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Io

R.B.

Io

Dreams

ISSUE ON ONEIROLOGY

Io 8 $3.50

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Editors: Richard Grossinger & Lindy Hough

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A Dream Issue faithfully continues the quest(ion) of the whole set of Ios. Hopefully the darkness of one axis transmits opaquely the sun of another (as well as the angle and principle of growth within). To change from Signatures to Ethnoastronomy to Oecology to Dreams is not only equal to our cause. It is our cause. For no one science or poetics is sufficient. Instead, we can have a continuous derivation or transformation of the various faces and forms, issue by issue.

Waking and dreaming are part of the same chemistry. We dream so that we can be awake. If we do not dream, then we do not awake either. Likewise, without imagination, there can be no logic, no law, no criticism (whatever one would want to oppose here), nor is this a romanticism, or liberal philosophy on how to educate the young to be creative. This is the chemical (or electrical) reality of the system. Dreams, by their absorption of certain chemicals, create the waking state of the body, even as the awake condition gradually decomposes into dream.

Dreams do not counter reality. Nor does reality negate dream-event. In dream, reality is twisted, tested, tempered, reborn; subjected to the depths of its negative capability, it awakes with new energy, new clarity. Without dream we would hallucinate continuously; we could not exist upon the present body of the Earth.

The dreaming apparatus has been perfected phylogenetically in relation to other psychic and somatic processes (such as vision, upright posture, or consciousness). Dreaming, uncompensated for, is lethal. There can be little question (and Darwin too must stand or fall on this) that a biomental (or physiological) process which requires such enormous periods of time for its preparation and occurrence is of selective value.

We are hopefully beyond those dangerous rationalist attempts to remove dreaming from our bodies (most notably here the Russian research into adding man-hours by reducing or "curing" the need of the workers to dream). The more usual approach in the Western World is not to attack dream, but to subvert it to one's own purposes. Thus we are witness to the terrible corruption of dream and the imagination in American popular culture (theater, novel, advertising, or read somebody's dream-poems, so-called, sometime). We have our share of Freudian criticism and self-conscious profundity, but America is, in reality, quite anti-dream. From one political extreme to another, if there is a common enemy it is Imagination. Yet imagination is the only real source for change in institutions, leading the great lithic civilization, as dream does waking, thru its own decay, and revolution of forms, into a new morning, a postdiluvian daylight. The revolutionary army, working from its own rationist resources, can only stumble into the vacated form, replacing the enemy with itself.

Dream is but one form of Imagination, but it is the one to which the entire population is most nakedly and mercilessly subjected. Interpretation of dream does not help. Nor does stylized lyricism. These are further escapes from dream as vision, quest, rebirth, & they embarrass the imagination with their insistence.

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Ecology gives one reading of where we are. In dream a different sounding. Both are as absolute as dead reckoning, for what landmarks are there outside of either (except possibly the other)? In both we come to see that chemical systems are altered by our participation in them. The ecology of the Earth affects the dreaming of the Earth, and vice versa. We are where we are because the conditions are such. Environmental and cosmic rhythms, occurring during the history of the planet, have been woven into evolution. We do not always respond to the loudest bell, but the one which rings at the proper time. It is those voices which we have internalized, chemically, that we do not even have to hear to respond to. An attack upon dream, spurred on by artificial goals, such as annual production requirements, is an attack upon this communications system. To suggest that life can be packed more full of events without dreaming is an absolute misunderstanding of time. It is also a misapplication of energy, density, and intensity. The world has a natural speed, at which it happens, and our own clocks are set thereby.

The section on physiology in this issue (insofar as it goes beyond matters of dream proper) is recognition of these relationships. I have been given a Culture and Personality course to teach for the spring, and this is usually a fairly large waste of time for everyone concerned, things like modal personality, Rorschaches to Indians, etc. Part of the problem is that "culture" and "personality" don't form any sort of tension. They are different opinions of the same thing. Instinct and environment, taking both in their widest literal sense, do give two fixed points. It is true that the instincts, including the archetypes, if they exist at all, are part of the environment. Yet so much time is packed into them that they are eternal psychic events, transmitting their continued existence by intense processes of memory, DNA, and even language. Culture and personality represent the dynamic between instinct and environment, the one lying closer to environment (in the narrow sense), the other to instinct. Soma (body) is the meeting ground of these various dynamic levels. Thus, in the course, we will examine those areas of personality that lie closest to environment and instinct and that work toward a definition of psychosomatic reality, especially those areas which feed directly back into the environment thru the culture. The course is divided into three parts: the first on medicines and curing; the second on dreams, waking, hallucinations, and insanity; and the third on sex, metabolism, birth, and death. Aside from the Dream Issue, materials used will include "The Sorceror and His Magic" by Lévi-Strauss, The Case for Unorthodox Medicine by Brian Inglis, Civilization and Madness by Michel Foucault, Sex Energy by Robert De Ropp, The Tibetan Book of the Dead, and assorted other writings by Freud (especially Totem and Taboo), Jung, Reich, Ferenczi, and Whorf. This is just one possibility of how the material can be used, set up for a particular situation.

To recover the dream on the level of physiology is not to lose dream-quest or dream-voice. It is simply to get them out of the hands of the sentimentalists and idealist philosophers. Similarly,

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an ecology or economics of civilization does not destroy the grounds for philosophy or poetry, hence the Vichian search among the topical, in the marketplace, the courts, for the well-spring of inevitable logic, and that it is. Anything else is to cut off dream from, say, the French Revolution or coal-mining in Pennsylvania.

The subtitle oneirology (from Greek oneiros, dream) is to establish the grounds for an overall science (and philosophy) of dream. It is not that, by any means, we take such a systematic burden upon ourselves or make light of the valuable research being done in many quarters, scientific, artistic, etc., on dream; it is simply to call attention to the fact that most studies of dream are done at the service of some other work, as reduction to that work; hence the word oneirology does not yet exist. We have tried to place under its name as wide a variety of possibilities as we could. Thus, within the issue, there is at least some information on each of the following topics: Freudian Dream, Jungian Dream, Dream Quest, Oneiromancy, Telepathic Dream, Physiology of Dreaming, The Dreaming (Aboriginal Australian), Biblical Dream Interpretation, Phrenological Dream, Dreams of Animals, Dream Deprivation, Dream Journals, Psychoanalysis, Whitehead on Dream, and numerous others, including a section of dreams from North America, South America, Africa, Asia, and Oceania. The issue also contains information on various topics relevant to dreaming in the wider oneirological sense: transformational art, homoeopathy, topology, mythology, etc.

The next issue will be the Earth Geography Issue, with a deadline for submission of material sometime in the late fall. At least one aspect of the issue is that it will be divided into regions, such as Kansas-Nebraska, Maine and the Maritimes, Newburyport, Bolinas-Woodville, to mention a few that are already begun. There will also be general sections on Geography, matters of space, a pick-up of some of the themes from the Oecology Issue, and a "local" section on baseball. I can only ask those people who have had work accepted for this issue to be patient and perhaps continue to think in terms of it (i.e., as Thomas Meyer's three essays here came in over a period of three years).

Single issue cost has gone upto $3.50, but then this issue is about 70 pages longer than anything we've done. Subscription price remains $5.00 for two issues. Since Io is an annual, that means two years. All back issues are available, a full set costing $24.00. Advertising rates go from $7 an eighth page to $50 for a full page.

We have been giving out alternative addresses in past issues. Our address, we hope, is stable now for a time. I am teaching anthropology at the University of Maine, Portland-Gorham. If for any reason there is difficulty reaching Io here, letters sent to: Richard Grossinger, Grossinger, New York 12734, will be forwarded. But please do not use that address otherwise.

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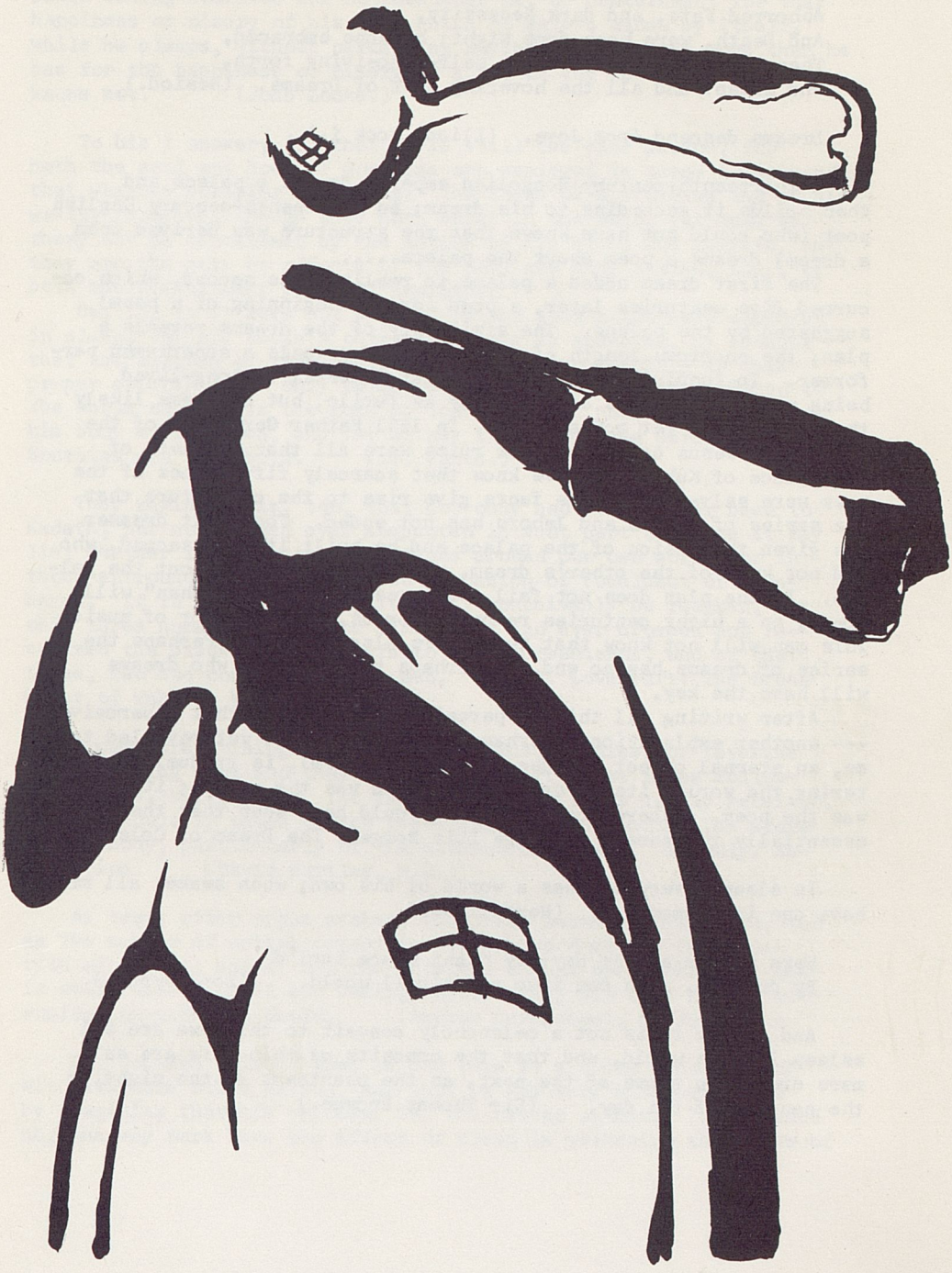

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Hear now my words: If there be a prophet among you, I the Lord will make myself known unto him in a vision, and will speak unto him in a dream. (Numbers xii.6.)

Abhorred Fate, and dark Necessity,
And Death, were born from Night; by none embraced,
These gloomy Night brought, self-conceiving forth,
And sleep: and all the hovering host of Dreams. (Hesiod.)

Dreams descend from Jove. (Iliad, book i.)

A thirteenth-century Mongolian emperor dreams a palace and then builds it according to his dream; an eighteenth-century English poet (who could not have known that the structure was derived from a dream) dreams a poem about the palace.....

The first dream added a palace to reality; the second, which occurred five centuries later, a poem (or the beginning of a poem) suggested by the palace. The similarity of the dreams reveals a plan; the enormous length of time involved reveals a superhuman performer. To inquire the purpose of that immortal or long-lived being would perhaps be as foolhardy as futile, but it seems likely that he has not yet achieved it. In 1691 Father Gerbillon of the Society of Jesus confirmed that ruins were all that was left of the palace of Kubla Khan; we know that scarcely fifty lines of the poem were salvaged. Those facts give rise to the conjecture that the series of dreams and labors has not ended. The first dreamer was given the vision of the palace and he built it; the second, who did not know of the other's dream, was given the poem about the palace. If the plan does not fail, some reader of "Kubla Khan" will dream, on a night centuries removed from us, of marble or of music. This man will not know that two others also dreamed. Perhaps the series of dreams has no end, or perhaps the last one who dreams will have the key.

After writing all this, I perceive --- or think that I perceive --- another explanation. Perhaps an archetype not yet revealed to me, an eternal object (to use Whitehead's term), is gradually entering the world; its first manifestation was the palace; its second was the poem. Whoever compared them would have seen that they were essentially the same. (Jorge Luis Borges: The Dream of Coleridge.)

In sleep, every man has a world of his own; when awake, all men have one in common. (Heraclitus.)

Here we are all by day; by night w'are hurl'd
By dreames, each one into a sev'rall world. (Lord Byron.)

And surely it is not a melancholy conceit to think we are all asleep in this world, and that the conceits of this life are as mere dreams to those of the next, as the phantasms of the night to the conceit of the day. (Sir Thomas Browne.)

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It is certain that Socrates asleep and Socrates awake is not the same person; but his soul when he sleep, and Socrates the man, consisting of body and soul when he is waking, are two persons: since waking Socrates has no knowledge of, or concernment for that happiness or misery of his soul which it enjoys alone by itself, while he sleeps, without perceiving anything of it; any more than he has for the happiness or misery of a man in the Indies, whom he knows not. (John Locke.)

To his I answer, (1) that it is still the same person, for both the soul and body of Socrates are employed in these ideas, and that whether sleeping or waking. The ideas of his dreams and of his waking thoughts, though they both exist in the mind, yet both of themy may be occasioned by the motion of his blood and spirits, and they are the acts or effects of the soul and body united, i.e., of both the constituent parts of Socrates.

Or, (2) if it were not so, and if the soul alone were employed in sleep, yet Mr. Locke's objection might be answered, by showing that the actions of life, which belong only to the body as their proper principal, or only to the soul, are generally attributed to the whole man; it is the soul of Socrates that philosophized, and his body wore a gown, and yet we say it is the same person, it is Socrates did them both. (Dr. Watts.)

They reminded him, too, that not only had no man ever been to Kadath, but no man had ever suspected in what part of space it may lie; whether it be in the dreamlands around our own world, or in those surrounding some unguessed companion of Fomalhaut or Aldebaran. If in our dreamland, it might conceivably be reached, but only three human souls since time began had ever crossed and recrossed the black impious gulfs to other dreamlands, and of that three, two had come back quite mad. (H. P. Lovecraft: The Dream Quest of Unknown Kadath.)

Dreams are nothing by the imaginations, fancies, or reveries of a sleeping man, and they are deducible from the three following causes, viz.: First. The impressions and ideas lately received, and particularly those of the preceding day. Secondly. The state of the body, particularly of the stomach and brain. Thirdly. Association. (David Hartley, M.D.)

As organ after organ awakes, the dream becomes more vivid, and as the number of active organs increases, so does the complication of dreams; and if all the internal organs are awake, the man is still asleep until his waking senses bring him into direct communication with the world. (Andrew Carmichael, M. R. I. A.)

Dr. Johnson related that he had once in a dream a contest of wit with some other person, and that he was very much mortified by imagining that his opponent had the better of him. "Now," said he,"one may mark here the effect of sleep in weakening the power of

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reflection, for had not my judgement failed me, I should have seen that the wit of this supposed antagonist, by whose superiority I felt myself depressed, was as much furnished by me as that which I thought had been uttering in my own character. (James Boswell.)

There is an ancient story in the East which tells that there was a wall of mystery. Whenever anyone tried to climb up the wall to look at the other side, instead of coming back he smiled and jumped over and never came back again. So the people of that country became very curious to know what mystery was behind that wall. Once when someone was climbing up the wall to see what was on the other side they put chains on his feet, and held him so that he would not go over. When he looked at the other side, he too was delighted with what he saw and smiled; and those standing at the foot of the wall, curious to know what he had to say, pulled him back. But to their great disappointment he had lost his speech. (The Sufi Message of Hazrat Inayat Khan.)

Only a very expert dreamer could have used those imperceptible footholds, yet to Carter they were sufficient. (H. P. Lovecraft.)

But for dreams, that lay Mosaic worlds tesselated with flowers and jewels before the blind sleeper, and surround the recumbent living with the figures of the dread in the upright attitude of life, the time would be too long before we are allowed to rejoin our brothers, parents, friends; every year we should become more and more painfully sensible of the desolation made around us by death, if sleep --- the ante-chamber of the grave --- were not hung by dreams with the busts of those who live in the other world. (London Magazine, vol. ix. 1824.)

A certain Malay medicant has been a fearful enemy for months. Every night, through his means, I have been transported into Asiatic scenery. I know not whether others share in my feelings on this point; but I have often thought that if I were compelled to forego England, and to live in China, among Chinese manners and modes of life and scenery, I should go mad. The causes of my horror lie deep, and some of them must be common to others. Southern Asia, in general, is the seat of awful images and associations. As the cradle of the human race, if on no other ground, it would have a dim, reverential feeling connected with it..... A young Chinese seems to me an antediluvian man renewed. Even Englishmen, though not bred in any knowledge of such institutions, cannot but shudder at the mystic sublimity of castes that have flowed apart, and refused to mix, through such immemorial tracts of time; nor can any man fail to be awed by the sanctity of the Ganges, or by the very name of the Euphrates. It contributes much to these feelings, that South-Eastern Asia is, and has been for thousands of years, the part of the earth most swarming with human life, the great officina gentium. Man is a weed in those regions..... All this, and much more than I can say, the reader must enter into, be-

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fore he can comprehend the unimaginable horror which these dreams of Oriental imagery and mythological tortures impressed upon me. Under the connecting feeling of tropical heat and vertical sunlights, I brought together all creatures, birds, beasts, reptiles, all trees and plants, usages and appearances, that are found in tropical regions, and assembled them together in China or Hindostan. From kindred feelings I soon brought Egypt and her gods under the same law. I was stared at, hooted at, grinned at, chattered at, by monkeys, by paroquets, by cockatoos. I ran into pagodas, and was fixed for centuries at the summit, or in secret rooms; I was the idol; I was the priest; I was worshipped; I was sacrificed. I fled from the wrath of Brama through all the forests of Asia; Vishnu hated me; Seeva lay in wait for me..... Thousands of years I lived, and was buried in stone coffins, with mummies and sphinxes, in narrow chambers at the heart of eternal pyramids. I was kissed, with cancerous kisses, by crocodiles, and was laid, confounded with all unutterable abortions, amongst reeds and Nilotic mud.....

The cursed crocodile became to me the object of more horror than all the rest. I was compelled to live with him, and (as is always the case in my dreams) for centuries. Sometimes I escaped, and found myself in Chinese house. All the feet of the tables, sofas, &c., soon became instinct with life; the abominable head of the crocodile, and his leering eyes, looked out at me, multiplied into ten thousand repetitions; and I stood loathing and fascinated. So often did this hideous reptile haunt my dreams, that many times my dream was broken up in the very same way; I heard gentle voices speaking to me (I hear everything when I am sleeping), and instantly I awoke; it was broad noon, and my children were standing, hand in hand, at my bedside, come to show me their coloured shoes, or new frocks, or to let me see them dressed for going out. No experience was so awful to me, and at the same time so pathetic, as this abrupt transition from the darkness of the infinite to the gaudy summer air of highest noon. (Thomas De Quincey: Confessions of an English Opium Eater.)

Thus will the languid arterial circulation of the brain, which causes sleep in the first instance, produce, secondarily, that congestion of blood in the veins and sinuses, which shall reduce it to disturbed slumber and excite the dream. May we not account, on this principle, for the difficulty which many persons experience in falling into a second slumber, when they have been disturbed in the first? (Walter C. Dendy.)

Methought that I had broken from the tower,
And was embarked to cross to Burgundy....." (Shakespeare: dream of Clarence in Richard III.)

He could not go back to these things in the waking world because his body was dead; but he did the next best thing and dreamed a small tract of such countryside in the region east of the city

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where meadows roll gracefully up from the sea-cliffs to the foot of the Tanarian Hills.....

He saw slip past him the glorious lands and cities of which a fellow-dreamer of earth --- a lighthouse-keeper in ancient Kingsport --- had often discoursed in the old days, and recognized the templed terraces of Zak, abode of forgotten dreams; the spires of infamous Thalarion, that daemon-city of a thousand wonders where the eidolon Lathi reigns; the charnel gardens of Zura, land of pleasures unattained, and the twin headlands of crystal, meeting above in a resplendent arch, which guard the harbour of Sona-Nyl, blessed land of fancy..... And before the day was done Carter saw that the steersman could have no other goal than the Basalt Pillars of the West, beyond which simple folk say splendid Cathuria lies, but which wise dreamers well know are the gates of a monstrous cataract wherein the oceans of the earth's dreamland drop wholly to abysmal nothingness and shoot through the empty spaces toward other worlds and other stars and the awful voids outside the ordered universe where the daemon-sultan Azathoth gnaws hungrily in chaos amid pounding and piping and the hellish dancing of the Other Gods, blind, voiceless, tenebrous, and mindless, with their soul and messenger Nyarlathotep. (H. P. Lovecraft.)

