my family and everybody there cracking up. I'm laughing. So, I guess. I've enjoyed going home every now and then because it's really funny. Everybody's got to be a comedian. For the summer I don't know if I'll take it for two months



there. I enjoyed going home so far because everyone's made me laugh so far. (Can you reimage your brother?) My older brother, really tall, about 5'11", I believe. Skinny legs, beer bellied. Really dark brown hair and frizzy. A part on his left side. Big nose, it's been broken a few times. Picture of him smiling and cheery eyes and his dumb smile. My younger brother, who's taller than I am, still call him my little brother when he's taller than me. He's got an average built, dark, and hair awfully brown and longer-- wears it down in front and towards the side. It's not smooth, but it's not wiry. Kind of rough hair, he's got big brown eyes and brown-rimmed glasses. (Pause) Picture of my father in my mind. I guess he's about 5'10" or something. Kind of heavy set. His belly sticks out so that he looks like he's pregnant. (Laugh) He's got really short wavy hair. Brown cheery eyes and black rimmed glasses. Let's see. I see him wearing the beaded necklace I made him. (Can you reimage your dorm room?) (Pause) Hmm. On the door there is a cute orange and yellow flower with Donna's and my name on it. To the right of the brown dresser with a mirror and there's a big red rose. Paper flower there by the telephone book. To the left of the closet there is the messy clothes all around. On top of the closet are spaces to store luggage. I've got orange and yellow flowers up there also. Hanging down in the entrance between bath. Dresser room and bedroom. I've got bamboo rings hanging down. Green ones, yellow ones. Some other bright bamboo things hanging down. (Can you reimage some of the scenes from the dream?) (Pause) (Are you seeing anything yet?) Just the last scene. (Pause) Umm. I see my older brother holding me back and I'm pushing his arm and he's holding me back. (Pause) (What's in your mind's eye?) Nothing. (Pause) There is this huge nothingness-- this big blackness with me floating out and I can't see myself. It's just as if it's in real life and (pause). I'm floating around. Nothingness, because I can't think of anything. (Pause) Had a picture of the two out there watching. (Can you describe the imagery?) As if I was looking from this door here and seem like he'd be directly in front of it looking at it and she was at his side kind of looking over his shoulder. I can see the big machine there with all its lights and trinkets. (Pause) (Can you see the girl at the dorm flopping around?) (Pause) (Can you describe what you see?) Popping in the door saying, 'Hi, everyone,' -- she usually does with her smile on her face and just a little tiny little girl, long brown hair, brown eyes. Let's see. I just picture her looking at my Newsweek. She's reading it. I see me writing my Natural Science report. (Pause) (A scene from another dream will come to your mind's eye) I took a nap this afternoon and I saw two flashes.

One was Paul, my boyfriend, and I driving down a street in Grand Rapids. He was driving and that's all I got, him driving and me someplace in the car. When I woke up I remember from another part with me in my ATL class. This boy, he must have given a report. He's got long brown straight hair. Wears it to the front and side, and black bushy eye brows. I just remember him saying, 'What would you say if you had to move to another planet or stay here and risk being bombed or something.' (Pause) I picture myself gettin up from the nap and quickly getting pencil and paper and writing something down (pause). Another flash of a dream I had last week. Hmm. I was in some strange room watching T.V. with red and white pants on with blue top and blue headband. My hair going down the back. Umm. Knock on the door and in comes another boyfriend. He's from Tennessee so I don't know what he's doing there. Of course, then I don't know where I was. Those are the only dreams that I can remember. (Pause) A picture of this girl and guy from my neighborhood. They're engaged. One lives on one side and one lives on the other. Dorothy has kind of brownish hair and kind of reddish in a weird way. She's got it pulled back in front into a little pony tail (pause). Her eyes are blue, got freckles, short pug nose. I see Benjamin. He's got blond hair and kind of wavy and blue eyes with glasses with large teeth and large smile. I picture them holding hands. (Pause) (What do you see now?) My sister-- hmmm, nothing. My (laugh) hmmm, big medium little sister of the three younger sisters. She's the middle one but she's the biggest. Carol's got brownish hair, lighter than mine. I guess her eyes match her hair color. She's got a short pug nose, kind of a chubby girl, chubby rosy-red cheeks, and I just got a picture of her in our front yard. (Pause) (What do you see now?) Nothing. (Pause) I see, uh, sort of a survey type thing for my Psychology class. For an extra credit thing I picture in my mind something I have to do."

(6) Female, age 19

(a) FI: "My brother. (Pause) Sort of tall and light brown hair and dark blue jacket on. Usual sandals. (Pause) In my room right now. Boxes and fretful mess because I'm packing. (Pause) And a dust clay is on (pause). The shelves are there. (Pause) My suitemate showing me her engagement ring. She's got medium length blond hair and red blouse on. (Pause) She looks very happy. My other suitemate who is very vivacious-- she's like in the background. (Pause) A blue Karman Ghia-- a car I wanted to buy-- parked in front of the house. (Pause) My roommate-- she's lying in bed reading (pause) and

she's got on a blue and white pajamas and brown glasses. She's sort of heavy-- long blond hair (pause). And we were just talking-- about lots of problems. (Pause) It's like she's wondering what's wrong with her. (Pause) That's me like twice through boyfriends. (Pause) Two guys drinking that I went out before that I met at a party on Friday and they are not really getting along with each other-- they are on cold terms. One is blond and the other is tall and slender and brown hair and glasses-- very sarcastic. (Pause) At the rally. We were lunching and going out to see-- and people all over the place walking. I see some people I know. It's really warm outside. It looks like we're sort of being herded along. (Pause) A picture of me and my school blouses-- just too large. Everything's covered in some black wet suit-- just a lost face when I see it. I can't stand up straight because the thing's too heavy. It's taken by our living room bookcase. (Pause) My bedroom. (Pause) We just arrived home and everything's in order and (pause) some purple and pink. There's a mixture of foldaway bed in there and they've come to visit. (Pause) Looking out my dorm room and it's a warm day outside. Everyone's going outside trying to get a tan in their bathing suit. Some people playing Frisbee and rest of them listening to radios sitting around reading."

(b) FIR: "My brother, tall. (Pause) Light brown hair. He's got a blue jacket on. (Pause) The sandals he wears all the time. Smiling. (Pause) My house. White, two storey. (Pause) I forgot it. The car I was hoping to buy. (Pause) My room. There's boxes and bags all around. (Pause) It's dark in there and the shades are drawn. Beds aren't made. My desk lamp is on. Paper is in my typewriter. (Pause) I see my suitemate coming in and showing me her engagement ring. She's got a red blouse on. Blond hair. My suitemate who is behind her smiling. (Pause) My roommate is in bed on the bottom bunk and got her glasses on, reading. She's asking me why her boyfriend doesn't like her. She's sort of depressed. (Pause) I'm at home and going into my bedroom and it's really funny looking. White and everything's clean. Notice right away that it's done purple and pink. (Pause) When you turn around the corner there's another bed there, like we're expecting a guest."

(c) DR: "Sort of like the late 1800's. Out West. Horse and buggy. And the ladies are wearing long gowns and their Western attire. Steps of this one building and lights are on the attire. And, this man came up to me and took out a gun and shot me in the back and I jerked so hard, the next morning I woke up with a backache. I remember waking up right after it."

- (d) EU: "A mountain behind the house. It's really a huge field. There's somebody with me and I can't tell who it is. It looks like (pause) after summer time. (Pause) (What's happening?) No. I can feel my left hand and the pressure on it. (Can you reimage the field?) (Pause) It's nice and warm sunny weather and beyond the field there are railroad tracks. (Pause) And bordering these are the right sides of the houses on the other side of the school, playground. (Pause) There's chopped off wheat. (Pause) (Can you reimage the blue Kharman Ghia?) uh, huh. It's in front of our house-- it's navy blue. It has white side walls and really shiny and new looking. I'm looking at it from across the street. (Pause) (Can you revisualize sitting in the field with someone?) (Pause) Well, sort of like I'm in the middle of it but I know there's someone next to me but I don't know who. The field is really huge and the ground has a yellow bast to it. I looks like cut off leaves. I'm standing up. (Pause) There are houses to the right of us. I can see the railroad tracks. (Pause) School fence on both sides. (Is the someone with you male or female?) No, but I think it's a child (pause) because I got a picture but it's in the lower left hand corner, sort of like a pseudo image. (Pause) I can still see my left hand drifting-- right around the palm. (Pause) (Can you reimage the child?) (Pause) It's like stooping down and it's sort of facing me me but I can't make out who it is. Just sort of a blank there. (Pause) My mouth is getting really dry. I can feel my stomach growl. (I'll count to three and shortly thereafter an image will come) (Pause) Image of a (pause) feeling a teardrop going down my cheek cause my contacts slipped. (Pause) (I'll count to three again and an image will come to your mind's eye; one, two three) I'm standing in front of my dorm and talking to the guy I went out with last night. He's taller than I am, sort of blondish, slender. Has a moustache. Has a light beige jacket on. (Pause) Very attractive. In the background is his white car. (Pause) He's not saying anything except standing there and looking. (Pause) (Can you reimage the Kharman Ghia?) (Pause) Still in front of the house. (Pause) Like I can also imagine it when I was at the dealers. (Pause) When I get into it it's got black upholstery, the back seat is really small. (Pause) All the dials and gauges. It's (pause) looks like in the dealer's show case window. I'm getting in the driver's seat. (Pause) (Can you reimage the guy that you went out with last night? Do you see that image?) He's standing with his left side to the dorm. I sort of notice how the lights from the lobby of the dorm shine outside. And seems like he's sort of smiling and he's not saying anything. (More images will come) (Pause) There's a sidewalk behind him, which takes him to his car that follows the driveway. (Pause) (Can you revisualize the dream of the Western



scene?) I see a Western town and sort of the twentieth century. Going up to the porch of this one building. There's a man up there. (Pause) He has a silver gun and and shoots me in the back. (Can you see yourself?) I was walking in the direction of the building and he follows me and pulls out his gun and shoots. (What do you see now?) I see my reaction of how I jumped in real life and the minute of waking up and groggy. Almost feeling like I was really shot in the back. (More images will come) (Pause) I remember lying in bed face down and had a vision of falling to the ground in the dream. The ground is hard and my bed is soft. (Pause) It feels like I've been dropped there. Umm. Seem like a story-- drops me out of the picture. (Pause) (More images will come) There's a man in the dream-- got his hat on. It's one of those Western hats, light colored. (Pause) Plaid shirt and a vest over it. Light colored pants. I can't make out his face. (Pause) I've got the same kind of long dresses that they wore at that time. (Pause) Doesn't seem to be around, at least on the porch. (Pause) Just the two of us. (Pause)"

(7) Female, Age 18

- (a) FI: "I was thinking of going to work in Erikson. (Can you describe what you see?) Counter in the children's literature library at the secretary's desk behind the counter. There's a file cabinet behind her chair and behind that is the window that's facing the lobby of Erikson. And to the right of that is where the counter is coming from the wall. And then on the other side of the door which is to the right of the door is an aquarium. (Pause) I'm thinking of going back to my room. (Can you describe what you see?) I want to find out if my suitemate was there. Her room is part of a suite in the dorm. (Pause) There's bunk beds in her room and across the bunk beds is the couch. And the beds are not made. (Pause) And to the right of the couch is Susan's desk and huh, (pause) book on her desk. (Pause) Do you want me to describe things in the room? (Just whatever images comes) (Pause) This chair feels like it's rocking. (Pause) (Back and forth?). Uh, huh. (Pause) It makes me think of one of those small kaleidoscopes. (Pause) (Is that what you see in your mind's eye now?) Uh, huh. (Pause) (Different colors?) No, I don't see different colors. I see, umm, just like that commercial about the cereal with the white stars. This chair feels like it's turned around-- the opposite way than it was before. My head is toward the bed that was there before. (Is there anything in your mind's eye?) Yes, the room is different. It feels like I lost my orientation. If I open my eyes I would be facing what's

in back of me and you'd be on my left. (See bed or wall?) I see the bed but it seems like it's in the back of me-- because I didn't see the wall before. (Just report what you see?) (Pause) It feels like the chair keeps turning around and I keep seeing things like it would be on a slow merry-go-round. (Pause) Like, huh, people going past. You can tell who they are, but if you don't look at them in the right way, you just go past them without seeing them. (Do you recognize anybody?) No, just like a crowd. You know how when you're riding in a car and if you're not really looking at anything in particular everything goes past your eyes and it sort of blurs unless you're looking at something in particular and you hold onto that. It seems like I'd be going around and, huh, I wouldn't be looking at anybody in particular. (Have you noticed adults or children?) Both (pause) people standing around in a crowd. Umm, the people are in a shadow-- the sun is behind them like on a sunny day. And, umm, they're waiting in line and they're under like a canopy so the sun would be behind them. (Pause) (Is there anything in your mind's eye?) No. (Pause) I can see the boy that I'm dating and we, my roommate, suitemate and I wrote with a magic marker all over his back, and huh, I can see the dark blue magic marker. (Pause) (How much of the boy can you see, whole figure or part?) His back and back of his head. (Do you see markings?) Yes. Dark blue magic marker and, huh, we drew flowers-- on his back and (pause) he didn't like it. (Pause) I can see how we're moving into an apartment this summer. I am with three other girls and it's only a three man apartment with one bedroom. All I can see is boxes in the bedroom and I don't see how we can figure out how to put four people in one bedroom. (Pause) I can see carton boxes and the cart because one of the girls is going to stay there only four weeks. (Pause) One of the girls is bringing her car, just one station wagon and then we have to move all our things from the dorm to our apartment. (Pause) She's putting all the carton boxes in the back of the station wagon. (Pause) I don't know how I'm going to get along with her this summer and I'm going to live with her next year. I don't think I really want to but she doesn't know it. (Pause) I can see her expression when she reacts to things I say and (pause). (Can you describe the expression?) Yeah, like (pause) she's (pause) doesn't quite agree with what I say but she's trying to be agreeable. And so, she's, she's not withholding her opinion but she's not saying anything and I can tell by her expression, she's, she's smiling slightly but she doesn't want to say-- oh, she doesn't want to say what she thinks. (Pause) I'm worried about living with her next year. (What do you see know?) (Pause) My boyfriend at home. (Pause) (Can you describe what you see?) What he looks like? Well, I can just see his face. Umm, that's

why I don't think I can live with Sarah because she doesn't think I should stop dating him, and I can see him. (Pause) (Can you describe what you see?) / I can see my mother at home but she's in the house. She's packing in her bedroom and (Pause) she's by the closet and she has a suitcase from the attic and she's standing by the closet door and there's a mirror on the closet door. She has her hand on the door knob holding it open and reaching in to get something out of the closet. (Pause) There's a rosebush outside the window on the right and usually there's uh, rose that bloom outside that window. (Pause) And I can see the house in back of us, my girl friend's house back home. There's a fence and bushes by the fence and, huh, cement blocks by the fence (pause), that we used to climb over to go around the block. In back of that is the huh, a brick stove. (Pause)"

(b) FIR: "I see the counter of the children's literature library at Erikson. The secretary's desk behind the counter. Behind her chair are the file cabinets. Behind that was the window. To the right of the file cabinet is the xerox machine. To the right of that is the counter again and the door. To the right of the door is an aquarium. (Pause) I could see my suitemate's room. (Pause) They have bunks in the room-- across from the bunk beds is the couch. To the right of the couch, in front of the window, is the desk. She has her book open. (Pause) I felt like the chair was turning around. I was facing the opposite way in this room. I felt like the chair was turning around. If I had my eyes open it would be like a merry-go-round where the people was standing around and I could look at them (pause). It was sunny, people were standing beneath a canopy-- with the sun behind them-- they were in the shadow. (Pause) Then I could see my boyfriend's back which we marked up with magic marker. I could see the apartment which we're moving into this summer-- all the boxes that would end up in the bedroom because there's only one bedroom for the four of us. I could see Susan and I loading up the white station wagon with rocks. Susan looked like she wasn't agreeing with something. I wasn't saying. (Pause) I could see my boyfriend at home. (Pause) My mother at home when she was in the bedroom standing by the closet door taking things out of the closet and putting them into suitcases on the bed. I could see outside the window which was on her right in the bedroom and there's a rosebush. And behind that in the backyard is an fence. Right behind the fence there is a cement box behind the fence. On the other side of the fence is a brick oven."

(c) DR: "It was in Detroit in the winter, it must have been. It was set up here-- Grand River-- but I was dreaming that



it was in Detroit. The street was all wet and snowy-- three inches of snow on the ground. My two suitemates and I were going to see 'Funny Girl.' We were getting on the bus-- the weather was so bad and we had to go all the way downtown. We were sitting and the bus was all lit up and it was dark outside. Lily has got a Thunderbird. I was thinking about how they didn't know their way about Detroit. I was off the bus, I don't remember getting off the bus. I was off the bus and I was going to catch it at the next stop. I was standing in the snow and the snow was back up to my ankles. I was going to catch the bus and I turned around and when I looked the bus already past me. I saw them looking out the back window of the bus and I was worried about them and I knew they didn't know their way about Detroit. I felt bad because I wasn't going to get to see 'Funny Girl.' I saw a street lamp. I was going into this little restaurant and it was lit up and it was white. It had two windows on each side of the door. The long counter, I went in to get some coffee. The woman who worked there was Barbara Streisand and she had on-- an apron and I was the only one who knew who she was. I spilled my coffee and she came around the counter and she tripped over my foot. And I was thinking that, when Lily and Mary got back they wouldn't believe that I saw her-- and was dumb enough to spill coffee on her. Then I woke up."

- (d) EU: "I can see the woods behind McDonald-- the preserves. Just looking into the trees, there's a book with a cover on the picture. The name of the book 'The Light in the Forest.' The cover of one of the edition of the book 'Rays of Sun Coming through Leaves in the Forest'. When I think of the book I can see the sun coming through the leaves. (Pause) And how you feel in the woods, it's cooler when the sun hits you in snatches and how warm it is. (Pause) I went to set on this log but there were too many bugs. And I was sitting on this log and there was this small spider that hopped kind of-- (Can you still see them hopping?) Yes, there was a couple of them, but they kind of pop on wood, little grey ones. I wasn't much of a nature lover so it made me nervous to sit there. So I walked around and there were two paths. Umm, led me out of it back to the dorm and I could see the cafeteria of the dorm. (Deep sigh) (Pause) I can see my sister's house living room, as if I was sitting on the couch and then see the fireplace. There's a dark cannon above the fireplace where she puts up many of the things against the wall. Three pictures of her three boys. The pictures have blue backgrounds. There's a hearth above the fireplace and more cars and trucks on it. Daughter kneeling by the stove and playing with the cars and trucks. There's this wooden coffee table right behind the little

girl. There's a dark marble insert at the top. (Pause) The boys were running by the coffee table. (Pause) I can see the man that lives in the back of my sister. Their lots were on the back end. When we walk with my father and I can see him walking across this lawn. She says that he doesn't look anything like my father but the way he walks and mannerisms he looks like him. I can see him walking toward his tool shed. (Can you describe his walk?) Yes, he walks slowly. Oh, but he's drunk. (Pause) (What do you see now?) He's always at his tool shed at the neighbor. The tool shed is painted pink with white polka dots. It stands out and you really notice it. (Can you reimage your sister's house?) Umm. The living room is more in the center of the house. There's a large window in the back of the couch in the back. The couch is gold. There's this fireplace in front of the couch. There's this fireplace in front of the couch. There's this coffee table with marble insert on top of it. The fireplace has dark panels. Inside of the fireplace is painted black. There's a ledge on the foot of the fireplace about a foot wide deck with toys on. (Can you reimage the log?) Log in forest, about one and one half feet high and wide enough to fit an arm with the knees up. It's laying a little bit off the path and it's black. Some of it is smooth where it's worn down and some of it still has bark on it. There's cracks where I was sitting with little holes in it. There was some moths near the crack. There were bugs on it-- not much, just a few. (Pause) It just didn't recently fall but it looked kind of old. (Can you reimage the man in the back yard that looks like your father?) No, he didn't look like him, but walked like him-- same mannerisms. He's always working in the yard. He walks back and forth to the tool shed. He walks from my sister's window in the back yard-- he looks like my father walking. He walks slowly and his till shed is painted pink with white dots. He's always fiddling around back there. (Pause) (What do you see?) My sister's back yard. It's, umm, big. It's mostly crab grass. The last time I was there all the dandelions were out. It looks nice (pause). The kids were out there for June bugs. They were digging around looking for June bugs. I went out and told her that she should take a picture of them. (Can you reimage something about your father?) He's sitting on a green chair in the living room-- like this chair. He's wearing a sweat shirt watching T.V. He's sitting next to a small window and on the other side is a coffee table. There's newspapers on the floor by his chair. His lighter and ash tray, glass of beer. He's wearing brown slippers. There's a hole in the chair where he burned a cigarette. (What's happening?) Umm, the living room is all messy. There's dust on the T.V. again. Umm, my mother's at work. Her shoes are by the other side of the coffee table. A pair

