

An abstract painting featuring a face whose features are composed of a landscape. The face is rendered in shades of yellow, orange, and blue, with dark, expressive brushstrokes defining the eyes, nose, and mouth. The background is a warm, textured wash of orange and red. The title 'DREAMING in' is in white, and 'Images and Words' is in yellow, both in a serif font.

DREAMING in
Images and Words

Norman Sasowsky

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The dreamer.



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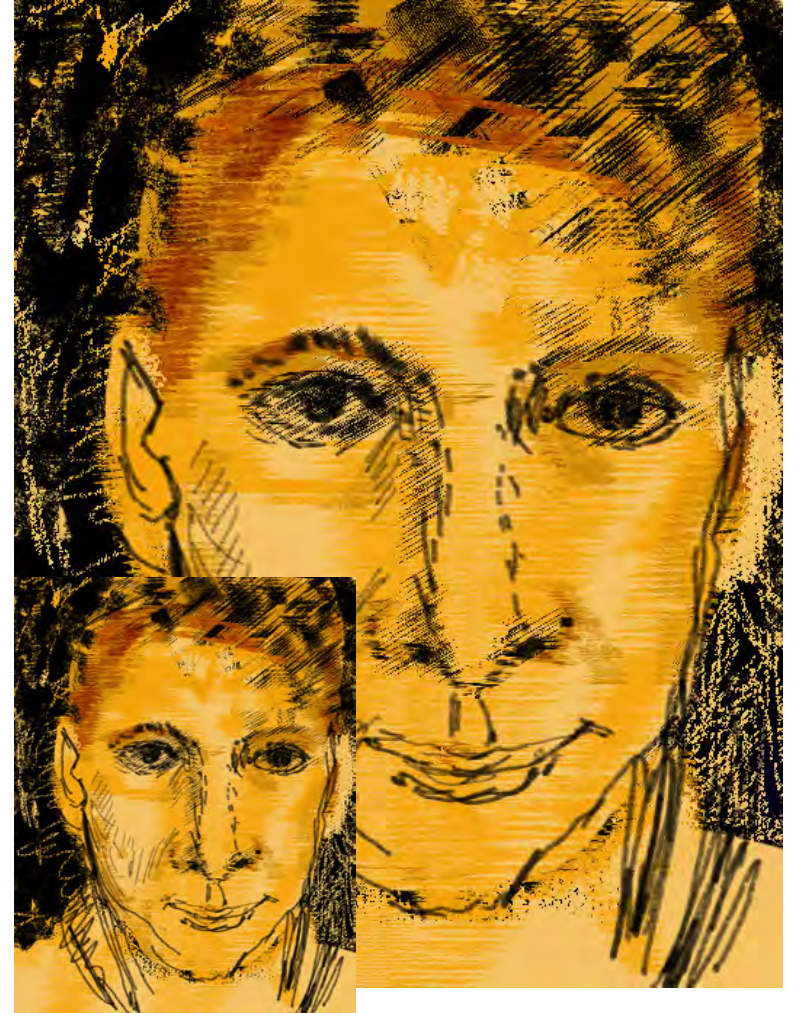
*I dream in images.
I see places and people.
I don't hear them
talking but I'm aware of
what's going on.*

*I'm surprised by where I
find myself - not being able to
trace back why I'm there.*

*The same thing occurs
when I create images - they
too appear involuntarily.*

I dream, more than I'd like to, not having any control of the situation.

Sometimes the same dream, or its general pattern repeats itself and doesn't require analysis to interpret. A childhood experience emerges in slightly different forms as if it might happen again.



Luckily, I rarely have a frightening dream. When I do I can escape by waking and calming myself.

They leave quickly, as if not wanting to be discovered or understood, but the experience is usually powerful enough to force some analysis.