Oneirocriticism, or dream-interpretation, very early took high rank as an art, and was studied and professed as a science. If we could roll away the mists that enshroud its first origin, it is likely that we should find this to have taken place when man, first losing his rectitude and purity, lost with them the infancy and the perfection of his trust in a Father..... The Biblical method, then, is the legitimate representative of the grand style of dream-interpretation..... The mode of interpretation is precisely the same as that which Homer makes Ulysses to adopt, in reference to Penelope's dream about her geese..... We have seen that inspired saints of the old Jewish dispensation knew how to recognize the worthlessness of mere flitting brain-clouds, which Solomon understood to arise from the 'multiplicity of business.' And Homer was aware of the necessity of distinguishing between the onar or oneiros, the messenger of Jove, and itself a subordinate divinity, and the mere meaningless enypnion which was incidental to any sleeping individual..... It will help to give freedom and simplicity to our after method, if at the outset we discuss shortly and apart, those dreams of which our information is furnished by the Scripture. Of these they are three well-defined kinds:---

(1.) Those which were characterized either (a) by a Divine manifestation; or (b) by an angelic visitation of such a nature as to be immediately and necessarily demonstrative of Divine authenticity.

(2.) Those to which the sacred text explicitly refers as being characterized either (a) by angelic agency which, professing or not to be Divine, was in fact diabolical; or (b) by the invention of some sordid trafficker in dreams, to whom truth and falsehood were alike indifferent, and who cared only to secure so much plausibility and verisimilitude as would suffice to keep together his credit and his clientele.

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(3.) Those which, barely narrated, are to be judged indifferently, and by precisely the same canons as extra-Biblical dreams.....

The above formed, so to speak, the aristocracy or chivalry of dreams, that either blazoned a motto, claimed a crest, or wore a cognizance. But besides these there were the hoi polloi, the mob of dreams that fell beneath the dignity of classification, that flitted across the brain as traceless and meaningless as the motes across a sunbeam, and that from their utter vanity were pressed into the service of proverb, metaphor, and simile, to point the moral of lightness, worthlessness, and evanescence. (Frank Seafield.)

The first kind of dream was that which proceeded from God, as the author of its motion, and, in some invisible manner prompted us what was indistinct to us, but well known to Himself. The second kind was when our own intellect was set in motion simultaneously with the soul of the universe, and became filled with divine madness, by means of which it is allowed to prognosticate events which are about to happen; and for this reason the interpreter of the sacred will very plainly and clearly speak of dreams, indicating by this expression the vision which appear according to the first species, as if God, by means of dreams, gave suggestions which were equivalent and precise oracles. (Moses Amyraldus.)

Is not the past all shadow? --- What are they?
Creations of the mind? --- The mind can make
Substance and people planets of its own
With beings brighter than have been, and give
A breath in forms which can outlive all flesh.
I would recall a vision which I dream'd,
Perchance in sleep --- for in itself a thought,
A slumbering thought, is capable of years;
And curdles a long life into one hour. (Lord Byron.)

This matter cuts very deep, and though I have not finally made up my mind whether it is a benevolent or a malevolent agency which is in touch with us, I am conscious always of power and design." (Arthur Conan Doyle in The Hound of the Baskervilles.)

Mythological decreee is just as real --- that is, 'circumstantial' --- to a Navaho as his dinner. Morgan, in his study of dreams about human wolves, bases some of his most important conclusions on a differentiation between circumstantial and imaginary or mythological evidence. My experience convinces me that evidence cannot be separated in this way. (Gladys Reichard in Navaho Religion.)

You are going not indeed in search of the New World, like Columbus and his adventurers, nor yet an other World, that is to come, but in search of the other World that now is, and ever has been though undreamt-of by the Many, and by the greater part even of the Few, who have found it marked down in ancient charts or have had it reported to them by pretended re-discoverers of their own times, discredited as a dream. (Samuel Taylor Coleridge.)

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Richard Grossinger: A History of Dream

The history of dream begins for me each day. Behind the dreaming lies a form that will never be completed. So I go on dreaming. This morning I awake from a dream of having three penises, impossible to keep all three of them erect at the same time. When one fails, another grows, the very flesh of sensation, how all things finally take shape. It is a watery dream, of decantered liquids and the essence of flowers, it is the neural stream.

The earliest dreams are lost, even as the earliest languages of mankind. We do not know who spoke them, what dark tribes of Pithecanthropoi or Caribs. I begin remembering sometime around age 7, having been placed in psychoanalysis by my parents, and the man is asking me for my dreams.

--I am sitting before a long laboratory table in the sorceror's room. I am his apprentice. I am Mickey Mouse. While the sorceror is away on his business in the world I begin playing with his bottles. One of them falls and breaks. Hurriedly I try to remove it from the vicinity of the others, but instead I am knocking them over, and the chemicals are pouring free, dripping down onto my legs and burning them. I carry the broken bottle into the bathroom, running, spilling all the way, and finally succeed in throwing it into the toilet. But it is too late. All that I have delivered is glass. The rest is on me and I am going to die--

The dream-doctor (he who is then inside and outside the dream) taught me how to do free connection with the images and events. One never assumes that the dream is the meaning of itself. There is always another, locked in the association of the mind with the dreamed units. Running to the toilet with a dripping bottle is also running with a penis that has begun to pee, or wetting one's pants. In the dream's proprioceptive sense could be read my own sense of the penis: not a connected and disciplined organ of the body, but many separate bottles spilling at once, out of control. The urine had become what it literally is: an acid, a poison. The secret of bodily fluids is expressed by the secrecy of chemical agents. To whom does one's body belong if not to himself, whom, but the sorceror? And who is the sorceror: is he the driven and complete magic of the id, or authority-figure of the superego, the society demanding that those bottles not be spilled, not now, nor in a lifetime?

This is the first time I realized that attention to dream could tell more than the dream itself appeared to tell. I think I have held to that attention, and whatever the changes in the nature of my attention, I have always maintained the primacy of dream as revelation.

My conviction as a child was that dreams were the decisive events of the psyche; I chose to remember them because they were simultaneously the text of the world and the text of self. With-

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out facing the objections as such (dream as affective, emotional simplistic, egocentric, apolitical), I was self-ish enough to take them always seriously. In dream, a world which was not coherent at all, made up of assorted events, suddenly hung together, and the meaning of each thing was revealed in the meaning of all things. Symbolism may be a dead end, but it is also the gate. People who give no credence to one thing standing for another on a basic level finally become extreme literalists, with an obsession for not seeing the weaker connections of the imagination and the Taoist operations of the opposite energy. Symbolism is the gate to the formal equality and psychic continuity of the living thread, that all events in the world are joined together as a process, hence no energy or life-form is arbitrary. Dreams thus were my freedom from America (also my discovery of America, or the power of America to be many nations). Children generally are not allowed to be humble enough to maintain alterative interpretations and double meanings that turn on themselves as the joker. I got used to the joker sense early; in dream I was always revealed as the fool and the fooled. There was nothing to do but give in and admit that I was the material on which being conscious worked. So I became a victim of the obsession, which eventually led me to buy Freud's Interpretation of Dreams. It, science fiction, and baseball were my first high school texts.

Freud's style was not dissimilar from that used by my analyst, and the book was a wonderful discovery, a whole set of dreams not my own, like a crossword puzzle book with solutions, or a book of fairy tales about yourself, in which you came true. I felt part of a community of dreamers, at the same time part of a community of psychoanalysts, or dream-interpreters. The following is a Freudian dream-text:

"I am walking in the street in summer; I am wearing a straw hat of peculiar shape, the middle piece of which is bent upwards, while the side pieces hang downwards (here the description hesitates), and in such a fashion that one hangs lower than the other. I am cheerful and in a confident mood, and as I pass a number of young officers I think to myself: You can't do anything to me.

As she could produce no associations to the hat, I said to her: 'The hat is really a male genital organ, with its raised middle piece and the two downward-hanging side pieces.' It is perhaps peculiar that her hat should be supposed to be a man, but after all one says: Unter die Haube kommen (to get under the cap) when we mean: to get married. I intentionally refrained from interpreting the details concerning the unequal dependence of the two side pieces, although the determination of just such details must point the way to the interpretation. I went on to say that if, therefore, she had a husband with such splendid genitals she would not have to fear the officers; that is, she would have nothing to wish from them, for it was essentially her temptation-phantasies which prevented her from going about unprotected and unaccompanied."1

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The Freudian system of dream interpretation evolves directly from Freud's dynamics of the mental apparatus. By this I do not mean the brain, or the physiology of motor movements (whole science of dream physics and REMs). Freud's mind is a map which consciousness has made of the material accessible to it, i.e., a map of the distances felt across itself. It is Freud's own cognitive map, groping to where things are, and its accuracy is attested to by how right it seems when we imagine the unconscious, subconscious, and conscious as real geographic areas, separated by physical boundaries, interzones like the marsh of preconsciousness. In speaking viscerally of the head we give this map an equal credence to the one of nerve centers and medullan lobes. In actuality, these zones are subtle blendings of the dynamic process of our psychic being; they are images for the waves we feel passing thru the physical brain, the medullae, distances we sense between the principle of energy that rings us and penetrates us, and where, at any moment, we are.

A river joins the dark inland sea to the sun-lit ocean that we know, that we know we know. The unconscious information is physiologically part of us. Since its exact biophysical position in the soma can never be determined, it is the material we must censor and keep from knowing by intention or artifice if we are to remain conscious in any useful way. The world from which dream-material empties lies unconscious; there is no other way of saying that it is geographically in another place, as the New World once to Europe. This does not mean that it ever leaves Europe's psyche. The New World is there and known and suspicious of its existence all the time it is not known, i.e., the drift of materials, texts, voyagers, the CONTACTS, maps, legenda. That is to say, the unconscious stream is never disconnected from the major conscious land mass. In dream the two regions share a common symbolism, say different things as the same thing, and break down the electrical existence as waves penetrate waves. Freud says:

"We conclude, then, that the resistance loses some part of its force during the night; we know that it has not been discontinued, as we have demonstrated its share in the formation of dreams --- namely, the work of distortion. We have therefore to consider the possibility that at night the resistance is merely diminished, and that dream-formation becomes possible because of this slackening of the resistance; and we shall readily understand that as it regains its full power on waking it immediately thrusts aside what it was forced to admit while it was feeble. Descriptive psychology teaches us that the chief determinant of dream-formation is the dormant state of the psyche; and we may now add the following explanation: The state of sleep makes dream-formation possible by reducing the endopsychic censorship."[2]

For Freud the energy flow is along a weak link, with a mad rush of natural and elemental material subverting content to its creative necessity. The negative directions in his language ring out: distortion, resistance, feeble, forced, reducing, censorship. By no

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means is Freud being purposefully pessimistic. His language is that of rainclouds, river systems, embryology, star-formation. It is the language of the natural world of his time, and to this world he rightly sees the mind belonging.

After the healthy dream-act, content and consciousness are restored, even as the landscape recovers from a flood. Dreaming is a pleasurable and even a pious act in which real energies are allowed their expression before they are able to build up to destructive potential. Again the thunderstorm.

"Whenever one psychic element is connected with another by an obnoxious and superficial association, there exists also a correct and more profound connection between the two, which succumbs to the resistance of the censorship."[3]

The world we are born into, in Freud's vision, is a world removed from our most powerful psychic needs and physical desires. At the end of a film on the master, his student and disciple, Ernest Jones, points to the familiar bust behind him and says sadly: "Life cannot be enjoyed. Life must be endured." Civilization is necessary for our organic survival as a species, but it repressively muffles our most ancient pleasures. The interpretation that man in nature is closest to his divine or biologic destiny is not only a leftover from certain simplistic aspects of 19th Century philosophy; it is also a recurrent theme in human thought. Civilization is seen as a malignant, anti-ecological growth upon the natural world rather than the consequence of biochemical forces on a favorable planet. This disjunction between society and nature, never complete but always seeking to complete itself, is also the disjunction between the conscious waking mind ruled by the superego, and the unconscious mind rooted deep in the libidinal sea, available in small part to the dreamer. These are not two perceptions, but, in fact, one. A dream refers dynamically to an undefined precultural state of ecstasy and fulfillment, and specifically to the frustrations of a remembered (i.e., traumatic) lifetime. The father one wants to beat up becomes a horse, and one can do it. The aunt one wants to rape becomes a landscape, a remembered scenery, and one wanders in it. The forbidden event is carried off behind the camouflage of a innocent symbolism. Gratification impossible in waking is achieved in a dream, even as gratification impossible in civilization was the totality of sensory experience in the womb. Suddenly we are making it in a world we never knew existed.

"We have spoken of the hostility to civilization which is produced by the pressure that civilization exercises, the renunciations of instinct which it demands. If one imagines its prohibitions lifted - if, then, one may take any woman one pleases as a sexual object, if one may without hesitation kill one's rival for her love or anyone else who stands in one's way, if, too, one can carry off any of the other man's belongings without asking leave - how splendid, what a string of satisfactions one's life would be!"[4]

In Freud's prophecy of a world, gratification is transitory, and the future of religion is that of an illusion: of dream, no more than the temporary physiological relief of tension. Unavoidable here is the resemblance between the Freudian society and the Buddhist veil of sor-

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rows. The world, in either case, is karmic, unreal, made only of illusion and promising nothing more. Only another type of vision, and ultimately a removal from all karmic ties, will free perception, and this the individual, to unite with the real.

For Freud, Buddhism is another illusion; there is no right perception; he is a post-Darwinian materialist to whom mind is part and parcel of the evolutionary process, no better and no more capable of its own salvation than the natural war of opposites from which it was born. Energy is proper (as in id and dream-flow), but form is arbitrary and mere stalemate in a fiery elemental war. As a materialist, Freud is clear on the body's drive for gratification. This is the meaningful, though short-lived alternative to sorrow; there is no real, no Buddha, no bliss but in the womb-state, and there it is less conscious, i.e., a sort of floating dream-consciousness and unborn ambiance. The Buddhist nirvana is also an unborn state in the sense that it is the realm that precedes birth and follows upon death --- but it is clearly not identified with the womb and narcissism; it is not less conscious or unconscious at all, but a greater consciousness, freed of the encumbrances of civilization and the world. It sees all as it is and will be, not free from, but not threatened by unconsciousness; it is in control of all information, and thus nothing new can disturb its repose. The messages which artists and psychoanalysts and holy people see in there work are all there without having to be transmitted. They are part of the known, and the great work of releasing them is always in progress and always being begun.

There is a difference between womb and nirvana, and it is the difference between pleasure free from any hope of clarity and pleasure associated with an eternal state of clarity (= clairvoyance). Dream is suggestive of both states in its fluid psycheflow and cosmological merging. In clarity the mind also works at separating times and events, despite their superficial pleasurable resemblances. The clearest vision is not always the dream, is not always the most merged collection of forms. In any case, Freud's real value is not his credo, but his magnificent and unparallelled studies of dream symbolism. He has an implicit sense of the dream landscape and its properties of transformation. He is able to report how, in dream production, each event or item is immediately swept into the dynamic process to create further dream.

"Glosses on the dream, and seemingly harmless comments on it, often serve in the most subtle manner to conceal - although, of course, they really betray - a part of what is dreamed. As, for example, when the dreamer says: Here the dream was wiped out, and the analysis gives an infantile reminiscence of listening to someone cleaning himself after defecation. Or another example, which deserves to be recorded in detail: A young man has a very distinct dream, reminding him of phantasies of his boyhood which have remained conscious. He found himself in a hotel at a seasonal resort; it was night; he mistook the number of his room, and

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entered a room in which an elderly lady and her two daughters were undressing to go to bed. He continues; 'Then there are some gaps in the dream; something is missing; and at the end there was a man in the room, who wanted to throw me out, and with whom I had to struggle.' He tries in vain to recall the content and intention of the boyish phantasy to which the dream obviously alluded. But we finally become aware that the required content had already been given in his remarks concerning the indistinct part of the dream. The 'gaps' are the genital apertures of the women who are going to bed: "Here something is missing" describes the principal characteristic of the female genitals. In his young days he burned with curiosity to see the female genitals, and was still inclined to adhere to the infantile sexual theory which attributes a male organ to women."[5]

A gap in the dream means exactly that: morphological break, which is woven into the dream-recall even as it was there in the dream. There is no break in the unbroken work of dream-creation; everything is used; the form is ruthless. This continuous dynamic process forms a homolog to Darwin's ceaseless struggle for survival (culminating presently in the human mind, at least in this direction), and is the genius of Freud's work. He was not an idealist, and he was not even an historian. He was a neurologist and biophysicist who, like Darwin, worked in growth and form, and the genetic link between the present and the past (which can be memory, but like Darwin again, Freud lacked the units of transmission, the dream-genes, the physical id, and so was forced to speak of the translation between two languages or forms, the processes that make up those languages, and the links irregardless, as the shapes they must resemble because of the countershapes they produce).

"The dream-thoughts and the dream-content present themselves as two descriptions of the same content in two different languages; or, to put it more clearly, the dream-content appears to us as a translation of the dream-thoughts into another mode of expression, whose symbols and laws of composition we must learn by comparing the origin with the translation. The dream-thoughts we can understand without further trouble the moment we have ascertained them. The dream-content is, as it were, presented in hieroglyphics, whose symbols must be translated, one by one, into the language of the dream-thoughts. It would of course be incorrect to attempt to read these symbols in accordance with their values as pictures, instead of in accordance with their meaning as symbols. For instance, I have before me a picture-puzzle (rebus) -- a house, upon whose roof there is a boat; then a single letter; then a running figure, whose head has been omitted, and so on. As a critic I might be tempted to judge this composition and its elements to be nonsensical. A boat is out of place on the roof of a house, and a headless man cannot run..... Now a dream is such a picture-puzzle, and our predecessors in the art of dream-interpretation have made the mistake of judging the rebus as an artistic composition."[6]

The key to the dream is that everything is necessary and contributes toward meaning as part of the generative structure; this

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is different than saying each element has meaning. Although Freud opposes this process to artistic composition, the years since have shown that in art too composition is an aesthetic born of the internal needs of the creation. It is an important aesthetic, because it does not work against obscure (local) or esoteric information as such; the function of the obscuring factor clearly is to make possible the total revelation, an unmaking of the whole not by its parts (in the rebus), but each time by the whole, and each time the whole again. It is building a house not by bricks but by houses, which is what each nightly dream is. What is lost is an objective description of psychic workings; what is gained is more useful: a clear map of the psychic state, complete with archaeology. In situ is the key to meaning here. In syntax. We are dealing with an open symbolic system in which the symbols are as fluid as the necessity that drives toward revelation and exposure.

"Dreams employ this symbolism to give a disguised representation to their latent thoughts. Among the symbols thus employed there are, of course, many which constantly, or all but constantly, mean the same thing. But we must bear in mind the curious plasticity of psychic material. Often enough a symbol in the dream-content may have to be interpreted not symbolically but in accordance with its proper meaning; at other times the dreamer, having to deal with special memory-material, may take the law into his own hands and employ anything whatever as a sexual symbol, though it is not generally so employed. Wherever he has the choice of several symbols for the representation of a dream-content, he will decide in favour of that symbol which is in addition objectively related to his other thought-material; that is to say, he will employ an individual motivation besides the typically valid one."[7]

Within the range of fluidity, as Freud intimates, there is a range of common interpretation, frequently-used symbols. Many of Freud's critics have accused him of being over-obsessed with sexual symbolism. The problem may not lie here. Freud's focus on sexual creation still seems accurate; it is only his inferior view of what is included in the sexual process and what is mere sublimation that makes the obsession monotonous and wearing. As long as we see sexual energy as one of the major life-giving forces in the universe, present not just in biological pairs, but even in asexual plants and suns and pure geometric forms, it is clear that if Freud has done one thing in his interpretation, it is to choose objects centripetally closer to our central nervous being as represented by other objects which are away from us, distal at best, and not part of our generative proprioceptive function (as in my dream of the three penises, we always do locate ourselves on the axis of ourselves). Freud is clearly the neurologist here: the other is foreign or exotic to the psyche, as it is to the body, and is simply the formal means of the inner transformation. I do not claim Freud is infallibly right in his symbol-interpretation; in the years I used him he (and my Freudian analyst) directed my attention, thru dream, from affairs in which I had no investment of energy,

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no breath or perception other than perverse sublimation, to those matters closest to my body and nerves. Dreams operating as this axis of attention are always refreshing and life-giving in a lovely, sometimes painful sense, Keeping close to the bone, rather than devious social plots created only in the mind. Dreams remain more viable artistic creations, even for those very artists, even if they don't remember them, than 90% of what appears on the best-sellers lists of poetry and fiction. It is this centripetal flow I am talking about: that Freud is right, that the mind will find, as in a wet dream when not in intercourse. Dreams may not be art, but they are the base of that true art that has learned to be free, that need not any longer dream.