of shoes when she's at home. There's music going. The record player is on-- player about twenty years old. It's all dusty. (Pause) Ashes in the fireplace-- from the last time we used the fireplace. (Pause) (What's happening?) Nothing. (Pause) I can see my father yelling at my mother when she comes home from work. She comes in through the back door. He's, umm, he's yelling at her. But she's tired. She doesn't say anything. (Pause) she asks him what he wants for dinner. (Pause) Now I can see him sitting on the back porch. (Pause) He's sitting near the door to the back bedroom and umm, he's on a lawn chair-- aluminum one-- rocking chair. There's a small green table and chair next to that-- chair my mother usually sits in. Bamboo mat covering on the floor. Small chairs for children, nephews, niece. (Pause) He's got the radio on. He's got the sprinkler on the back yard. (Pause) I can see the old man that lives next door. He's to the right of our house-- no left (pause) he's on the other side of the fence. He's got his power lawn mower. When I would cut our grass he would take the handmower that would use. He walks with kind of a limp. (Pause) He has a white car and has a work bench in his garage. He goes into the garage and he's usually tired and works in the back yard. They have a fiber glass screen on the back porch-- it's soft and green. It looks nice. They have a tree in their back yard. Some kind of red flower around the base of the tree. There's a bird house that I made in their tree. (Pause) When he walks by he doesn't say anything to my father when my father's on the back porch. The man next door always comes to the fence when I'm laying in the sun and tells me to go in so that I don't get sunburned. (Pause) Behind his garage is two rows of tomatoes. They have sticks there with the tomatoes tied to it. One time I remember carrying potatoes over the fence and the potato fell on the tomato. It was laying there a couple of weeks later and he asked my how the tomato got there. The potato was sprouting in his tomato patch. (Can you reimage the trees in the woods?) Woods behind McDonald's is a presence. When all the leaves are out like in the summer. When the sun comes through from the top it kind of shines through the leaves. The sunlight looks kind of green. It reminds me of the picture in the book. The woods behind the dorm there's a path leading into it. (Can you reimage scene from the dream of Barbara Streisand?) I was going with my girl friends to see 'Funny Girl' in Detroit. We were in a bus and that night it was snowing. The bus was lit up. I got off the bus. I was going to catch it at the next stop for some reason and it passed by. I was standing in the snow which was about six inches. There were street lights. I went into a small restaurant-- to get some coffee. There was a counter with a stool and it was all lit up inside. The huh, woman who worked there



was Barbara Streisand. She had on a white uniform. I knew who she was but I don't think anybody else did. I thought it strange to see her there. I spilled a cup of coffee on her uniform. She came around to wipe it up. She tripped over my foot. (Pause) I couldn't wait to tell my suitemates what had happened. (Pause) I see a big dog that my neighbors had-- English sheep dog. It looks like the one on T.V. A little girl I knew when I was small had a cocker spaniel with a light brown color. The girl was real silky and they called her Stella. Two dogs that we had, one was a white pointer with a big brown spot, and the other was a spaniel and was brown-white, too. (Pause) My dog used to dig holes underneath the dog house to keep warm. (Pause) Our house was an old house. (Pause) (I am going to say something and report the first thing that comes into your mind's eye: 'Father') Umm. Our living room. (Pause) And there's music and, huh. The kitchen is light. (Pause) Umm. (Pause) My mother's there. My mother's down the basement or in the kitchen. (Pause) The dining room is dark and I don't want the phone to ring. (Pause) The records that are playing are scratched. (Pause) (What are you feeling now?) uh, unhappy. Uh, tense. (Are you struggling against tears?) Kind of. (Pause)"

Group C (Clients)

(1) Female, age 48

- (a) FI: "Same old house (pause) that I grew up in. Same old things-- I can see it from across the highway. (Pause) It's, huh, it's the same old feeling. (Pause) I can just think about the scene of my father and that boy across the street (pause) bawling him out for touching me. (Pause) I can see myself (pause) really wondering what's going on-- scared (pause) plain old bewildered, I guess. Same old thing that's happening. I see my father which makes me feel sort of anxious or something. (Pause) (Can you describe him?) He's very angry (pause), quite stooped over (pause), very, very angry. There's no point to it at all. The poor kid was scared to death. (Pause) I feel sort of angry myself but (pause) I think it's not anger at him but more feeling his anger. (Pause) I think it's him saying probably for him not to come in the house again. It's like the scene is frozen in one of anger and tenseness. (Do you see your father and the kid? Describe them.) Yes. He's scared to death and his eyes are wide open and he's afraid. He can't be over 12 or 13. (Pause) My father was towering over him. (Pause) He was so scared to death. (Pause) I don't remember seeing my father more angry. (Pause) I was scared, too. (Pause) I didn't know what to think. (Do you see your father, the boy, anything else?) The house in the background. I can see the trees-- the lilac bush, the hedge. (Pause) I can see all that quite vividly-- the details are there. (Pause) There is just the image of tenseness-- I can feel that. As a whole nothing else was ever mentioned about (pause). (Is it still the same image?) Yes. My father and I are going into the house. (Do you see yourself?) No. (Just your father?) Uh humh. We're going back into the house and the kid is going back home across the stree. (Pause) We're walking into the house and I don't think anything was ever mentioned about it again-- no reaction afterwards. That's it./ A house front door closed, looking at it from the outside (pause). The kids gone home. Image dimming out. (Pause) The house is like a dream-- a blob./ (Pause) Eating problem is back again-- food (pause)./ Now I see the principal of my high school and I feel angry. (Can you describe the imagery?) Oh (pause) do you want me to describe them? (Yes) He's a tall fellow-- early 30's, mousy. I'm so angry when I see an image of him (pause). He's asking me to sit down-- and ask if

I had anything to do. I told him that I was on my lunch hour. Do you want me to tell you about it? (Yes; describe it.) Anyway, I'm sitting with him and discussing discipline problems. (Is that what you see?) Uh humnh. I'm sitting by his desk-- his old chair. Now I'm hungry-- it's my lunch hour (pause). (You see him in his chair and yourself?) Uh humnh. (Pause) I can sense myself both angry and embarrassed. (Pause) We're discussing the discipline of the class and which is ? of the students and I'm getting mad by the minute. (Pause) I can see the class now-- all boys except for two girls and they're devils. (Can you describe the imagery in detail?) I can see the boys-- they can't sit still-- sitting in front of me wiggling around and jumping up (pause). I can see the principal's son sitting in the back. (Pause) Most of the kids are real good kids. (Pause) Many of them have problems. (Pause) The kid's name is Tim-- a real big kid. (Pause) He's talking out of turn-- as usual. (Pause) (Can you describe the imagery?) I see a bunch of boys notable to sit still just before lunch (pause). And they just have to move around. (Pause) That's all-- all I can see is squirming kids. (Pause) Now I can hear the principal's son when I tell the kids to do something and he says, "Do we have to?" Ugh. Talk about getting mad. (Pause) I can see myself back at the principal's office again. (Pause) (Can you describe it?) Well, he's drawing a little diagram and we're talking about some of the kids in the class and he's telling me how the discipline should be handled. (Pause) And I'm wanting to disagree and can't. (Pause) I can feel myself getting hot and irritated at the same time. I can feel myself tense up. (Now or then?) Now. (Pause) It was a lot stronger then. (Is the imagery same now or different?) The same-- in his office. (Pause) I was telling him that huh-- that part of the problem was the kids who were slow learners and some of the materials were not adapted to them-- they couldn't get it. (Can you just describe what you see?) He was drawing a little diagram of how you would handle these kids if you were teaching the class. (Pause) I was looking at my watch. (Pause) My lunch was going and I was getting angrier. (Pause) That's it. Now I can at least go to the lunch room and get a bite to eat and run back to my class. (Can you see it happening?) Uh humnh. (Pause) Then I went back to my class and I felt like crying. (Can you describe what you see?) I can see going back to the classroom and it's empty and the kids aren't there yet and they're not back from the lunch hour. (Pause) I sat down (pause). (Is that what you see right now?) I'm sitting down

right now and I can see myself (pause) taking a look at what I had to do in the other two classes.

(b) FIR: The same things and the same direction. (Can you just recall the imagery in the same order?) You want me to tell you. The house looks a little bit gray and you could see the little brick pillars in front of the house. Apparently about four to five feet square. (Pause) Then on the other side is my father-- bawling the kid out from across the street. (Pause) And the kid that touched me. My father apparently had seen it from the house-- he could have seen it accurately for it was quite a ways away. (Pause) And I'm just flabbergasted that the anger he's showing. (Pause) It's scary. (Pause) I can see myself looking up at him. (Pause) He's in a rage-- bawling Tom out-- for something he didn't do. He's telling him that he can never come to the house again. (Pause) That, that bothered me-- cause I liked the kid. (Pause) And I'm real scared. (Pause) And he's all through bawling him out and the kid goes home. My father and I go back into the house. He closes the door and that's all there is to it.

(c) DR: It's him (pause). The janitor leaning over and putting his knee in front of Diana's (?) feces. It's him, the dream started in the bathroom. (Pause) I had a bowel movement and the odor was terrible and it was in school. It was the janitor in school. And it seemed as though it was all over the place. (What are you feeling?) I felt embarrassment and yet I feel amusement. The janitor is leaning over something and he put his knee in it and he (pause) said that some kid in school is having a problem. Do you know who it is, and I said, 'No.' I felt sort of-- hum-- amused (pause) the defecation. Uh, I knew something that nobody else knew and I was the one who was causing the problem and not one of the kids. And, huh, he said that he would like me to keep my eyes open, if any of the kids were having problems with bowel movements or something. (Are you seeing this right now?) Yes. (What's the expression on his face?) He's quite concerned about it, and huh--, huh, he's sure it's one of the kids. And sort of disgusted about it and has a disgusted look on his face. (Pause) I told him I'd be sure to let him know-- if I found



out which kid it was. (Pause) It seems that some of the stuff got on, um, somebody's sweater too and I was trying to read the label-- a man's sweater with a V-neck. Sweater with little spots all over it and I was trying to figure out (pause) and I knew that there was too much on it to get the spots off. And I was trying to read the label whether it was machine washable or whether I would have to have it dry cleaned. The sweater apparently belonged to one of the kids in school and yet it seemed too big for one of the kids. I think it might fit the principal. This is a dream I had the night after he had the talk with me about the discipline in class. (Pause) The whole dream amused me tremendously. (Have you come to the end of the dream?) Yes. (What was the last imagery?) The last one was my telling the (pause) janitor that I would be sure to let him know if I found which kid had-- switch it off now. (Have your images been off for a while?) No (pause). I was just looking at it.

- (d) EU: Images of being hugged. (Can you describe it?) It's just that need (pause) you know, hugging. (Can you describe it?) It's just a man-- no head. (Describe what you see in the man.) Shoulder on down, taller than I am. (Pause) (Can you describe what he is wearing and how he is built?) He's wearing a plain shirt-- open neck-- and long pants, long sleeved shirt. (Pause) I don't know whether it's my father or whether it's you. (Pause) (Can you describe what you just saw again?) Being hugged and I had my arms around him. (Pause) He had an open-neck shirt-- open neck. My father always wore that kind-- I can't recall him with a tie on. Well-tailored pants. (Pause) It's my father. (Pause) Yet when I realize it's my father I sort of pull away. (Why is that?) When I get a picture of my father, then I no longer see the hugging and I sort of pulled away. (You just saw your father in the picture part of it? Can you get the image of the hug again?) No. (Can you see yourself step away from your father?) Uh huh. (Pause) (Describe what you see.) Well, I see myself stepping away and looking at him and thinking how you realize that's who it was. (What do you see now?) I see him but I don't

feel anything. I just feel more relaxed.  
(Pause) I can see myself hugging the person without a head-- the image is still there.  
(Pause) (Can you describe how the person is dressed?) No, all of a sudden I have a picture of the high school principal-- .  
I'm feeling angry again. (Can you re-image? Can you go back and get an image of the person without a head?) Uh huh. (Pause) (Is it the junior high school principal?) Not so clearly-- of still being hugged. (Did you smile?) But why do I resist to go back to that? (Will you re-image that?) (Pause) (Can you see the junior high school principal again?) Uh-humnh. (Can you describe what you see and feel?) That's the same thing I had when I first met him-- he's not my type of man. (Can you describe what you see?) Yeah! Tall, chubby, (pause) very, humn, how can I describe him-- looks insecure. Doesn't look straight-forward. (Pause) Somehow I want to get a picture of Jim along with it. (Your hand just moved. What do you see?) I see the junior high school principal and I can see the image I've been trying to get of Jim-- it's there but I can't see him. (Pause) (Can you re-image?) (Do you see the image of previous high school principal?) Uh humnh. (Is it clear?) Not real clear. Now I can see him clearly. (Reimage) (Now Don is going to come into your mind's eye again.) Not clearly. (Not clearly. Can you describe what you do see?) I see him as he looks now with sideburns and huh-- a frown on his forehead. (Pause) (Is there anything else?) I don't feel anything about him. (Do you see anything else?) I don't feel anything about him. He looks at a distance and I don't feel any emotion toward him. (Do you see anything else, other than his head?) No. (Pause) Not very clearly. I can't get a clear picture of him. (Pause) He's much shorter than the junior high school principal-- I can see them together. (Are they together?) Uh huh. (Can you re-image?) (Can you get an image of Jim alone?) I can see him alone-- but not clearly. (Image of both together?) Uh huh. Principal's tall and Jim is short-- they both have to cut women down. (Pause) (How are they dressed?) Both are dressed the same way-- shirt, ties, trousers. (Pause) That's all, they're both alike in that way. Look like Mutt and Jeff. (Pause) No, I can't. (There's no image right now?) No. (Pause) Do you want another dream I had. (Describe whatever comes on.) I can see an oxygen

mask (pause) it's part of a dream. The oxygen mask is attached to a cylinder-- kind which Tom carries in his suitcase all the time. I can see-- not in the dream-- but I can see Jim because oxygen is part of his life career. Well, anyway, in the dream a policeman was using oxygen where it shouldn't be used-- just to make money. They were trying to find out who was doing it. (Pause) Trying to catch the cops who were misusing the oxygen-- some people were getting it who shouldn't have it and were charging for it. And in the next scene in the dream-- oh boy (pause) this head cop was in the dream and I can't see it too clearly probably because I don't want to. We were sitting around in front of a conference table or something and trying to get the attention of the head cop. (Pause) He couldn't hear or he couldn't see-- like all of a sudden he was losing his hearing (pause) we just realized it. Then he was losing his sight. Incidentally his name was Joe. Then we tried to tell him that he needed to go to a doctor but we couldn't seem to get his attention-- couldn't seem to get through to him. (Pause) I can still see that around the table. (Can you re-image? Go back and re-image the cylinder.) Uh huh. (Did you get that?) Uh huh. It's not a cylinder, it's hum-- oh, a sphere, round. (Can you get an image of the head cop?) Uh huh, but I can't get a good picture of him-- he's just there but (pause) there's no picture of him that I can describe. (Pause) (Keep describing what you are imaging.) There's several of us sitting around that table-- we're trying to tell him something but he couldn't hear us. Now it's very frustrating. First we thought he wasn't listening (pause) but now we realize that he couldn't see us either. (Pause) He didn't seem to know what was going on but now we realize that he needed to see a doctor-- but there was no way for us to tell him. (What do you see at the moment?) Ha, I just see us sitting around that table (pause). I can see that oxygen thing. (Can you see that now?) Uh huh-- very clearly (Pause) I can see it in Tom's bedroom-- motel room. (Pause) (Can you see that around the table now again?) Uh huh. (Can you describe what you see?) Not too clearly either. I'm there and there are at least two others and the head cop sitting on the other side of the table. It's more like a round table. We're trying to tell him about this oxygen being misused-- but he doesn't hear us. (Can you reimage the cylinder again?) Uh huh. (Can you describe it?) It's round and it's

larger than a softball (pause). It has a mask on it with a little button or something that you-- push-- can't remember what it is. It releases a um (pause) pressurized thing that releases the oxygen. (Pause) Somehow I can feel the (pause) anxiety that I felt the time when I was in Tom's motel room when he said he'd forgotten about it. He left his oxygen at home. (What are you feeling right now?) Sort of an anxiety about-- him about what would happen if he uses it. Also I felt how his wife must have felt when she found it at home. (Pause) He mentioned that she would be upset. (Pause) How I can see that oxygen. (Pause) That's all. (Can you re-image the head cop as to his losing his sight and couldn't hear him?) (Pause) I can't get a clear picture of him at all. (Report what comes in your mind's eye, your feelings, and sensations.) I can see Jim, wondered if he has one of those oxygen deals. (Pause) Somehow I feel like I don't really care and yet I'm concerned about (pause). (What do you see?) I can see him, waist on up and with his shirt on. No expression on his face, and I can see that oxygen cylinder, or sphere whatever it is beside him. (Pause) (That was a yawn wasn't it?) Uh humh. (Pause) I don't know about that oxygen bit (pause) about the motel room. (Do you see that now?) Uh humh. (Can you re-image. Go back and image Don with the oxygen mask.) I can't see him wear it-- I can see him and I can see the oxygen mask but I can't connect the two. I.e., the oxygen doesn't necessarily belong to him. (More images will come to your mind's eye.) Uh, I feel like I want to see the old chopping block again. Ha. (What do you see?) Oh, I see four people around it. (Can you describe it?) Well, it's hip high. I seem to be next to my father (pause) and I can see the clergyman of God. I think you're there-- not real sure. (Are there four people?) Uh huh. (Do they have clothes on?) Yeah, their clothes are on but their flies aren't zipped. (What state are the penises in?) Ha, ha. Uh. Oh, I haven't huh, the cleaver yet. (Are the penises hard or soft? Hmm, soft I guess. (They're all on the chopping block? You're not sure whether I'm there or not?) No-- self protection. (Self-protection?) Protection-- I don't know. (Do you see yourself?) In the background. (Do you have the cleaver?) Yeah, but I don't necessarily want to use it this time. I feel more relaxed now.