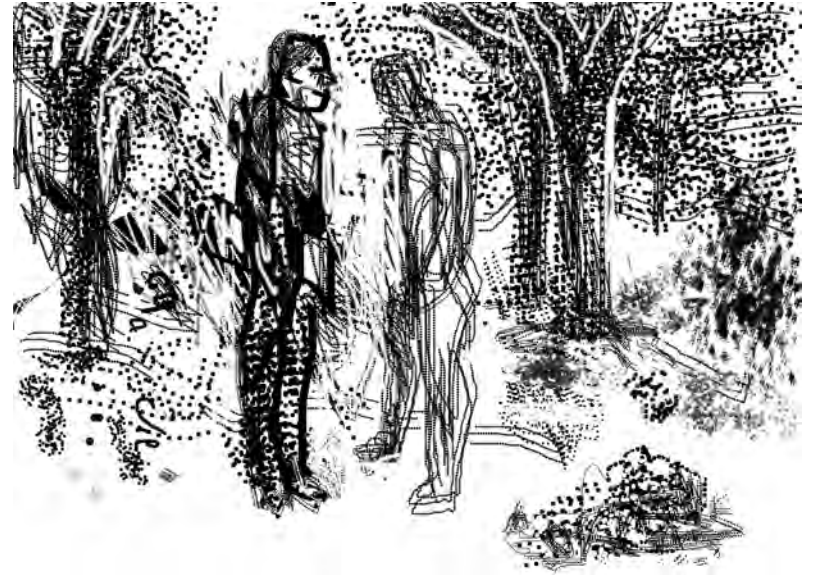


My most troubling and recurring dream is about loss or abandonment. I've been married a long, wonderful time, the abandonment has to do with being separated from my wife.

I must have suffered a difficult parting from my mother whom I never knew, so it is no surprise that such an incident should remain so etched in my unconscious life.

In my dream I lose contact with my wife, and when I try to use my cell phone I can't seem to make it work. I struggle to make the call.

*In another recurring dream,
I'm walking in a forest, dreaming,
I think, and a person approaches
me and starts to tell me his life
story. I'm not sure of where he came
from, who he is, or if I want or need
to hear his story. It feels as though
I'm trapped in a book and I'm
compelled to listen, read on, or
participate, because I am drawn
into it.*





Remembering my dreams is another issue. They tend to leave memory quickly. If I make notes immediately upon awakening I'm able to capture them.

Sometimes, quieting down enough, in meditation, a previous dream will surface.

Some of my dreams have been preserved in my Notebooks.

Another dream, I haven't experienced in a long time, I find myself walking along a shore. Somehow it feels like the Oregon shore, although I've never been there. All of a sudden a giant wave comes out of the sea and threatens me.

I was surprised to learn that such occurrences do exist. I have a great respect for oceans.



*My dreams arrive
marching across my
sleeping self.*

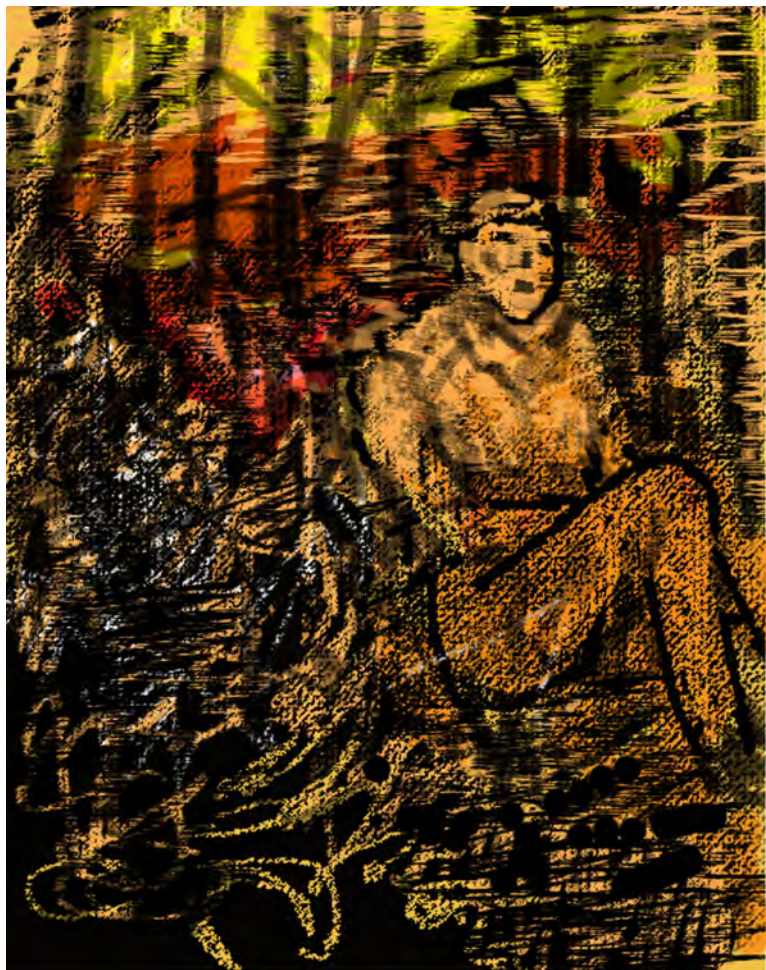
*It's like going to
three feature films each
night and frankly, even
though they say dream-
ing is healthy, I wake
up tired from them.*