"After these limitations and reservations I will proceed. The Emperor and the Empress (King and Queen) in most cases really represent the dreamer's parents; the king himself or herself is the prince or princess... All elongated objects, sticks, tree-trunks, umbrellas (on account of the opening, which might be likened to an erection), all sharp and elongated weapons, knives, daggers, and pikes, represent the male member. A frequent, but not very intelligible symbol for the same is a nail-file (a reference to rubbing and scraping?). --- Small boxes, chests, cupboards, and ovens correspond to the female organ; also cavities, ships, and all kinds of vessels. --- A room in a dream generally represents a woman; the description of its various entrances and exits is scarcely calculated to make us doubt this interpretation."[8]

This is a dangerous way of putting it because it is so blatant, and people rarely see it as the first step in a theory of energy and attention. They take Freud as postulating doctrine and absolute reality. The following is typical:

"Obsessed with sex, he stretches every point to arrive at a sex construction; he succeeds here, apparently through a kind of pun on 'falling' -- the woman is 'falling' for temptation. Where is his attention to possible somatic causes, such as a sinking of the bed or a movement of the pillow? Where is his scientifically detached search for possible other origins, such as inherent racial memories of falling from trees or cliffs -- inherent fears bestowed on us by the apes who were our fathers?"[9]

True, Freud is a system-maker, and subject to all the flaws of his system. To the chaos of possible causes he adds the magical principle of certain relationship, and thus creates the binding reality of dream for his disciples and patients. This is what happens as we move toward greater clarification, and attempt to substitute our own wisdom for what we cannot use and cannot change, not necessarily wish-fulfillment, but imago mundi, and because the whole thrust of our being is centripetal. Freud is giving us not the ultimate symbol-system, but the direction of symbol-flow. For him the relation between the day-lit reality and the powerful dream event is not at all a strong right-hand work of will; it is the left-hand's work, as sinuous and merely sufficient as Darwin's laws of selection and the tree of life, not really survival of the

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fittest, but pure fertility, and adaptive resolution:

"The thought-impulses continued into sleep may be divided into the following groups: ---

1. Those which have not been completed during the day owing to some accidental cause.

2. Those which have been left uncompleted because our mental powers have failed us, i.e. unsolved problems.

3. Those which have been turned back and suppressed during the day. This is reinforced by a powerful fourth group: ---

4. Those which have been excited in our unconscious during the day by the workings of the preconscious; and finally we may add a fifth, consisting of: ---

5. The indifferent impressions of the day, which have therefore been left unsettled."[10]

Freud has shown, as no Buddhist concerned only with that the matter is of illusory stuff, that the laws of the psyche in the world are the laws of matter, part undoubtedly of what we shall face in the end; be the Tibetan Book of the Dead a book of illusions, still it is the space penetrated by psyche's movement thru the universe, hence is identical to the universe itself. Even as the biopsy reads the body, we are always reading our total state of being, call it psychomental or psychosomatic; there is no way of salvaging that meaning except by listening to it, dreaming it. Albeit psychoanalysis as an ethnocentric for of inquiry, and Benedict's 'patterns of culture' in which the deviant is so only by the selective and arbitrary rules of his culture: dream analysis is still a work upon the total comprehended space of the dreamer in his culture. If we have to take into account the peculiar conditions of his tribe, or the streets of his city, these are no more than the strong connections of Earth, language, and morphology of landscape, where the dream resides anyway. The vision of anyman finally operates between the dynamic of his creation and the nature of the material. It is this which (even the Tibetan Book of the Dead says) is never destroyed.

"It is quite true that the unconscious wishes are always active. They represent paths which are always practicable, whenever a quantum of excitation makes use of them. It is indeed an outstanding peculiarity of the unconscious processes that they are indestructible. Nothing can be brought to an end in the unconscious; nothing is past or forgotten. This is impressed upon us emphatically in the study of neuroses, and especially of hysteria. The unconscious path of thought which leads to the discharge through an attack is forthwith passable again when there is a sufficient accumulation of excitation. The mortification suffered thirty years ago operates, after having gained access to the unconscious sources of affect, during all these thirty years as though it were a recent experience. Whenever its memory is touched, it revives, and shows itself to be cathected with excitation which procures a motor discharge for itself in an attack. It is precisely here that psychotherapy must intervene, its task being to ensure that the unconscious processes are settled and forgotten. Indeed, the fading of mem-

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ories and the weak affect of impressions which are no longer recent, which we are apt to take as self-evident, and to explain as a primary effect of time on our psychic memory-residues, are in reality secondary changes brought about by laborious work. It is the preconscious that accomplishes this work; and the only course which psychotherapy can pursue is to bring the unconscious under the dominion of the preconscious."11

Given that what we have which is never destroyed is in fact ourselves, the dream process, like information theory, keeps the somatic, the historical memory circulating. The learning of the whole Freudian symbol-system, which psychoanalysis is, keeps the self-revelation winding back into: that its material is everything over which it can establish control and contact. It is, perhaps, one symbol-system in an illusory world, but to name-call is to lose whatever possibilities we have, created as we are.

In a personal sense (which is what I mean here by "a history of dream"), I am speaking to the fact that I grew up under such dream-interpretation, and it established dreams as one of the basic and essential acts of my body, over which I lost control only at the risk of allowing energies to harden. At the time I had little other spiritual discipline. The use of symbolism to recognize sexual latencies in material that was not overtly sexual was the basic act of circulation (not the only one: there was also separation of individuals from their stand-ins, reconstruction of personal myth-history, establishing my psychic place in the family, etc.). Though this is but one symbolic episode, it is at least one, and the distinction between one and two (actually between zero and one) is the greater distinction from which all others are made possible.

In a sense I am saying that it was not Freudian analysis which was the deep structure, but Freudian analysis that first allowed dreams to be the deep structure. The one finally damning feature, and again I speak of my own course here, is that the system took me away from all (other) natural events, those that happen of themselves, as trees for instance, or even basic sexual creation, and made of them emotions, social plots, cathected objects, i.e., possessed of me. In high school I was a Freudian literary critic, much too devious a one (thus losing, say, much of the real force in Moby Dick); I always had the sense I could discern, be sensitive to the emotional tide of the book, the events as human flesh, polyp. Perhaps, as always in psyche and memory, the end justifies the means, or there is neither. The world became soft and emotional, loaded with cathexis, controlled by its human motives, all be they pleasure principle and the like: the world was as if revealed.

But the problem of seeing a fish, for instance, as a penis is not the gaining of those fishy qualities of the penis (movement, origin), but the loss of those things which make a fish, as fish precedes human both phylogenetically, and in specific cases. Similarly (and this case comes to mind without the name of the book), to analyze a novel about pioneer life in America and the crossing and settling of Kentucky as if it had the discernible content of a single dream is to lose the fact that it is the dream

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of a nation, and revealing only, finally, in terms of things like history of Europe, geography and botany of America, population genetics, migration, and the causal myth of human order, the passage thru and of the Western World. Even as American Indians have their own order and are not just the savage or principle of nature in the white man's dream and the white man's literature.

In the end I was not even clear of what psychoanalysis was supposed to do. Perhaps the fact that all things do come to that, i.e., an end, is their greater responsibility. I went away to college with the dominant sense of "incomplete" or "uncured." I did not know what I should expect, which is partially that I was looking for the end rather than for the process. The closest I could come to defining what cure should be was: mastery of the symbols, freedom from the mystery. Instead, all I had was a sense of deeper mystery: that things go as deep as we pursue them. All the years of Freudian pursuit had made the world so large that I could not work with it anymore, so loose and fluid that it was not finally reducible to Freudian symbols without a corresponding and arbitrary reduction of its seeming information content. During the summer between high school and college I was moved and haunted by a passage from a novel by a favorite author. I was determined to hear it without symbolic interference, i.e., in some infinite system to which it directed my attention. I am sure there were others; this was the beginning for me of --- not cosmic mystery --- but the intersection of Freudian dream interpretation with astronomy.

"My dear friends, I regret to inform you that Jasper Harrick is dead. He is, in fact, very, very dead. Nunc in pulvere dormio. That packet of worm seed, that sack of stercory, that semi-fluid mechanism which was the handsome and generally admired carnal envelope of Jasper Harrick is, even this instant, as certain chemical changes begin, entering the great anonymous economy of nature. His soul, assuming that he ever had one, has flowed back to that burning fountain whence it came."[12]

The limitations of this statement are obvious (especially now), but I am speaking of that same shadowy area as of dream, where things do not have to be --- like a textbook of astrology or posters of cosmic harmony --- as they are now for kids, in order to become part of, to be drawn into that process. Dream makes all things vital insofar as it chooses them, in what they are. So this passage was for me one of the leads between a Freudian and Jungian system of dream.

The difference between Freud and Jung is an enormous one, and yet in another sense there is no difference at all. The Freudian dynamics of mind-flow are retained, the resistance between the unconscious and the conscious, the role of the symbol in mediating. The difference is that Jung's symbols contain vastness and complexity of content and depth that Freud never approaches. Although not consciously materialistic in the way Freud is, Jung conceives of mind set absolutely in the natural order; the material it contains (as mental information) is not that different from the material that makes it up (as biochemical information). Jung does not reject the level of sexual and related symbolism; he unveils it as

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totally interpenetrated with images of Homo Sapiens, biological and cultural evolution, and the development of psyche itself out of the materials of the body.

"Sexuality is an important physical and widely ramified psychic function on which the whole future of humanity depends. It is thus at least as important as the function of nutrition, even though it is an instinct of another kind. But whereas we can allow the nutritive function, from the devouring of a simple piece of bread to a guild banquet, to be seen by all eyes in all its variations, and at most must hold in check because of an attack of intestinal catarrh or a general food shortage, sexuality comes under a moral taboo and has to submit to a large number of legal regulations and restrictions. It is not, like the nutritive function, at the free disposal of the individual. It is therefore understandable that a great many pressing interests and powerful emotions congregate round this question, for as a rule affects are found at places where adaptation is least complete. Furthermore, sexuality, as I have said, is a fundamental instinct in every human being, and this is reason enough for the well-known Freudian theory which reduces everything to sexuality, and sketches a picture of the unconscious which makes it appear as a kind of lumber-room where all the repressed and inadmissible infantile wishes and all the later, inadmissible sexual wishes are stored. Distasteful as such a view is, we must give it its due if we want to discover all the things that Freud has smuggled into the concept of sexuality. We shall then see that he has widened its boundaries far beyond the permitted limits, so that a better word for what he actually means would be "Eros" in the old, philosophical sense of a Pan-Eros who permeates all nature as a creative and procreative force. "Sexuality" is a most unhappy expression for this."[13]

Those who support a straight Freudian view would argue that Jung has blunted the machinery by extending its range of symbolism to areas of abstraction, fantasies that have no real emotional content, what Reich would call mysticism. Jung, in essence, simply demands that the content is there and cannot be ignored or reduced to one of its aspects. To the unconscious, which is a realm of personal memory, he adds the collective unconscious, which contains the material necessary to join sex to Eros and psyche to the physiological evolution of the human brain.

"The collective unconscious is a part of the psyche which can be negatively distinguished from a personal unconscious by the fact that it does not, like the latter, owe its existence to personal experience and consequently is not a personal acquisition. While the personal unconscious is made up essentially of contents which have at one time been conscious but which have disappeared from consciousness through having been forgotten or repressed, the contents of the collective unconscious have never been in consciousness, and therefore have never been individually acquired, but owe their existence exclusively to heredity. Whereas the personal unconscious consists for the most part of

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complexes, the content of the collective unconscious is made up essentially of archetypes."[14]

Because of the system of archetypes, our dreams can be intersected by a wisdom or message entirely outside the realm of our personal history. We can be visited by a woman who is no woman we know, not even the Oedipal desire personified; she is the female principle of the male consciousness, the anima, or Kore, which has been taken from man as his soul has and imprisoned beneath the earth, in the unconscious. The dreamer may meet these figures, creations of his own mind, but conscious in a way that he is not and cannot be. Snakes are not just penises; they are magicians, thaumaturges, one of whose spells is sexual. What a different landscape then for the Jungian dream, that can allow the Garden of Eden for the principle known as Adam, but without original sin, that can have the Greek which is original but not Oedipal. Jung says that Freud has cheated us, and his message is received most heartily by dreamers who in their guts agree.

"The innumerable attempts that have been made in the sphere of mythology to interpret gods and heroes in a solar, lunar, astral, or meteorological sense contribute nothing of importance to the understanding of them; on the contrary, they all put us on a false track. When, therefore, in dreams and other spontaneous products, we meet with an unknown female figure whose significance oscillates between the extremes of goddess and whore, it is advisable to let her keep her independence and not reduce her arbitrarily to something known. If the unconscious shows her as an "unknown," this attribute should not be got rid of by main force with a view to arriving at a "rational" interpretation. Like the "supraordinate personality," the anima is bipolar and can therefore appear positive one moment and negative the next; now young, now old; now mother, now maiden; now a good fairy, now a witch; now a saint, now a whore. Besides this ambivalence, the anima also has "occult" connections with the "mysteries," with the world of darkness in general, and for that reason she often has a religious tinge."[15]

The Freudian system leads, as a logical conclusion, to Civilization and Its Discontents; Jung finds himself at Civilization in Transition. Of the thing lost at birth, Freuds tell us it is both nothingness and bliss; Jung speaks of it as the soul, the angel of the higher sphere (the totally conscious sphere); and he sees no irrevocable curse in the leap from brilliant natal fluids to a body of physical frustrations. "Were it not for the leaping and twinkling of the soul, man would rot away in his greatest passion, idleness..... But to have soul is the whole venture of life, for soul is a life-giving daemon who plays his elfin game above and below human existence, for which reason --- in the realm of dogma --- he is threatened and propitiated with superhuman punishments and blessings that go far beyond the possible deserts of human beings."[16] In Jung, it is in fact the seeking of the soul and the anima that occupies man, rather than the frustration of not being able to have the fantasy-lover. Freud would address the dreamer's attention to

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those unconscious desires that cannot be fulfilled. Jung would allow the woman to remain mysterious, and engage the dreamer in haunting and unending quest for her identity.

For many people the Jungian dream only begins to happen when they have read in Jung. This does not imply a direct connection between waking knowledge and dream imagery. The Jungian images may always exist in dream, but they are not recognized until the dreamer becomes aware of their existence. On another level, the dream may grow wise as we ourselves grow wise. Dreams are cultivated like gardens; we hope that what we plant will grow, and that wild flowers will lead down a fortuitous trail of mystery. During the time I was most deeply involved in reading Jung I grew a whole garden of Jungian symbols (or came to learn a whole field of Jungian wildflowers by their names). Stones split open releasing fire. Animals came to me with speech. Lightning flashed at the beginning of history. I saw geologic oceans; I walked on Pleistocene landscapes, and all around me flying saucers were landing. I saw the half-man, my own, our own birth in the homunculus; I met Tom Thumb and the Civilized Hare. Lamps in Italian restaurants suddenly turned into mandalas, and blood or light, or creation flowed into them, as symmetry did, as ornamentation. Chandeliers and tapestries converged on theosophical maps. Girls in my dreams not only seduced me but began talking to me of places we come from, places we can return to yet. At first it is dangerous to give them credence, to move from that primary sexual energy into what would seem to be sublimation itself. But light itself can become source, light entering the dream along a trail of neurons. Archetypes, like cells, can lie upon the procreative spout of the real.

And I had no sense that I was doing it to myself, by literary hypnosis. It was as though they were there all the time, and I was just coming to be able to see them.

"Just as those first fishy ancestors of man, with their slits, were not embryos, but fully developed creatures, so the myth-making and myth-inhabiting man was a grown reality and not a four-year-old child.....

The instinctive, archaic basis of the mind is a matter of plain objective fact and is no more dependent upon individual experience or personal choice than is the inherited structure and functioning of the brain or any other organ. Just as the body has its evolutionary history and shows clear traces of the various evolutionary stages, so too does the psyche."[17]

In Jung's vision of the psyche, ontogeny really does recapitulate phylogeny. Man completes the incomplete work, not only of his own self-recognition (individuation) but of the entire species, and tree of phylogenetic species. Civilization is in transition as man is becoming more conscious, as evolutionary changes are taking place in his collective unconscious. It is interesting to compare this with Chardin's noosphere (or Fuller's "universe"). Even though the noosphere must be internalized in order to be recognized, it exists as an outer atmospheric sphere, containing thoughts as the ionosphere contains radio waves or the hydrosphere water. When Chardin says rocks he

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means rocks; he is not simply a geologist of mythological stones. He dug in physical Africa, at physical Choukoutien, and not simply in African and Asian psyche. For Jung it is memory that is the whole thing, making archaeology and palaeontology unnecessary. They are replaced by oneirology (psych-ology). This is where the ontogenetic individual is imbedded in the coarse retained body of the lineage and race.

"When, therefore, a primitive or barbarous consciousness forms a picture of itself on a much earlier level of development and continues to do so for hundreds or even thousands of years, undeterred by the contamination of its archaic qualities with differentiated, highly developed mental products, then the causal explanation is that the older the archaic qualities are, the more conservative and pertinacious is their behaviour. One simply cannot shake off the memory image of things as they were, and drags it along like a senseless appendage."[18]

The individual not only retains psychological contact with the evolution of consciousness, but with the whole macrocosm if he will have it, if he will be the microcosm. The collective unconscious is finally everything, and anything we want it to be (it's as we find out that we are): total world culture, universe, linked from unintelligible mask to unintelligible mask by archetypes. "Here the great principle or beginning, heaven, is infused into man the microcosm, who reflects the starlike natures and thus, as the smallest part and end of the work of Creation, contains the whole."[19] So in the Miller fantasies (Symbols of Transformation) Jung comes to terms with Freud specifically on the issue of availability of content and time, a dynamic he was later brilliantly to call synchronicity, which I find in some astrologies called absolute time, or relativity (relatability) of consciousness and cosmos. In the following we have simply his initial response of having lost (in Freud) the time (dream-time) in which all things happen and all events of our logos are recalled.

"Anyone who can read Freud's Interpretation of Dreams without being outraged by the novelty and seemingly unjustified boldness of his work, and without waxing morally indignant over the stark nudity of his dream-interpretations....."[20]

For Jung, the link between myth and dream is not the weak one, of nonsense and resistance and distortion, but, finally, the strong one, of synchronicity. Assuming all the confusions and tensions of the adjoining day, and that we use them and work at solving them in dream, the mind still goes into any realms to which it is privy and seeks to orient itself in them, and in the cosmos. This is the answer of the astronaut who, when asked by the interviewer why he went to the Moon, replied: Man goes where man can. Miss Miller moves from the passing 'erotic impression' to the song of the moth, and finally to the hymn of all creation, not because she wants to or has such romantic designs on her romantic design, but because she is able. Jung does not obscure the erotic impression and its force. He retains it, but goes beyond it, as Miss Miller senses he should. Freud would

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limit his exegesis to the simplest sense of the erotic, not because he doesn't believe in man's ability to range far and wide, but because he believes it is predominantly an ability in deviousness and distortion. Jung, however, works from the erotic dream-vision of one woman, outward into the psychic content of world culture, showing: that the single events have utter significance --- the handsome officer singing on the deck, Miss Miller's sense that he is singing to her. Here, says Jung, here among daily events is the world memory, the memory by which one culture is all cultures, joined irrevocably by the archetypes. Miss Miller is the obvious source of her own sexual fantasy, but in the interpretation she finds herself to be the mediant of cosmic event; she brings into being the power of speech, song and poetry. Her dream enters the jetstream and is swept thru the psyche of the world. It is not that she will be cured. Her stumble has been turned into a stumble into herself, from which she will derive inestimable joy. And this is not evasion.

"Miss Miller has tried to understand this unconscious creation by means of a procedure which agrees in principle with the methods of psychological analysis and therefore leads to the same results. But, as is usually the case with laymen and beginners, she stuck at associations which bring the underlying complex to light only in an indirect way. Nevertheless, a simple procedure, a mere matter of carrying the thought to its logical conclusion, is enough to help one find the meaning."[21]

If Jung can do this, can get away with such a system, it is from the terrific sense that all connections are necessary and that all connections are at hand. Just because Chiwantopel does not have his origin in Miss Miller (or for that matter: does), or Marduk, or the Womb of the Western World, or Ra, or Yggdrasill, these are fragments of the simultaneity of all human meaning which cannot be escaped once the gate is open. Jung allows this to happen.

"After this vision Miss Miller felt that a name was forming itself in her 'bit by bit,' a name that seemed to belong to this Aztec who was the 'son of an Inca of Peru.' The name was 'Chi-wan-to-pel.' The author says that it was somehow connected with her reminiscences. The act of naming is, like baptism, extremely important as regards the creation of personality, for a magical power has been attributed to the name since time immemorial."[22]

When I said that Jung grounded his associations much more deeply in scientific content (i.e., that there is a link between the material and evolutionary shape of the brain and its memory, or images), I did not indicate the area in which Freud is clearly more scientific in the traditional sense. That is: the world is created by external forces, and human beings apprehend that world; for Freud, myth is the history of cathected events that go to make it up. Jung clearly gives psyche the power to create the world anew, evidently from the material of the collective unconscious, and this form of psychic unity goes well beyond the usual limits set for somatic traces. It is not just recovery that is linked to association, but creation anew. While Freud allows for the uni-

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versal psychic unity of instincts, Jung goes well beyond it in his demonstration of the discreteness of the archetypes. When Freud says 'free association,' he means ultimately to steer the thread back into the area of personal anxiety. When Jung says it, he will go on as long as there is a clear will and an act of creation:

"I know the objection which everyone will raise here, namely that Miss Miller could just as well have chosen any other line as an example, that she picked on the first suitable one purely by accident, and that its content was equally accidental. The criticism levelled at the association method generally operates with arguments of this kind. The misunderstanding arises from the fact that the law of psychic causality is never taken seriously enough: there are no accidents, no 'just as wells.'"[23]

When the act of recall becomes conscious, the dream becomes almost conscious too, and we have the beginnings of a causal mythology, in which the individuation (= individual) is exponented to the complete work of the psyche --- hence, finally, from the causal to the acausal (to what we dangerously call 'out of mind, out of nature,' because it is not THERE in the sense anything else is, or those things that can be seen equally and objectively by all people). We arrive at the wisest Jung and "Synchronicity: An Acausal Connecting Principle."