(Just describe imagery.) (Pause) It's like I don't need to see that anymore. (Your hand just went to your forehead, what are you feeling?) I don't know. (More images will come to mind.) (You feel reluctant to have more imagery?) Uh huh. I feel like something is ready to come into the picture then I don't want it to. (Something is coming into mind, but you don't want it to?) (Pause) I can feel what it is-- it's that need to be hugged again. And I can see the profile of the man's head. And I can see myself being hugged by him. (Describe what you see in detail.) Oh, I just thought the image was larger than my father but-- about how old I was thinking when my father died. I can just feel myself being hugged. (Describe in detail what you see and what you look like.) Horrible (?). No, it wouldn't be too difficult or (?). I sort of feel that rejection when he called on my neighbor. (Pause) Not exactly rejection. I can see myself that I felt bad. It was a feeling that I can muffle that one. (What do you see?) I can see myself at the telephone and I could have called him easily-- but didn't. I can see myself at his house easily. That image of him when he was hugging me when I was in his house. (What crosses into your mind's eye now-- Father?) Garry. (Pause) Hug. (Can you see yourself being hugged by your father?) Uhhuh. (Can you describe it?) A very tense hug. (Describe in detail what you see and feel.) I'm heady (?). Well, I have my hands around him (father) and he has his arms around me and it's very tense. (You just clenched your fist and moved your foot. How are you feeling?) Very uneasy-- very unnatural being hugged by him. (Can you tell where his arms and hands are?) My arms are around-- about his waist. He's around my shoulders and my head is on his chest (pause) turned to one side. (Pause) That image of us is a very uncomfortable one. (Can you describe in what ways uncomfortable?) Not physically uncomfortable, but emotionally uncomfortable. (In what way?) I don't know. It's a very tense, warm, and relaxing hug. (Are you feeling uncomfortable emotionally right now?) Uh huh. (What kind of emotion or feeling?) I'm having that tightness across my shoulders, it's more of that feeling that I had when I was angry. I don't sense that angry feeling. (What do you see?) I see myself hugging him but I feel very

(pause) uptight about it. Even my left shoulder which should be relaxed feels (pause) it's that same feeling through my shoulders. It's that feeling that it's too late. (It's too late?) That hug is almost too late. (He died when you were nine?) Uh huh. (What's in your mind's eye?) Height difference. (What?) Difference in height. (You just clenched your fist, your right hand. Difference in height?) I am wondering where I would come to him if I were nine. (Where would you come?) If I were just about the way I described him, my arms would be around his waist. (Pause) But I'm also quite aware that I might have been brushing up against him too. (Brushing up against him?) Uh huh. (In what way?) Oh, physical contact. (Whereabout?) In his genital area-- penis. Can't feel anything. I can see myself hugging Garry now. (Can you describe that?) It's just a warm-- warm friendly hug. (Pause) I think he stimulated me sexually, I know he did. (Does that surprise you?) Oh, it wasn't the first time I've been stimulated. No, it didn't surprise me. He didn't stimulate me when I first met him, but he kept asking me to come out and see him in his new house. Then I realized that I was just looking forward to seeing him on Saturday nights everytime I went to (pause) when we went almost every Saturday nights for dinner. I haven't seen him for the last three weeks-- and I just miss seeing him. (What do you see in your mind's eye this moment?) Hmm, sitting at the bar and having him sit next to me. (Have you been seeing that for a little while now?) I just did, I saw the bar without him. (What did you see before that?) (Pause) Hmm. (What just happened?) Just sitting at the bar, I guess. (Have you been having imagery all this time?) Oh, boy! Ha. I can't remember whether I had imagery all the time (pause) must have. (Pause) I keep going back to this house-- I see that picture of-- and keep going back to his house. (Pause) Because I've been in that house and know what it looks like. (Pause) I keep thinking that it's now all over just because he's called my neighbor. (Can you image your father hugging you again? You're hugging your father.) Uh huh. Any different from before?) Not at all-- not in looks. I don't quite feel that full tenseness that I felt before (pause) but that built up. It's sort of coming on now. An angry tenseness. (Pause) (Describe in detail everything that is happening and what you see and feel.) I guess the tenseness is coming on and I'm backing away from it. I'm just saying it's too late. It's too late. I can just feel

myself telling him that I hate him. (Do you feel yourself telling him that? What do you see?) (Pause) I think I'm getting up against my nerve to tell him that. (Pause) I'm backing away from him-- telling him that it's too late. Now I'm getting that black spin (?) in front of it. (Your hand just went to your forehead. What's happening?) I guess I just want to shut the picture out. The same feeling I got last night when I watched that movie-- that NBC white (?). I get the same tenseness. (Pause) I just see black now-- I can't see anything. (Pause) (Can you tell me what prompted you to turn the switch off just then?) I just wanted to shut it off! (What are you feeling right now?) (Pause) I don't know, just something I want to get rid off. (You did it with decisiveness in your voice and a kind of annoyance and irritation to it.) Like turning your finger off and getting rid of him-- just flick a button and he's gone. (Your father?) Uh huh. (Pause) (You can open your eyes now if you like.)"

(2) Male, age 35

- (a) FI: "I see my, um, house (pause) my dad, arch to the porch and white siding. My dad's standing there between the two posts of the front porch. Red brick and I see my mother, sigh, and image of her changing so that she looks like she's been scalped by some type of electricity or something I suppose (pause) changing the image of her face tremendously. I see a door knob, just a handle area and it looks like a weather-beaten leather type of color and sort of worn down. (Sigh) It almost looks like a half moon shape. (Pause) I see a beginning image of you leaning on a samurai sword and you're sitting there, samurai sword, relaxed and sort of becomes horizontal towards your foot and you got a slipper, a deteriorated slipper which reminds me of slippers my dad used to wear during his deteriorated alcoholic days and flopped around in his old beat-up slippers. Then I begin<sup>t</sup> to see my Model A Ford but it turns into a 1934 convertible and essentially flatback. (Pause) Again I start seeing images and I don't. (Pause) And I see a male torso that's been flipped back. And then, the ah, I see a spare tire like the old Model A (sigh) Ford-- ugh, and it looks black. The tail light becomes disassembled and broken and it looks something like plastic and then it also looks like a cigar boxtop. (Pause) (Sigh) I see the car image again (pause) really is on and type of picture that huh (pause). I see a clarinet-- black clarinet-- the hands playing on it. I don't see the face too well, just the clarinet. Then I see vaguely your image (pause). Then I see something that looks like a chimney and then turns into a water pipe and some type of control on it that looks like the padlock (pause) black dial on it and it's open. Then I see sort of a man but it's not really you (pause). (Sigh) I see something else that's sort of mechanical-- it's hard to say, but it really looks like a (pause) I guess it looks like a toilet seat-- part of a toilet seat. Tall chimney again and (pause) let's see. Vaguely an image of yourself through the chimney-- sort of transparent. I see the Weekly Readers from fifth grade or something like that. I see the heading "Weekly Reader". (Pause) I see an old teacher I had. I don't see it clearly-- a third grade teacher. Her name is Jones. (Pause) I see all kinds of wires and I'm looking up into a Y-shaped structure with wires hanging down from it and almost



like looking up under a step ladder or that type of thing with wires draping down from it. (Pause) (Sigh) I see another that looks like an old pipe wrench all rusty and it has got something in the jaws of it that turns. It looks like another (pause) same pipe wrench cleaned up. (Cough) Looks like a battleship and here comes a destroyer face on cutting through the surf directly in front of me. It's smaller and looks more like an oil tanker that lifted out of the water and turn sideways more like a model ship. (Pause) I see a hunk of wood and it looks like it's going to be chopped and huh (pause). I see an axe but it's not chopping the wood, it just happens to be next to it. (Pause) I keep getting an anal picture of yourself. I guess this is something that huh, I'm resisting seeing but it's there like you're bent over from the back finally, huh-- clothes on and huh, an image of your (pause). I just see myself putting my hand up by your crotch-- rear end and it's like the huh-- the fingers inserted into the rear end. And the hand becomes quite clear for some reason and huh (pause). And I see an alligator's jaw opening up rather fiercely (pause). I see it looks like a metal claw-- like a little garden rake only it looks like a hand or a multi-pronged hook (pause) Captain's hook or something. (Pause) There's a faucet with a pulley underneath it with a fan belt laying off the horizontal and pulley under the faucet (cough). That reminds me of my father as he tore up something out of my old car. (Pause) I'm beginning to see the house again and see my dad again. Looks like he's pulling on something working on a circle like part of a merry-go-round (pause) I guess one part of it. Merry-go-round old rusty metal, decrepit type of merry-go-round. Still see the porch light globe and I see someone that looks like Lynn and sort of like a shaft or a metal or something that's reaching up by the porch light globe which is white and huh, the--(?) in front of my old house. My old home. I see Lynn and I see her from the back and it looks like she's riding an old-fashioned unicycle that doesn't have any rubber stripping on the wheel. (Pause) I see the ship cutting through the water and it seems like a destroyer that's ripping through the surf coming up in front of me. (Pause) I see the image of yourself again from the back with all kinds of machinery in the anal area or the area of the buttocks and it looks like some type of major equipment. It looks like one of those exercise bicycles-- more sophisticated equipment from the back of it. I see an ornate knife handle that looks like some Japanese sword of

some type (pause) scabard, curled in shape. And the knife handle changes into a more pedestrian type of shape. (Pause) I see some type of metal circle image that looks like the front end of a Japanese zero without a propeller-- sort of a narrow stem in its center where the propeller might hook on but it wouldn't be able to hook on at all because it isn't strong enough. I see the red insignia of a Japanese zero. (Pause) (Sigh) I see a dog house and huh, (pause) it changes into another of a front, facade (pause). I see an old bicycle and it looks like an old tricycle handle and it begins to look like a small bicycle again, small wheel bicycle."

- (b) FIR: "I see the porch, the light, my dad's image, clearer the second time. My mother with the thing on her head that looks more like Lynn than the huh-- the thing on her head is much more gross and mechanical in nature. I see my car, my old car but only it looks like this time much more like a hot rod and I see it from a different angle. (Pause) Oh yeah, and then I see you sitting there, again it's not too clear but you have the sword on your knees this time with huh, with both forearms resting on it with a couple of white balls in each hand gripped rather firmly. Then the sword gets old and rusty. (Pause) Then I see the image of yourself again in the nude from your back when you're bent over. A defensive type of mechanical vagina appears down around your knees or something like that. I see your face marked clearly from the front and huh, you're holding a bowl this time only it's backwards that circles way around into a C. (Pause) I see your face again and it turns to a prow of a submarine instead of the other ship. And I see the destroyer or whatever it is, one side which seems to be coming off to a (pause). It's almost like I could see my father's head right on the prow of the destroyer and it looks like it's decapitated and going back on the ship. (Pause) And the ship changes this time to an outrigger of some sort with lots of masts and sails which makes sails for a mast. (Sigh) I see an image like a soldering gun pointed directly at my forehead and sort of moving through a (pause) that's a big umbrella for some reason. (Can you continue recalling the sequence?) I see you again this time only you've got your clothes on and then one arm becomes huh, a mechanical appliance (pause) of some sort. Briefly, it's like an old brass, huh, toilet floater I guess. (Pause) I start seeing an image of my father and see some type of huh, (sigh)

oh more like a telephone pole with all kinds of wires attached to it in front of me. It looks like the T.B. stamp or seal. (Pause) I see the ship again. (Pause) It looks like an old Japanese battleship or else an early American battleship. (Pause) The images aren't very clear now it seems sort of like complicated shapes coming on so fast. It looks like the back end of a torpedo and propeller of a torpedo. (Pause) I start to see you again and it changes into something else like a trackman in a starting block on a track only much more (pause) huh, all kinds of wooden blocks and stuff. (Pause) Now I begin to see the things I saw before I guess in sequence (pause) some type of umbrella screw, anchor screw. I see an image of my wife and it changes (pause). Another image of huh, telegraph wires, large wooden spool. (Pause) There's a key in the door. The image isn't the same as the first time I saw the door, it looks like it's been worked on with a huh, wood chisel some of it stripped away, and there's an actual key and there it looks like my office key (pause) a key to my personal life in some way. (Pause) Now I see somebody holding a tray spinning around in her hands, it looks like it's got birthday candles on and looking at it from underneath practically. And it looks like she's taking it in one hand and moving over to the other side and it's spinning, rather ugly looking, like an old pizza tray, old-fashioned, lights the candle."

- (c) DR: "I'm walking through a park, park area, concrete sidewalk. Lynn's on one side on my left and gradually there's a Negro girl on my right and we're just walking through this park -- and I think the Negro gives me a string of pearls and they seem to be new and like they're new or something (pause) they're just a string of pearls. Walking through a park and gradually we seem to be relaxed and comfortable with each other. I notice a policeman walking off on the right and I think (pause) well, the policeman will suspect that I've stolen these pearls because they look new and they don't have a box or anything. It looks like I'm lifting them and fold the huh, pearls into my hands so that they can't be seen and the policeman passes by within twenty feet or so and doesn't see me or doesn't notice anything. Suspicious, I tell the girl how wise I've been for it's been a smart move on my part because the cop seeing the pearls the implication being that I'm with this Negro girl and she's thinking that they were stolen. It's that type of contra-

band or cultural circles which more readily does in white society (pause) well, anyway I just happened to mention that we keep on walking, walking around and we move into an area that has large and old two and three-storey homes of the lower class, almost ghetto type neighborhood and these old big houses and looking up and I see a plane crash. The plane is there, but I didn't see it crash but it looks like half a masonry. The roof of one of these older homes, you can see it intact pretty much, the tail section and now there's a person in the back of a four-seater and the guy in the back is, huh, President Roosevelt, and (pause) huh, and looks like he's been killed in this crash and you can still see him in there. And, I have the feeling that I can see the plane there in house, roof all crasehd in and I have the feeling that, huh, he's been in this lower middle-class neighborhood trying to help Negroes, black culture people and his pilot has taken him in dangerous places before and always gotten him out but this time his pilot didn't. Huh, he crashed and gave up his life. He's been killed in the effort to help others."

- (d) EU: "(Sigh) I feel that it is really a mechanical image of my genital area and here this hose is going out and disappearing downward out of sight. I feel like I have to pee so bad. I see some type of plumbing thing that is an old fixture that was in my dad's basement (pause) plumbing black pipe that comes down and disappears through the concrete floor and looks more barrel-shaped (pause) some movable pipe that turns into another type of smaller pipe. Looks like an old radiator hose connected to a pipe (pause) a short pipe. I see your image and, huh, then I see a cock and it looks like it's got some type of metal band around it. (Sigh) (Pause) I think of Lisa and see this cock again, it's like it's got a metal, hmm, band stretched out straight across it and a circular part over the top of the cock and it goes down to the base of the penis and it sort of sits there. (Can you reimage plumbing fixture?) Yeah, I can see that, it's black (pause). (Can you reimage Lisa again?) I really don't, I know she's there and I can basically sense her presence, huh. I see the wrench, a pipe wrench that turns into a hammer cause, huh. (Reimage the plumbing fixture.) Yeah, I can see that again now. I see it a little more clearly going into the basement concrete floor and then it moves up. I see a beer bottle on top of it or pop bottle and huh, I see it again. (Reimage the wrench.) Yeah, I see the wrench again, but at a different angle and it starts to disintegrate and

fall apart and it's got a wooden handle (pause) I see the wrench, the head of it, the head part. I see a C-clamp, it looks like it's next to the plumbing fixture (pause) it looks like a black C-clamp. (Can you reimage the hose.) Yeah, it's a partial hose about a foot long and connected to the side of this black plumbing tile and it looks like it's off a radiator of a car or something and it gets old and dusty. (Reimage the C-clamp.) Yeah, only this time it's a little more square and huh, it looks like it's got a little washer almost looks like a symbol-- a musical symbol attached to it. The C-clamp comes in a different form and huh, changes rapidly and gets rusty and old and different. A large washer attachment floating around it like it's got the dust, rusty dust that you get from the accumulation of ages. (Reimage me.) Yeah, this thing is starting to reaching back through back your legs and bring something mechanical. It's like an old hacksaw on one side of it. This is figuring to saw off into your skin and it looks like a hand drill. (Pause) (Can you reimage the hose.) Yeah, I can see the hose. The ends changing into something else, changing into a larger C-clamp and, huh, yeah, I can see it again next to the hose and then it amalgamates to the black plumbing tile. (Reimage hackaway.) Yeah, I can see that. It looks like it's chewing some kind of metal plating right above it. (Can you see it cutting at me?) The metal plating is protecting you (pause) it's old rusty stuff but it's still there protecting you from the underside. (Pause) I can see big flood lights coming on, above it. (Pause) That turns into some type of instrument like a baritone. I see the keys of the musical instrument (pause) a clarinet-- only it's in two parts. (Pause) I see an old-fashioned cutting instrument like you cut something that's all rusty. (Pause) I see an image of my grandpa Lyle with his white hair parted down the middle in his old machine shop and his boiler he used to make maple syrup in only it's all rusty. (Reimage me and my cock again.) Yeah, I get the image of the cock and then I see you bending over from the back, huh, and it's like it's dissociated and one's not same as the other. In fact, when I saw the cock it looked like, huh, that's the reason I felt and thought of Lisa because it's much like a cock. I'm not so sure whether it's yours or mine (pause) it's there anyway. (Lisa likes cock?) Yeah, mine anyway she does. (Sigh) I can still see his penis but then it looks like it's clamped in and the head of it is turning cancerous, almost like a bunch of (pause) almost like a

strawberry effect. (Pause) It looks like it's in a vise. (Pause) I feel that I have to piss awfully bad. At times the sensation gets pretty strong. (Can you reimage the musical instrument?) Yeah, it's a clarinet and turns into a trumpet and it looks like it's a toy trumpet almost and part of it being a wrench or something. I can feel like you're handling the clarinet and now it's broken in two or three pieces and beginning to disintegrate. And looking at it from your feet. (Reimage the cancerous penis.) Well, I see the clarinet all busted up and it's hard to get that image. I guess I don't want to get it. (Do you feel resistance and reluctance to?) It's like I can't make it appear in my mind (pause) I'm beginning to see something-- shape (pause) I see something that huh, looks like a penis that's not the same image but it's got a couple of things hanging from the top of it and again it makes me feel like I have to piss enormously bad. And I see on it picture that gets clear but then it looks like a strawberry sundae this time like it's got cherries on the top of it. (Pause) I can get it better now and then it changes into some other mechanical contrivance. (Sigh) (Can you reimage the musical instrument again?) Yeah, this time it's put back together, it always starts falling apart at the top and it comes into three sections-- it disintegrates into your hands in pieces (pause) a wooden clarinet. (Reimage the strawberry topping.) Yeah, I see the penis with the metal band around it and glans penis that sort of bulging a little bit. It's not quite the same image, more like a regular cock with a clamp on it right beneath the head of it (pause) that's being squeezed-- the metal it's getting tighter. I get the sensation of having to piss real bad-- it sort of comes halfway up my stomach. (Pause) I see your head, face, that's all basically. (Pause) I see something that looks like a cork sitting on top of a bottle that turns into something large like a rocket falling off something like a launching apparatus. (Reimage the hose again.) Yeah, changes direction and gets more horizontal, it looks like it's getting a Micky Mouse head or some goddamn thing from them, that would be used from the back. (Sigh) (Can you reimage the cork?) Which cork? Well, I guess I don't visualize that. (It was just a few minutes ago.) Hmm. (Pause) I see some large glass, almost like a flower serving dish, sort of pale pink glass dish, with a long stem on it, leaves sort of like petals folding, reminds me of Lisa I guess. (Pause) I see a big cock, and something happens, part of the end of it like one-fourth

peeled off or cut out and the, huh, the area turns into folding slices of bread, the area that was cut out at the head of it. (Reimage the glass flower dish.) Yeah, it kind of looks like petals opening up more and almost softly reaching out. In fact, I was just beginning to see Lisa in the nude, knees on up. It's almost like the image is amalgamated into my life too-- but this beautiful pink dish is, huh, moving now, the petals are moving and it's like a lovely pink pussy you know, only it's more sophisticated than just a pussy, it's, huh, whose covered being almost, highly artistic personification of a pussy, a woman. (Reimage the big cock with the head kind of peeling off?) Yeah, again the hand is the same way about a quarter section of it is out around the end of it. I see some type of metal clamp near around the middle of it and the image changes to some suture that is melting around halfway down (sigh) falling apart. I try to see the cock and it's the hardest image, it's like I grab it or something, pull it by my eye, and it doesn't look like the cock anymore. It looks like all kinds of wires connected to it or something. I see your image fleetingly and it looks like some other wires connected to a half-moon shape. Huh. It looks like that door knob I saw at the beginning only it's got the wires connected to it. There's a key into one lock only half or two-thirds of the key is there, the rest of it has been worn away, sawed away, or filed away or something. Filed away, worn down, gradually worn down to hardly anything left. (Reimage the big cock again.) Oh, it's harder, I want to see a glass door knob instead, old-fashioned glass door knob inside of that is a drill, old-fashioned drill that's turning, screwing. When I try to see a cock, I see a submarine like the image of the torpedo from the back, only the propellers are much smaller. It looks like there is much less damage, much less dangerous, less potential for power (pause) not doing much. (Sigh) I see a cock and all the wires connected to it and it's got some other type of metal bottle opener around the top of it again, around the neck of it. That looks like a tree stump with the (sigh) pipe around it at the base like it's protecting it that, huh, the tree stump is being protected by some little fence like piping around the bottom. (Pause) (Sigh) I see great big tree stumps that go way up, tall, and it looks like it's like a typewriter eraser towards the top, long, black, narrow and sort of thin wiry hairs at the top. I begin to see images of Lynn because a typewriter image reminds me of her typing. It looks like

image becomes to appear. I see the bottom part of the landing gear of an airplane and then it changes to baby shoes, like Brooks baby shoes together. (Reimage the cock again, with the wires coming out of it.) Yeah, more distorted this time. The cock has been removed about halfway down, disconnected in the middle is all kinds of more wires connected to the cock about halfway down the shaft and it's setting off to the side, almost like you uncock a shotgun or something and break it open in the middle. And I think there's some hope for it again it might be wired up and put back together and go on. (Can you reimage baby shoes?) Yeah, this time they're pink slippers, soft, nice looking but then they turn into old, older feet, deformed or have their toes dropped down in a platter type of image, like they belong to an older woman, maybe a grandmother, even a great, great-grandmother. (Pause) Vaguely, I begin to see my mother's image and the huge foot image turns into a dentist drill type of image and I think of Alan Acres who was one of my dad's friends, a Mason like my dad and had the same name Alan like my dad. I see the dental equipment drill angular mechanism. (Pause) And it looks like the drill is going to come down right down the middle of my forehead right above my eyes and it changes into something else (pause). I see a screw, a metal screw that turns into something else. It looks like a hat, pampas hat, cowboy of the pampas. (Can you reimage cock with wires again?) Yeah, this time it's got more wires connected around the base of it and it looks like it's going to be completely cut in half, about halfway up, folded over, it looks like it's hinged in the middle, it's folded over you know, wires are there again a little more strength and clarity to them, I guess. The image seems stronger. I think if they push it back up, put it back together it might turn into something. It begins to look like it's put back together but it's still not healthy and looks vaguely like a whale, black marginally ugly like a whale. (Pause) And the image becomes more clear, begins to get clear, and goes away. (Can you image cock with wires again?) Yeah, the cock looks like a thumb, the wires they're on the bottom of it and it looks like a thumb, your thumb; I think it's your thumb, the top part of it. It's moving around sort of in the air disconnected. And it's pressing some control button (sigh) (pause). I try to see it again this time and it looks like it's been completely nailed like it has some type of tar material with all kinds of wires coming out and it doesn't look like some kind of



cock anymore. It just looks like some jello plate turned upside down type of image. (Pause) (Sigh) "