Occasionally I have the wonderful experience of flying effortlessly over some location. I have no fear of falling and I seem to have some control in directing the flight. It gives me a sense of unusual power, an ability I'd like to possess, but not enough for me to try hang gliding or anything like that.



The dreamer, dreaming.



In other times and places one could go to an individual who was thought to be able to interpret dreams, to make sense of them and to offer directions or suggestions as to what to do. Probably such persons still can be found but I suspect what someone else finds in my dreams.

Why do I keep returning to dreams about my former work situation and colleagues? Or other parts of my history? My mind is always firing, sending “messages” back and forth. Some messages seem clear. Most others just seem to arise for reasons that remain a mystery. My physician says I’m not responsible for my dreams.



*We wake, or think we do.
Our eyes open and our limbs
start to respond, or do they
move on their own? Before we
realize it our bodies start to
move about. We begin put-
ting the pieces into place so
that we can give some form to
this state and convince
ourselves that we are awake.
Sometimes it takes a great
effort because we are disori-
ented - we don't know where
we are or how we got here.
With some luck the pieces fit
together. As the day proceeds
we reaffirm everything we
know and believe.*

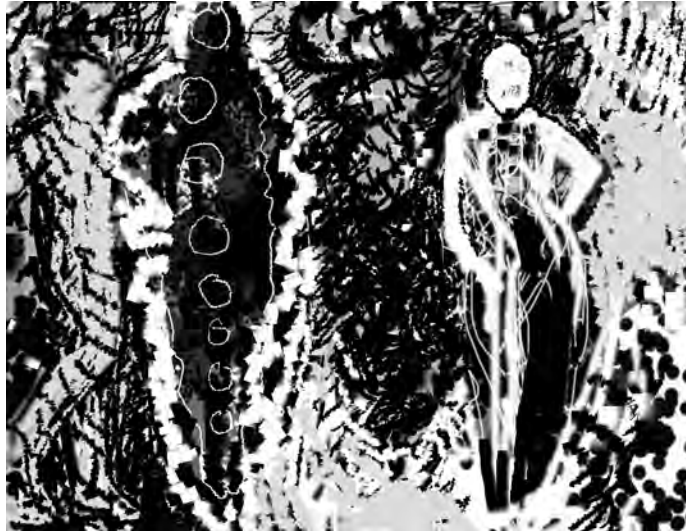
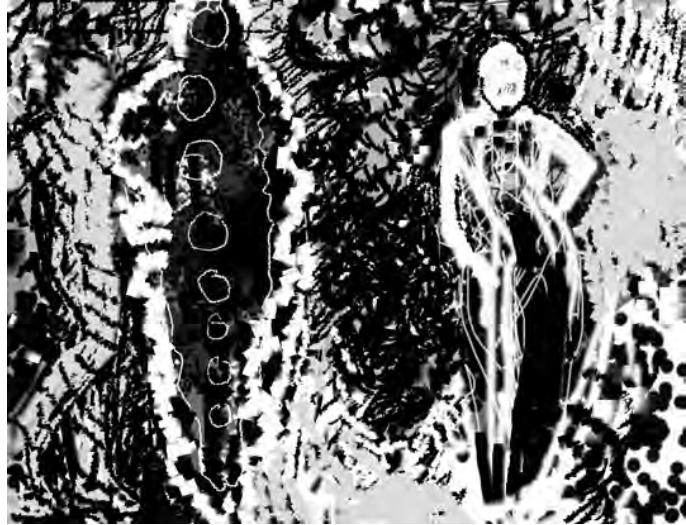
*We reach our "normal"
state before returning to sleep
and once again lose control of
where our thoughts and
feelings take us.*

I used to take my dreams too seriously. I thought they were my unconscious self sending a message encouraging me to act or feel guilt.