"By virtue of his microcosmic nature man is a son of the firmament or macrocosm. 'I am a star travelling together with you,' the initiate confesses in the Mithraic liturgy. In alchemy the microcosmos has the same significance as the rotundum, a favorite symbol since the time of Zosimos of Panopolis, which was also known as the Monad."[24]

In another case history found in Jung (Miss X), the patient's dreaming is less significant than her painting. Using colors and forms, she maps the signs and events of her individuation and psychic transformation. All biological and psychological phenomena in her field are joined in a single fluid motion. The question of: where is the mind? becomes moot as it becomes psychosomatic. As the stars lie in their absolute time, near in the zodiac, far in the heavens, caused in space-time, acaused in space: the LINKS, the biopsy of the dream becomes simultaneous with the painting. A beautiful tattooing comes, as thru the metabolism, thru the soma, to give the essential state of the organism. The Word is written as one, at once. Jung, then, is the first biopsychologist because he recognizes that ultimately, if Freudian zones of the conscious and unconscious are to have any substantive meaning, they must be found in the physical apparatus, or in some exponential fashion simultaneous with it. I quote at length from Jung's analysis of Miss X.

"In Picture 10, begun in Zurich but only completed when Miss X again visited her motherland, we find the same division as before into above and below. The 'soul-flower' in the centre is the same, but it is surrounded on all sides by a dark blue night sky, in which

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we see the four phases of the moon, the new moon coinciding with the world of darkness below. The three birds have become two. Their plumage has darkened, but on the other hand the goat has turned into two semi-human creatures with horns and light faces, and only two of the four snakes remain. A notable innovation is the appearance of two crabs in the lower chthonic hemisphere that also represents the body. The crab has essentially the same meaning as the astrological sign Cancer. Unfortunately Miss X gave no context here. In such cases it is usually worth investigating what use has been made in the past of the object in question. In earlier, prescientific ages hardly any distinction was drawn between long-tailed crabs (Macrura, crayfish) and short-tailed crabs (Brachyura). As a zodiacal sign Cancer signifies resurrection because the crab sheds its shell. The ancients had in mind chiefly Pagurus bernhardus, the hermit crab. It hides in its shell and cannot be attacked. Therefore it signifies caution and foresight, knowledge of coming events. It 'depends on the moon, and waxes with it.' It is worth noting that the crab appears just in the mandala in which we see the phases of the moon for the first time. Astrologically Cancer is the house of the moon. Because of its backwards and sideways movement, it plays the role of an unlucky animal in superstition and colloquial speech ('crabbed,' 'catch a crab,' etc.). Since ancient times cancer (καρκίνος) has been the name for a malignant tumour of the glands. Cancer is the zodiacal sign in which the sun begins to retreat, when the days grow shorter. Pseudo-Kallisthenes relates that crabs dragged Alexander's ships down into the sea. 'Karkinos' was the name of the crab that bit Heracles in the foot in his fight with the Lernaean monster. In gratitude, Hera set her accomplice among the stars.

In astrology, Cancer is a feminine and watery sign, and the summer solstice takes place in it. In the melothesiae it is correlated with the breast. It rules over the Western sea. In Propertius it makes a sinister appearance: "Octipedis Cancri terga sinistra time" (Fear thou the ill-omened back of the eight-footed crab). De Gubernatis says: "The crab . . . causes now the death of the solar hero and now that of the monster." The Panchatantra (V, 2) relates how a crab, which the mother gave to her son as apotropaic magic, saved his life by killing a black snake. As De Gubernatis thinks, the crab stands now for the sun and now for the moon, according to whether it goes forwards or backwards.

Miss X was born in the first degrees of Cancer (actually about 3°). She knew her horoscope and was well aware of the significance of the moment of birth; that is, she realized that the degree of the rising sun (the ascendant) conditions the individuality of the horoscope. Since she obviously guessed the horoscope's affinity with the mandala, she introduced her individual sign into the painting that was meant to express her psychic self.....

A climax like this, where the universal opposites clash, is at the same time a moment when a wide perspective often opens out into the past and future. This is the psychological moment when, as the consensus gentium has established since ancient times,

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synchronistic phenomena occur --- that is, when the far appears near; sixteen years later, Miss X became fatally ill with cancer of the breast. [I do not hesitate to take the synchronistic phenomena that underlie astrology seriously. Just as there is an eminently psychological reason for the existence of alchemy, so too in the case of astrology. Nowadays it is no longer interesting to know how far these two fields are aberrations; we should rather investigate the psychological foundations on which they rest.]"[25]

It is hard to say why, after reading Jung fanatically for a year or so, I suddenly stopped and didn't read another word of his for six years. Despite his incredible scholarship and wisdom, there is a certain sameness to the work once you have been thru the archetypes. His study of flying saucers was disappointing because these are objects we want to retain as things, and as part of the region where our world joins with other physical worlds. Assuming an exobiological level, even if we do not know its location, we do not want to lose events on that level to their archetypes (even as we would not want to lose the New World, inhabited with real Indian groups, to the archetype of the New World in pre-Columbian consciousness). There is a certain truistic quality to the notion that things exist in the mind if they exist at all, even when it is a psychosomatic mind. The bulk of what is engaging about UFOs is the whole body of information having nothing to do with myths of things seen in the sky.

Just last month I came across an essay of Jung that I did not know set as a psychological commentary to the Tibetan Book of the Dead. Here Jung accepts the reality of the Bardo state, and by it, the eternal life of the psyche or soul (the eternal memory of matter). He goes back into his own Freudian orgins and therein sees psychoanalysis, as practiced by Freud, as a sort of Western book of the dead because of its emphasis on a return to the womb. Jung shows that Freud's fear of the occult made it impossible for him to go beyond the appearance of the embryo in the womb, and with it, the primal psyche. Freud, and Freudians in general, stop at the known biological initiation of the individual; they do not attempt to go beyond conception, either in the psychological (= biochemical) sense, or in the exobiochemical sense. The trauma, which Freud associates with birth, which Reich attaches to circumcision (among other things), Jung traces to the multiple karmic rebirths and the search of psyche thru world after world, Bardo after Bardo, for its lost individuality, and of that individuality for nirvana (in all of which the Oedipal complex is but an episode). The Tibetan Book of the Dead, in unaltered form, fit Jung's cosmology better than UFOs because it dealt with a continuous biology rather than things outside of nature. It is not that the Bardo should be reduced to the archetypes (as in Timothy Leary's reading of the Book), but that the archetypes might be revealed in the larger region of the Bardo. There they might co-exist with such things as UFOs and alchemical gold, even as they already co-exist with the realities of biological speciation and the cities of man. Jung says:

"So far as I know, there is no inheritance of individual prenatal, or pre-uterine, memories, but there are undoubtedly inherited arche-

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types which are, however, devoid of content, because to begin with, they contain no personal experiences. They only emerge into consciousness when personal experiences have rendered them visible..... Such a state, therefore, precludes any experience of transubjective psychic realities, unless the individual refuses categorically to be born back again into the world of consciousness."[26]

Sandor Ferenczi is a Freudian who, in many ways, bridges the gap between Freud and Jung. Like Freud he reduces dream symbolism to genital and uterine phenomena, but as with any symbolist, it is hard to know how much of a reduction he is making with knowing the content of his symbol. Like Jung, Ferenczi would have psychic ontogeny recapitulate somatic phylogeny: the dream of a lizard is man in reptile form (Jung's homunculus). Much as Chardin sees the birth of the world in fire and sun, with the ultimate creative and evolutionary urge being to return to fire (as a hot telepathic noosphere), Ferenczi makes water his medium of life --- the soft environment of its original hatching, the radial symmetry of its first toothless forms, the fertile environment of its continued survival, the internalized environment of its migration onto land, and finally, and now, the psychological environment of its unconscious. Ferenczi's pleasure principle is somehow more expansive than Freud's for being concerned with a regression to a watery and maternal space. It is grounded in biological and ecological rather than social psychological imagery. It takes for its events, its breath span, the planet, for for its dynamic an act of biological inversion, inside become what outside was (water and tissue), macrocosm becoming microcosm organically, hence the individual as the carrier of the whole thing. Each birth and each thought is a biopsychological affirmation that blood and seed and hormones are the rich ocean jellies of proto-plasm, proto-planet, and a repetition of the birth of the world and the emergence. The age of the newt is part of the psychogenesis of the human individual (as the age of the bird is not).

In Freud the focus on sexuality limits the organs of the body which can be psychically loaded. For Ferenczi such organs as the lungs, the legs, the heart, etc., become emotional centers and are cathected as sensitively as the penis in some instances. As they appear in dream, fish, amphibians, lizards, and monkeys, have a nostalgia all their own, a primal imagery that is not mere sublimation. Man views with painful and yearning pleasure the earlier more secure forms of himself.

What Ferenczi is about is not synchronicity, for he demands pure consecutive history, call evolution history here if you must; he will not let it happen all at once, as star-sun cluster and man, as archetype, or as absolute time. Its origins are mediterranean (middle-world, middle-sea); memory becomes racial memory, not so much collective cultural unconscious as limited biological unconscious (remembering the previous somatic maps of the genes). The ultimate reduction of such a structure occurs in Velikovsky, where the racial memory is seared by a single traumatic event emblazoned in the inheritance of man (a comet*, or an external astrophysical event equivalent to Chardin's internal and internalizing one). When the night-

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mare has a single cosmic source, it is recathected each time an event resembles it (this is not too far from where Freud comes out in Totem and Taboo). For Ferenczi (as Freud finally), the traumatic event is not accident; it is the entire thrust of inner growth and form, the inevitable consequence of complexification of genetic materia. There is no relief from the anxiety which, of a whole cloth, surrounds man's birth into the universe. Reich and Jung are the only Freudians who see man as having creative powers to overcome the initial trauma (to be larger than it in the end). Reich will have no part of synchronicity, archetypes, or the precedence of dream and fantasy; he demands a totally conscious state in which man has learned to harness the cosmic energies that surround him (be the node). His only difference with Freud is one of physics. Where Freud ends his discourse in despair for civilization, Reich believes that man can salvage his Oedipal origins in a bionic (cosmic) energy that precedes them. Ferenczi joins Freud in his despair. There is no way back into the egg; he envisions no orgone boxes; man is doomed to dry land. The Ferenczian dream ends as Truffaut's 400 Blows: the child running from inland urban imprisonment to the sea, looks upon it, and so comes to the end of his life.

What Ferenczi brings to the dream-work is a specific harmony of waters that we can sometimes recognize, alone or mixed with other dream structures. There is a terrific amount of water in dream (think of all the faucets left running, rivers, oceans, submarines, octopi, blood, wet dreams). In some cases we even hit a somatic vibration where everything equals water (as in C. S. Lewis' Perelandra, a planet in the thalassan state). If the amount of dream water and sea creatures (or embryos) exceeds all psychic cause, it leaves the possibility that we are dreaming out the sea-waters of our birth, and the eventual turning of that ocean into the inland waters of our body. In our anxiety we long for the ocean, which is our mother and macrocosm. In Chardin's dream we might yearn for sun and moon (and so the Incas build their temples (dreams?) in their names.

"Let me ask you to picture the surface of the earth as still entirely enveloped in water. All plant and animal life still pursues its existence in an environment of sea-water. Geologic and atmospheric conditions are such that portions of the ocean bed become raised above the surface of the water. The animals and plants thus set upon dry land must either succumb or else adapt themselves to a land and air existence; above all, they must become habituated to obtaining from the air, instead of from the water, the gases necessary to their existence --- oxygen and carbon dioxide. Let us consider for a moment the most highly developed among water-inhabiting creatures, our most ancient ancestors among the vertebrates, the fishes. It is altogether conceivable --- in fact, biologists state it as a certainty --- that there were certain fortunate fish that were not deposited upon wholly dry land but may have gone on living in shallow pools of water --- a situation which offered the possibility of their adapting themselves to air-breathing --- that is, of substituting lungs for the gills which had now become useless.

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Now I have already informed you on an earlier occasion of my conception that strong volition, and not alone accidental variation or habitual practice, may play a part in the forming of a new or better adapted organ. The necessity for seeking food by moving from place to place led, conceivably, to the development of special organs of locomotion, legs and feet. It is thus that we have, therefore, a fish that hops on the ground and breathes through lungs --- in other words, a frog.

Now in point of fact we have living proofs that such a description as I have given is not a mere fairy tale. The development of the frog, as though to prove to us the correctness of the theory of evolution, takes places in two sharply demarcated stages. From the fertilized frog's egg there emerges a tadpole, which like the fishes swims merrily in the water and breathes with gills. Later it develops lungs as well, and can live on land. It becomes an amphibian.

For the speculations which now follow I hold myself alone responsible. The thought that ever and again came to my mind was of the well known fact that in the overwhelming majority of aquatic animals fertilization takes place in the water and not within the protecting walls of the maternal body. Among these creatures copulation in the true sense does not occur, nor do they possess any external sexual apparatus. The female discharges the eggs into the water; the male pauses in the vicinity and fertilizes the eggs in the water. In most cases no direct contact between male and female occurs. As soon as the fish was stranded upon dry land and became an amphibian, the male developed special callosities on the thumb for holding fast to the female, and later, after it had been transformed into a reptile, evolved specific male sex organs, thus making provision that the fertilized ova safely reached the uterus of the female, there to develop. Beginning with the Reptilia, all land vertebrates pass through an intrauterine embryonal development. Mammals are differentiated from their forerunners in that their eggs are particularly delicate and have a large water content, so that they break during birth and the mother nourishes the newborn with her bodily fluids.

I could elaborate my theory further in relation to biological data, but I will be candid and admit that it was psychoanalytic experience which at this point helped me forward a step. Strangely enough, it was Freud's Interpretation of Dreams that gave me my next stimulus. In the analysis of those dreams which to all appearances have something to do with birth, and also of the dreams of pregnant women, it is very frequently the case that we cannot explain the dream image or the dream experience of the rescue of a person from water otherwise than as the symbolic equating of birth with rescue from water. In the dreams of people, too, who are in great difficulties or who are suffering from an anxiety state, rescue from water may occur as a wish-fulfilling deliverance. If you will recall what we have learned from Freud regarding the connection of anxiety symptoms with the first great anxiety, birth, you will perhaps be disposed to follow me in conceiving of the typical dream of rescue from the danger of drowning as the symbolic representa-

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tion of the fortunate deliverance from this peril.

It was at this point that the psychoanalytic interpretation of life phenomena was again resumed. The idea occurred to me that just as sexual intercourse might, in an hallucinatory, symbolic and real manner, somehow signify regression, at least in its mode of expression, to the period of and prior to birth, so birth and antecedent existence in the amniotic fluid might themselves be an organic memory symbol of the great geological catastrophe and of the struggle to adapt to it, a struggle which our phylogenetic ancestors had to survive in order to become adapted to a land and air existence. Sexual intercourse thus contains a suggestion of the mnemic traces of this catastrophe which overtook both the individual and the species."[27]

Right after I got most deeply involved in Jung I met Robert Kelly, who was moving away from Jung in the dream aspect of his work. --Avoid the categorizers-- Kelly said. --And Jung is of a theoria. And it may, or may not, be of our inter-est-- (I think are the exact words he said to me once on a tape). Kelly had responded to the science fiction aspect of my own work, the guidebook to the planets type of outward, and had directed me away from the symbolic. --Recognize things for their own value--

Freud had begun, and correctly so for his own purposes, with rejecting the whole realm of dream prophecy and dream divination. Similarly, early astronomy and exobiology, in that one area pertaining to the inhabitation of other planets, moved away from an astrally-populated universe toward a reasonable statement about the possibility of organic chains evolving on other planets. To go back on these now is a result, to a certain extent, of the degree of confidence they have given us, that we are no longer subject to them. Kelly, then, startled me by suggesting that all the planets were inhabited, and the sun most likely so (energy and condensation and their relation to consciousness being important here). It is much the same to advance that dreams have inhabitants, prophecies, in fact a voice and wisdom all their own. This is the beginning of a higher science than we have ever had.

Dream becomes an informer, a messenger, a separate consciousness. This role is harmonious with the others, and depends not on a different level of reality for dream, but on a different sensitivity in the dreamer when he awakes. Nature is filled with voices not our own, not part of any archetype or consciousness we have physical access to. There are certain instructions and informings that contact us only when we recognize speech and communication between equal beings. Note the following Winnebago dream collected by Radin:

"When I was a boy of eleven my mother told me that it was time for me to find out about my future. I was told to fast. First I was told not to eat or drink anything except at suppertime. This I kept up for five days. On the sixth day a wigwam was built on the bank of a little creek, running through the woods. There I was left on the evening of the sixth day and there my mother came to see me the next morning to find out if I had had a dream. But I had not slept that night, for I went to a creek for a drink of water. It was early in the fall of

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the year and the nights were quite warm. My people saw the tracks along the creek the next morning and immediately realized that I must have left my sleeping-place.

They asked me where I had been and I told them that I had gone to the creek for water. Then I was told to go home.

After about two weeks I had to start all over again. This time I was placed together with another lad. On the fourth night they changed my wigwam to another part of the woods far away from the creek. On the evening of the fourth day, I went to the place they had built for me. That night the other boy had a bad dream and when our mothers came the next morning he told his mother what he had dreamt. He had a vision in which a snake appeared to him and made him sick and that he finally died. He was told to go home. After that I was all alone in the wigwam. My people visited me quite oftne, about three or four times a day. I stayed there five days and on the fifth day I had a dream.

I dreamt that I was alongside a lake and had not had anything to eat for some time. I was wandering in search of food for a long time when I saw a big bird (majg). This bird came over to where I was staying and spoke to me, telling me that I was lost and that a party was out searching for me; and that they really intended to shoot me instead of rescuing me. Then the bird flew out into the lake and brought me a fish to eat and told me that I would have good luck in hunting and fishing; that I would live to a good old age; and that I would never be wounded by a shot-gun or rifle. This bird who had blessed me was the kind that one rarely has a chance of shooting. From that time on the majg (loon) was my guardian spirit."[33]

The sources of information outside our being include: other planets, the inhabitants of other planets, UFOs, dreams, plants, animals, bodies of water, clouds (and other atmospheric disturbances), stones ancestors, obligations, robots, etc. Some of these speak more easily to us (to some of us) than others. For Castaneda (in The Teachings of Don Juan) the critical moment was when he realized that there was another consciousness in communication with him that was not his, not Don Juan's, and that spoke to him thru his own faculties, above and beyond his pseudo-concerns as a researcher or objective culture-worker. In fact, his communicant called attention to his rather banal motivations for coming into contact. This kind of strong bond between us and the other is clearly lacking in most dream-theory, mythological studies, ethnography, exobiology, etc. In fact, it is ironically lacking in every other account of American Indian shamanism.

When Crowley suggests that the student of magic proceed as if the spirits he invokes are real beings, just like going to see his aunt and uncle, he is purposely stepping between the neophyte and a long tradition of psychological dependency in magic. At the same time, he says, in effect, that if, after giving them the benefit of the doubt, the various angelics and spirits turn out to be nothing more than regions of the mind, sobeit, nothing lost. It is totally upto the individual, without reliance on external systems, to determine what is real. In his ultimate quest, there will be

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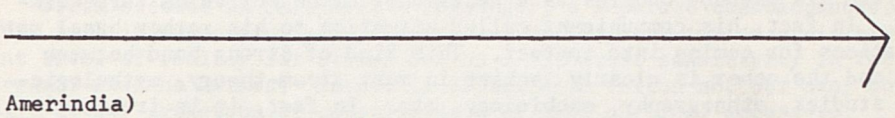
no freudian fathers to save him from his projections or from them. If they are real he must meet them on their own grounds, using equal or more powerful magic. [Just now, looking out the window into the bright sun, at a bird flying directly away from me at right angle; the in and out movement of its wings is a tunnel, an evocative flashing of alternate flag signals, upon which another bird follows; thus the air around him is filled with a kind of bird sight and bird evocation that has nothing to do with our usual closed system of intelligence. The giant elm down the block, as light as its leaves will buoy it in sun, stands on the sod of this earth? Around which a child rides his bike SLOWLY, one foot dragging. Each single flower, grass, bird, each moment repeated as it is never repeated, all these are conscious and reside in our field].

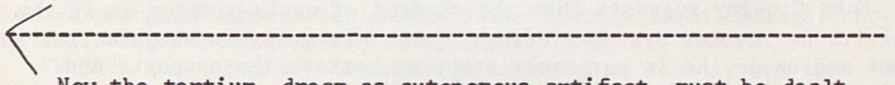
Our energies are only so great, and we must finally become localists if we are to share in the large. There is an information based on where we are, called city in the formal sense, nation as a collective, and it has no basis in common notions of consciousness, neither symbolic, nor thalassan, nor archetypal. It is a pure informing; the information came to Castaneda as clearly as he stood in the plant kingdom, not his own genetic memory of the plant psyche. --Acausal-- Jung says. Synchronicity it is, at very least; macrocosm and microcosm (conscious and unconscious) fall away, and with them information thru identity between the two. A model for our wisdom becomes the complete trails of Amerindian migration, the dynamo of the interior of a continent and its outer seas. Our history, not time, is absolute, and events are as they happen, inform themselves of another order. Now Kelly on dream:

use----------DREAM----------psychic reflex
(pertinent to dreamer as subject) (pertinent to dreamer as source)

Europe)
Gilgamesh Aristotle Cicero Chaucer Colonna ... Freud Jung



Amerindia)
identification with dream figures dream quest



Now the tertium, dream as autonomous artifact, must be dealt with.[28]

In this sense we may take the dream of Sun Chief: dream vision, or dream quest, whose meaning is the trip the dreamer takes; the information, be it from whatever reservoir, residue, or other trace, is as it is (as waking information is also): part of the world event

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in which the dreamer is subject, not resource, in which he needs not his human credential upon this planet, his organic birthrite, BUT COULD COME FROM A WHOLE OTHER ORGANIC CHAIN, born of beings alien to carbon and alien (= ancient) to Earth (as in some sense the Amerindians seemed, lost tribes of an earlier fragmentary consciousness), AND STILL DREAM IT, still have the power, physically, to be informed (not even biologically, as thru the unconscious), but subject to subject, man to man.