(3) Male, age 34

(a) FI: "I see your assistant Howard. I see my stepfather who's dead, and I see an image of a house where I used to live. First I had an image of the kitchen and I feel like I can see the living room and it's daylight and I feel like I'm going upstairs (pause). And I see my sister's bedroom and it's daylight (pause) and I could see this door open-- there's a little balcony up there and it's got one rail around it and I can see that. I see the backyard. (Pause) Now I get an image of, huh, of rain (pause). I can see green grass and it's raining and, huh, like it's sort of a spring day or something and I sort of got an image of like tombstones or something, and huh, rain because after that image because of the sequence of my stepfather Howard was dead. (Pause) That image was gone. Now I just got another image of my bedroom at home in my apartment where I live and, huh, the curtains all fitted and it's bright in there and the sun's shining real bright. Now I see the bedspread and it's got gold in it and it's real light colored and, huh, now I got an image of my wife, Pat, and huh, I got my arms around her and kissing her, and huh, makes me feel good. She's got her brown shorts on (pause). I don't get a good image of her. (Pause) I just got an image of you, sitting at a table at a bar. This is what we plan to do after we finish here. The funny image of, Joe, is I could see you, of course, I had all these problems that I was going to therapy, homosexual problems, huh, not being able to see you. In this instance, I can see it pretty well, except that your hair is halfway grown out. In other words, it's half as long as it is there that's the funny thing that I don't know what that means. (Pause) I can see the inside, the bar where we're sitting in, but I can't see myself as at Dagwood's. I can see a bright light in the center of the bar where the bartender is and we can sit around in a circle. (Pause) I get an image of being outdoors, like I can see the bar at a distance and now I get an image-- the same image (pause) but I'm going away from it-- I'm sort of floating in space. (Pause) Now I get an image of speed. I'm going fast (pause). And get an image of huh, being inside of

an airplane. I remember after I got married, I went to Portland, Oregon, and, huh, I could see the inside of the plane (pause), and it's daylight (pause). Then I see the image of a restroom, and huh, of course that's one thing I liked on the plane where you didn't have to share the bathroom where you didn't have to share the bathroom with some because I still have the pissing problem. Now I've been made to feel secure for we can go in one at a time. (Pause) Image of my uncle's house in the Upper Peninsula, the one I had while I was in therapy and I see the phallic symbol of the smokestack and I can see the smokestack (pause). I can't see it clearly but to the right of the house on the hill where my father used to work (pause) I can see the smokestack. Now I get (pause). Now I get an image of being high in the air-- like I'm high up. I'm getting the same image I had in therapy (pause) an image of being up like in a balcony of a room-- or way up high. I can see glass windows and on the other side of the window I look way down into the street like I'm up eighty floors or something and I look way down. But this image is frightening to me now because this all represents the vagina and reminds me of fucking and huh (pause) because my wife and I've been screwing and communicate pretty well on those things. But I still have deep feelings of inadequacy though about fucking. I still don't feel adequate or better at times but I still have my problems which I'll always have. (Pause) I just had an image of my neighbor's house where I lived with my parents. Then I saw an image of my (pause) my old house-- image wasn't good, it kind of blurred out. (Pause) I saw an image of my mother but the image faded and, huh, then I saw her apartment and then I saw like I was going out of it. (Pause) I just got another quick image of girls playing at a golf course and I could see the green grass. (Pause) Now, I see tent poles sticking up in the air. I don't know what the hell it is but it looks like something's going around in circles clockwise, like they're chandeliers swinging around in circles. (Pause) Image of being in a tunnel, see sort of a whirling, but I can't (pause) see anything. (Pause) I see the outside of my apartment, first time I saw you I got images of all my hostility sewn up and I see tornado images. I see the image of the outside of my apartment from the parking lot and I remember looking at the sky and was kind of gray. I can't see the tornado-- I'm sort of looking in the direction where I saw the tornado but I can't see it (pause); it's strange. I can't see the tornado. I can see

the sky (pause) but I can't get an image of the tornado. Now I see the park, my scan is moving and I can see the park right near my house. I can see the basketball court. I just got an image of my car. (Pause) I got another image of being in my apartment looking at the top of my car which is clean. My wife cleaned it for me-- and huh, I can see inside my apartment, my chair, table, and it's all clean. (Pause) And I just got another image of that old place where I used to live. (Pause) Now I get an image of being inside of that old house; it's gray, dark, and lonesome. (Pause) Image of being in my apartment, it's bright and clean. I'm in the kitchen and I can see a lot of light and it's meaningful, it's alive. The apartment is dead. (Pause) Now I get an image of being inside of the house and the rooms are empty; it's lonesome, meaningless, rejecting. I'm standing inside of the old house of the living room and I can see across the park. I can see houses and lights. When I think of all those people over there and how lonesome I am and nobody cares. All those people relate to each other but me, I'm all alone. (Pause) I saw myself standing on the porch at my house all alone and see a tornado. I can't see the tornado the way it looks but I saw something that resembles a tornado in the sky. (Pause) My hostility is coming out. (Pause) Image of my school room and my student teacher. I can see her pretty well; she's got blond hair and sort of heavy set. I think she's a hell of a nice person myself. (Pause) Her hair seems like it's longer than usual and flowing in the wind. I can still see the image of my room, I can see my window when it was boarded up when I cut my arm. (Pause) Image of my arm after I cut it. I looked down and there was a hole in it and it scared the hell out of me, with blood coming out. (Pause) I get an image of being down in the (pause) huh,-- our first dayroom and I was sitting on the thing and the blood was running all over my pants and running on the floor and, huh, finally they got a towel and stopped it. It was crusted all over my left hand and, huh, I was scared. (Pause) Outside of my school and I feel like I'm flying and kind of like I was going up in the air or away from it. (Pause) Then I see another image of a towel because they had my arm wrapped around with a towel and the guy was holding it and the assistant principal was driving me to the hospital. (Pause)/

Now I see an image of being in Ingham Medical Hospital, they had a clean table and they put me on it. (Pause) They tell me not to look and I remember because it would make me sick. And the doctor was a lady and I can see her, she had sort of a green suit on. I didn't know she was a doctor because she didn't have a white jacket on. She's Chinese and her husband's a heart surgeon. Then I asked her if she was a lady doctor for I thought it was kind of funny and huh, I talked and she seemed very friendly. They started sticking needles into my arms and they started digging in there. I can see them dig up to my elbow digging down there. My head was turned to the left and it stung when she dug down there and started putting stitches and sutures inside. (Pause) And now I see an image of my school parking lot, and I felt like, I went through a broken window. I went in a room. (Pause) I see sort of a dark room, kind of weird. (Pause)"

- (b) FIR: "I just got an image of huh, first I got an image of huh, first I got an image of my bedroom back home, then I got an image of, huh, a tornado funnel, one from the other. (Pause) It looks like black smoke, black cloud. Now I can see an image of the sky, dark gray. (Pause) Image of my being under water and I just came up and got some air like I was a big fish or something. I feel like I'm in the water. (Pause) Now I feel like I'm under water. (Pause) Image of the first tee, golf course. (Pause) Now I got an image like I'm going up a big hill and I see pulley-like I'm going up a ski-- like a ski chair. (Pause) Now I see buildings as I come up a mountain. It's a bright sunny day but I don't see any snow up there. (Pause) Now I get the image of being in the bedroom of my apartment. (Pause) I can't get a good image of my wife naked. I just saw my wife naked in front of the mirror. (Pause) But I can't get a good image of her. (Can you see her with shorts on that you had an image of before?) Yeah, I can see her with shorts on. (Pause) (Can you recall what images you had after that?) Uh uh. (Pause) Now I feel like I'm lying in the bed naked with her and kissing her. I got my hand on her ass. She's got a nice build. (Pause) I'm rubbing my chest on her tits and kissing her. I can't see her that well. (Pause) (After you saw her in shorts the last time you went to the house where you lived alone before and then after that you saw your self alone. Can you recall that?) Oh yeah. My old house and it's empty and dark and

lonesom~~e~~ because I was standing on the steps. Then I saw my old house. (Pause) In the distance because I used to get these fantasies to escape images that I had in therapy. And I went toward the house, and I could see (pause), and, I could cite the images and then it was empty and I could see out the window. I could see houses across the park and I could see lights in these houses and I think of all those people who were there and how lonesome I felt. And, huh, then in the (pause). I was in my apartment, how bright and cheerful it looked and everything put in place and there's a bright light in the kitchen and then I could see like sort of a place where I belong. (Pause) Image of my wife telling me there's a tornado and I went out there and I couldn't get an image of the tornado. I could see the sky but I couldn't see any tornado. But later on I mentioned the bedroom. (Pause) I can see my uncle's house, smoke stack, and up on the window I was looking down in the straight, yeah, I guess it's symbolic and the fear of fucking. The valley looking the street symbolic pussy, yeah, I know that. Sexual anxieties. Fears of inadequacy. (Pause) I got an image of my couch at home, it's green, different colors (pause) and Pat is sitting on it. I can't get a good image of my wife."

- (c) DR: "In a room, I can see inside of a room and there's a light coming from a window. I was sitting on a bench and I felt that someone was going to drill me. The only thing I remember about the dream was that it was short but I can't forget it. Like someone was going to drill me in my left knee. (Pause) And I can't remember too much of it. Jane P. my reading teacher, she's a colored woman. She said it hurt when they stuck the drill in my knee. I was sitting on a bench facing north in the direction of a light in the window and I woke up. (Pause) I had another dream. I dreamt I was in my car and I stopped at some gas pump to get some gas and I can see the gas pump. I got my car filled up with gas and as I took off there was a guy sitting on my hood and I was driving down the road and he was still wiping off my windshield. (Pause) And he kept wiping and scraping away and cleaning it. I can see someone sitting on the hood and then the dream shifted from there. Then I dreamt I was in Claire, Michigan. I was up North. It was a bright sunny day and I could see mountains and hills and it was snowy. It was winter time and I could see hail and I could see snow and I could see

trees. And I was walking with Jan, one of my English teachers, she's a cute little mouse. It was beautiful out there, a bright sunny day. I was just walking and telling her that this would be a good place to ski and talking about ski hills and stuff. Then my dream shifted from this beautiful scene to a building made of logs. It looked like a lumber camp and inside this building was a little office-- I can remember the logs, seemed like they're tanned. There's a little office in there. In that office was my wife's dentist, a Dr. Good or something like that from-- (pause). And I remember I had a surprise to see him in there. He was an older man. Then the other thing I remember about the dream, I don't remember seeing Pat but I saw the rest of this building, kind of big inside and the office was off by itself like a big, huh, and I could see now in my imagery sort of a big room that was kind of lighted up. And right now the imagery I see is light but kind of empty."

- (d) EU: "Got an image of my living room at home, my apartment. (Pause) Got an image of my wife's ass, she has brown slacks on (pause). Image of her coming home from work, I can see her face this time with her blue coat on (pause). This time I've got an image of her with her clothes on, and huh, she's putting her coat away. Now I've got an image of her with her slip, taking her clothes and hanging it in the closet and there's a light on in the closet. (Pause) Now I've got an image of her standing in front of the mirror because lots of times when I see her naked I get a hard on and I'll rub it against her pussy. And I just had an image of her, looking in the mirror and I was holding her and we didn't have anything on. (Pause) (Can you image your car?) Yeah, I can see my car from up in the air and I can see the roof. (Pause) I can see the roof of my car and I can see it cleaned and I get to see the rest of it. (Can you reimage your wife's ass?) (Pause) I've got a funny sensation when you said that. I felt like I sort of floated from the balcony of my house to the living room, to the kitchen and out in the hallway (pause) and I just went into the bedroom and I could see her ass (pause). And

I could see her ass and she's sort of parading in front of me. Now I can see her face (pause) and she's holding her tits up in front of me-- kind of teasing me (pause). Now I've got a different image of the bathroom while I was shaving in there naked and I stick my cock up on top of the sink (pause) and get a kick out of that. (Pause) She'll come and grab it. Starting to get better images of my wife now. (Can you reimage your car?) Yeah. (Pause) I can see the roof, and huh, not too well, though, the image of my car-- that (pause) image changed and I can see a light. (Pause) I get a different image like I'm up on a-- way up on a mountain or something and it's bright. It's a funny sensation I felt like I was in the kitchen and I went through a light like through a hole in the kitchen and I went up in the air. (Reimage your wife's ass-- do you get a floating feeling?) (Pause) I get another image of my wife (pause). And I remember that it was about in December we were going to screw in the living room. This is what comes to mind, I can see the living room and we were going to screw and I couldn't get a hard on and I remember how that bothered me. (Pause) And I said, oh, oh, here you go buddy, you're going to be just like before when I had all those problems. And I was real scared. (Pause) (What do you see?) (Pause) I don't see anything (pause). I get an image of sort of a dark bedroom. (Pause) Image of being in bed with my wife. (Can you describe what you see?) (Pause) I got an image like I don't want to fuck and, huh, I got my arms around her and I feel good. (Pause) I just got an image of my wife because we were screwing a couple of days ago and she's on top of me because my arms are bad. And, huh, I can see her body and I can see her tits shaking and I enjoy watching the expressions on her face and she likes it. I can't see her face too well though, I can see her hair and I get images of them but I can see her tits going, waving them around and it's a pretty impressive sight. (Can you image your wife's ass as before?) (Pause) Yeah, I get an image of the closet and, huh, (pause) I can see a light in the closet (pause). And I can see Pat take her clothes off (pause) but the image is gone. (Pause) (Can you get an image of your car?) (Pause) Yeah, this time I get an outside image of my car, not from the apartment but from outside (pause). (Can you reimage wanting to fuck with your wife and couldn't get a hard on?) (Pause) Yeah, I can get an image right away. (Could you describe what you see?) I was going to fuck my wife dog fashion and I

had my clothes off and everything. I can remember I had her down and I tried to poke in my cock and it went soft. I tried to stuff it in like a sausage but (pause) I couldn't. I just couldn't keep a hard on and it scared the shit out of me. Then I found out one thing, that she wasn't as worried about it as I was. (What do you see?) (Pause) I just had an image of having my arms around my wife and she was smiling and so was I and, huh, when I see it I feel good because we can communicate about problems like that. (Pause) (Can you image coming in from behind dog fashion and see your wife's ass?) Definitely, I can see her ass. (Can you describe everything?) I can see her pussy, her hair on her pussy, and can see the back of her legs. I can see her tits and I didn't have any hard ons (pause). Couldn't fuck. (Pause) (Can you reimage the mountain?) (Pause) I can see the top of a mountain and now I feel like I'm high in the air and flying and going over mountain peaks. I feel like I'm moving (pause). Now it's kind of dark and I can see like the moon through the clouds, through the clouds, through the sun-- sort of like an orange ball. (Pause) (Can you image your wife in brown slacks?) (Pause) I just got an image of the inside of my apartment and just for a second I had an image of her legs. (Pause) (Can you reimage her in slacks?) (Pause) Can't. (Can you image your car?) Yeah, this time I get it from the air and can see the top and the hood (pause) and can see Pat's car next to it. (Reimage your wife's brown slacks.) Brown shorts. (Pause) Yeah, I get an image of her in brown slacks like she is kissing me and I had a hold of her ass and she's kissing me in the kitchen. (Pause) (Can you describe in detail what you see and feel?) The only feeling I have-- I feel good except that I feel light where we have a light above the kitchen sink but subconscious gives me feelings of inadequacy or something, but feelings of sexual inadequacy, I escape from that. I feel like I'm going through the wall and go on top of the mountain. This is interesting-- like I go up in the air like the dream subconsciously is painful for me to cope with my deep feelings of sexual inadequacy so I escape around and go through the wall and up into the air (pause). Now I got a different image of my wife naked, crawling in bed and we're kissing each other (pause) and I was playing with her tits (pause). What do you see now?) Now I have an image of my thumb in her pussy because I remember I screwed my wife not too long ago and couldn't make her come. If I made her come it was my thumb. I had my finger in her pussy and I was playing with her. I came too fast. (Pause) Image of leaving the apartment like sort of an escape image getting into my car and drove away from the apartment



but my wife was with me. She had her hand on my leg. (Pause) (Do you have an image of the mountain?) (Pause) Yes, I can get an image of the mountain and go right up to the sink, bright. This mountain has no snow on it. (Pause) (Can you image your car with wife with her hands on your leg?) (Pause) Yeah. And we drove off in the car (pause) but it seems dark out though as we're going out the driveway. (Do you see her hand on your legs?) (Pause) It's hard for me to image because it's dark. (Tell whatever comes to your mind's eye.) (Pause) Image of my bedroom at home and it's night time and my wife is sleeping. Image of being at a friend's house and I can see a lamp that, huh, I go up and visit my friend. (Pause) Image of Bob's house, a colored friend of mine and he works for the State Department. Usually after I visit my kids, I stop over to see Bob (pause). (What do you see?) The inside of the apartment and I see my wife's bedroom (pause). It's light in there. (Pause) (Do you have an image of Bob?) (Pause) Yeah, I can get an image of Bob. I can see him good. (Can you describe him?) Yeah. Bob has on a white shirt and has on a little vest (pause). He's colored and has a little mustache (pause). I usually stop to see Bob for a while and come home. I can see his wife Carol and get an image of her and his daughter Ann. (Pause)(Bob) (Pause) As soon as you said that I saw an image of Bob and then I had sort of a floating escape image and then I ended up across the street from his house to look at his house (pause). (Pause) I can see a ski jump, I can see someone go down it. (Pause) In the next image I get I feel like I'm on top of it and then go down and jump. I can see the trail (pause). (The mountain-- can you see that?) (Pause) No, but the next image I get, I went down the ski jump and not having handles and ended up in the swimming pool. (Pause) Now I see a swimming pool at my mother's apartment (pause) where I used to go swimming. I used to go swimming in the day time, but this time it's night time and I can see the water shooting out of it. (Pause) (Can you get an image of your car?) (Pause) I can't get a good image of it. (Describe what you see.) I get an image of going in my apartment through the living room and into the kitchen and up the shoot into the mountain. (Pause) (Can you see your wife in brown shorts again?) (Pause) I just got another image, I just can't get a good image of her in slacks. I got an image a couple of nights ago. You know, Monday we were lying on the couch watching T.V. and I had my pants up, and she was playing with my peter while watching a cowboy show and I was feeling her ass and she was playing with me. I can't see her ass but I can feel it. (Pause) I just got a different image of my wife naked and I can see her pussy but the

image went real fast. I saw a clear shot of it.  
(Bob) I just got an image of Bob (pause). Bob looks funny because his mustache looks wider for he wears a thin mustache (pause). Image of someone's kids for I associate Bob with all the money I've been losing in stocks. Bob and I sometimes talk about stocks. Lost. (Can you see yourself screwing wife dog fashion?) (Pause) I can see the living room (pause). Funny I see something like the whole living room is filled with huh, I don't know. I feel like I see a lot of fish or something-- looks like French fries or something (pause) like I'm looking at a big pan and they're full of French fries of something. I got an image of the living room and the pan (pause). (Do you see those fish?) (Pause) The next image I get is the kitchen table, because the only thing that comes to mind is fish and chips that we had for dinner last night. (Pause) My wife naked in the living room. (Pause) I can see her on her hands and knees as I screw her dog fashion. (Pause) She's got her head down and I can't get a hard on. I feel like I'm sticking my finger in her pussy but I can't my cock (pause). (What do you see?) I see the room and it is going dark and I felt frightened like I was sinking or something. And I said, oh, oh. Jesus Christ you did this before you were married and you were married about three months and you couldn't fuck-- because of your Oedipal problems and oh, oh here it goes. I was scared. (What do you see and feel?) (Pause) I feel pretty good now, for Pat and I have been screwing and I can screw. (What do you see and feel now?) I feel good. (What do you see?) White walls in my bedroom, the lights on."