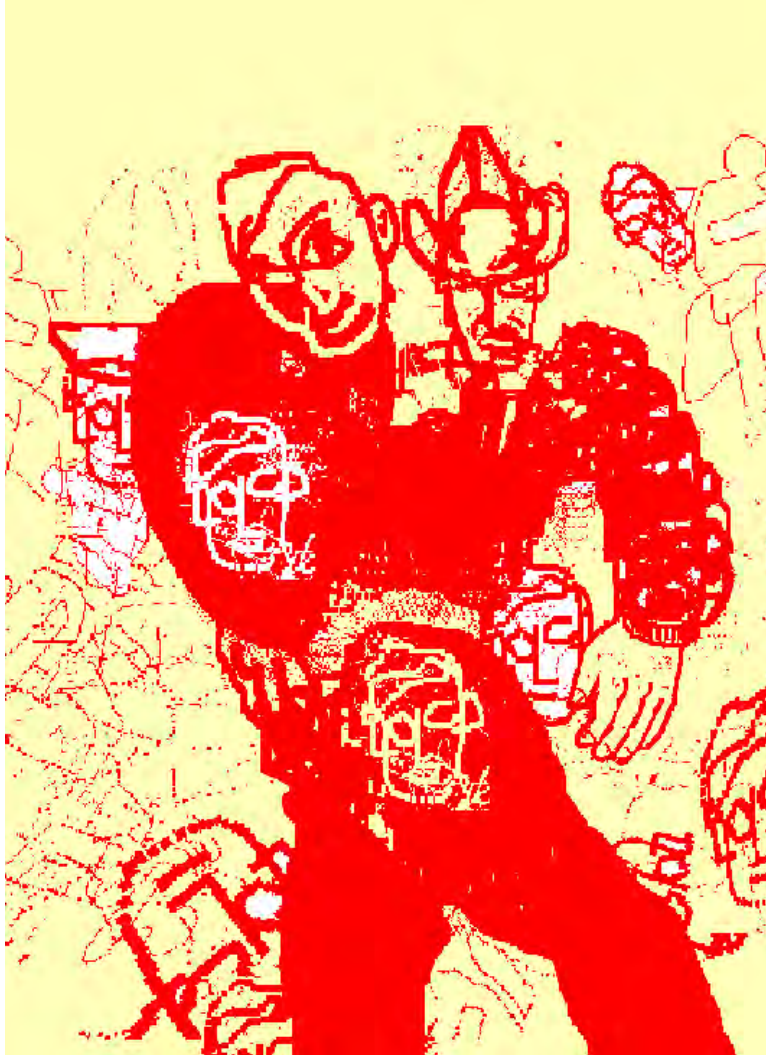


Now I accept them like the images that come from me, the paintings I create, works of art at their best, doodles at their least.





I think that sleep, the necessary precursor to dreaming, is similar to death - an endless, pleasant, dreamless sleep.



*In all innocence I
approached the dream not
knowing that the situation
had already been resolved.
I made the first move. No
response. Tried again.
Same reaction, nothing.*



Sleep itself is a great mystery - why we sleep, how we “fall” asleep and what disturbs our sleep. All I can do is surrender and hope for the best.

My dream and wake lives are parallel - creating stories. I tend to think the waking one is the “real” one, but I’m not at all sure.



Additional professional information can be obtained
by visiting the following internet site:

<http://normansasowsky.com>

The site includes many more paintings, portraits,
artist's books, and a curriculum vitae - exhibitions,
publications, collections.

A CD containing similar material plus an 11
minute video is available by contacting the artist at:
58 S. Manheim Blvd., New Paltz, NY 12561,
845 419 2427

youtube.com has several videos search:
1norsky.