The dream comes as the crisis event in Sun Chief's illness:

"Then I saw a tall human being standing by my bed in Katcina costume. He was well dressed in a dancing kilt and a sash, was barefoot, and wore long black hair hanging down his back. He had a soft prayer feather (nakwakwosi) in his hair and carried a blue one in his left hand --- blue being the color which signifies the west and the home of the dead. He wore beads and looked wonderful as he watched me. When the nurses brought food, he said,'My son, you had better eat. Your time is up. You shall travel to the place where the dead live and see what it is like.' I saw the door swing slowly back and forth on its hinges and stop just a little open. A cold numbness crept up my body; my eyes closed; and I knew I was dying.

The strange human being said,'Now, my boy, you are to learn a lesson. I have been guarding you all your life, but you have been careless. You shall travel to the House of the Dead and learn that life is important. The path is already made for you. You had better hurry; and perhaps you will get back before they bury your body. I am your Guardian Spirit (dumalaitaka). I will wait here and watch over your body; but I shall also protect you on your journey.'

The pain disappeared and I felt well and strong. I arose from my bed and started to walk, when something lifted me and pushed me along through the air, causing me to move through the door, down the hall, and out upon the campus in broad daylight. I was swept along northeastward by a gust of wind, like flying, and soon reached the San Bernardino Mountains. There I climbed a corn-meal path about halfway up a mountain and came upon a hole like a tunnel, dimly lighted. I heard a voice on the right saying,'Don't be afraid, walk right in.' Stepping in through a fog and past the little lights, I moved along swiftly, finally came out upon a flat mesa, and discovered that I was walking near the old water holes out on the ledge at Oraibi! Very much surprised, I thought,'I will go home and get some good Hopi food.'

As I entered the door, I saw my mother sitting on the floor combing my father's hair. They just stared at the door for a moment and then turned back to their interests. They didn't say a word, causing me to wonder sadly. I walked about the room for a minute and then sat down on a sheep pelt by the stove to think. I said to myself,'Well, perhaps my gransfather will come and give me food.' After about an hour of silence, my grandfather did come in, stared at me for a moment, and said nothing; but he sat down opposite me and dropped his head as though worried. Then I thought to myself, 'They don't care for me. I had better go and leave them alone.'

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When I arose to leave they didn't even look up or say good-by.

I walked out by the dry basin near Oraibi Rock. There was a little stone wall on the edge of the dam. A large lizard ran along the ground and into the wall. As I drew near I saw peeping out from the rocks an ugly, naked woman with drawn face and dry lips. She looked tired, half starved, and very thirsty. It was my old grandmother, Bakabi, my mother's mother's sister. Since she was still living, I didn't know how her spirit could be on its way to Skeleton House; but I think my Guardian Angel placed her there to teach me a lesson and to show me that she was a Two-Heart. She said,'My grandson, will you please give me a drink?' 'No, I have no water,' I replied. 'Well, please spit in my mouth to quench my thirst?' she pleaded. I said,'No, I have nothing for you. Are you the one I saw as a lizard?' 'Yes, my father is a lizard and I have two hearts.' 'Then I will have nothing to do with you, for you killed our sister!' I said. 'I am one of those who are killing your people'; she answered,'but I am not the one who killed you. From here to the House of the Dead you will see people like me who can take only one step a year over a path of sorrow. Please let me go along with you. You have only one heart and will arrive safely. 'Never mind,' I said, and hurried along, for I had no time to monkey with a witch.

I moved along quickly, touching the ground only in spots until I came to the west point of the mesa. Along this way I saw many faces of Two-Hearts who called out to me for food and drink; but I had no time for them. When I reached the foot of Mount Beautiful, the Judgement Seat, I looked up and saw nice regular steps about twelve feet wide and twelve feet high, of a red color, and reaching like a mighty stairway to the highest point. I started to climb but seemed to float up on air, just touching my feet lightly on the top step. There a bell rang from the west side so clearly that I heard echoes out among the mesa walls.

As the ringing grew louder, I looked and saw a man climbing up the mountain from the west, dressed in a white buckskin, wearing a horn, and holding a spear and a bell. It was a Kwanitaka, a member of the Kwan or Warrior society, who watches the kivas during prayers and guards the village to keep out strangers and let in the dead during the Wowochim ceremonies. He came up to me but did not shake hands, because he was now a spirit god and doing police duty directing good people over the smooth highway and bad people over the rough road to the House of the Dead. He said,'My boy, you are just in time, hurry! Look to the west and you will see two roads. You take the broad one, the narrow one is crooked and full of rocks, thorns, and thistles; those who take it have a hard journey. I have prepared this broad road for you. Now hurry and you will find someone to guide you.'

I looked to the left and saw a wide road sprinkled with corn meal and pollen. On the right was a narrow path about a foot wide and very rough. Strewn along the side were Hopi clothes that had been dropped by Two-Heart women who had recovered them from men with

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whom they had slept. I saw naked, suffering people struggling along the path with heavy burdens and other handicaps such as thorny cactus plants fastened to their bodies in tender places. Snakes raised their heads along the edge of the path, sticking out their tongues in a threatening manner. When they saw me looking at them they dropped their heads; but I knew they could bite anyone that they did not like.

I chose the broad road to the left and went along swiftly, almost flying, until I came to a large mesa, which I shot up like an arrow and landed on top. There I saw on my left summer birds singing and flowers in full bloom. Moving rapidly, I passed along the edge of Cole canyon with its steep white walls which I had seen before on my way to Moenkopi. In the distance were twelve queer-looking striped animals chasing one another. As I drew nearer I saw that they were clowns (tcuka) who had painted their bodies with black and white stripes and were joking and teasing one another. The leader --- who was of the Eagle Clan which is linked to my Sun Clan --- said,'My nephew, we have been expecting you. It is late and you must hurry. We think you will return, so we will wait here for you. Your Guardian Spirit is protecting you; but you must hurry back to your body. You may live a long time yet if you get back.'

Somewhat frightened, I sped along to the left, reached the top of a steep mesa, and sort of floated down. Before me were the two trails passing westward through the gap of the mountains. On the right was the rough narrow path, with the cactus and the coiled snakes, and filled with miserable Two-Hearts making very slow and painful progress. On the left was the fine, smooth highway with no person in sight, since everyone had sped along so swiftly. I took it, passed many ruins and deserted houses, reached the mountain, entered a narrow valley, and crossed through a gap to the other side. Soon I came to a great canyon where my journey seemed to end; and I stood there on the rim wondering what to do. Peering deep into the canyon, I saw something shiny winding its way like a silver thread on the bottom; and I thought that it must be the Little Colorado River. On the walls across the canyon were the houses of our ancestors with smoke rising from the chimneys and people sitting out on the roofs.

Within a short time I heard a bell on the west side at the bottom of the canyon and another one somewhat behind me. The same Kwanitaka who had directed me on Mount Beautiful came rushing up the cliff carrying a blanket and dressed in a cloak and buckskin moccasions as white as snow. Another Kwanitaka came rapidly from the rear, ringing his bell. The first one said,'We have been expecting you all morning. This partner and I have raced here for you. I won and you are mine. You have been careless and don't believe in the Skeleton House where your people go when they die. You think that people, dogs, burros, and other animals just die and that's all there is to it. Come with us. We shall teach you a lesson on life.' I followed the first Kwanitaka to the southwest and was trailed by the second who kept off evil spirits. We came

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to a house where we saw a Kwanitaka in red buckskin moccasins making red yucca suds in a big earthen pit. Near by was another Kwanitaka from the west in white moccasins making white suds. Each one stirred the suds with a stick, causing a vapor to rise like a cloud. Then one of them said,'Now we are ready, take your choice. From which pot will you be washed?' I chose the white suds. 'All right, you are lucky,' said the Kwanitaka. 'It means that you may journey back along the Hopi trail and return to life.' I knelt down so that he could wash my hair and rinse it with fresh water. Finally he said,'Get up and come along. We must hurry because the time is going fast.'

The Kwanitakas led me southwest toward the smoke rising in the distance. As we drew near I saw a great crowd of people watching a fire which came out of the ground. On the very edge of the flaming pit stood four naked people, each of them in front of another individual who wore clothing. On the north and south sides stood a naked man in front of a clothed woman, on the east and west sides a naked woman in front of a clothed man. I could see these people as plain as day, even their private parts, but I did not know a single one of them. They had been travelling for a long, long time at the rate of one step a year, and had just reached this place. I noticed on the ground paths leading from four directions to the hole. Near by I saw another Kwanitaka tending the fire in a deeply tunneled pit like that in which sweet corn is baked.

'Look closely,' said a Kwanitaka. 'Those in front are Two-Hearts. They killed the people standing behind them and now it is their turn to suffer. The crowds of people have come from the House of the Dead to see the Two-Hearts get their punishment. Look!' Then he called out,'Ready, push'! The woman on the north pushed her Two-Heart into the pit, and I could see the flames lap him up, sending out rolls of black smoke. Then the man on the west pushed over his naked woman, and the woman on the south shoved in her man, causing great volumes of smoke to rise out of the pit. Finally the man on the east pushed in his girl and the work was done. No Two-Heart said a word; it seemed they had no feelings. The Kwanitaka said to the people,'Now go back where you belong.'

'Now, my boy,' said the Kwanitaka to me, 'come and look into the pit.' I stepped up close to the fim and saw an empty hole with a network of two-inch cracks broken into the walls through which flames of fire were leaping. In the center at the bottom were four black beetles crawling about, two carrying the other two on their backs. The Kwanitaka asked me,'What do you see?' 'Beetles,' I replied. 'That's the end of these Two-Hearts,' said he, 'and the fate of all their kind. They will stay there as beetles forever, except to make occasional visits to Oraibi and move about the village doing mischief on hazy days.'

The Kwanitakas then took me back over the course that we had traveled until we came to the steep ledge where the road had ended. I had stood there before, looking across the canyon to the opposite wall where the people sat on their housetops. Now the canyon was full of smoke, and when I peered down I saw a gruesome creature in the shape of a man climbing the cliff. He was taking long strides

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with his shining black legs and big feet; an old tattered rag of a blanket was flying from his shoulder as he approached swiftly with a club in his hand. It was big, black, bloody-head Masau'u, the God of Death, coming to catch me. One of the Kwanitakas pushed me and cried,'Flee for your life and don't look back, for if Masau'u catches you, he will make you a prisoner in the House of the Dead!' I turned and ran eastward, while they pushed me along with their wands or spears so that I rose about six inches from the ground and flew faster than I had ever traveled before.

When I reached Cole Canyon the clowns were waiting for me, standing in a straight line facing west with their arms about each other, as children do in playing London Bridge. As I approached them at full speed, they cried,'Jump, Masau'u is gaining!' I jumped and landed on the chest of the leader, knocking him down. They all laughed and yelled, seeming not to mind, for clowns are always happy. They said,'You just reached here in time, now you belong to us, turn around and look!' I looked west and saw Masau'u going back, looking over his shoulder as he ran. Then the leader of the clowns said, 'Now, my nephew, you have learned your lesson. Be careful, wise, and good, and treat everybody fairly. If you do, they will respect you and help you out of trouble. Your Guardian Spirit has punished you so that you may see and understand. Lots of people love you. We are your uncles and will see that no harm comes to you. You have a long time to live yet. Go back to the hospital and to your bed. You will see an ugly person lying there; but don't be afraid. Put your arms around his neck and warm yourself, and you'll soon come to life. But hurry, before the people put your body in a coffin and nail down the lid, for then it will be too late.'

I turned and ran quickly, circling back to the mountains through the tunnel and over the foothills to the hospital. I entered quickly and saw my Guardian Spirit and a nurse at the bedside. He greeted me kindly and said,'Well, you are lucky, and just in time. Slip quickly under the cover at the foot, move up alongside your body, put your arms around its neck, and be still.' My body was cold and little more than bones, but I obeyed the command and lay there clinging to its neck. Soon I became warm, opened my eyes, and looked up to the ceiling and at the door transom. Nurses were about the bed, and a head nurse was holding my hand. I heard her say,'The pulse beats.'

I thought I heard bees buzzing, but it was the music of a band, for it was Christmas morning and students were marching from building to building singing carols. I said,'Father, mother.' A nurse said,'Sonny, you passed away last night, but did not cool off quite like a dead person. Your heart kept on beating slowly and your pulse moved a little, so we did not bury you. Now we will get the credit for saving your life.'"[29]

In summation, I can say that there have been three clearly-different, equally-fertile responses to the dream-work in my life. They have grown out of each other as leaps of meaning, revealing the preceding dream trace in new depth without eliminating it. The first of these grew out of psychoanalysis and my dream of the spilled chem-

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icals; it was personal, parental, and egocentric in just those senses (rather than the sense of individuation or centripetality). The second came when I was 19, in part from reading Jung, Yeats, and books on tarot, i.e., was a response to occultism, mysticism, and a larger world culture. I think it is the necessary transformation of Freudian theory into something else (as one becomes fuller and more complete; it needn't come from Jung (or be Jungian); there are those who have learned it from Toynbee or Spengler or Frobenius (or Darwin for that matter); for others, in the clearest sense, it is the widening of their social circle.

The third level (tertium?) came initially from Kelly's revisions of dream-theory, C. S. Lewis' Perelandra, Arthur Clarke's Childhood's End, and my discussions with Greg Dropkin; the dream of Sun Chief was a fruition. Here I found that the dream-work, not just in terms of symbolism and content, but in some ultimate sense of structure, would go as far as I took it. The voice asking questions outside of dream was being answered in the dream, and not just as a distortion of its own syntax. After the first dream in the San Francisco series[30], I felt as though the dream has some intelligent purpose in witholding the real name of the city from me and making me think it was San Francisco. I remember telling Lindy, along with the dream the next morning, that the reason I hadn't been able to find or use a telephone was because the dream knew that if I ever got ahold of one, I would blow its scheme wide open, forcing the city then to be San Francisco or drop that ploy. A few nights later I found myself in a dream undoubtedly meant to be the continuation. In this setting of it, the phone was absurdly available (as compared with the previous sequel), but a reasonable coincidence of events made it impossible to reach anyone. Either I was in San Francisco before or after, too late or too soon, or the phone company was completely out of touch with the culture I knew (a whole civilization unlisted was the sense of it). In a third dream (two years later and not included in the series), I reached one of my friends, but he had forgotten me (or was nursing an old grudge I didn't even remember) and hung up. Then Lindy and I were rescued by an aunt and uncle who drive us thru an archaeological city hidden within a modern playground. Suddenly we passed beyond the edge of life into the land of death; I knew it, and awoke with a start.

All of this is to acclaim that we are being informed in a manner such that the informer takes into account all obstalces, all acts of overweaning consciousness, and replaces them with puns, contrivances, perverse melodic consistencies (clearly the water-bound ice-skaters belonged to the deep structure of the dream). If we intend to call its bluff as dream (like saying: I AM ONLY LIFING), the informer accepts that and makes it part of the inescapable environment of the dream. There is no such thing as an unthreading of the structure or a cleansing of the tubes; it always winds deeper and more into itself. The dream can no more be outsmarted than, in the joke where, as Freud showed, for the joker, it is always on himself.

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I had the clear sense in the second San Francisco dream that the real event was the procession of ice-skaters, almost a rebus. Here was some clear nerve of information about the location of the Earth's cities (san franciscos) in the Inter-Pleistocene. The scene which follows is truly in the spirit of a powerful informer or joker taking all our means into his own; my camera is stolen away, but the transport of its lens is not, and vision becomes something more transitive than vision (as if the astronomer were cast onto the surface of Mars by viewing it thru his ratio).

In Book of the Earth and Sky, I took the informer to be simultaneous with the magi (not dissimilar from clowns and guardian angels), and used the book, with its dreams, as a development of my notions as to who they were and what they wanted from me. This comes to a conclusion in the final section (The Magi Come....) where the information is unearthly, equivalent to that which I feared in the flying saucer dream: when it comes, its way prepared by the intermezzo nightmares, it is as elating and passionate as they are cold and terrifying. As Jung suggests, we leave the anima to be herself, and we follow her to her place, as the room is, as it is the best way we can be conscious of her having a place (that is, her room in the psyche/cosmos); the information they/she give me is of origin, is of self; it is information I cannot get from within the system, no matter how ontogenetically I repeat the biologium and the history of carbon and materia. I come to be interested then in the direct and pure transport of information, as between conscious species, what I call man to man, or between dolphins: this is the room we are taken to in the end.

".....suppose some intelligence on some fairly nearby star is trying to reach us. Or suppose we try to reach them. What is there to say in the announcements being sent out or received? We can't really use Morse code or expect any foreign intelligence to speak English. We must find something universally understandable. We could assume, for instance, that the people of any supercivilization would understand mathematics and that whatever mathematical statements are true here are also true there.

For instance, suppose we sent out two pulses of microwaves, followed by two more and then by four. Then, after a longer pause, we send out first three, then three, then nine, then go back to the first group, and so on. We would have the following messages: 2,2,4...3,3,9...2,2,4...3,3,9...and so on.

If then, from somewhere out in space, we got the message, 4, 4, 16, even once, we would have successfully established communication."31

Which is to say that dream, if it is worth anything, is followed by the awakening, the return. We finally stand in that room and find that we are making it.....not that we are no longer in need of dream, as Russian scientists would have the citizen, and his full time devoted to what a desert the sun would then be, but that we have conquered the difference and learned to speak. Information transcends dreaming even as it has come to free us from all other literary judgements. We have learned to listen and want

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to stand clear, where what is being said comes, of whatever genes or material links, archetypal, acausal, or crosscultural, cross-elemental. The matters that lie in between we have thrown aside: it is the interest of zero contacting one. Or as Olson says:

"Nota: you will know, of course, how much I take dream to be such a sign of that confusion out of which all but the highest art emerges: I put it that way --- so condition it --- because I am led to think that there is a stage where man is free of dream. And that stage is where he is utterly clear, limpid, in this sense that he has so possessed his own 'form', so knows the structure of himself (in the face of all other forms) that he works from that alone."[32]

June, 1970

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Note: As well as the dream journal material in Book of the Earth and Sky, there is a section on Dreams and Flesh in Solar Journal: Oecological Sections (Black Sparrow, 1970). There is also extensive dream material in Spaces Wild and Tame, a short book which may be out by the summer of 1971; for information, please write: Serendipity Books, 1790 Shattuck Avenue, Berkeley, California 94709.

Although not having to do with dreams specifically, the material being published in mimeo pamphlett form by Big Venus Press, 240 Camden High Street, London NW1, England, may be of interest. It includes California Journal by Robert Kelly, Cro Magnon by Lindy Hough, and Sections from Book of the Cranberry Islands by Richard Grossinger.

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MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO: SOMNIUM SCIPIONIS
(DREAM OF SCIPIO)

In the consulship of Manius Manilius, when I was military tribune in the Fourth Legion, as you know, I arrived in Africa with the immediate desire to meet King Masinissa, most dear to our family and for good reason. I came into his presence, the old man wept and embraced me, a moment passed, then he spoke to the heavens. "Thanks to you, O utter Sun, and the rest of you celestials; before I go from this life I see in my kingdom, under my roof, Publius Cornelius Scipio, by whose very name I am restored." Then I questioned him about his kingdom, he asked about our republic; and before I knew it the day was gone. After a truly royal meal we talked on into the night, the king able to speak of nothing but Africanus, Africanus, his deeds, his very words. We parted late, and I fell into an unusually deep sleep, physically exhausted from the trip.

There came to me this dream (arising, I suppose, from our talk, as words and thoughts can have this effect on us in sleep, note Ennius' documented experiences with Homer, about whom he would think and talk in his waking hours). Africanus, his form, it stood before me, taking on not the shape I remembered from his person, but that of his ancestral portrait-mask. When I knew what it was I began shivering, but he spoke.

He said,"Overcome your fear, Scipio, and open your entire mind to the possibilities of what I shall say."

"Do you see yonder city? That city I turned to the people of Rome, placed it under them; now it renews former strife, unable to keep at rest." From a pinnacle in the brilliant clarity of the stars he pointed to Carthage. "Little more than a common soldier you have come now to lay siege. In two years, as consul, you will conquer it, winning on your own the Africanus you now bear simply from our line. After annihilating Carthage, and with due time for triumph, you will come into the office of censor. You will go as legate on missions to Egypt, Syria, Asia, and Greece; in your absence you will be chosen consul a second time, and you will destroy Numantia, bringing to an end a great war. Returning to the Capitol in a chariot, you will find the republic deeply troubled by my grandson's policies.

"Then, Africanus, it will be your duty to show the fatherland the clarity of your mind, your genius, and your wisdom. But at this time I see the path of destiny bearing two heads as it were. When your age has fulfilled seven times eight recurring circuits of the sun, and those two numbers, each of which is considered perfect for a different reason, in the natural returning course have reached their inevitable sum, then the whole state will realign to you and to your name alone. The Senate, all good citizens, the Allies, and the Latins will trust you; upon you alone will rest the welfare of the state, and in brief, it will be your duty as dictator to set the

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republic in order, if only you escape the godless, unpatriotic hands of your kinsmen." Hereupon Laelius cried aloud and the others groaned deeply; but, with a smiling expression, Scipio said,"Shhhh, please, be quiet; do not let me wake up.....for a while.....hear the rest."