(4) Male, Age 30

(a) FI: "I see an island and the ocean all around it with palm trees. (Pause) Snow capped mountains. (Pause) I see a skier coming down the mountain (pause) barreling like hell (pause) jumping. (Pause) Face of a clown. (Pause) An old saloon in the background with swinging doors. Face of the clown seem to be superimposed on the left of the door. (Pause) I see a heavy-set balded and bearded old Irishman type bartender, I guess. There's the bar and the stools. (Pause) I see the huh, waitress, typical in old dance halls that they have on T.V. Western programs. (Pause) I see the tables and a bunch of cowboys sitting around. (Pause) I see a face of a man, very complacent. Turns into, I don't know, kind of Jekyll-Hyde type thing. (Pause) Vampire strangling a girl. (Pause) The girl seems to be like Judy Garland way back when she was in the Wizard of Oz. (Pause) I see a castle on top of a mountain with a narrow road leading up to it, impregnable fortress. (Pause) I see a baseball game and I was at bat, swinging away. (Pause) Hear the roar of the crowd (pause) I just got a good hit. (Pause) I see a hula dancer (pause), an exotic dancer. (Pause) One of the girl's got a grass skirt and the other kind of flashes on and off and more of an exotic dancer. (Pause) Oh, I see, Janet at the Ski Club on skis (pause) on the front slope there. And I seem to visualize this girl who she was skiing with on the ski slopes there. (Pause) And there's you, hmm (pause). I see some kind of machinery, turning like a lathe but bigger. (Pause) This image seems to be tremendously strong (pause), seems to be quite synonymous with power unit. I don't see what it's doing-- just turning. Big heavy machinery (pause). I see a funnel cloud-- tornado coming through town-- powerful (pause) devastating thing. (Pause) See a woman crying, evidently her home has been hit by a tornado or something. She's standing next to the rubble, crying, man's comforting her. (Pause) She's just fading away."

(b) FIR: "Yeah, I see the ocean water, palm trees (pause) and a clear scene. (Pause) The mountain snow-covered (pause) and a skier coming down. (Pause) Face of a clown. (Pause) A Western bar with the swinging doors (pause) and an old Irishman, bald-headed and beard. (Pause) Bar maid, cowboys sitting at a table. (Pause) Dancers, hula dancers, exotic dancer. (Pause) Janet at the club at the ski slope. (Pause) Girl I saw you with. I see, huh (pause). Hmm, I see a little girl getting strangled or something (pause) puts to mind a Judy Garland type of little girl being strangled by some fiendish monster, vampire, (pause) Dracula on top of a mountain. (Pause) Imaged a face that turns into a (pause) monster, Jekyll-Hyde type thing. (Pause)"



(c) DR: "Uncle's house up north, walking up to the living room. (Pause) I get to the steps then I notice someone sitting in the chair-- reading the newspaper. I turn around and I go back and (pause). First of all, it appears to be a cousin, it turns out to be my Uncle Sam. (Pause) I think he begins asking me (pause) how I felt about the arrangements for my Uncle Ray's funeral was (pause), whether I thought things were done (pause) the way he would have wanted them or correctly or whatever. Somehow we get talking about how he divided his estate. (Pause) That seems to lead to this other dream where (pause) I walk into this house (pause) and get something that's huh, (pause) (sigh) that's stamps, or stock certificates or something that's negotiable. I go in this house, I don't know why, I don't know if I know this girl (pause) whatever, but I go in. (Pause) Apparently there are a couple of escape convicts in the house, hiding there trying to go through the house to find money or whatever they could find that they could have. (Pause) In a way I'm thinking where I can put this negotiable stamps or bonds or stock certificates, wherever they are someplace where they wouldn't notice them. I don't seem too concerned, it seems (yawn) like I'm not too worried about my safety or her safety. It appears the guys aren't really (pause) have a mind to do us bodily harm. (Pause) Next thing I remember about the dream is that I'm in the bathroom cleaning up, washing, shaving, whatever, a guy walks in, huh, a girl that lives in the place is with him. She gets kind of excited, I don't remember exactly what happened but I'm trying to comfort her and, huh, the guy does say something about (pause) I talked to him about what prison he had escaped from or whatever, It seems I was in Michigan and he had escaped from some prison in Utah. The prison's name seem to have some significance-- 'The Prison of the Guards' or 'Utah of' I don't know. It had some name but anyway the name kind of implies that the prison was completely escape-proof and I was impressed with these guys who had escaped from it. (Pause) Anyway, the girl is excited and I'm trying to calm her down and it seem like I see a I.D. card on her. Come to find out she was an ex-convict and was parolled out I don't know if it was the same prison or whatever, but, I don't know. Well anyway, it kind of surprises me, I didn't realize she was an ex-convict. Anyway, I'm trying to comfort her and, huh, I huh, caressing her and I guess my hands had, huh, kind of reached her breasts, and huh, all of a sudden, huh, I running my hands over my body and then she, huh, proceeds to start caressing me and it's kind of funny because initially I was conscious of the fact that I wasn't ready for intercourse. I didn't have an erection. We start walking in the bathroom together, and, huh, the next thing I know is, huh, leaning

1. The first part of the document is a letter from the President of the United States to the Congress, dated January 1, 1861. It is a very important document, as it contains the President's message to the Congress at the beginning of his first term. The letter is written in a formal, dignified style, and it is one of the most important documents in American history.

back, and I'm about ready to, huh, put it in her. (Pause) Funny thing is that her breasts are outstanding. They stood out, I remember that. They pointed straight up. Beautiful breasts. Then I woke up."

- (d) EU: "I see a train coming down the track. (Pause) Older type train, not diesel type. (Pause) A girl running across the track. (Pause) (Can you get an image of your car?) It's with the back seat up. (Pause) I see the top of the motor sitting on the floor board. (Pause) I see myself driving the car off the cliff while not in it. Would that make me feel good, right on top of Olds Service Department. (Pause) (Can you image a train?) Yeah, you're right in front of it. (Pause) And across the track she's not running in front of the train, she's running across the track. (Pause) (Can you get an image of the house where you live?) Now. Yeah. See the back yard. Spent a lot of time in the back yard and starting to look good. Room in the kitchen. Dining room and living room (pause). I just wander in the closet. (Can you get an image of the girl running across the track again?) Yeah, she's kind of a pretty girl. I can't really see her that close but-- she seems as she's pretty. (Pause) Pure, pretty and pure, wow. What a way to describe a girl. Very vivacious. (Pause) (Can you get an image of your house again?) Yeah, like I'm standing out on the sidewalk looking at it. (Pause) I see my car sitting in the driveway. (Pause) Goddamn car. (Pause) Had a lot of trouble with it lately. (Can you get a image of the girl again, pretty, pure?) Yeah, I just see her running across the tracks. Seems like she's got a, huh, a parasol, like a little umbrella that they used to use years ago-- sterile (yawn) woman used to carry a little umbrella or parasol. She's dressed in a rather full dress now. (Pause) Still can't make out who she is. Just a pretty girl. (Pause) I see a bottle of beer in somebody's hand opening it. (Pause) I kind of see my old man, his face or something. (Pause) I see a profile of a face of a man who apparently is laying on his back. (Pause) A statuette or either that or (yawn) he's dead. (Pause) Mt. Rushmore comes into mind with the faces carved into the side of the mountain or the side of a bluff, whatever. (Pause) I see Lincoln or Washington. (Pause) Who in the hell is carved there, Lincoln, Washington and who? I see Lincoln, and Washington. (Can you reimage the profile again?) Yeah. What comes into mind is the great stone face. (Pause) Now it looks like Lincoln. (Pause) I kind of looks like a statue laying on its back or something and it seems to make a transition of a man, back to a statue. (Pause) (Can you reimage the train again?) Yeah, it's coming on down the track. (Pause) Seems like it's one of the older trains, one that was still around back in the days of the Wild West (Pause). (Can you reimage the girl across the track?) Yeah. Now she's got a miniskirt on. Hmm, (pause)





looks kind of funny because it looks like she's still got a parasol or whatever, yet she seems to be dressed mod. (Yawn) I can't make out her face or features at all. (Can you see and describe the parasol?) Yeah. (Pause) It's like one of those little umbrellas. I think that's what they used to call them, long handle like an umbrella and a small (pause) umbrella type top. (Pause) Hmm, I see an image pointing to another image, kind of funny like. (Pause) Kind of weird really. (Can you describe it?) Well, the one seems to be kind of a woman, shape of a woman, but it seems to be, huh, very tenderly wrapping her arms around something and huh, holding onto something to comfort her. By the action it seems to be a tender thing because it's done so slowly-- trying to cradle something. (Can you reimage Mt. Rushmore?) Yeah, I can see the mountain clouds, smell. (Pause) (What's in your mind's eye now?) It was kind of weird. It's like a catamaran coming down the mountain and going like hell across the snow, the two pontoons and the, huh, (pause). Yeah. (Can you see the shape of the woman again, tenderly?) Funny thing is if I can describe what it's she's holding onto-- it's something big (pause) object. I can't for the life of me figure out what it is. It seems to have a huge trunk, O.K. (pause) it's an extension that comes off from it. She seem to have wrapped her arms around this. (Describe in detail what images come) It really is not a woman, it's more like a cloud that assumes the characterisitics of a woman, the shape, arms, head, (yawn). (Pause) Hmm, see a river, very high banks along the river, mostly rapids. (Pause) (Can you reimage the cloud movement again, tenderly when the arms around something?) Yeah. (Describe in detail what you see?) The thing that amuses me is the thing she's holding onto-- came to mind might be a phallic symbol but that doesn't seem, I don't know, probable. It seems probable but it seems out of place. (Pause) (Can you describe what you see in detail?) Oh, (pause), well I just, you know. It seems to kind of (pause) tender scene from a movie and the action in the way she moves or whatever. (Yawn) The meaningful, everything is, the thing she's holding onto cradles it in her arms and, huh, the gesture seems to be full of thought and meaning. (She's holding onto something. Wonder if the details becomes more apparent to you?) No, they don't. It still seems to be kind of, huh, I don't know. I see the typical, another character in the scene (pause) typical bad guy in the movie. The sinister Mr. Badguy with a black outfit and big bad hat and moustache. The chuckle or cackle of his. He seems to be in the background laughing. (Can you still see the woman holding onto something?) Yeah, shes seems unaware of this guy in the background. (Pause) Hmm, apparently he has some dastardly deed in mind, I don't know what. (Pause) (What's

happening now?) Oh, I see an old tennis shoe, no laces, just sitting on a field or something. (Pause) (Can you see that river?) Yeah, it's funny for when I first see it I think of the Colorado River, but it's not near as impressive, doesn't seem to run as fast (yawn). Walls on the bank still seem to be so high. It doesn't seem to be as deep as the Colorado River. Seems kind of like a permutation of the Colorado River. Seems kind of like a mild version of it. (Can you see the cloud-woman and bad guy?) Yeah, I can see it. (Pause) (What's happening?) Well, watching the guy in the background looks like comes straight from the comics or on T.V. (pause) cackling, seems to be sneaking over to the room on the other side like he's planning something-- or just adding an element of danger to the scene. (Pause) I can visualize him grabbing the woman or something. (She's still holding onto this thing?) It's kind of weird because it's like (pause) I can see this guy in the background, I can see her cradling this thing. I get flashes of this guy and what he might do although by isn't doing it yet. He could be grabbing her or he could be choking her or something else. I'm trying to visualize what he's going to do-- I don't really see him doing it yet. (Keep describing?) There's nothing really happening. No, it seems like what he might do but he hasn't done it. I guess I seem to be adding this element of danger as if I'm trying to see what it is he might do. (Pause) (Describe in detail exactly what you see?) No, I'm aware of this woman or whatever, performing this tender or meaningful act, and this guy prancing around in the background like he's waiting for an opportunity to do something. (Pause) Can you get an image of your house that you had before? Yeah. (Yawn) The garage to it looks like hell, the siding doesn't match. (Is the image of the house you're living in now?) Yeah. (Pause) (Describe what you see) First of all, I see the house but it seems to be out of proportion and perspective. It seems like the house but it doesn't look right. I kind of re-establish what's where, there's a garage and, huh, I seem to bring it into view better. I seem to rearrange the scrambled image I have and make it look like the house as it really is. I see the big rock out in the front yard. (Pause) The trees that we have right by the door step-- miniature Japanese trees. (Pause) I seem to be inside the house in the hallway, walking toward the kitchen. (Pause) See the family room, dining room, living room. (Pause) Seem to be wandering through the house, upstairs, downstairs, and the bedroom, the bathroom. (Can you get an image of the woman, tenderly cradling something, and the bad guy?) Yeah, the nursery comes to mind of our house when I associate it

with the woman. (Can you describe in detail what you see?) I still see this image of a woman performing this tender act and this sinister guy in the background threatening. The image of the woman is unaware that he's around. (Pause) (What's happening now?) Nothing, seems to have lost that image. I see a bust of a man, or a profile (pause) strong features and strong lines in his face. (Pause) Doesn't remind me of anybody. (Pause) See a ball going through the air as though someone hit it with a bat. Hell of a long fly ball. (Pause) See a golf course there. See a green and sand traps. (Pause) Some old guy out there (yawn). (Pause) (Can you reimage the cloud-woman again?) Yeah, I can visualize it. (Pause) (Can you see that sinister guy?) No, it's funny the object that she turned out to be holding seems to be a trunk of an elephant. (Pause) Seems to be kind of an elephant like you might see in Walt Disney or something (pause) a real-- an elephant with character. Ha. Not really character but (pause) a very sad elephant I guess you could say. (Pause) (What is she doing to the trunk?) She's comforting the elephant by cradling the trunk in her arms or something, I don't know. (Pause) Kind of weird this thing really. (What is the sinister guy doing?) (Pause) He's afraid of the elephant so he's not going to do anything. Just hang around, till he gets an opportunity. (Pause) I don't know, nothing seems to be happening really. (Pause) The guy is darting back and forth and cackling and giggling or whatever in his own sinister way. Something seems to be preventing him from doing anything, like he's just waiting for something to happen. I see the face of a man crawling out of a hole or crawling (pause) what comes to mind I saw the man out here sometime this last year. Oh, the old man was kidnapped and thrown into a hole and it seems like I can see his determined face crawling out of this hole (pause) out of a cave or something. Very determined face. (Pause) (What's happening?) Oh, not much, a thought. Seem to remember a phrase about there's enough energy within an individual to (pause) he could be (pause) harness, whatever could power the size of a city like New York-- some such weird thing. (Pause) (Can you see the woman cradling the trunk with the elephant character?) Yeah. Now the elephant seems to be white like a ghost, big, fluffy, old ears. (Pause) Kind of weird thing because the other one is kind of white (pause) now it's back to normal. She's kind of a white image holding onto a white image with the black sinister guy in the background. (Pause) Seems like they're in a church (pause) area of the church where the baptisms take place in the room where they have the water fountain. (Pause) I see a very attractive girl and guy standing (pause) in a room where they perform baptism

(pause) seems like a cathedral. I was in the room once and I remember what it looks like. Seems to remind me of that room. Very attractive young couple standing in there. (Pause) Nobody else, seems like they're dreaming about someday they'll bring in their children to be baptized after they have them or something (pause) I don't know. (Can you reimage the cloud-woman and sinister figure?) (Pause) Yeah. (Can you describe what happens?) Nothing happens. It's kind of funny if I had to draw an analogy as to who they were, it seems she was the Virgin Mary and he was the devil or something. (Who's the elephant?) (Pause) I never thought about that, I don't know. (You said before that what she was holding seemed to be a phallic symbol?) It entered my mind and maybe it was, O.K. It didn't seem to be, it just crossed my mind (pause) well maybe it's a phallic symbol because it's long. O.K. It's an extension of something. (Pause) (Can you see your father and mother embracing?) (Pause) Uh, I can see my father and mother. I can't imagine them embracing though-- you know what I mean? (Pause) I guess I can try to. I don't know. Whenever I visualize my dad, I see, huh, I don't know. Straight and tall, unbending, cool, indifferent, you know what I mean. It's hard to believe him showing any warmth, affection openly. Just wasn't that type of individual. (Do you see your mother embracing him?) (Pause) Well, I can kind of visualize it putting her arms around him, but, she wasn't all that open and affectionate, either. I don't think. I don't know. I can't remember that well. It seems that both came out of the same mold. Controlled emotions and all this rot (pause) the way they were brought up. (Pause) (What's in your mind's eye now?) Oh, I was just thinking that the two of them, you know, like my dad was brought up without a religion effectively because my grandmother was Catholic and grandfather was nothing, I guess. He believed in God, but just that he didn't go to church. So they brought the kids up as, I don't know, nothing, ha. On the other hand, my mother was brought up in a very strict German Catholic family. It's just kind of funny because they meet, they marry, and basically the different environment they grow up in seems to be preaching the same thing. They seem to be turning out the same kind of people. My uncle on my mother's side, this guy, is not afraid of expressing himself or, huh, you know. He seems to be more able to (pause) loosen up, to show affection."

(5) Female, Age 29

(a) FI: "I see an abstraction up till my right visual field. As I look at it more and it becomes more clear, it actually looks like looking at a giraffe frontally and there being two large discs, gossamer translucent material behind the giraffe like a toy giraffe really. (Pause) Or it could be the Eiffel Tower looking at it frontally, legs down below and spire going upward infinitely at the top. (Pause) I see a big cloud of ink coming up-- like I'm at an aperture, a cloud, I guess and it's like a big ink cloud that could be underwater and it's coming completely opaque with purple background-- could be an explosion-- so black that it could be a defensive cloud of an octopus or squid. I'm not sure about the octopus. (Pause) It's getting bigger and bigger towards more of the purplish background. (Pause) It's very silent, I expect to hear something and I don't. It's like taking place underwater. (Pause) It keeps getting bigger and the turbulence. (Pause) The whole thing has a particular shape now (pause) it looks like a trapezoid with rounded corners. It's like I'm looking to some protective window or screen on the scene that's taking place outside of where I am (pause) it might be a submarine. (Pause) I can see a submarine, it's small like a caricature of a submarine. It looks like the Nautilus, nineteenth century rather than a current model. (Pause) It's not very long and decorated with all kinds of special iron ware that would be typical of a big torpedo. (Pause) It's moving along about twenty feet from the bottom in relatively shallow water. I can see the sun illuminating the water. (Pause) Now I'm going off-- a sudden drop-- tremendous crevice (pause) going down, down, down. It's getting darker, darker. (Pause) Until like I'm in a big ink cloud. (Pause) Perhaps with some giant squid and I sort of see myself as a control and I'm manipulating and trying to test her to turn it upward but I can't see anything. I'm getting my bearings and I'm anxious if I'm running into a (pause). I could say that I'm in a great rift that I've been going down. (Pause) I'm sort of spinning the steering wheel that doesn't seem to have any connection with any connection with any drive apparatus. It's like it's been severed from the motor. Just a toy steering wheel. One of those things you put into a car for a child. (Pause) I'm alone in this sub like a mini-marine. (Pause) I'm alone but there's another seat next to me (pause) an empty seat. It's like a little under-water car-- in terms of its dimensions-- comfortable. I'm just taking a drive-- curiosity. (Pause) I have a continuous image of seeing myself in this cockpit of this sub steering the wheel.

I don't look especially worried, upset (pause) I can't see anything at all (pause) it's unreal-- far away that I'm in this pitch black cloud and don't seem to be panicky about it. (Pause) Now I see an old house in Europe with a (pause) the thing that caught my attention was the portion of it that protrudes about the normal face of the house-- it's a beam that protrudes out in front of the house and a triangle built onto it and a pulley and rope attached for lifting heavy objects such as furniture upward from the street and swing them into the house through the windows. Look very much like it could be a house (pause) I am sort of looking down the roof and there's an adobe (pause) it seems strange but now it looks like Spanish architecture, Mexican American. Instead of this toy device, I see a bell kind of indentation-- upward protruding part of the house-- which could be some kind of niche to house a statue in this case it has a bell in it (pause) like a Spanish style church. I see a slide (pause) smooth surface, curvilinear (pause) it's coming down from the right, left with very high box-like sides on it. It could be a hammock-chair, curved, metal surface. The metal curls alongside the bottom decoratively. (Pause) I see a top of a rampart castle, medieval, with the niches-- trough like pattern in order to defend the castle from which archers and marksmen would shoot-- all along the castle wall I can see it. The castle walls zig-zag-- seems to be following a cliff top or a butte from natural rock. It's very long and very thick walls. (Pause) It's very pleasant, the sun is out. I could be in Portugal where I went recently. The breeze is kind of moist. I look down onto a forest. (Pause) I see some rain again. Still spinning the wheels and not getting anywhere. The black cloud is suddenly gone. I can see that I'm in very deep water-- it's very dark but not opaque. Now I can sort of see from the outside where I am (pause) I'm looking as if I'm in the water some distance away and looking upon my own progress. Sub going around a cliff base. Two little lights coming out of the windows (pause) from far away and looks like a small object against a huge, huge cliff. Down below I can see the bottom of a crevice (pause) looks like a river valley like the Grand Canyon beneath water. (Pause) I see a pattern of a patio, sculptured on the outside-- the outline is where the patio concrete was placed."

- (b) FIR: "Moth-- it's much more mothy-looking now. Instead of two circular sides there are four upper and lower wings. I can see the, huh, the thorax, the body. It's very clear, it's got all kinds of delineation. No feet, strange. It's standing upward as if it were mounted. (Pause) No feet and its feelers in the mouth, big eyes,

very dark and translucent wings-- typical of a moth. I see a real giraffe instead of a small one in the distance as I did before (pause) I see a real one-- up close. It's a baby giraffe-- young giraffe. It's like I see it in the wilds-- in Africa. I can see the Eiffel Tower (pause) now that's up close, too, but I can't see the whole thing (pause) seem to be too close to it and I can't crane my neck-- not back far enough to see the top (pause) massive structure of steel which seems much larger than it really is. (Pause) I see this sequence, being in a sub turning this meaningless wheel. Now I can see myself cross-sexualized (pause) seeing a sub in shallow water, and coming up to this crevice and going easily over this edge. It goes down further. Now I can see as if I'm standing on air (pause) almost like a butte drop off in those cartoons (pause) tremendous distance downward-- I can see the jagged river edges near the edge of the cliff base. I see bottom-- looks like it's got white sand on the bottom. I'm going down and down toward it. I see that black ink cloud coming up from the aperature, the aperature is kind of spherical-shaped. The black cloud just as I saw it before-- like an ink cloud but mushroom-shaped coming out of an aperature. (Pause) I'm back down in the sub. (Pause) Just curious, going straight down, I sort of enjoy it (pause) see the ocean floor coming closer to me slowly and gently. (Pause) I can feel and hear the metal of the sub, it's beginning to creak under the tremendous pressure of the depth of the water. (Pause) I see the slide again, it's wider now and double chairs made by some furniture manufacturer. It's like curved benches with fuzzy upholstery designed for two people watching T.V. (pause) it reminds me of that. Metal slide chairs."

- (c) DR: "I'm coming up to the house (pause) in the country. It's on a hill and overlooks a valley and rolls down below. It's a summer house (pause) frame board house, very much like my in-laws. This house overlooks a hill over this wide, wide area-- long distance. Which reminds me of a big poster which my mother and father kept in the attic for years-- a picture of a colonial style house on a hill which overlooked a large rolling hill area (pause) the poster advertising something about home economics. But this is a summer house but not elaborate, comfy. It could be a late nineteenth cnetury house. (Pause) There is no body of water beside the beach house. Big veranda out in front and I'm coming up and I'm stopped by this place to say hello (pause) I don't know exactly who to. Composite of Bob and John. Looks like Bob, he's much thinner which he must have looked when he was early middle adolescent, 15 or 16. Little old kid (pause) skinny





kind of. He's shorter than Bob, 6'4", and this person is 6 feet maybe. But he has the behavior of John, mannerisms of John. He's sort of a hail-fellow, well-met fraternity type of character-- Canterbury hat and khakis. He doesn't have a shirt on, nor does he have shoes on. And I kept coming by to see how he is, I'm sort of like a big sisterly type of person to him (pause) kind of being motherly to see how he is. And I have my keys in my hand and I don't intend to stay very long. Somehow I'm dressed the way I'm dressed right now. I'm more formally dressed than he. We sit out in the verand and he's telling all about the great things he's being doing-- great plans he has. Very enthusiastic-- sort of like I'm being eaten alive. He wants an audience and I've presented myself as an audience and I'm being used this once. (Yawn) It's like I'm making a house call I guess-- in a kind of immature way. He may have been a boyfriend of mine once-- at one time but I felt the stronger of the two. The loss was less mine than his at the end of the relationship maybe. And I got my keys in my hand and I'm conscious of why I'm staying for just a few minutes. He offers me a beer and I stay a little longer than I had intended. But then I leave. He kisses me on the cheek. John did that recently (pause) on the forehead or someplace, I don't know. He didn't kiss me on the lips, it was a non-romantic kiss, it was a tender 'It's nice to know you kind of' kiss. I had the feeling that I was sort of angry at myself-- cognizant of my own motive to play mother for the gratification I get out of that. But the gratification aren't that much, I felt. I'd come around and I didn't have all that much to receive. I'm glad to get away. Felt sort of unhappy that I had come by in a way. (Pause) (Has the dream come to an end?) No, I'm leaving. No, there's another scene and I don't have any intervening scene. It's the same place only it's at night and the place is all lit up and all kinds of people inside-- great big party going on. I'm there somehow and involved in all this mass of people (pause) and this Bob-John person is the host and I felt very depersonalized in this mass of people drinking and horsing around and sort of one big noise. Then I had an image of sort of an art house kind of bathroom and looks like kind of a bathroom in this real cottage although it doesn't look like this cottage camped in. You step up a couple of steps and it's almost like a throne room (pause) and I'm in slacks and I have to go to the bathroom and I can't shut the door. The door flings open when I'm sitting on the toilet and I can't shut it, I can't get to it and shut it. I'm anxious about people seeing me. I feel vulnerable and ashamed and I want to shut the door so much and I can't get up and I can't get to it and people are walking by and they're all kind of drunken-- a few point and laugh

and I feel so humiliated. (Pause) There's another scene to the dream. I'm in a car, must be a big car like a station wagon I'm driving and there are a bunch of people in the car with me and they are all girls and I felt that they were 10 years younger than me and there's some question that goes on from the discussion. They act like they're in college but if they're 10 years younger than me then they're just beginning college. No, they're really in high school (pause). We're driving on a very dark road, mountainous road, maybe it's in the same area. Suddenly some man leaps out from the side of the road flagging us down and he's wearing a very loud sports coat (pause) it might be a madras sports coat and camel and red and blue bright colors on. He looks vaguely like you (pause) he's your stature and got silvery hair. He's very agitated and he comes over to the driver's window and says he's got to take me to town. And I hesitate and feel little leery about this person. He's dressed in this sports coat and tie and slacks and in the middle of nowhere jumps out in the side of the road. (Sigh) And I say-- I begin to say no, and he pulls out some weapon. I don't know, I don't think it was a gun. It wasn't all that dangerous, maybe there was no weapon, but he threatened and said he's got to take me to town. He commandeers the car and he gets in and threatens us all and got us all frightened. And we go into town and he needs to get to a drugstore and I had a friend who needs a fix, that's why he's a little agitated. He's quiet but fearful. When we get there he says he's got to stay there in the car because he wants us to take him to some other place. We all become very frightened and decide to try to escape him. He goes into the drugstore and insists we all go in. We all do but the whispered plan is that half of us will split off and go hide in some other store next door and the other six would try to run away from him. There are about a dozen of us, I guess. I take the splinter group and go next door. It's a laundromat and I say to myself and the others, 'Follow me and let's go out the back door.' When we get to the back door we discover that it's a telephone room there-- telephone booth all around but there's no exist (pause) cul-de-sac. Suddenly this guy comes raging in and he's after us, but there are enough of us that we can kind of dodge him and he didn't grab hold of any of us so we all run out the front door and run down the street (pause) it's real dark now-- we're away from the shop. We meet (pause) we're in a residential neighborhood and the other six girls come running out of dark shadowy areas and they see us. This guy is yelling and screaming and running after us trying to find us. There's a big park over to the left and I guess I become the leader of this group of these girls and it's almost like a, I don't know, I'm their

teacher or something. And we all go from this park, we know it's a natural history park, it's a park where there are great displays of pre-historical animals. They're all mechanical and I know they're mechanical and they can't really harm you but there's a great deal of fear about getting through this park. We have to escape the country, the crossing is on the border of Cuba of all places and the plan is to go through the park on no supplies and it's a very expansive park-- twenty miles thick to live off the land and to girl scout camp fire girl on our way through-- to escape over the border and to seek refuge in Cuba."

- (d) EU: "I see a series of chairs one behind the other as if they wer lined up on a stage to represent a classroom. There are funny-shaped humanoid kind of objects sitting in the chairs, straight-back chairs. They look like they're made of concrete kind of globby facsimile of female figures-- slumping to the sat-up image. (Pause) I see, looks like the top of a house in a deep fog at night. Looks like it could be a Victorian house with gables and turrets. Kind of frightening. Something out of Sherlock Holmes thriller. (Pause) (Can you reimage the chairs?) Yes. There's a stage from which there are about six chairs placed in a row facing right, straight-back chairs. They're kind of doll-like looking-- globby doll-like figures, that are about four feet in height, maybe if standing (pause) seated on this chair. (O.K., that's fine; I would like for you to get an image of the top of the house) Yes, I see it as if I'm looking up from the ground (pause) in the corner of the main side of the house in the wing that sits away. There is somewhat vague rounded protrusion, spiked protrusions and there's a turret almost like flake grey. Back drop of slightly illuminated fog, it's at night. One of them has a clock in it, raised off the end of the peak of the main roof. Four posts that stick up to each side of the peak supporting the roof and underneath that is a clock. The face is not outward but is toward the mid-line of the house rather than out away from the house as you would expect if a guard wanted to look up and look at the time. Not so. Oh, there's someone on the roof toward the other end of the building with a strong magnet (pause) strong binoculars maybe because it's a huge house. (Pause) It says ten to five-- on the clock. I guess where I'm standing is the best place to see the clock. On the ground on the corner by the main part of the house and in a wing sets off at right angles. (Pause) (Can you see the chairs again?) Yes, two of those chairs and the other rows are empty. Two alongside each other,

six rows in each, twelve chairs. They all look like Raggedy-Ann dolls, button holes (pause) with a pinafore for their gingham-like dress (pause) just like the Raggedy-Ann dolls. (Pause) Orange hair (pause). (Can you reimage the top of the house and fog that looks scary?) Yes, it's sharply more delineated now. The sky is lighter and lighter though it's night. There's a big floodlight pointed upward behind the house in order to illuminate the clouds, fog clouds. High, Victorian house with pointed eaves dramaticall exaggerated roof that pointed all kind of ginger bread decorations under the eaves. All the windows with fine wood designs, with more ginger bread. I see the front of the wing. It looks like a separate house in itself with its own door and windows placed in such a way to look as an independent house but it's attached to the back of the main house. It's very charming, it's daylight. It looks like a darling place to live, window boxes by the windows. Inside, it's a little demure, like three-fourths size other than full-size. Reminds me of doll houses, not doll houses so much as play houses when I was a kid. I go inside and it's very charming, cozy, and it's smaller than when I looked outside. Real wood floor (pause) scented of wood. Completely barren of furniture makes me want to furnish it myself (pause) make it just how I like it. (Can you reimage the Raggedy-Ann doll again?) Sitting in the chair with one of its rag legs crossed over as if to say, 'So what else in new teacher?' Her arms are folded too as if bored and cantankerous. (Pause) Makes me think of Eve, yeah, the Raggedy-Ann doll's attitude reminds me of Eve. Resistant, reactive, oppositional. (Pause) I can see Eve sitting in the chair now, she's got long, long blond hair. I think she really does, I haven't seen her in a while. She's got a mini-mini dress on. I know she's got mini dresses because she takes her clothes to the same dressmake I take mine to, and I've seen her clothes there. She's sitting with her legs crossed and arms folded and acting very scowly (pause) looks like a little girl with a bow in her hair and her hair is down straight. She's very reactive, stubborn, and antagonistic. (Pause) (What's in your mind's eye?) I don't know. I'm being kind of hungry. (Eve) I see her sitting in the chair again, (pause) it's a pink dress. She looks outwardly feminine. She's just so angry. (Pause) Stubborn, regresses. She's very attractive, with a mini-dress on with long nice legs, and if you didn't notice the whole expression you'd think she was very pretty, very sexy, I guess. But the real thing, the picture, mean angry little girl. All takes place in a context as though there was a teacher or a conductor (pause) really as though the chairs were set up as they would be in an orchestra,

(pause) really as though the chairs are set up as they would be in an orchestra, right next to the conductor and then sitting on the sixth chair back in the last row. (Pause) Now, it's back again, the chairs. They're empty. (Pause) They're like dining room table chairs, they have no arms to them. They're like dining room table chairs, they have no arms to them. They're the kind of chairs they use for sitting (pause) as if you were a musician in an orchestra. (Pause) (Eve) I see a kind of a box, could be a sewing box, looks like a heart with pink satin on the top and decorations around the side. (Pause) Again, it looks kind of Victorianish but it may be an antique box that's been painted over with some pale pastel color paint (pause) the kind you put on a dressing table. (Pause) It looks like it could be a heart-shaped candy box that you get on Valentine's day. It's pink, pink satin maybe for a pin cushion top. Ultra-feminine looking thing. (Can you see the doll play house?) Yeah, but what I thought was a wing of a gloomy, gabled house. It's got white-colored ginger bread red bricks-- nice and sand blasted. It gives a full rich color out of it. And it's got this box of white geraniums in them (pause) it just begs to be furnished. It has all my antique furniture inside of it (pause) my own little house. A nice hard wood floor, plank floors, really wide planks (pause) marvelous age and beautiful condition. (Can you see the sewing box again?) Yes, sitting on a glass top surface and a modern ultra-feminine dressing table with frills that go down to the floor. It looks like a dressing table I have, it's kind of kidney shape when I was a girl. I never used it, it's all my mother's idea to put that stuff up there. It's kind of pretty and attractive-- so awkward to use. (Eve) I see a faucet and it needs a washer; it's dripper. Just a plain ordinary faucet. (Pause) I see Eve being in that sixth chair again, looking daggers at me. I guess because I'm in the first chair. I can almost feel the pin points jab me from the back. She's thinking angry, jealous, hateful thoughts toward me. I'm just thinking now, yeah, all these women in my station wagon. See Ted, Mary, and my cousin Betty, who called me long distance not long ago. She wanted me to support her in her applying to graduate school. I see Carol, all these gals flocking around after me. And Betty was kind of docile with me too when we last saw each other months ago. (Pause) (What do you see?) I just saw a round of faces like they're forming a circle around-- and the circle is getting closer and closer to completion. The faces were appearing (pause) sort of like I'm a maypole and all kind of dancing around me keeping me contained in a way-- I don't really like it. (Pause) Like I'm a maypole and being wrapped in ribbons, they go

around and around. (Pause) I don't like friends (pause) of any kind. I don't like the kind that are dependent and don't like those who are me peers for I fell anxious and jealous. (Pause) Another face, Mabel, who writes to me and calls me up and invites me to come shopping together or something. (Pause) (What do you see?) Just the May dance with girls skipping around me in the big ribbon-- the ribbons are all tied up at the top. I sort of fade in and out, the pole, then me. I was the center of the thing. They're dancing around the ribbons and binding tighter and tighter and I feel like I'm being swaddled with ribbons. They're throwing flowers up in the air like in a traditional May dance. (Pause) Like I'm being constricted-- I'm very anxious in my imagery. (Feeling anxious?) Well, no, I just sort of sense that in my imagery I feel anxious. That I'm being bound, tied, mummified with ribbons. I can't move my hands (pause). Like I'm being bound up. Now I feel like they're going to hurt me (pause) once I'm helpless they'll come in with big long pins and stick them in me (pause) like big hat pins (pause) and I'll be just killed. (Pause) (Describe what you see?) Brilliant ribbons, red and yellow, blue and green, bit long fat ribbons and going further and further around me and I seem not to be able to move. Feel like I have my hands tied behind my back around a stake or something and I can't move. I'm struggling to get out but I can't and they start singing and laughing and they're out to kill me. They get me all wrapped up and they tie the ribbons and they're still singing and laughing and they go over to this basket and pick out these long hat pins. I'm screaming and calling for help, asking them not to do it. They dance a circle around me and get closer and closer. (Pause) One at a time they come in and stick a pin in me, in my stomach. I sort of feel detached. I can see the imagery where I'm screaming but I don't think I feel the anxiety that I should towards the imagery. Yet, I'm afraid of them. Behind all those smiles are death wishes. (Sigh) (What do you see:) I see wooden border cutouts. Looks like, oh, piqued leaves, looks like and kind of goes off to the left. Could be a border that you use on an old-fashioned stage. Could be a decorative thing around a fireplace screen (pause) because it's wood it would catch fire and it wouldn't be practical. (Pause) (Eve) (Pause) I don't see anything. Oh, now I see a high peak roof, Victorian house that suddenly becoming exaggerated in dimensions, becoming very skinny with a high peaked roof, ginger bread all hanging on it (pause) like a razor sharp point (pause) that ridge on the roof. (Pause) (Long and skinny?) Yeah, I can see Eve (pause) falling on that, and they cut into two pieces. Falling off on either side of the house. (Pause) Like a

meat cutter. (Pause) I'm really feeling tense in my fingers. (Pause) My feet and my fingers. (Getting tense?) Maybe it's tense in that it's not circulating as well because I feel sort of numb and stiff. (Pause) (What do you see?) I can see Eve and she's saying something hostile to me and I'm slapping her across the face again and again. (Pause) I remember I could feel conflicted in telling you about this. I don't know what you'll think. I see another girl, a little girl, three and a half years old that I tested recently who looked very disturbed. She looked somewhat psychotic, but she's pretty well headed on her way. She's quite symbiotic, very high level of anxiety. She looks like she's kinetic but she's not. I don't think. Well, anyhow I was trying to test her and she would refuse to sit still and move around. I got angrier, I got madder and madder. She would jump up and down and would climb up the top of the chair and go down it head first on her tummy and run around the room laughing, jumping. Her talk was very infantile. I thought it was symptomatic. I couldn't find any evidences of primary speech defect when I tested the limits with her. But I got angry at her and I said to her for about the sixteenth time. I asked her to sit still since it would help us do what we were doing. She would for two seconds and finally I reached over and swatted her on the hand (pause) when she was grabbing things on the table. I expressed to her many times, 'Don't touch, wait until I finish.' She constantly tested the limits so I finally reached down and swatted her on the hand after many such trials. She sat still, she showed the longest delay of impulse expression, her eyes were moving quite a bit. Jittery, tricky. I remember that at the end of the hour, she reached up, it didn't seem to bother her, she settled down and almost seemed to appreciate my giving her a swat. At the end of the hour she reached up and pulled on my shoulders; she's very tall for three and a half, big kid. She grabbed my shoulder and she pulled my head down and gave me a big kiss on the mouth, which rattled me. I didn't expect it and I didn't like it that much. (Pause) I felt guilty about hitting her, even though it seemed to help. I was aware of my own anger and I felt that. (Did you feel your own anger?) At the time? Yeah, I did. (Do you feel it now?) Yeah, as I was talking about it I felt it (pause) should have mentioned it. I can see the scene again, constantly touching things and looking at me to see what I was going to do. Touching things again and I'm getting redder and redder. I really wanted to take her over my knees and give her a huge spanking, but I didn't. I swatted her

hand. (Eve) I see Eve across the chair from me in my office. I see Eve touching things and I'm warning her at her making faces at me. I'm reaching over and slapping her across the face. (Pause) I don't seem to elicit the effect I expected it would. Seems unreal and artificial, it doesn't really seem how I felt anymore. (Pause) (Sigh) (It doesn't seem what?) I don't seem to feel the rage toward Eve that I felt earlier (pause) in my earlier imagery today. Maybe it's because I catharcted it, I don't know. (Your imagery went to hostile interaction with Eve, getting to your testing relationship with this girl and conflicted about relating it to) Well, I'm concerned about your criticism of what I did as a professional person slapping the girl's hand. (Pause) The first time I had ever done it like that. (Pause) (What do you see?) I could see the mother of this girl, a very thick woman in her early fifties, I guess, obese, monstrous, loud, orally incorporative kind of gal (pause) who clearly was symbiotic with the kid. Two of them rolling over each other in the waiting room, hugging, touching, and holding all over the place. As though the boundaries did not exist between the two. And I was aware of her calling me 'Hon,' surprised th hell out of me, but I didn't say anything to her. I briefly interviewed her before testing the girl. (Pause) I don't like her. I feel sorry for the child and felt extremely depressed about feeling that I might be of any help to this situation. I think it's because I see all th anger generated in me when working with the legal guardian of the girl. And I can just sort of see it generating in fantasy a knock down, drag out with this big, overwhelming, huh, maternal figure, that's destroying this kid (pause) eating her alive. I had the feeling that actually carniverous in a way. Makes me remember the film, can't recall the title, satire of death in L.A., 'Mr. Joey's boy's mother.' I don't know if you saw the film or not. Huge, obese woman, 450 pounds (pause) scene of the film. She'd eat a whole pig and then two turkeys."