"But, Africanus, know this at least, for it will your defense of the republic a living cause. All those who have preserved, aided, or enlarged their fatherland have a definite place in the heavens where they will enjoy an eternal happiness. For nothing is more pleasing to the god of gods who rules the mundus, than the assemblies and gatherings of men in society, bound together by principles of law and justice, which are called states. The rulers and protectors of these come from here, and to this place they also return."

At this point, although terrified, more by the thought that I would be betrayed by my kin than by the fear of death, I asked him if they still lived, he himself, Paulus my father, and the others we think of as dead.

"Surely they are alive," he said,"who have unravelled from the chains of their bodies as from a prison. That life of yours, or what you call life, is really death. Do you not see your father Paulus approaching you?"

When I saw him I overflowed with tears; he embraced me and kissed me, and forbade me to go on crying. As soon as I regained myself and was able to speak, I began. "O best and most revered father, since this is life, as I hear Africanus to say, why do I remain on earth?, why do I not hasten directly to you?"

"Not so," he said, "for unless that god, whose templum is everything, whose division is all that you see, unless he has freed you from the custody of your body, you cannot gain entrance here. Men come to exist by this law alone, that they may behold the sphere called the Earth in their time, which you see in the center of this templum; and he was given a soul (animus) from those eternal fires you call stars and planets (sidera et stellas), which, being round and globular bodies animated by divine intelligences, make circles in their fixed orbits with marvellous speed. Wherefore, Publius, you and all devoted men must keep that soul in the custody of your bodies, and must not abandon the life of men, except as he who gave you that life wills it, lest you appear to have fled from the duty of all men. Let me be your example, Scipio, and your grandfather here. Cherish justice and sanctity, in the case of parents and kinsmen, but especially where the fatherland is concerned. Such a life is a path to the heavens and the ecstatic physical union, as love is, of those who have already lived, who have been relieved of their bodies, and inhabit that place at which you are now looking." (It was a circle of light burning more brightly among other fires). "You on Earth, borrowing from the Greek, call it the Milky Path."

As I gazed in every direction from that point, all else appeared utterly clear and utterly beautiful. There were stars which we never see from this region, and they were larger than we have ever imagined. Of these the smallest was one farthest from the heavens proper and nearest the Earth, and this shone with the light of

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another. Let it be known that the absolute size of the stars goes way beyond the physical sphere of the Earth. Let it be known that the Earth seemed to me so small, that I was ashamed and scornful of our empire, which is, as it were, a single point upon its surface.

As I gazed even more fixedly, Africanus said,"How long will your mind dwell upon the earth? How long will you cast your direction to the ground? Do you not see into what templa you have come? Behold these regions! There! The nine circles, or rather spheres, by which the whole is joined! One of them is the heaven, the celestial sphere. It is the outermost. In it the rest are combined. It is the supreme god himself, holding away yet holding together, pushing from himself yet embracing within himself all the other spheres; in him are fixed the eternally revolving courses of the stars. Built under this sphere are seven others which drag in counter-motion to the starry celestials. One of these spheres belongs to that which is seen as a visible light on Earth called Saturn. Next is the brightness which brings prosperity and health to mankind and is called Jupiter. Then comes there sphere red and terrible to inhabitation on the Earth, which you speak of as Mars. Next, beneath, just about midway between here and there, is the region of the Sun, lord, and chief, and regulator of the other lights, mind and measure of the mundus (universe), so enormous, so total, that it sprays and illuminates all things with its light. Its companions, so to speak, follow, each in its own sphere, Venus the one, the other is Mercury. And in the lowest sphere, kindled by sunrays, the Moon spins. Beneath it there is nothing, except what is mortal and doomed to decay, save only the souls given to the human race by the gods. Above the Moon all things are eternal. In the center, and ninth, is the Earth (tellus), motionless and at the bottom of things, toward which all ponderable bodies, by their natural tendency, are drawn."

I stood dumbfounded at these wonders, and when I recovered, I said: "What is this loud and pleasant sound which fills my ears?"

"That," he said,"is a concord of tones separated by unequal but nevertheless carefully proportioned intervals, caused by the rapid motion of the spheres themselves. The intervals between the spheres are unequal, but as they are exactly arranged in a fixed proportion by a harmonious blending of high and low tones, various unities are generated. Such swift and powerful motions cannot be sprung in silence, and nature requires that the spheres at one extreme yield the low tones and at the other extreme the high tones. For this reason the uppermost star-bearing (stellifer) sphere, as it moves more rapidly, gives forth a high, shrill tone, whereas the lowest revolving sphere, the lunar, has the deepest tone. Of course the Earth, nine and stationary, remains always, motionless, in the center of the universe. The other eight spheres, of which two have the same velocity, produce seven different sounds, --- a number which is the key of almost everything. Wise and trained men, by imitating this harmony on stringed instruments and in singing, have gained for themselves a return to this region, as have those who have cultivated

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divine truths by devoting their innate genius to the quest in their life on earth. Men's ears, ever filled by this sound, have become deaf to it. There is no sense in you duller than your sense of hearing, as where the Nile rushes down from those lofty mountains to its Cataracts at the place called Catadupa, the people there have lost their sense of hearing because of the incessant roar. But the sound coming from the heavenly spheres whirling at very swift speeds, from the revolution of the whole universe, is of course so great that human ears cannot perceive it, anymore than you can look straight at the sun without the penetration and brilliance of its rays overpowering your sense of sight."

Even as I gazed at these wonders I found myself again and again turning my eyes back to the Earth. Then Africanus continued:

"I see that you are still contemplating the dwelling and abode of mortal man. If it seems small to you, as small as it really is, let yourself look always into the cosmos and scorn the human. What fame can you gain in the speech of mankind? What glory is worth seeking? You see that the Earth is inhabited only in scattered and narrow belts, and those as thin as the threads of a web, while in between the inhabited patches lie vast deserts, vast wastes. You see that those who dwell on the Earth are so cut off that there can be no communication between them. Some lands stand obliquely to yours (i.e., in the other temperate zones of your own hemisphere); others transversely to you (i.e., in the same temperate zone of the other hemisphere); some even stand adversely to you (i.e., are directly opposite, in the other temperate zone of the other hemisphere). For these you can surely expect no fame. You will notice as well that the Earth is surrounded and enclosed by zones, the two most widely separated of which are supported by the opposite poles of heaven: they are stiff with eternal winter, subjugated in unbreakable icy bonds. The central zone is scorched with the heat of the sun. Two zones are habitable. One, the southern, is adverse to you, and has no connection whatsoever with your peoples. The footsteps of their inhabitants are planted opposite yours, and they are upside-down to you. Notice the northern zone, which you inhabit, and realize what a small portion of it belongs to you Romans. The whole of your allotted land is narrow at the top and broad at the sides from East to West; in fact, it is a small island surrounded by that sea which you on Earth call the Atlantic, the Great Sea, or Ocean. You can see how small it is despite the greatness of its name. Has your name or that of any of us been able to climb the Caucasus, which you see there or swim the Ganges? Has it been able to cross from these familiar and cultivated regions to beyond? And these are in your own sector of the world. What of the inhabitants of those distant lands of the rising or setting sun or the absolute north and south? What will they ever hear of the name of Rome? If we diminish the world by these amounts, surely you perceive over what a narrow area you can desire to spread your fame, in what confines you ambitions are maintained. And how long even will those who talk of us now continue to do so?

"Not even if the coming generations of mankind should wish to

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hand down to those yet unborn the citations of every one of us, as they received them from their fathers, nevertheless, on account of the floods and landfires which inevitably happen on the Earth at stated intervals, dividing histories, it would be impossible for us to attain a glory which could be long-enduring, much less eternal. But of what interest is it to be talked of by those who are born after you when there was no mention of you by those who lived before you? These were no fewer, and were certainly better men. Of those who hear our name, not one of them can possibly remember it for a single year. For men commonly measure the year by the circuit of the sun; yet it is a single star. When all the stars return to the same place from which they first set forth, and at long intervals restore the original configuration of the whole heaven, then alone can the returning cycle truly be called a year. How many generations of men are contained in the Great Year I hardly dare say. For once upon a time when it seem to men that the fire of the sun was being eclipsed and extinguished, at the time when the soul of Romulus entered these regions, likewise when it will be eclipsed again, at the same point and in the same season, and when all the planets and constellations have returned to their original positions, not even a twentieth of such a year will have elapsed. Therefore, if you ever despair of returning to this region, where great men, eon-shakers, find their true reward and find that it is everything, then think of how little human fame counts, which can barely survive for a fraction of a single year. Look upwards and consider your eternal body and abode. No longer will you put stock in the gossip of the rank herd, nor seek your possibility in human recompense. Virtue, as is fitting, will draw you with her own charms toward true grace. Let others say of you what they will; they will say it in any case. All their talk is bounded by those narrow regions you look upon. Nothing will endure, and the passing of men from it is written in oblivion and obscurity, passing always to posterity, the next."

Even as he had spoken, I cried out: "If indeed a path to heaven is open to those who have served their country, I will put my total being into it and attain such a consecution --- even as from boyhood I have been my father's and my grandfather's son and never forsaken their examples."

"Then do as you say," he replied,"and remember all the time if you can that it is your body not yourself which is mortal. For that which your outer form reveals is not yourself; it is your mind, not that figure which a finger can point out. Know that you too are a god, if a god is that which lives, feels, remembers, intuits a world, and which rules, tempers, and moves the body into which it is set, just as the initial god rules the mundus. Just as that first maker moves the universe, which is mortal by some, so the eternal animus moves the tender body.

"What is always in motion is eternal, but that which conveys motion to something else but is itself moved by another necessarily ceases to live when this motion ends. Only that which moves itself never ceases to be moved, since it is never absent from itself. It

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is rather the source and origin of all things that move. As a beginning it has no beginning, it has no ending, and if destroyed it could not be reborn of another, nor could anything else begin. The beginning of motion is the beginning of motion, and this can neither be born nor die, or else all the heavens must fall and all nature must perish, with no essence from which they can receive the first impulse to motion.

"Therefore you see that that which moves of itself is eternal, and who can deny that this is the nature of the animi (souls). For the inanimate (soul-less) are moved by an external pulse, but the animal (ensouled) are roused by an inner pulse of their own, and this is the unique property and energy of a soul. If it is unique and self-moved, it is without birth and without death. Use it therefore in the best things, in care of your fatherland. Thus stimulated the soul will fly swiftly to its proper home and eternal investiture. This flight will be even swifter if the soul, while confined in the body, looks outward, and by considering what lies outside, detaches itself to a degree. The spirits of those who have given over their bodies to sensual pleasures, who have become slaves and so violate the laws of gods and men, with no other impulse than desire itself --- their souls, after leaving the body, hover about the Earth, and can return to this place only after many ages of torture."

So he left me, and I awoke from my sleep.

from Macrobius Ambrosius Theodosius: Commentary on Scipio's Dream

All dreams may be classified under five main types: there is the enigmatic dream, in Greek oneiros, in Latin somnium; second, there is the prophetic vision, in Greek horama, in Latin visio; third, there is the oracular dream, in Greek chrematismos, in Latin oraculum; fourth, there is the nightmare, in Greek enupnion, in Latin insomnium; and the last, the apparition, in Greek phantasma, which Cicero, when he has occasion to use the word, calls visum.

.....Since these dreams and others like them arise from some condition or circumstance that irritates a man during the day and consequently disturbs him when he falls asleep, they flee when he awakes and vanish into thing air. Thus the name insomnium was given, not because such dreams occur 'in sleep,' -- in this respect nightmares are like other types -- but because they are noteworthy only during their course and afterwards have no importance or meaning.

The apparition (phantasma) comes upon one in the first moment between wakefulness and slumber, in the so-called 'first cloud of sleep.' In this drowsy condition he thinks he is still fully awake and imagines he sees specters rushing at him or wandering vaguely about, differing from natural creatures in size and shape, and hosts of diverse things, either delightful or disturbing. To this class belongs the incubus, which, according to popular belief, rushes upon people in sleep and presses them with a weight which they can feel.

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We call a dream oracular in which a parent, or a pious or revered man, or a priest, or even a god clearly reveals what will or will not transpire, and what action to take or to avoid.

.....By an enigmatic dream we mean one that conceals with strange shapes and veils with ambiguity the true meaning of the information being offered, and requires an interpretation for its understanding..... There are five varieties of it: personal, alien, social, public, and universal. It is called personal when one dreams that he himself is doing or experiencing something; alien, when he dreams this about someone else; social when his dream involves others and himself; public when he dreams that some misfortune or benefit has befallen the city, forum, theater, public walls, or other public enterprise; universal when he dreams that some change has taken place in the sun, moon, planets, sky, or regions of the earth.

.....someone may take the occasion to inquire why false dreams are allotted to the gate of ivory and trustworthy ones to the gate of horn..... Porphyry: "All truth is concealed. Nevertheless, the soul, when it is partially disengaged from bodily functions during sleep, at times gazes and at times peers intently at the truth, but does not apprehend it; and when it gazes it does not see with clear and direct vision, but rather with a dark obstructing veil interposed." .....If, during sleep, this veil permits the vision of the attentive soul to perceive the truth, it is thought to be made of horn, the nature of which is such that, when thinned, it becomes transparent. When the veil dulls the vision and prevents its reaching the truth, it is thought to be made of ivory, the composition of which is so dense that no matter how thin a layer of it may be, it remains opaque.

CHINESE DREAM & AWAKENING

Chuang Tzu (399-295 B.C.):

Those who dream of the banquet may weep the next morning, and those who dream of weeping may go out to hunt after dawn. When we dream we do not know that we are dreaming. In our dreams we may even interpret our dreams. Only after we are awake do we know we have dreamed. Finally there comes a great awakening, and then we know life is a great dream. But the stupid think they are awake all the time, and believe they know it distinctly. Are we rulers? Are we shepherds? How vulgar! Both Confucius and you were dreaming. When I say you were dreaming, I am also dreaming. This way of talking may be called perfectly strange. If after ten thousand generations we could meet one great sage who can explain this, it would be like meeting him in as short a time as in a single morning or evening.

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Once I, Chuang Chou, dreamed that I was a butterfly and was happy as a butterfly. I was conscious that I was quite pleased with myself, but I did not know that I was Chou. Suddenly I awoke, and there I was, visibly Chou. I do not know whether it was Chou dreaming he was a butterfly or the butterfly dreaming it was Chou. Between Chou and the butterfly there must be some distinction. But one may be the other. This is called the transformation of things.

People say to each other, 'I am I.' How do they know their 'I' is the real 'I'? Suppose you say you dream you are a bird and fly way up in the sky or you dream you are a fish and dive deep into the ocean. We cannot know whether the man now speaking is awake or is dreaming. As we reach the point of satisfaction, we are so at ease with ourselves that we do not even smile. When a smile does come forth, we do not even think of manipulating for it to come. We put ourselves at the manipulation of Nature and ignore all transformations.

Yü Fa-k'ai (ca. 364 A.D.):

The mind is the basis of a great dream. All that we see is seen in this dream. When we awaken from the great dream, and the long night gets to be dawn, then the consciousness that produces illusions will be extinguished and the Three Worlds will be seen to be all empty (of desires, matter, and pure spirit). At this time nothing is produced from the mind and yet nothing is not produced from it.

Hsüan-Tsang (596-664 A.D.):

If color and so forth perceived when we are awake are all like objects in a dream and inseparable from consciousness, then as we awake from a dream, we know that they are only mental. Why is it that when we are awake we do not know that the objective sphere of color perceived by ourselves is not consciousness only?

Answer: We do not realize ourselves that objects in a dream are unreal as long as we have not awakened from the dream. It is only after we have awakened that we, in retrospect, come to realize it. We should know that the same is true of our knowledge of the objective sphere of color in our waking life. Before we reach the state of true awakening, we do not ourselves know it, but when we reach the state of true awakening, we are perpetually in the midst of a dream. This is why the Buddha spoke of the long night of transmigration, because of our failure to understand that the objective spheres of color are consciousness only.

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Source: Walter E. Roth, An Inquiry into the Animism and Folklore of the Guiana Indians.

From Mainland Caribs, those on the Pomeroon and Moruca Rivers, I have learned that the Aka, or Akari, Spirit resides in the head. Yurokon, their Bush Spirit, comes along when the person is asleep, seizes the Akari, and take it with him into the forest; this causes people to dream, but sometimes Yurokon forgets, and does not bring it back, with the consequence that the individual dies. In dreaming, the Indians say that the spirit is paying a visit to the world to come or has gone for a walk, etc.

While Coudreau seems emphatic in his remark concerning the Uaupes River Indians, that they have the correct idea of a dream, and do not take for reality the visions of sleep, Thurn would seem to have an equally positive opinion to the contrary. The latter tells us how --

"One morning when it was important for me to get away. . . I found that one of the invalids, a young Macusi, though better in health, was so enraged against me that he refused to stir, for he declared that, with great want of consideration for his ill health, I had taken him out during the night and had made him haul the canoe up a series of difficult cataracts. Nothing could persuade him that this was by a dream, and it was some time before he was so far pacified as to throw himself sulkily into the bottom of the canoe. . . More than once, the men declared in the morning that some absent man, whom they named, had come during the night, and had beaten or otherwise maltreated them; and they insisted upon much rubbing of the bruised parts of their bodies."

Laborde records similar experiences from the Island Caribs: "At night, I have heard them, sometimes two at once, complain, cry, wake with a start, and tell me that the devil wanted to beat them. They went on screaming when quite awake," etc. Rochefort and Poincy confirm this for the same people: the Caribs are also subject to other ills which they say come from Maboya, and often complain that he is hitting them, especially during sleep. The medicine-men appear generally to have enjoyed a great reputation as dreamers. More than this, dreams were sometimes interpreted as omens and auguries; thus, in token of the missionary coming to visit them, and a sign of his approach, a certain cacique told Gumilla that he had dreamed that his lands sown with seeds were very dry, and that rain had fallen just in the nick of time.....

The piai's reputation as an interpreter of dreams was second to none: he was both dreamer and seer, but this is only what might have been expected, considering the powers he possessed over other people's Spirits, and dreams are really but people's Spirits.

SAVED BY A DREAM

A certain man had two wives, but unfortunately they did not agree, the elder being jealous of the younger. At last there was so much

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contention, that the husband was obliged to send the younger away, and she took her baby with her. He had no bad mind toward her, but he could not stand the continual quarreling. When taking her departure, he gave her a sharp knife with which to protect herself on the road. The poor woman wandered on until nightfall, when she came upon a fine ite palm; cutting a forked stick, she planted it against the tree, and climbed on it. Taking the youngest as-yet-unopened leaf, she spread it out and made a sort of temporary basket of it, into which she coiled herself together with her baby, and there she tried to sleep. Now, upon this particular palm, the fruit was plentiful -- some seven or eight bunches -- and around the stalk of each bunch she had taken the precaution of cutting a little ring, so that with the slightest touch, any bunch would fall to the ground. Somehow or other, the unhappy mother could not sleep, and late in the night she heard the growling of the tigers who had been attracted by her scent. One of these brutes climbed the palm and jumped on one of the fruits, but no sooner had he touched it than it gave way and he fell with a crash into the very midst of his fellows below who, believing him to be the woman they were in search of, promptly tore him to pieces. Another tiger made a similar attempt, climbed the tree, jumped on the fruit, and ended in the same disastrous manner. And so with a third, fourth, fifth, and sixth tiger -- all were similarly destroyed. By this time the dawn had broken, and the carcasses were left rotting at the bottom of the tree. What a sight for the terrified mother nestling up above! She could see all the tigers lying still and quiet, but was afraid to come down lest they might still be alive. She therefore waited a little and when, after the rising of the sun, she recognized a wasp settling on each of their protruded tongues, she knew that the tigers must all be dead and could now do her no harm. As soon as she got down she continued her journey, and wandering along all day, she arrived about nightfall at a big manicle tree, which she climbed, with the baby fastened on her back. Tigers were likewise very prevalent here, and scenting her presence, they started digging around the roots with the result that by and by, the tree fell with a crash, but fortunately into an immense spider web, where its living freight became stuck. Now the woman's father was a celebrated piai, and while the first night's occurrences were taking place, he was dreaming all about her and the tigers. Next morning he started to search and came upon her while resting in the spider-web. It was owing to the baby making water that he had cause to look up and discover his daughter. By daylight he had shot the tigers that were prowling around, and then helped down the woman and his grandchild. Both daughter and father cried; the former had been so strongly punished, the latter was so glad to have her home again.

[for comparative material, see Claude Lévi-Strauss: The Raw and the Cooked.]

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SOME AMERICAN INDIAN DREAMS

Yuma. dreamer: Joe Homer. source: "Ethnography of Yuma Indians" by C. Daryll Forde, University of Calif. Pub. in Amer. Arch. & Ethn., Vol. 28, #4, Dec. 1931

"Before I was born I would sometimes steal out of my mother's womb while she was sleeping, but it was dark and I did not go far. Every good Doctor begins to understand before he is born, so that when he is big he knows it all..... It takes four days to tell about Kwikumat and Kumastamxo. I am the only man who can tell it right. I was present at the very beginning and saw and heard it all. I dreamed a little of it at a time." ---Joe Homer at 45, blind with syphilis.

When I was about twenty years old, staying in school and working, I slept out one night in one room, and I heard other boys or somebody go outdoors. Then a voice called to me in English: 'God wants to see you.' Several other persons were called, five young boys and one old man, making seven in all. I walked on the road, but did not go far. On the left-hand side was a very blue pond and a little way from it there was another pond. Close to the second was a bench. They had about eight washpans on the bench. I looked up toward the east and saw a green parrot in a cage, also a large black dog. Now the parrot was calling my companions by name and saying,'You had better stop and wash your face, wash your hands and come right this way. Then I will tell you the news. I am the one who can tell you the right thing.' I heard the dog barking the same words that the parrot was speaking. Then five young men turned around, took washpans, dumped the old water and got fresh water from the pond. I stood by and said,'I don't believe that bird.' Then I walked away.

I saw a house with all sorts of flowers growing around it. It looked pretty. It was built after the white man's style. A negro came out with a white bulldog. He said,'You had better go right up the street and go into that house and talk to God.' So I started. A young man accompanied me. He was not one of the original five who started out with me. He entered the house ahead of me, but was frightened. I waited for him to come out before I went in. He had four or five books when he came out. The person inside (God) had given these to him. When he came out, he dropped all the books. He picked up some and left others lying on the ground. I laughed at him. Then I went inside. God turned around and looked at me. He had long whiskers reaching down to his navel. He shook his head and said,'That is all right.' He handed books to me which I took in my hand. I had no chance to go out because all the doors were locked. Then God said: 'Just a minute.' Then the room turned dark, and he asked me: 'How do you like the darkness?' I did not reply. 'Look out for yourself,' he said. Then came lightning and during the flash of lightning I saw a mountain and marked down one. 'Does the light hurt you?' asked God. I replied,'It hurts me very badly.

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I will hold my head.' I went out but was very much frightened. I stubbed my toe against a rock and fell down. Then I awoke.

Navaho. Source: J. S. Lincoln, Navajo Field Notes, 1930.

Night before last I dreamed about my field and I planted some beans corn and pumpkins. I went out to see if they were growing and they were. They all began to sprout. I was wondering if the worms would eat them up. That's all.

Last night I dreamed that I was at Cañon de Chelley, somewhere below the White House. There was a place there that I know. I heard from others who were talking that there was a way up there. I thought someone was telling me that the Navajos and Utes were fighting and the Navajos were trying to escape from the Utes by climbing this rock. While I was climbing the rock a Ute shot at me. Then I thought I would try to climb to the top. I started climbing, but it looked very difficult. When I got up it wasn't so bad. I looked around and saw timbers on both sides. I climbed to the top and I looked down and saw wagon tracks and I said to myself the Indians living there must get their wood from on top. I went and followed the wagon road and before I knew it I was at the bottom of the cañon. I looked around and saw my old house where I was raised as a boy. I went to it and saw a field of corn. The corn was ripe. There were all kinds, yellow, white and blue. I thought to myself I couldn't do anything with the corn and wondered how I could get it into my home. I didn't really know whether the corn belonged to me or not. I just started shocking the corn and putting it in piles anyway. I borrowed a wagon. I was piling it according to size to be sent away to white people, saving the best ones for myself. I wanted to send some to town to the fiesta. I put them to dry on the ground. That's all.

The moon was just coming up when I went outside. I woke up early and scattered the corn pollen, made a blessing and prayed for good luck in the future to raise a good crop.

I remember some of my old dreams. I believe in them. I used to live on the other side of Piñon and some time ago, during the last thirty years, I dreamed that, I thought I stepped outside of my hogan and saw a 'white aeroplane.' Then the Indians didn't know about planes. It came down and landed near my hogan. A man told me to get in the plane. I got in and we started off. When we got up in the air, we flew South. From the plane we could hardly see the horses below. We flew over Oraibi, and Hubbells store. It was hard to see things from there. Then I woke up. That is the end.

I didn't believe in aeroplanes in those days and hadn't even seen an automobile. I hadn't even heard of aeroplanes at the time. When I woke up I told the Indians of my dream, but they wouldn't believe me. I said if it is true we shall hear about planes. Since then I have been to Gallup and have seen lots of white planes in the dream. I think my dream came true.

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Last summer I dreamed that it was raining --- yet not rain --- something unknown.

Last night I dreamed something grabbed me by the back. It seems to me it was a bunch of children. The moon was coming out. It was like a flame of red fire. That's what I dreamed last night.

I dreamed there was a lot of water and a man was on the top swimming. My dream changed then and a flock of sheep were eating amiso brush and about eight died.

I dreamed about a big windstorm and it blew all these houses away.

I dreamed that a Navajo whom I didn't know was praying over another Navajo whom I didn't know.

Plains Indians.

R. F. Benedict, "The Vision in Plains Culture," American Anthro., V. 24.

Omaha Hierarchy of Visions

Animals in visions and dreams could bestow only the lowest degree of power. Above these there ranged a cloud appearance and an eagle-winged human shape. Above these came the sound of a human voice.

S. R. Riggs, "Dakota Grammar Texts and Ethnography," U.S. Geog. & Geol. Survey of the Rocky Mountain Region, Vol. 9.

"Their dreams according to their own account are revelations made from the spirit-world, and their prophetic visions are what they saw and knew in a former state of existence. It is then, only natural that their dreams and visions should be clothed in words, many of which the multitude do not understand."

Crow. Source: R. H. Lowie, "The Religion of the Crow Indians," Amer. Mus. of Nat. Hist. Anthro. Papers, Vol. 25.

Visions of Big Ox, A Famous Shaman

He slept on a mountain and chopped off a little finger joint. He saw a bird who made him a chief. The bird had human heads, and five balls of different color in front of him, and one of them being pure white.

When old he became feeble-minded. He saw the Nodrum dance in the daytime. An old woman and a white man gave him the vision and a Crow spoke to him in Crow. They gave him a stick painted yellow and decorated with bells and feathers.

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Blackfoot. Dreamer: Medicine Man. Source: "Ceremonial Bundles of the Blackfoot Indians," American Museum of Natural History Papers, Vol. 12, Part II. Clark Wissler.

He went out and fasted. He dreamed nothing the first and second night. The third morning he had a little dream of no importance. The fourth morning. . . .

Sun man and moon woman and their son, the morning star, appeared. The man gives him his body and says,"You will live as long as I." The woman gives power over rain. The son gives for a hat, a plume of eagle feathers and tail feathers of a magpie. Given power over the rain at the sun dance.

Dream: A man appears and gives a weasel skin and a squirrel tail and gives power to cure disorders of the bowels.

Ottawa. Source: Field Notes, Paul Radin, 1927.

I dreamed that a small black bear ran after me. I tried to climb a tree to escape him, but the bark was slippery and in addition would always come off as soon as I attempted to climb. When I awoke I had an erect penis.

I dreamt I was very rich. I saw a large round hotel and in it I saw many large sacks full of money, all of which belonged to me.
This is a bad dream. I got sick soon after dreaming it.

I dreamt I was lousy. When I walked I could see myself covered with lice. Then I went to the bush to get rid of these lice.
This is a lucky dream. The year in which I dreamt it I was very lucky. I made $500.

I dreamt of honey-bees.

This is a lucky dream.

I dreamt that a person I had known very well, in fact a girl who had been my sweetheart, and who had been dead about ten years, came to me. Smiling, she put her hand on my chest and gradually brought it down lower and lower. I knew she was going to touch my penis, but just before she got there I shrieked out and awoke.

I dreamt I saw a well and that there were two women living in it. They were then outside of the well. They were my sweethearts and they were called women-living-in-water. They spoke to me and wanted to take me down into the well with them, but I told them I couldn't go down. Then they said,'Don't be afraid; you won't die for we will help you to get out afterwards. Do come with us for we have a nice home.' I at first refused because I was afraid that if I went with them I would die. So I played with them on the outside

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of the well. They urged me to go with them and tried to entice me to live with them in the well. I again said,'No, I don't want to go there for if I do, I'll die.' Finally, however, I did go there with them. I entered the well and felt nothing in particular nor did I die. They had a very nice home in the water. However, I knew I was a prisoner and that I wouldn't be able to get away again. Indeed, I tried to get out, but there was a high fence around me. I felt as one does toward people you don't like yet who are very good to you. Finally I got out just as I woke up.

This is a good dream. I felt unhappy when I woke up for I wanted, in my dream, to get out of the well and yet I also wanted to stay because these women were so good to me. I asked an old man what the dream meant and he said that it meant life for me. That I would overcome every sickness that came to me and that I would live long. He said that if I hadn't succeeded in getting out of the well, I would have died.

I dreamt that the end of the world had come and that a few Indians were standing around me. As I stood on the ground I could almost hear the fire burning under the ground. West of this place there was a hill. There also I found a road and at the end of it a large house, low on one side and high on the other side. Everyone was supposed to enter the house and get a yellow permit. Then when the end of the world came the possessor would not have to go to hell. I didn't have one of these yellow slips and I asked a man,'Can't you go in and get this permit for me?' 'No, you have to get it yourself.' So I didn't get it. I was ready to go in and was quite frightened, but I woke up before I went in.

This is not a good dream.

I dreamt I saw two suns shining in the sky together and that the world was going to end. That was what all the people were saying. Everybody was looking at the sun, hollering and crying. I saw many goats running towards the west telling everyone that the world was going to end.

This dream is neither good nor bad.

I dreamt of Pharaoh's little wood idols. They came after me and began jumping on the pit of my stomach tickling me. I laughed and cried out and my wife woke me up. [He had been reading recently in the newspapers about excavations of the Pharaohs' tombs. Radin]

Kwakiutl. Source: Franz Boas, Contributions to the Ethnology of the Kwakiutl

I dreamed I travelled across the water in a small canoe. I was not half way across when a north-westerly gale began to blow. I steered toward Nexagad. Then my small travelling canoe capsized. I climbed out of the small canoe and was drifting upside down on the

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water. I lay on it with my chest down. Then a gull came flying and alighted on the bow of the small canoe that was drifting on the water. It took my hand and told me to walk on top of the water. Thus I arrived at Blunden Harbor. Then he taught me what to do when a great epidemic should come in summer. He said so and spit out a quartz crystal. Then he put the quartz crystal into my body at the lower end of my sternum and pressed it in. Then he said,'Now make a rattle in my form. Then you will be a great shaman,' thus said the gull. 'Now you shall have the name Q!uelEnts!esEmerga from now on.' Then I awoke.

I dreamed that I went aboard a steamer and I went to River's Inlet. Then I arrived at G.ip'a. Then I was given a drift net. Immediately I went fishing. Oh there were many sockeye salmon in my net. Then my heart was glad because I had at once caught many sockeye salmon. Threw net back --- got more. I had not reached the middle of the extent of my net when a whale went into it. Then the whale swam away. I had no time to throw into the water the other half of the net which was in the boat that contained the net. Then the boat capsized and the whale pulled out the whole net. I awoke after this.

A. G. O. Hodgson: Dreams in Central Africa

The following information was obtained from ten headman of the Yao, Ngoni, Nyanja and Chewa tribes in Dowa District, Nyasaland. Two of the informants profess Mohammedanism, two had attended Mission schools for short periods, and all were middle-aged or elderly. Although questioned separately, they gave the same interpretation in most cases.

A person dreams because he has a spirit which survives after his death; if he did not dream, he would have no spirit and would perish utterly. No instance is known, however, of a man or a woman who has never dreamt; many dream regularly every night in the cool season, and all do so more frequently in cold than in hot weather. Their dreams are usually of common occurrences in the everyday world, but occasionally also of connected stories with obvious meanings or with confused and nonsensical content. Non contributory cause is alleged, but dreams of the latter classes have generally accepted meanings, and dreams are generally referred to only in cases where the dreamer is ignorant of the interpretation and seeks the advice of an older man or woman. Some such interpretations are as follows:

(1) Flying.--- If one dreams that oneself or anyone else is flying in the sky like a bird, the person flying will enjoy long life and good health.

(2) Fire.--- If one dreams of a fire burning, the dreamer will be involved in a serious misfortune, generally in a law-suit. If the fire goes out the dreamer will emerge from his suit satisfactor-

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ily, the rise and decline of the fire symbolising the outbreak and subsidence of the case. To dream of a great bush fire augurs the advent of war, but if ashes and smoke only, without flame, are observed, the war will come to a speedy and satisfactory conclusion.

(3) Climbing.--- To dream that oneself or another is climbing a tree or ascending a hill signifies that the climber will be promoted to chieftainship or other high rank.

(4) Loss of a tooth or teeth.--- Is taken to indicate that the dreamer will shortly lose his wife or child or other near relation. One (Chewa) informant interpreted this dream to mean that the dreamer's wife would bear a son who would grow up to be a strong man.

(5) Oedipus.--- If one dreams that one is having connection with one's mother or sister, the dreamer is being bewitched by some unknown person, and may procure medicine to out in his house to catch his enemy, though usually he is too ashamed to take any action or to mention the matter.

(6) To dream of a flood of water in a river has the same signification as No. (2), though the informant quoted in No. (4) stated that it might also mean that the dreamer's wife was commencing her period.

(7) To dream that someone is sick means that the person dreamt of will not be ill for a very long time, and to dream of the death of someone who is in reality sick at the time of the dream augurs the speedy recovery of the patient.

(8) A dream of frequent occurrence is one of being chased downhill by a lion, the common symbol for chieftainship. If the dreamer escapes, he himself will become a chief or otherwise rise to importance: but if he is seized by the lion, it means that a chief is plotting against him.

(9) To dream of crossing a river signifies death; but the informant quoted in Nos. (4) and (6) gave the same interpretation as in No. (2), the dreamer winning his case if successful in crossing the river.

(10) To dream of digging a pit or of hoeing nthumbira (raised mounds for maize or potatoes) signifies that the dreamer will soon be digging a grave for one of his relations, the pit being suggested in the second instance by the depression between the mounds.

(11) To be afflicted with lice is a lucky dream, as the dreamer will acquire great wealth, or, if hitherto a childless woman, will produce a son.

(12) Rain symbolises mourning at the funeral of a relation.

(13) To dream of a snake round one's leg means that the dreamer will be bound in prison, or, in former times, as a slave.

(14) Drinking beer symbolises the drinking of mwabvi (ordeal poison).

(15) To dream of falling through space signifies approaching sickness, but if the dreamer rises after the fall, he will duly recover.

(16) To dream of a hearth stone (fua) means that one will shortly see a chief, as the hearthstone always remains in one place, like a chief, and is not thrown away after use.

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(17) If one dreams of an ant-heap, one's wife is pregnant by another man, the likeness being due to the fact that an ant-heap is always slowly increasing in size.

(18) If one dreams that one is catching fish, the dreamer will find a bag of money; but if the fish are of a slippery variety, like mudfish, the dreamer will not be able to keep the money, which will soon be lost or stolen.

(19) It is unlucky if one of the objects of the dream is confused or grotesque, as, for example, if a person or animal has some of the characteristics of another. The spirit of the dreamer is troubled, and must be appeased by the dreamer washing his person in medicine made from the roots of the mtsizi tree and by a beer dance.

(20) If one dreams of a dead relation wearing a black cloth, the dreamer will be in mourning for a long time owing to continual deaths of his relations.

ARISTOTLE

Concerning the sleep and watchfulness of animals:-- It is quite manifest that all viviparous animals with feet both sleep and are awake; for all that have eyelids sleep with their eyes closed; and not only men appear to dream, but horses, oxen, sheep, goats, dogs, and all viviparous quadrupeds. Dog show this by barking in their sleep. It is not quite clear whether oviparous animals dream, but it is quite plain that they sleep.

WALTER C. DENDY

Creatures to whom the gift of intellect is not granted, in which innate ideas cannot arise, still evince the faculty of memory. It is, therefore possible that fish and insects, possessing memory, dream. Of course, the doctrines of Pythagoras and Simonides, and the story of the interpretation of the language of birds by the Vizier of Sultan Mahmoud, are mere fables, and the cackling of the Roman geese was accidental; yet the bird does possess the memory of language and the faculty.

Nightingales' notes (as Bechstein has beautifully recorded them) seem to me like the Mexican language, and to express the variety of sentiments of adoration and love. The parrot, magpie, jackdaw, jay, starling, and bullfinch, are prattlers; and the exquisite little canary, the pupil of my friend Mrs. H-----, the pet, indded, not only of its mistress, but of statemen and learned physiologists, warbled its words in purest melody. From Sir William Temple we learn the faculty of the wonderful parrot of Prince Maurice of Nassau, at the Hague, that responsed almost rationally to promiscuous questions. Granting, then , this faculty of memory, it is clear that the bird may dream; and I may add a quotation from the "Domestic Habits of Birds," in proof of this.

"We have, however, heard some of these nightsongs which were

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manifestly uttered while the bird was asleep, in the same way as we sometimes talk in our sleep, a circumstance remarked by Dryden, who says --- 'The little birds in dreams their songs repeat.' We have often observed this in a wild bird. On the night of the 6th April, 1811, about ten o'clock, a dunnock (Accentor modularis) was heard in the garden to go through its usual song more than a dozen times very faintly, but distinctly enough for the species to be recognized." The night was cold and frosty, but might it not be that the little musician was dreaming of summer and sunshine? Aristotle, indeed, proposes the question --- whether animals hatched from eggs even dream? Macgrave, in replay, expressly says that his "parrot, Laura, often rose in the night, and prattled while half asleep."

from KILTON STEWART on DREAM THEORY IN MALAYA

Senoi psychology falls into two categories. The first deals with dream interpretation; the second with dream expression in the agreement trance or cooperative reverie. The cooperative reverie is not particpated in until adolescence and serves to initiate the child into the states of adulthood. After adolescence, if he spends a great deal of time in the trance state, a Senoi is considered a specialist in healing or in the use of extra-sensory powers.

Dream interpretation, however, is a feature of child education and is the common knowledge of all Senoi adults. The average Senoi layman practises the psychotherapy of dream interpretation of his family and associates as a regular feature of education and daily social intercourse. Breakfast in the Senoi house is like a dream clinic, with the father and older brothers listening to and analyzing the dreams of all the children. At the end of the family clinic the male population gathers in the council, at which the dreams of the older children and all the men in the community are reported, discussed, and analyzed.....

Unaided, these dream beings, which man creates to reproduce inside himself the external socio-physical environment, tend to remain against him the way the environment was against him, or to become disassociated from his major personality and tied up in wasteful psychic, organic, and muscular tensions. With the help of dream interpretations, these psychological replicas of the socio-physical environment can be redirected and reorganized and again become useful to the major personality.

The Senoi believes that any human being, with the aid of his fellows, can outface, master, and actually utilize all beings and forces in the dream universe. His experience leads him to believe that, if you cooperate with your fellows or oppose them with good will in the daytime, their images will help you in your dreams, and that every person should be the supreme ruler and master of his own dream or spiritual universe, and can demand and receive the help and cooperation of all the forces there.....

The simplest anxiety or terror dream I found among the Senoi was

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the falling dream. When the Senoi child reports a falling dream, the adult answers with enthusiasm,"That is a wonderful dream, one of the best dreams a man can have. Where did you fall to, and what did you discover?" He makes the same comment when the child reports a climbing, travelling, flying, or soaring dream. The child at first answers, as he would in our society, that it did not seem so wonderful, and that he was so frightened that he awoke before he had fallen anywhere.

"That was a mistake," answers the adult-authority. "Everything you do in a dream has a purpose, beyond your understanding while you are asleep. You must relax and enjoy yourself when you fall in a dream. Falling is the quickest way to get into contact with the powers of the spirit world, the powers laid open to you through your dreams. Soon, when you have a falling dream, you will remember what I am saying, and as you do, you will feel that you are travelling to the source of the power which has caused you to fall.

"The falling spirits love you. They are attracting you to their land, and you have to relax and remain asleep in order to come to grips with them. When you meet them, you may be frightened of their terrific power, but go on. When you think you are dying in a dream, you are only receiving the powers of the other world, your own spiritual power which has been turned against you, and which now wishes to become one with you if you will accept it."....

The Senoi believe and teach that the dreamer -- the "I" of the dream -- should always advance and attack in the teeth of danger, calling on the dream images of his fellows if necessary, but fighting by himself until they arrive.....

If the dreamer attacks and kills the hostile dream character, the spirit or essence of this dream character will always emerge as a servant or ally. Dream characters are bad only so long as one is afraid and retreating from them, and will continue to seem bad and fearful as long as one refuses to come to grips with them.....

Dreams of sexual love should always move through orgasm, and the dreamer should then demand from his dream lover the poem, the song, the dance, the useful knowledge which will express the beauty of his spiritual lover to the group. If this is done, no dream man or woman can take the love which belongs to human beings. If the dream character demanding love looks like a brother or sister, with whom love would be abnormal or incestuous in reality, one need have no fear of expressing love in the dream, since these dream beings are not, in fact, brother or sister, but have only chosen these taboo images as a disguise. Such dream beings are only facets of one's own spiritual or psychic makeup, disguised as brother or sister, and useless until they are reclaimed or possessed through the free expression of love in the dream universe.....

Datu Bintung at Jelong had a dream which succeeded in breaking down the major social barriers in clothing and food habits between his group and the surrounding Chinese and Mohammedan colonies. This was accomplished chiefly through a dance which his dream prescribed. Only those who did his dance were required to change their food habits and wear the new clothing, but the dance was so good that nearly all the Senoi along the border chose to do it.

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MAORI DREAMS & OMENS

Dreams were supposed to arise from one's spirit (wairua) leaving the body and wandering about. Sometimes dreams were accepted as warnings, sometimes as prophecies, but there was hardly a case to be thought of in which they would not be regarded as of importance.

It was GOOD to dream that ---

Your spirit was flying along with another pursuing it, but you escaped.

You were embracing a woman. A lucky hunting sign.

You saw one alive who was really dead.

You saw a calabash of preserved birds.

You had a new house

You saw feathers (if a woman dreamt this, it signified conception).

An evil dream was called a kotiri.

It was BAD to dream that ---

Your spirit was flying along pursued by another, and that yours was captured.

You saw someone carrying an ornament of greenstone.

You saw a man spilling tutu juice on the road. (Tutu juice symbolized blood, and the dream showed that a murder would soon take place).