(6) Female, Age 46

- (a) FI: "I guess I'm trying to make some sense out of it. I haven't seen our friend for so long. Uh, huh. (Can you describe what you see?) Well, he looks so disheveled. (Pause) He usually looks so neat and pretty good. But he's in this (pause) I can see several rooms or doors to rooms and it's sort of quiet as I look. (Sigh) I see a large living room or lobby or something with a lot of things surrounding look rich and elegant. Huge big chandelier against this light. I see something that looks like a real fresh looking tapestry. (Pause)



It's a greenish blue color. Now I look back at this little guy and he looks so (pause) sad and sort of lost. Lonely. I had a feeling of what's he doing in all of this. Thinking back to when he helped me get my braid from under that rock. I can't seem to make much sense from what's happening. He just stands there sort of forlorn-- can't seem to move. I see light coming in from the window. (Sigh) (Pause) Somehow looking at him, I feel so helpless (pause) sad. (Pause) (More images will come) It sort of blurred into nothing. (Pause) I see a room. One side is almost solid windows, real bright sunlight flooding the room. The walls are bare, the floor is bare (pause) nothing in the room. I can see a tree outside (pause). Lots of leaves on it so it must be spring or summer. There's grass. (Pause) I see a tree (pause) pavement. (Pause) I seem to be there just standing there just looking in the room. (Pause) The door pushed back against one wall. (Pause) I'm trying to stick my head in and part of my shoulders and just looking around. (Pause) I just realized how much I missed having the gremlin around (pause) sort of a fun fellow when he was feeling better. (Pause) Somehow he's still there (pause) quite dark where he is now. I'm still aware of the intensity of his eyes and how sad he looks. It feels like there's something I ought to do to help him but I don't know what. (Pause) Sure is pathetic looking. (Pause) And how he's got his hair and his clothes are messed up. (Pause) He doesn't seem to move around and do things like he used to. (Pause) He just sort of stands there and looks pathetic. (Pause) I'm back at that room again (pause) the light is fair (pause) but a lot dimmer. (Pause) I don't know why I have the feeling but, huh, the light that was there before was so bright and warm. This is almost like a cool (pause) light. Not really as bright as the sunlight was before. (Pause) This doesn't seem to make much sense. (Sigh) (Pause) I keep seeing the room, but I can't (pause) really figure out why I'm there or why I'm trying to make sense out of it. (Pause) Just an empty room. (Pause) I'm aware that the little gremlin is behind me now (pause) he hasn't moved and I didn't know this room was connected. (Pause) He's out in the lobby out there yet and this room seems to come off that end. (Pause) I have a feeling I should get him and bring him into this room but that doesn't make much sense (pause) there's not even a place to sit down. (Pause) Not a thing in the room but (pause) not even a very nice room (pause) as far as rooms go. Plain walls, and the only nice thing is the window where the light can come in and look out. (Pause) He's standing there (pause) hesitating. I don't know why I don't go after him. (Pause) Yet I don't. I just stand there at the door looking in into that one room (pause) and just

glance back at him (pause) leave him there."

(b) FIR: "The little gremlin is there again. (Pause) In the lobby just standing there. I'm aware of the surrounding. (Pause) Large glittering chandelier (pause). All the things around him (pause) that are signs of luxury and wealth. (Pause) Yet there he stands in the middle of it (pause) looking like a little lost waif. His clothes are all disheveled and his hair (pause) maybe he's even dirty. He has such a forlorn look on his face. (Pause) His eyes are deep pools of misery. (pause) Still aware of one, two, three rooms off that lobby and further down the hall (pause) sort of dark, can't see much. I'm aware of colored tapestries on the wall. (Pause) Bookshelves, and pretty woodwork (pause) heavy drapes. Certain amount of sunlight coming from the window. (Pause) I'm aware that my little friend is standing there in semi-darkness. The huge chandelier and ornate furniture around and he's still in semi-darkness. I see the other room I saw before which was so empty. here's still the feeling of cool light coming from the window. (Pause) I'm trying to make sense out of what I'm seeing. Somehow I sense the feeling that I don't like that empty room. (Pause) Yet I don't know why. (Pause) I see the same trees and grass. The view from the window is quite pleasant. (Pause) I have a feeling about the other room that I sort of (pause) go in that room and (pause) stay in and be secure and protected. (Pause) Like crawling into a cave or something safe."

(c) DR: " I didn't realize this before even before the dream started. I had a feeling of something not being right. I felt apprehensive, worried, and frightened but I don't know why. (Pause) And then (pause) John (client's son) calls to me and he's frightened. I see him smaller than he really is (pause). He wants me to come and check something that happened. And as I get into his room (pause) I see quite a bit of John's blood (pause) and I'm aware that this (pause) uh, comes from the end of his penis. And the first thing that (pause) I think is that I musn't frighten him but my mind's in a panic (pause) because I think, huh, we didn't get all that cancer. I hear it coming somewhere else. (Pause) And that he's really doomed and he won't really live after all. And I look on a pillow and I can see a design, real plain, but there's blood over that. (Pause) I just feel (pause) completely defeated. I don't seem to have any solution. (Sigh)."

(7) Male, age 29

- (a) FI: "I see something which may be some kind of imposed image-- in other words, forced, pushed because I do see it. I'm not sure if it's forced or came to me during that long silence. Um, I want to tell you that it isn't exactly an image. I have to describe the experience to tell you what I see and that is, I see a black background with a singular coiled white line that goes all the way out and it kind of vibrates. The time I saw this in my life was in a situation with vague similarities to this one-- when I was put under ether in the dentist's office. I think it was really interesting to see this now. When this happened in the dentist's office and they put the cup over my mouth, and I started getting the ether, I got this image of a white coil. An actual image when I was going under of me falling down this coil-- like down a well and screaming for my mother who was in the outer office. And later she told me I was yelling, 'Mommy, Mommy.' I still see that image exactly as I saw it then. Um, I see myself falling down this coil and uh, really getting nauseated sensation at that time which I don't feel now. But I can still sense that nausea. Uh, the image-- that's all there is to the image-- simply my falling down the coil and then the sensation of nausea that comes with it. I'm following myself as I fall, I see these white lines of this coil (pause) kind of a bed spring type coil-- flashing past me. And I fall down into a cave-like structure with lots of water. And, huh, there are embankments all around outside. The water's very choppy. The embankments to this cave can be walked along. It's kind of a shape of a bracket. The whole thing curves in and out like that. And, all this choppy water-- the cave is kind of on the edge of the sea and the water is chopping in-- very strong. Much stronger than it seems a cave would be able to take. I see myself standing on the embankment and walking along them-- they're wet. Quite slippery. I get a feeling that maybe I'm going to slip off and fall in. There's a little canal that I step over. The cave kind of opens up into another area-- and then it becomes like a room with lots of mirrors and lights. I think it's like a bathroom. Uh, I walk along through this place to an area of uh, some rows of things, looks like lockers or something-- closets, showers. I walk up some steps and there's nobody around. I'm not exactly sure what's going on or where I'm going. Uh, I stop at the top of the steps and

I turn around and walk back to the original place. This area was tranquil inside. I'm back up to the choppy water and, uh, very eerie things. It's dark at the top of the cave and there are like bats hanging there. Clumps of shadows that seem to be like bats. And (pause), uh, I look out the cave and bend down a little bit and look out. I see this immense ocean and the sky and maybe some kind of island or something far out. Maybe not just an island but the whole land. Um, I see kind of an exterior view of the whole scene now. Again, it looks tranquil, except exactly where I am in this cave. I'm back there now where all this calm water as you look from the outside (pause) are very choppy. (Pause) Very choppy and dark. Kind of, huh, getting darker by the moment. At first, there were white caps, now they're dark blue and towards black. (Pause) And, uh, I jump in, like last time, like I did last night. I go down into this crystal world underneath this top coat of blackness of oil-colored water down into this bleak crystal world-- fantasy-type place of vines that flows and fishes. I think there's a mermaid even. And, uh, again this sub-being in this fishbowl again-- this capsule type thing. Um, it's made out of stone-- kind of eastern-type architecture to it or Russian maybe-- Russian domes. All these domes suddenly get together and start spinning. I can't describe it. I can only see it. As though there's the outer parts of spokes on a wheel. As though they were all at the end of spokes. The wheel started spinning around and, huh, they're kind of like Persian cats. And I watch it and someone near is by it. And it moves around-- there's no sensation anymore of being in the water although every now and then there's some small sensation of it. Everything's moving perfectly free and fast. And they're spinning around. I've seen something like it. I know-- uh, a chandelier. Uh, this spinning dome reminded me, I think, of a chandelier I saw in a movie, 'The Three Musketeers' when I was a kid, where somebody cut the chandelier and fell down and squashed the people. And that reminded me of the chandelier in our house-- house that had the bay window. (Pause) I can't remember what the chandelier was like-- it had various spokes going out and every now and then I liked to spin it. I'd stand on the chair or something and spin it-- let it unwind and spin back. (Pause) I see that living room. I'm trying to really visualize it. The first thing I see is an old couch. I see the doors slide together and apart. I see the door to my

bedroom and door to the kitchen and door to the front door to the bay window. And the rug. Funny I can't remember details very well. I can't remember what the actual pieces of furniture really look like. Uh, I see kind of blurs that are taking up space. I see curtain to the windows that are white. (Pause) There is behind the chair the register-- only it's an older fashion register and it matches the one in the dining room. The dining room is a strange room to me-- in that I can't remember it very well at all. It just never seemed to have made much of an impression on me. (Pause) I see images of a Thanksgiving dinner there, e.g., I see the big buffet-- and a big old radio. I remember sitting one night when I was a really little kid in front of that radio and listening to Joe Louis fight Jersey Joe Walcott and he beat him. My mother really dug Joe Louis. She said he was a great champion, a great sportsman and he was one of my young idols. I remember listening to him fight several times-- and always winning. I remember when he made his comeback and he knocked out somebody. He fought Rocky Marciano. Anyway, this living room-- big dining room table with lacy type cloth cover. Chairs around it. I can't see the far wall very well. Oh, yes, I can; there's a door that leads upstairs to an apartment. Door to the kitchen. Then there's a side door that leads onto the porch. (Pause) I walk up the stairs that leads to the rest of the house. (Pause) I get to the top-- I remember having a dream once when I was a kid in which this happened; walking up the steps to the top-- this dream stayed with me for twenty years, I think (pause) on the top of the steps there's a guy with a gun and he shoots at me-- he misses. I remember running down the steps. I remember that because that's one of the few nightmares I've had when I was a kid in which I woke up-- that I realized I've had. And another one I remember that I remember was a train wreck where the train was really speeding along and I was on the train when it rolled over. Anyway, I just remember staying inside the house, again as a kid. I thought we were going to move, I'm not sure. So selling the house, I kissed the house goodbye-- I felt sorry that the house wasn't going to have anyone living in it anymore, at least the downstairs part. I kissed the door-- "Good-bye house"-- I was really sad. Outside I see the long side porch."

- (b) FIR: "White coil, in a black background. Then there was the falling (pause) the coil seen from the point of view away from it. Third eye falling down the coil, experiencing it more (pause) not really eyeing it, but sensation of it. (Are you seeing these?) Yeah. I was in a cave, I guess I sort of landed there softly after landing from the coil. The ledge, wall opening up walking into this bathroom type thing (pause) locker room type thing. Walking up to the top of the step turning on and coming back down. Seeing the ocean, the sky, the horizon. Getting a long exterior shot (pause) a cinematic shot of the whole thing and back into the cave and seeing the water which had been white-capped turning to darker blue to black. Jumping into the water (pause) going to this black area down to the crystal clear world. Seeing a castle, seeing fishes, and mermaid. The castle type structure (pause) seeing the domes of the castle kind of joining into a spinning thing (pause) seeing that become the image of chandelier in the three musketeers movie because the chandelier of my own house. Visualizing the furniture, the doors in the living room, the bed, radiator, Visualizing the dining room, the radio, table, buffet, windows, the doors. The upstairs image, the dream, kissing the house goodbye. The side porch outside. The unpainted house with the painted garage."
- (c) DR: "I'm in the Union grill standing in the line. Just picked up a tray. I set it on the tray slide and there's a girl there. She says something to me. I think I say something (pause) I can't remember what. We start talking as we go along the line. We get to the part where we order dinner and select the dinner. I start to look up at the menu and she suggests a plate of macaroni and cheese which I hate. But she insists that I'll really love it and I take a taste of it or two. I seem to like it O.K. The next thing that happens is that I'm home and I call her on the phone and I ask her out. To my great surprise because I act timidly almost always she says yes quite enthusiastically. So I'm driving to pick her up. She said she was on G Street which is where Anita lives. I get the feeling that it's someone very similar to Anita. As I'm driving to pick her up, I get a really incredible image. As I'm driving along it's kind of raining or something and I see this girl. At first I think it's

the same girl I'm going to pick up. She's wearing a raincoat and carrying an umbrella. She's crossing the street and waiting at the light and I'm watching her. All of a sudden she turns around and doesn't have any clothes on (pause) it's really scary (pause) upsetting thing is that this girl has a penis. I remember my thoughts in my dream as I see this. I say, 'God, that's really a weird thing.' And I drive on."

- (d) EU: "I see, huh, this girl. My sensation now is sort of (pause). The closest thing I can think of is repulsion. It isn't that strong, because in repulsion you get turned away from it. It must be pretty important obviously. It's still upsetting. (How are you feeling?) I feel I want to repel from it (pause) like it's uncomfortable. Whatever it represents I don't like it. It's something about myself that I won't want to enjoy finding out. (Pause) Repulsion isn't the word I want, it's too strong. Just kind of upsetting to know that it exists in my mind and upsetting to know that it exists in a near dream (pause) incredible nightmare (pause) down below it. (What comes to your mind's eye?) This dream wasn't a nightmare (pause) but if this image comes in that wasn't a nightmare, wow! I still see the same kind of image (pause) just kind of looking out the car window and seeing this girl. (Do you see her now exposed with the penis?) Yeah. She seems, except for that extremely feminine. I don't know how to describe the penis, it's just a penis. In the dream (pause) it was kind of hard holding the image because of the jolt of seeing it (pause) the feeling, the reaction. After that it was just a matter of shrugging it off. I'm obviously feeling the reaction. If I can feel the reaction the machine must be going wacky right now. (What kind of reaction are you feeling?) Well, (pause) fifteen or twenty seconds ago I felt a tremor of heart (pause) feeling of something in my stomach (pause) feeling kind of jelly sensation (pause) of quivering almost excitement what it feels like before a football game. Scared, anticipate like something is really happening (pause) kind of afraid to participate but more afraid not to participate (pause). I, feeling all through my body a reaction against it but an equal and probably stronger toward or for pursuing it. (What do you see?) Same image, girl in raincoat and umbrella (pause). Umbrella

is open and transparent. It doesn't really seem to to be raining really hard. (Pause) I'm kind of bloody or something. I kind of get the feeling (pause). I thought about the girl to myself (pause) that's really strange and weird. Then I checked to see if she'd stolen my penis. That's the part I was probably repressing or hiding it. I distinctly remember that being in the dream. Something similar to that. (Pause) That's really upsetting on a conscious level (pause) especially connecting it to G Street and Anita because I feel she was really emasculating in the long run and taking a long time to feel again any masculine dignity (pause). (In the image of this girl, did her penis look like your penis?) I think so. Similar. It's not all that clear, it's just the sensation of knowing it, feeling strange, that she's got a male sex organ. In the dream itself, it must have felt like some sensation of that (pause) I remember thinking that I'd better check and see if she had stolen my sex organ. It's really weird (pause). (Do you have any sensation in your penis?) No. Again, it was also very defensive because it was sort of a jolt when she turned around like that. My first reaction was that it was weird. My second reaction was that I think I was base. Third, it was a panic reaction whether she had stolen mine (pause). Image of Anita and I see her very clearly. I see her on G Street. We're up in her bedroom. I remember the first night I ever spent there. I preface this by saying no one ever screwed Anita, including me. She was just too uptight (pause) she was unscrewable (pause) at least at that particular time. I see her room, desk, and her bed and a book shelf I built for her. I remember that night, it's dark outside the window. I see her on the bed and me (pause) she asked me to sleep on the floor (pause) on a sleeping bag right beside her bed. It was about ten minutes before I was in bed with her (pause). With Anita, it's the closest thing I ever felt (paust), it was an immense warmth and genuine beauty. I never felt that with any other girl. She was absolutely warm and gorgeous (pause). I feel communion (pause) an absolute awareness of her and me. The thing was not uptight but it was very lyrical (pause) warm. I can relate that in the warmth of my mother when I slept with her when I was three or four years old. In fact, I remember it so closely, I've been looking for it all my life. (Is that something you just connected right



now?) I think I connected it a week ago without saying it (pause). I see another apartment of Anita's. This apartment at G Street was there the year before but the next year I see this apartment. I really like the house at G Street (pause). I see the room, I don't like the apartment. It's just a bland apartment, the bed came down from the wall (pause) and I see us fighting an awful lot. I do remember the sexual frustration in that apartment because the year before it was beautiful. (Pause) It seems very bare. Anita has this incredible body too. I see her. Just an incredible body. (Pause) It has some flaws, but it was pretty good-- . I see her in a nightgown and she was really built-- . She's standing there silhouetted against this bright window-- very bright window. The sun is reflecting on the glass, very brightly. She's kind of half silhouetted against the light. I'm sitting on the couch and I'm looking at her and I'm feeling that-- really torn. I'm feeling I really want this girl, but I feel that she'd be leaving soon (pause) to go to the other side of the world and I'll never see her again. This immediately brings another image. I see myself in Grand Rapids now in my bed there because one night about 10 months ago, I started thinking about Anita and I got ultra uptight because I kept thinking she is on the other side of the world and there's no way I can get her back here right now. I see this image of me breaking out in the cold sweat but I'm making parallels. It was a similar feeling of driving too far away from the house back in those days and feeling like I wouldn't be able to get back but I needed to get back. But this was reverse; I couldn't get Anita here when I needed her. (Pause) I see Anita and Grant; I remember one night when I wanted to kill him because he was over there. I used to live across the parking lot and I was talking on the phone when he came to the door. This wasn't me-- this was when I was really getting crazy because I just said I'm coming over and hung up the phone and ran all the way. I wanted to catch him and kill him. She sent him away. He was a big guy-- he was 6'3". But I could tell that I could hurt him had he been there. But he wasn't fortunately-- . ... I'm walking along Grand River-- walking across from the street into Grant's window to see if I could see Anita and Grant-- and thinking to myself what am I doing (pause) this isn't

me-- . I see that apartment that I was living in (pause) a little L-shaped room. It was just awful. I see the whole damn room where I went crazy. The crush of the walls closing in and the loneliness--. I see some of the girls (pause) that I did screw while I was going with Anita--. I had to do something so there were a few other trollops who relieved me (pause). (Can you reimage your father in the kitchen looking at yard? You became aware and had to go over to get a drink and something peculiar about the faucet?) It's and old, old sink and a brand new faucet. (Describe it.) Bright and shiny faucet, clean, long, all around it a dirty wall and dirty sink. The handles to turn the water on is clean too, and bright and shiny-- very polished-like. (You had a reaction to that faucet--.) The faucet was so obviously a phallic thing. I see the faucet, I see my hand turning on the water, holding the glass beneath it, getting the water and getting a drink and turning off the faucet. I'm not so much in the picture-- it's just that the focus is on the faucet. I don't know how to describe it except that it's strong looking-- . Shiny, clean, strong-- comes straight out. Thicker than a faucet should probably be--. I see my dad at the window and he turns his back to me. He looks at me very mean. (Pause) He takes a couple of steps toward me and I take a couple of steps toward him, but I don't feel confident. He comes toward me and it's very scary. He really looks kind of mean and I'm scared. (Are you scared right now?) No physical reaction, I want to keep the image. I can feel the heat in my body. I can see his face-- it doesn't really scare me but it creates some kind of reaction. I feel smaller than him even though I'm bigger. I'm couple inches taller, wider. But I feel smaller. ... I remember that. I can't remember what the argument was but he pasted me right across the face. That was probably the day I hated him him more than ever in my life. (Pause) Because he didn't do it when he was drunk; there wasn't any kind of justification. He really pasted me. (Did you see that?) Yeah (pause). ... I see one night when I was ---. I see a nightmare I think I was about 12 or 13. He (father) was drunk, my uncle was there and I was there. We all were in the bedroom and he was saying to my uncle-- he was trying to get my mother in bed with him. She said, Not now, Harry is here. And he said, come on, let's show Harry. I remember turning away with a sick feeling-- really feeling on a conscious level, 'My God, what a weakling.' This is really sick that he had to prove

his masculinity in this way. It turned out that she didn't get into bed with him. The nightmare part came later-- . I think this was the same night he was insane, passed out cold. Every few minutes he would go into this fit-- hitting himself in his head with his fist as hard as he could. He bloodied his nose, pounding his head and I had to hold his wrist down--. God, that was awful. I really see that holding his wrist down and he's out cold it seems. His eyes are closed, he's passed out. Everytime he hit his head you could hear the sound of it (pause). He hit himself as hard as he could on his head. (Pause) That was a nightmare. ... (Pause) (What do you see?) I see when he was strong, really strong, good skin texture, bronze color from working out in the sun all the time. I see lots of good things like symbols of Christmas trees. I feel lots of good things in terms of symbols of Christmas. ... "

(8) Female, age 29

(a) FI: "(Pause) It seems like over to the left like a cliff-looking like over a cliff. (Pause) I was like towards the bottom and you could-- I don't know maybe it was mountains and on the other side seemed to be clear and you can peek out over it. And, when I saw it then it changed into like two women standing over to the left-- with brimmed hat and feathers all around the crown. And they had long dresses somewhere in the 1800's. It's old fashioned-- then I thought of my grandmother (pause). I see a spot in the center, then I saw it again. (Pause) It's there again. (Pause) And again. (Pause) It seems to have been there for a second or so and then it comes back. And the pain is back again. (Pause) I saw something like a field and a pond way over to the right. And in the middle (pause) it was very small. And then it seems as though a big crow flew down (pause) swooped down in the field. (Pause) I seem to see, um, (pause) a blue room or something and there are two people standing. And they are both Negroes and it seems like maybe it's one of the boys I had in class and his brother. But I could only see from the waist (pause) from the knees down. They were buying clothes. (Pause) My right eye is hurting a little bit. (Pause) Now I'm getting very sleepy again. (Pause) I saw, huh, (pause) um, like a small fort of some kind and a black hat being thrown out (pause) it was floating along like a saucer. (Pause) I just saw something quickly (pause) the hat-- was over a peg-- like on a drinking fountain. And it started getting taller and taller and then all of a sudden there was like a face underneath it and it was a black face (pause) with great big sad eyes. Then it scared me when I recognized what it was. (Pause) I see, I saw a, um, bunch of kids sitting in the cafeteria and there was -- (pause) a boy with a striped shirt (pause). They were at a table and there by a little part of the table and I was looking down and there were three at this one little part. (Pause) And they all had striped shirts on. And I thought if they would move their table a little more people could move in."

(b) FIR: "To the left is a cliff. You could almost pass over it. But then, it changed into women with old fashioned dresses with puffy sleeves. Their hats (pause) great big brimmed hats. Looks like feathers or flowers or something. At the crown there's a big cluster of them. There was a woman instead of a cliff. (Pause) I don't think this was the right order, but a big field with a

pond in the middle. Off to the right (pause) and then all of a sudden a bird like a crow swept down over the trees. Then I saw a fortress (pause) a small one and a man had a black suit like with a (pause) waved hair (pause) and was bald. He threw this round hat in this big opening. And there was a black hat. Then I saw a hat on the, um, drinking fountain. It started to grow like a Lincoln hat, and all of a sudden there was a face under it and it was a black man's face with real sad eyes and he was looking at me."

(c) DR: "I can't seem to get started. I see other things. I was in Germany and I had gone to sleep and then all of a sudden (pause) seemed as though I had woken up but I discovered I was still asleep. I couldn't wake up. (Pause) I never thought that it would scare me so much that I had tried to (pause) figure how I could wake myself up. (Pause) I tried to move my arms and I couldn't move them. Then I tried to move my feet (pause) but nothing would move and I couldn't wake up. So I thought if I could (pause) get into the bathroom to splash water on my face I'd wake up. (Pause) I tried to go into the bathroom and turn on the water (pause) and I did put water into my hand (pause) and by the time I got my hands to my face they'd be no water. I just saw water run into the sink. (Pause) I just saw something like a circus being pushed (pause) into some compartment (pause) but I would try and get (pause) the water to my face and I couldn't do it. (Pause) I'm seeing the bathroom where I was so I went to try and put water on my face and look in the mirror I was just a negative (pause) there was nothing there. Then I think I finally woke up."

(d) EU: "I saw (pause) like a corner, around the corner where a group of boys were standing flat against the wall and they all had like the bottom of the foot on the wall so their knees stuck out. I saw that really quickly. (Pause) (Can you reimage hat getting larger and fountain and face appearing beneath it with sad eyes?) (Pause) (Are you awake?) Uh huh. (Pause) (Do you feel like you're on the verge of sleep?) No. (Pause) (Is there anything in your mind's eye?) (Pause) (Can you tell me what's happening?) (Pause) (Can you verbalize or describe that dream again and report any images?) (Pause) (Are you awake?) Uh huh."

(Can you verbally describe that dream again?)  
(Pause) (Can you say your name?) (Client-subject mentions her first name.) (Pause) (Are you aware of any resistance against describing the dream or anything before?) No. (Describe the dream again and make a note of any images that happen to come to your mind's eye.) (Pause) I was (pause) lying in bed in Germany. (Pause) And I wouldn't wake up (pause) I tried to wake up and I tried to move my hands except they wouldn't move (pause) at all. (Pause) I am, I was trying to wake up and I couldn't move anything and I laid in bed and thought if I could get some water on my face it would wake me up. I'm having different visions. (Can you describe them?) I have a vision of a male standing at a toilet going to the bathroom. (Describe the image.) He's just holding onto his penis and just going to the bathroom. (Pause) I went to the sink, to try and get some water and I could feel it on my hands but couldn't. When I put my hands to my face I couldn't feel anything. (Pause) So I looked up into the mirror and there wasn't anything there and I was just a negative. (Describe what you see.) (Pause) I don't actually see it. I just remember so well (pause). I remember that there was nothing there but just black and white. (Pause) Then I see the toilet, but the toilet is not in the right spot. (Is the man still there?) No. (Pause) (What's happening?) I was trying to figure out the man at the toilet. (What's he wearing?) Plaid shirt, but (pause) I don't necessarily know if it's a man. I think it could have been me. (Do you see the penis now?) (Pause) I don't know. (Pause) (What's happening?) Nothing. I was just thinking about, I just became aware of what I wasn't (pause) a machine. (Are there any feelings and sensations connected with that thought?) I just realized that I didn't switch on the light. (Do you see yourself or what seems to be yourself at the toilet?) This was when I saw myself looking down into the sink basin, (pause) and moving my hands to cup the water. All of a sudden I saw (pause) the hands moving towards the penis. I saw the figure. (Pause) (What's the faucet like in the sink?) It's a turn handle (pause), it's huh, hot and cold on either side. (Do you see the faucet itself?) Oh, comes up the center (pause) I don't know. (Pause) I feel as though I'd like to sit up and open my eyes or something. (Do you see anything?) No. (Do you know why you'd like to open your eyes?) (Pause) I'm just supposed to take a break or something. (Pause) (How

are you feeling?) I feel fine now. (Describe the hat that grew larger and tell me what pops in your mind's eye?) (Pause) The hat was sitting there in the drinking fountain and it started to grow higher like a Lincoln hat. (Pause) And all of a sudden there's a black face under it (pause) and he was looking at me. His eyes were so sad and bloodshot. (Pause) (What's happening?) I thought of going back to the apartment and Dave would be there and he would probably get mad or something. I created a little scene in my own mind yelling back and forth at each other. (Can you describe the scene?) I don't necessarily see it, but he'll say something about why does it take that long? But really (pause) in a critical manner and I would just jump back at him. (What do you see?) Hmm. I don't see anything. I just think of jumping back at him because it's as though I have to account for all of my time. But as yet I haven't done anything. Lately I'm good to him. So (pause). (What's happening?) I've been thinking (pause). I don't know. I guess I'm quite aware of the machine. (In what way?) I wonder. I had envisioned him sitting there watchaing and yet at the same time (pause) I hear his foot tap once in a while. I just thought in terms of almost a code worked up between the two of you. (Foot tapping code?) Uh, huh. (Any sensations or feelings?) No. (Pause) I think, I kind of think you might react negatively to the idea that I would think that he's tapping his foot for some reason. (What negative way might I react?) That I'm suspicious. (Pause) (Is there anything in your mind's eye?) No. (Pause) What was your reaction when you saw that man standing up and going to the bathroom holding his penis?) Startled me. (What about later when you thought that that person might be you?) (Pause) I just thought about (pause) it seems typical of remembering, not typical, it would be in line with my idea of wanting to be a boy. (Pause) (Any feelings or sensations?) No, I just thought about Dave, um (pause) saying something to me again. (Saying something to you?) Just like I saw him saying something like 'It took you that long (pause) or did it take that long?' And I saw myself screaming back that it did take that long and telling him I was tired of (pause) having to answer for all my time when I wasn't with him or didn't include him. (Pause) And I just saw (pause). (Sigh) I feel like I'm doing what I'm not supposed to be doing."

(9) Female, age 22

- (a) FI: "It's like I could see the ceiling (pause) the time that I was-- I felt so panicky. I felt like things were closing in on me. And I could see the ceiling seem to be coming closer to me like I was going to be trapped. (Pause) It's as though the way I felt then. (Pause) I can see the ceiling but it has carrots hanging on it. They are draped all across. (Carrots?) Uh, huh, just hanging down. (Pause) I can see a stage, but it seems like I'm moving backwards -- I'm moving far from it and getting smaller and smaller. (Pause) I can see a wheel, like a bicycle wheel and turning around very fast. (Pause) I felt like touching it when it's going real fast (pause) like I can feel it rub against your hand when you try to stop it. (Pause) I can feel my hand just caught in' the spokes. (Pause) I can see a tree (pause) it has branches coming out-- close to the ground. (Pause) I can see the flower again. (Describe what you see.) (Pause) It's just a flower with grass around it-- the grass is real thick. (I noticed your face flushed. Tell what you are feeling.) (Pause) I feel tight-- holding everything inside (pause) like I'm tied up. (Pause) I feel like I'm-- becoming blown up like a balloon and I'm going to burst. (Pause) (Your body feels inflated?) Uh, huh. (Larger than its actual size?) Yes. (Pause) (Do you still see the flower?) Yes. (Can you describe it?) It's almost like it's not in a place where flower grows. It's just coming out of the grass and the grass is awfully thick and you don't see flowers in that kind of grass. (Pause) It's in a place it doesn't belong. (Pause) It's sort of waving, like the winds blowing it (pause). It's a daisy-- but the petals change (pause) sometimes they're very thin-- and at other times (pause) they're wider. (Pause) (You can wipe your eyes. What were you feeling when the tears came?) (Pause) I don't really know. (Pause) (When you wipe your eyes try to keep your head just as low as you can. You don't know what you're feeling?) I know I feel something that, that sort of upsets me, and I don't know what it is. (Pause) (Can you describe the flower in more detail?) (Pause) The grass is sort of tall and the flower doesn't come up much farther-- at least not higher than the grass (pause) but it does stick up above the grass. It has a very thin stem. (Pause) There are no leaves or anything-- the stem is just very smooth. The stem is just on the end. It has a yellow center and white petals. (Pause) I feel like if something-- if I could



get there and pick the flower (pause) that it would go away and I wouldn't see it. (Pause) I would like to see it (pause). It's almost always like-- the ground is sort of rolling; it's not real flat. (Pause) And the flower is sort of on the side and the ground is sort of rising up and that's where the flower is. (Pause) I can see-- the place where there's no surrounding (pause) I can just see him. (That's the man you don't want to tell me about?) Yes. (Pause) I can see his back-- he's turned away. (Pause) I can see him walking away. It's like he's trying to walk a straight line. (Pause) (You can dab your eye.) (Pause) (He's trying to walk a straight line?) He's got his arms stretched out like he's balancing himself on something. (Pause) I sort of see him-- I want to scratch it (pause) it's like a picture and I feel like scratching it out. (When did you have that feeling? Just now?) Yes, I can see him with his arms-- I don't want to see this any more. I can see a mountain that has a sharp point. (Pause) / And scratch paper-- you can tear the paper. (Pause) (What are you feeling?) I feel like taking a pen and just scratching. (Any emotions or feelings?) I feel like I want to get rid of something. (Pause) (You're not feeling any emotions?) No. (Pause) (Your face is flushed.) (Pause) (Can you describe sensations?) (Pause) I (pause) and I wish. (What?) I wish I could see him. I want to see him. (Pause) (Can you describe the sensations?) (Pause) It's just-- like everything seems that nothing can be done (pause) just blocks. (Pause) I feel helpless like there's nothing else I can do. (Pause) Like that's the way it really is (pause). Nothing can be done. (Any sensations in stomach, etc.) It's just that I've got my stomach pulled in (pause) I can tell. (Pause) (Your chest?) It's so tight. (Your head, neck?) My head is hurting. (Hurting feeling?) Yes. (Can you isolate it?) Like it's (pause). It's like (pause) like it's not a pain, just a hole. A feeling like a hurt (pause). (In the forehead?) No, it's further in the back (pause). (Inside your head?) Uh, huh. (Pause) It's not a pain but it's sort of a sharp pain. (Anything in your mind's eye now?) No, just sort of a brown rough surface. (Has your mind been blank for a while?) I think so-- when I was talking (pause) when I was feeling the way my head felt, I didn't see anything then."

(b) FIR: "I just see the ceiling (pause) it wasn't the real ceiling of the building but the balcony up over. It's sort of low but not high like the ceiling. (Pause) The floor seems to come closer. (Pause) (Can you recall the sequence of the images?) I see a bicycle wheel. I can see the whole bicycle. It's kind of upside down (pause). I see like turning the pedals with my hand and making it go faster and faster. (Pause) It seems like it's going so fast that I can feel the feeling in my head. (What feeling is that?) A sort of a hurting feeling. (Remember what images came next and the sequence?) I see a flower that came next. (Pause) I saw a tree and the branches coming out (pause) of the grill. (Pause) I can see two different trees that are together. This one has branches coming out but then the rest of it is another tree. (Pause) (Do you remember what came next?) (Pause) No. (Pause) I see a flower, but-- it's sort of moving in the wind (pause). I see a man with (pause) there wasn't anything around it-- just him. (Pause) When he turned around there was a hole in his back. (Pause)"

(c) DR: "(Pause) I see a man that is asleep (?). I think I was one of the boys but I don't know where he came from (pause). He had a file in his hand. (Can you see that?) Yes. (Pause) It was a gun on one end of it. He was going to kill me with it (pause). He must have meant to stab me with it. I was so afraid I had this gun in my hand but I never even thought of using it. (Tears are coming. Keep describing.) I think I was packing away (pause). He told me that I could kill myself if I wanted to (pause). That's what I wanted to do. I'd rather kill myself than someone else because I didn't know how to do it. I had the gun in my hand. I thought that he must be thinking that I could shoot myself. (Pause) But I couldn't shoot myself with that gun because it wasn't a real gun. I was thinking what I could do, maybe I could pretend to kill myself and he wouldn't know the difference. (Pause) I never did anything else (pause) I just kept thinking what I could do. I was going to hold the gun to my head. (Pause) I was going to fall, but I never did this. (Pause) I can see myself backing away from him and falling down-- but I didn't mean to fall down. I just stepped back and the gun went down and I fell. (Pause) I felt afraid but I didn't let him know that I was afraid (pause). I can just

see him standing there with the file in his hand (pause) and he's just holding it in his hand. He didn't have it ready like he was going to hit me. (Pause) I can see my fingers (pause). I can see those things on my fingers and I (pause) I felt that I could make my fingers get smaller until they fall off (pause)."

- (d) EU: "I could see a bell; it's turned over (pause). It's open on one end. (Pause) There's some liquid in it, but it's only (cough) (pause) there might have been more but there's just so much-- on the side it doesn't run out. (Pause) (Cough) (Pause) (What is in your mind's eye?) There's a hole (cough) on the top, no side of it-- the side that's on top. I guess there's a flower sticking-- with the hole coming out. (Pause) They pass through my mind very fast and I try to forget it and not see that. (What do you see right now?) I can see the flower sticking out of the hole. (Pause) (That's the one you want to forget?) Yes. (Can you describe it in detail?) I don't know where the flower is coming from-- it's not touching part of the hole-- it's just coming out of it. There's no place where it is to come from, the bottom is (pause) just sticking through it. (Pause) I, feet, feel stiff (pause). I feel like my toes are stretched out. (Pause) (Anything now in your mind's eye?) I can see the bell that's rolled over and the part (pause) I can see the waves coming up on shore. (Pause) It keeps blowing in. I can see the lines that they make on the sand. (Boo! What was your reaction to that?) (Pause) I felt my arm sort of tight. (Pause) (What do you see?) I see a road going over the water (pause). It's a road going parallel to the shoreline and it's upon-- like it's built upon this post but there's no reason for it being in the water (pause) it doesn't go across the water, it just follows along the line to the edge of the shore (pause). It's still yet not hurting them again. (Has it just started?) Yes. I just noticed it. (Pause) I can see a light that's flashing on and off. (Pause) I can see it flash but it doesn't really go off-- it just sort of flashes and coming brighter. (Pause) I can see a light up over the doorway. (P) It's sticking out of-- like a stem sticking out of a building. (Pause) (Do you see the dream image of the man with the file falling to the ground?) Yes. (Can you describe it?) I can see him but (pause) I can't tell any details about,

about him (pause). He has light colored hair (pause). He's very calm. He's not angry, but right now it looks like he's going to attack me. He's walking towards me. (Pause) I don't know where he came from (pause) all of a sudden he was just there. (Pause) He has the file in his right hand. (Pause) I was afraid but I didn't show it. (Pause) (Do you see yourself?) Yes. (Can you describe it?) I can only see the back of me. (Pause) (Describe what you see.) I have a little dress that has flowers on it-- green, pink, and orange. (pause) I have on sandals; I'm moving backwards (pause). The man is moving forward and I keep moving back away from him. (Pause) I was holding the gun in my left hand and I was going to put it out to the side of my head. (Pause) (Do you see him? Do you see his face? Can you describe him?) (Pause) His hair is thin. (Pause) He has a receding hair line. His face is round. (Pause) He's sort of heavy. (Pause) I just have a face that to see in it-- but yet there's nothing about it that has any character. (Is there anything familiar about the face, or man?) No. (Pause) (What's his expression?) He's very calm, just walking towards me and sort of talking in a low voice. (What's he saying?) (Pause) He said he was going to kill me. (What's he wearing?) Sort of a-- , short sleeves which is open on the back. (Pause) he's got a pants on which is beige color-- solid colors. His arms are just hanging down by his side. (Pause) he's very ordinary-- there's nothing about him that attracts my attention. (Pause) His voice is just a plain voice. (Pause) (Is he getting closer to you?) He's just walking and I keep backing away. I keep walking back and this guy is really moving-- but he doesn't get any closer. I keep moving back (pause). The whole thing is very calm. He just says he's going to kill me. And I can do it first if I want to. (Pause) My jaws ache. (Jaws ache?) Uh, huh. (Pause) (Is there anything in your mind's eye?) (Pause) I can see my hand. (Pause) I don't have any feeling in my hand. (Left hand?) Uh, huh. ("Flower") (Pause) (What do you see?) I see some flowers in the grass. (Pause) (What's happening?) I feel like I'm moving away from him-- moving up. But I can still see the flower. It's very small, it's just a dot. (Pause) Now I see a (pause), and it's in the same place sort of the back of it. The flower that's growing upright right next to one of the post. (Pause) There's always something funny about what I said-- it's always sort of in an

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odd place. It just comes out of nothing. (Pause)  
It's sort of in an artificial surrounding-- not  
where flowers grow. I can see it just comes out of  
the ground next to the post-- right against it.  
(Pause) (Boo! What reaction did you have to that?)  
Something happened to the file, the bell-- .(Did  
you have a startled reaction?) I can feel my body  
sort of tighten. (Did it bother you as much as  
before?) No. (Pause) (I'm going to say something--  
describe it in your mind's eye: "Father") (Pause)  
I can see my dad sitting in a chair and he's not  
sitting up straight-- he's sort of (pause) squinted  
down in the chair. His eyes are closed. (Pause)  
(Do you still see him?) Yes. I'm not angry towards  
him and felt something like pity (pause). (How are  
you feeling now?) (Pause) I feel sorry for him.  
(Right eye tearing now?) (Pause) (What do you see  
now?) I see him walking toward the door and he's  
coming home. (Pause) I see him taking off this  
coat. (Pause) I see him drop his coat on the floor.  
(Pause) I see him walking-- walking to the house.  
(Pause)"

1. Long term

2. Short term

3. Medium term

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