Someone made an insulting gesture to you.

You were inside a house with two doorways.

You could see a house facing towards the back of another house.

Someone used threats to you. (This was a warning).

You saw a garment hung up before you. (This was only for a woman who had been weaving by day).

You beheld the vision of a god or supernatural being (atua) hovering about you. (It showed that the spirit, probably of your dead father or your child, was telling you to beware of some unknown danger).

A spirit was doing you mischief.

You were inside a house that had carved slabs. (Evil for the owner of the house).

Your hair was being cut. (Evil for your elder brother or his child).

You saw the spirit (wairua) of a human being. An unlucky sign in hunting or fishing.

You visited a place and the people thereof offered you no food. (Evil for them).

A fence lay across your path.

You were eating provisions (particularly if they were bad provisions).

You were in a canoe catching sharks. (It foreboded war).

You saw death wounds, or people wailing. (It foreboded death, particularly if it was yourself you saw being wounded or killed).*

*"In the ghost shadow, the wairua, we are dealing with the soul, strictly speaking. It is partially visible but does not properly possess a material form until it appears in the underworld.

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Wairua is the ingredient which mediates us to the external world; we would be lifeless and would decay without it. We might possess the life-principle and form but we could not be seen. In the same way it is the wairua that enables us to give form to things, to actually accomplish them. A Maori remarked to Best,'My wairua is very intent on this work that it may be well done.' It is well to remember this, to realize that it is not simply with our senses that we see and touch and think. 'Be of good cheer,' a woman was told,'although we are afar off, yet our wairua are ever with you.' And it is in the same strain that an old Maori wrote to Best,'We have long been parted and may not meet again in the world of life. We can no longer see each other with our eyes, only our wairua see each other, as also our friendship." (Paul Radin).

BANTU DREAM (from "A People of Dreams" by Robert Keable)

.....There was an old man, the husband of but one wife, and she a Christian, no excessive drinker, and a most decent and delightful personage. He was, moreover, the brother of one of our earliest and most faithful Christians. He sent me gifts whenever I visited his village, and was frequent as such services as our discipline allowed him to attend. But he remained a heathen. Not until he knew me well would he give me a reason for his obstinacy: but then it came out. He had no "call." It was useless for me to urge that God had done His part in the scheme of salvation; that my own presence and preaching constituted a "call;" and that nothing remained but to accept. He awaited a supernatural occurrence; at times, more definitely, he would say he had had no "dream." And he died, dreamless and unbaptized.....

In the first place, the native dreams frequently of the dead. So far as I know them, the Basuto, in common with most South African natives, have no definite theology at all as to departed spirits. Tribes and individuals exhibit occassionally more or less complete beliefs, and these often find their way into books of comparative religion, but taken as a whole the hereafter is as shadowy to a native as it is to the modern European. He certainly believes in a soul, but he has not defined its measure of immortality or of personality, or come to any conclusion as to its residence hereafter or manner of life. A few suggestions, however, emerge from the dreams that have come to my knowledge. Thus I have not known a native to dream any place of the dead (as distinct from visits to heaven, which are common enough, and will be spoken of in their place), but it is the dead who visit him.....

.....I myself dreamed. With extraordinary vividness I thought I woke and saw this teacher, of whom I had been very fond, in my hut. I, also, did not realize at once that he was dead, and asked him what he wanted. "Come outside," he said. He took me out, under bright stars and made a gesture to the wide semi-circle of mountains. "You have to preach up and down all these," he said. "Why, yes, of course I shall, if I have time," I said; "but why do you wake me now

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to say so?" So saying I looked at him and knew him dead. Also it seemed to me that he was dirty as with earth. And as I recoiled with the horror of the realisation, he said sadly, and with an expression curiously unlike a nightmare: "Yes, I am still dirty. Pray for me."

.....I coloured my dream with my beliefs, and the chief his with his already half-formed intentions. I may have been in mental telephony with the wife. One and all, we were over-superstitious. Doubtless it was so; I am well content to believe it. God fulfills himself in many ways.....

The heathen wife of a Christian husband, who had steadily resisted baptism, dreamed for four nights running as follows: (1) that she was lost on the veld, in terror, and running over rough ground on which she finally stumbled and woke; (2) that she was again on the veld, but running towards a light in the sky ere she fell and woke; (3) that she was again running, but that the light was clearer and in the shape of a cross; (4) that she reached a deep kloof and saw on the other side, beneath a luminous cross, the figure of a woman clothed in white, holding up and out a child. The kloof was full of worshipping people on their knees, throught whom she could not make her way, and in the course of a frenzied attempt she awoke. The moment I ented the hut the next morning, an arresting thing took place. She literally threw herself out of bed and upon her knees, but at my side rather than before me, her hands clasped as if holding the feet of someone next to but needless to say unseen by me. She exclaimed again and again: "Ahe, Mofumahali!" ("Oh, Queen! Oh, Queen!"), and, when lifted up by her husband, said repeatedly: "The woman has come in with the priest!" She was apparently very ill, with a temperature of 105°, and I baptised her at once. She has made a resolute convert. When under instruction and normal, she was entirely ignorant of the Incarnation, for I examined her particularly to that end. She said also that she had never been inside a Roman Catholic Church, and we had no such figure at that time in our own.....

I had come from East Africa, where Christianity is opposed by resolute systems --- Islam, and a definite organized heathenism with classified devils and exorcisms committed to writing. In Basutoland no other system opposes the Christian Faith. I have never met a heathen who did not admit that Christianity was the only true religion.....

I was on trek in the heart of Drakensberg, and by chance called for twenty-four hours at a village which I had never visited before, and as a matter of fact, have never visited since. Towards the afternoon of the day that I was there, a native rode into the village, on a dead-beat horse, inquiring for the white priest. On his being brought to me, he exclaimed: "Thou art the man, my father!" and forthwith asked me to go into a hut. Within, he told me he was a Mosuto from the far south, naming a distant district that I knew although I did not know the village. He said he dreamed that he was to seek out this village in which I was; that in his dream he had seen the road, the village, and finally myself; that he had been told that he had but six days in which to make the journey; and that he was to give me this. Thereupon he placed in my hand a golden sovereign.

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DONALD SCHENKER: DREAMS

April 29, 1953

I have a certain box with a small lock in which I keep an evidently treasured possession - a collection of perfumes. A white box. Now a man is dying and he asks my sister Claire that he have perfume, as though it were necessary to life, like oxygen; like it were necessary to have a quiet, clean death. Like a gas. She gives the man the concentrated perfume without diluting it. The scent is my prize possession. It aggravates me to have lost so much of it.

May 1, 1953

I am walking along a path by the shore of the ocean which I usually take on my way home. Behind me an old man and woman. The old woman is scolding the man, "You're drunk, drunk!" But he says no. The path is usually the same, but today it's different; there is a fog and it appears to be early evening. I walk along the sea wall and the tide comes up rushing with terrible force. It swells up so quickly that it submerges a car parked at the rear of the sea wall. But the wall is a crust of sand, earth, and it breaks when I reach for its top. Again the waters come up and I'm sucked back by the tide and undertow. I am becoming panicky.

May 2, 1953

I am a military cameraman and also some sort of hero. I am at the military olympic games which is being held in a huge gymnasium. Those people whom I knew in Junior High are all there in uniform, having just seen war. I am of their spirit although more experienced, respected. I am able to make photographs into the form of tiny bow-ties and skewer them through their center knots on to a thin walking stick. These I sell.

May 4, 1953

I am in the country on a farm. I am throwing rocks at birds when I see a large one. I pick up a round, flat rock and throw it at this bird, but when it strikes, it

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strikes an old farmer, hitting him on the left shoulder with great force. He sees me and I can't run. He reproaches me. I think I'm getting off easy with just a slight reproach, since the rock struck him rather forcefully. I'm surprised that he can ignore the hurt in his shoulder.

There are corrals on this farm and there is a working party in the fields, all boys. Everyone is dressed in warm jackets, waiting for the work to begin. There are three fellows who have always bothered me and I think that now, since they are at it again, now would be the time to settle with them. I offer to take them all on. We fight, I against the three of them and I win. I recognize only one of the short ones, and one tall boy, taller than me. I concentrate my power on the short one. I am reproached for fighting by someone in authority.

We make ready for a siege. I have people on my side, but I don't know who they are. It is possibly the result of the fight in the corral. We all have spears which we're eager to use, but after the enemy's first thrust, we drive them back, we know they'll try again. But the spears are tiny, we can hold them between our fingers. The enemy shows himself occasionally. A hand, presumably mine, holding a tiny, delicate spear in its fingers, lunges out at them and strikes as often as not.

I learn that my mother will visit me at the scene of the battle. I realize that I must hide the young woman who has been with me. I haven't seen the girl until this instant. I must put her into the clothes closet, but she pouts and won't go. I push her in and she stumbles, falling into the thickness of the hanging, brown clothes. She is my sister.

May 5, 1953

There is a tall, graceful lady roller skater with long, black hair. About her neck she wears a huge black religious pendant, the center of which folds out and becomes a roller skate. She shows this to me, explaining it. We are in her sunny, cheerful apartment and she's being very pleasant, even though I've just awakened her. I want to save her from Goldman's attentions, detestable guy. A

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notorious reputation with women. Then he walks in, smiling.

May 13, 1953

I am eight or nine years old. My father is the superintendant of a building resembling a school. Everything has been made neat and clean and we're just leaving when we see another small boy of my age (it is me!) setting fire to old newspapers from a trash basket he's overturned on the steps of the building. The burning papers spread about. My father goes back to scold the boy, containing his wrath well. The boy's mother looks on, agreeing to everything my father says. Though the boy listens attentively, he is without fear of any sort. Meanwhile I go to the fire. There is a large cockroach strolling about within the flames. Fascinated, I wonder why his body doesn't ignite. Then, suddenly, it does. I am at once terrified and glad to see him burning. But though his entire body is engulfed in flames, he goes about as before, entirely oblivious and in-attentive to the flames.

May 19, 1953

My father has brought me home a small black purse filled with gems of all sizes, most of them being very tiny. We are all helping to hide them, but they are always falling and scattering on the floor. I have the feeling that there are thousands of them, tiny ones I haven't retrieved. We all know that my father has stolen these jewels, but we say nothing. The police are about to enter the house. They do, very pleasantly. My father realizes that he has failed, and resigns himself to his fate. I admire him for his manly resignation. We know he will go to prison, yet he goes out of the apartment to wait for whatever will be his penalty.

May 22, 1953

I play catch with myself in the street. The figure of myself who is throwing is womanish, a girl. She stands two steps below the level of the street. The other me, the one who catches, stands in the street. The woman me throws a flattened ball to myself and the thing sails over my head and into the streets behind me. Disgustedly,

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I chase it. When I return, the woman pays me 50¢ per mile for as far as I had to go to retrieve it. She gives me three half-dollars and 2¢. There is a dispute about the last half mile; hence the extra half dollar. The girl figure laughingly accedes to the demands of the boy figure by adding the extra two cents to the sum.

May 27, 1953

I dream that I have dreamt of a black prayer book and I go to tell my dream to Mr. L. For some reason I don't wish to speak the dream aloud, so I write it on the floor with the tip of my shoe. The floor is littered with boxes, paper, etc. Its colors are alternately yellow, brown and a bit of white. The writing is yellow and black.

In searching through my things I come across a black prayer book. I only inspect it thoroughly because I remember that I used to have a white one. I let the pages fall rapidly past my thumb. It is exactly the same as my white siddur, except that there is no clasp on it, and both covers are secure.

June 4, 1953

I go to a camp in the mountains to see Marian with whom I have been in love. She is all in white. I know she is married now, but I don't care to believe it seriously. And her mother is there, a fine, German Jewess who never could admit I could pronounce, in best German, "Goethe." Marian is in the field with others, and when she sees me, I'm amazed at fine reaction, astounded at how different she looks, warm and naturally become a real woman. I feel, soon, that I am only pretending to have grown. She glows with happiness and spirit. She has a little boy. I play with him. He is very spirited and I don't want to leave.

There is a camp in the mountains where war strategy is being planned. I go to the central office and pretend I'm sleeping. I'm covered with a thick khaki blanket and I'm lying on a board held five feet from the floor between two ladders of iron. There is a woman in charge.

In the next room she is discussing plans for the war.

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In the study of the maps, a painting of a palm tree is used. It is done on glass and is transparent, so that when laid over a map, another painting, strategic points may be seen. I wonder, while pretending to sleep, just how such a painting may be plotted, how it is made.

June 14, 1953

I am a soldier barricaded in a small building. There is a beautiful girl with me. We are in love. I am not the soldier. I must fight against an army outside, even though I am a member of this same army. I know that I must fight my friends and I am distraught, yet grim, determined.

The girl appeals to my reason to surrender, but I know that I can't. There is only one course. She fades to the background. The fighting begins. Someone with a submachinegun fires through the double door at point blank range. There is a moment of panic which I, myself, feel. But the soldier returns the fire. He is not hurt.

December 9, 1969

A group of "original Hawaiians" come to town. They're called Kameameans. They're not built like ordinary people about the head & shoulders. Beginning directly beneath their chins there's a gigantic muscle which goes straight up the sides of their heads, then doubles back downward, meeting the biceps of their arms. They are reputed to have enormous strength & courage. They are beautiful people. But there are only 10 or 12 of them left in the world now. They are costuming themselves in preparation for a commemoration of a posing for an ancient beer label their ancestors once did. They are like R. Crumb's cartoon character Bill Ding.

December 12, 1969

I meet with Victor M. in the subway. I'm convinced there's a lesson to be learned in this, that we've chosen to meet in the subway, but Victor is not to be convinced. He points out that, after all, the trains keep coming & going, that somewhere on the tracks there is a flood. We watch the crowds come pouring out of the tunnels. & even after everything's calmed down, countless incidents occur on the platform. People pass, children play, mistaken signs.

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April 16, 1969

I am a voracious rabbit, living at an airfield. I have eaten everything in sight. The hangars, the airplanes, the runway, all the workbenches. I am hungry. I meet Alice & tell her who I am. She looks so good to me. I begin kissing her, eating her lip & jaw. Tastes so good & feels so pleasant. She enjoys it, too.

April 28, 1969

The end of the world. Of time. No cars, no ships, no planes. Travel is illegal. Everyone is restricted. The air is rotting. No one does anything but wait. Tempers are wearing thin. I am an outlaw travelling on a ship with my friends, since who'd want to wait in one place for the end of the world? & We are all armed, & arguing. I become hysterical. I take them aside, certain that I've discovered the way, not to save the world, but to make the time pass more pleasantly. The idea is to go about the dying world putting on shows, the actors, us, pretending we're angry. People are committing suicide all over the ship, some with great style, others with abject efficiency. The first suicides are very cultured European Jews. I am forced to think about death. I consider drowning, breathing water, but it's organically impossible for me. I must wait until the bitter end knowing that the longer I wait, the more painful my death. At one point I'm given the job of performing an execution upon an offender, a wealthy doctor. He has a very expensive car, but I can't drive it. I slide behind the wheel next to the doomed man. He is frightened & fat, can't stop jittering, blubbering. I just can't drive his car & I'm just as scared of him as he is of me.

"I've been collecting dreams since my early twenties, the 1950's. .....I can't picture your transcribing them on your typewriter, yet I am enclosing a cassette-full. Any which you want I will transcribe.... Even though my voice is the original face of these dreams, once-removed, appropriate - the raw mentality of those emotions, imagery of fear and joy. Also enclosed are several from my Journals, from 1953 when I was 23 and seeing an old student of Jung's in New York....."

"The transcribing is a disappointment to me. In typescript, the resemblance to Freud-Jung-literary-dream-writing tradition (like the early 1953 dreams of mine, written) is too strong. My aim in taping is to extend the drama of the dream itself, to shift with one motion (the clicking on of the microphone switch) from Rapid Eye Movement. When this is successfully done, everyone's an actor; the training is inherent for this sort of performance. Only practice is necessary. & Yet, I wonder what, with practice, becomes of the quality of the dream itself. A kind of ecological law comes into effect, possibly. The better equipped the hunter, the more elusive the prey." [in letters from Donald Schenker].

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ALLEN GINSBERG: TWO INTERESTING DREAMS

I

"...You can't say how much there is on appeal, but you can say there is a problem..."...waking 7:30AM to that phrase in radio head--I'm being interviewed on the dream air by a Washington lady friend, we're talking about Police State conditions in USA and I'm saying it's not generally known to the middle class but such police state does exist here now in America as it does to great extent in France as it does clearly to consciousness in Czechoslovakia, as per example the exiled proseateur Josef Skvorecky..."The police state is here for the Panthers, for longhairs in Atlanta and at the Mexico border, for sick junkies and healthy grass smokers, for drafted boys struggling thru basic training or stockade gunbarrel up the ass, for underground newspapers busted for Sale, for students trapped by secret agents, for Universities invaded by gas police, whole cities paying off Mafia strongarm corporation counsels, for bureaucrats controlled by garbage gambling Slotmachine syndicate Services, for commuters stuck in broken cars on smog covered bridges."

July 8, 1970

II

In rural hamlet, butchering a pig--the pig is set up ass down head to the ceiling & hung there & puffed up with air till I saw the prune-like asshole distended as the body balooned out--

Our farmhouse pig Don't Bite Me with pink satinic skin ears sleeping in the barn under crystal stars chill fall night.

I see the distended body's that of human--it looks athletic-corpsed, still twitching headless, Peter in overalls sprawled on knees shoulders pitched to ground--or Neal's body in position helpless brainless legs spread buttocks up to be fucked, or football Jack's his legs

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flopping unstrung down on the floor--Was the head really off?--the arm raised up as if to wipe nose, Neal's gesture, but missed a neckless trunk-hole!

The chicken I saw age 7 flopping around barnyard in New Jersey, blood spouting hysteric noises out of chopped erect neck; the lamb I saw in Birbuhm* sacrificed in Vishnu's name, flopped on floor, bouncing between the Brahmin's legs.

--I twitched in sleep, rousing to wake my body moved eyeless in bed--suddenly my eyes opened,a headless body opened its eyes & saw it had been a twitching unconscious corpse.

Went out on grass to pee--Pleiades assembled over Maple tree hulk, Milky Way thick banded over Heaven.

September 2, 1970

*p. 82 Indian Journals, City Lights 1970

Charles Olson: The Bezel

the opposite of rational forms is not irrational but a difference of discourse. The play lies rather in the genetic and the morphological (as it was said to me in the dream [by the same master who instructed me throughout, & whom I celebrate - properly, I believe - as Grandfather] between chanting and letting the song lie in the thing itself and there canting off what the poem turns out to be. or to put the same in the words of another dream which makes sense to me as disclosing the scheme of discourse which my own persuasion - or the conviction of dream - strikes me as being the truth of discourse:

of rhythm is image
of image is knowing
of knowing there is
a construct

Charles Olson, January 28 1962

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Miguel Serrano Dream

Was in a room full of tax accountants and statisticians. Felt out of place due to type of dress and my long hair. Serrano was there. Not looking like his pictures. But younger. He pulled out a roll of fifty dollar bills and paid a man. I saw that the room had suddenly transformed into a plush restaurant. Then we were standing waiting for a bus. Someone had tickets to a concert by the Jefferson Airplane at the Fillmore. Serrano took us by bicycle-bus to Old Delhi.

Dream

Last night I had a dream that DZ and I were sitting on a park bench. I hadn't seen him since we roomed together at St. John's and though our appearances had changed, we recognized one another immediately. He told me he had been working for IBM and had quit, and was now an insurance salesman for a company called Aetna. It was then I realized (actually I remembered this part the evening of the following day) that the bench we were sitting on was in the Land of the Dead--it was very foggy there and there were many graves. The fog was both yellow and gray. One of us had been summoned by the other--I think it was me that was summoned. But I don't remember which one of us was alive.

Dream

Was walking through worlds. Each world had a door. Some were very large, some incredibly small. I would walk and there'd be other people with me. Friends or not, I don't know. We would go up to a door and then I'd open it and we'd walk through into another world. A totally different world. Yet as I went into this new world I understood it completely, as if one were to understand the whole earth all at once. The people in the world we'd leave never seemed to miss us; and the people in the world we'd enter would never think it strange that all of a sudden we were there. When we'd enter the new world, I'd close the door and then the door would seem to disappear. It would blend in with the

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foliage or a wall or whatever. But I could see the door if I wanted to and I could go and open it and go back to the old world. Though I never did. Many times the people I traveled with didn't want to go with me to a new world, through a new door. And so they'd stay back in the old world and I'd go on alone, opening a new door and going through it. The doors could be anywhere--on the ceiling, on the wall, in a tube, anywhere--and getting to them was no problem, since gravity did not exist. One door I remember was very weird. I was in a kind of place that seemed like a basketball court, but not like modern basketball. It was in a Mayan temple-like ruin, I believe, but it was distinctly a ball game--ball court, of sorts. I watched and I noticed that I too was dressed in that garb, with a horseshoe weight around my waist, those type of shoes and shorts, and I think I had feathers in my hair. I remember seeing a door in a tiny corner of a room--altho this ball court seemed to be out-of-doors--I went to the little door and opened it. The ball game had lost its attraction for me, actually now I was being repulsed by it. I started to walk through the little doorway. As I did, I looked down and half of my body in the new world was dressed in those type of clothes--pants, boots, etc.--and the other half of my body in the old world was still dressed like a Mayan ball player--feathers, waist-weight, etc. As I closed the door, it turned into a yellow wall with thin slats...

When I woke up, I had this incredible sense that I had been flying. As if my body had been flying, not the actual physical body--but yet a part of it. It was immensely pleasurable--the feeling of it, the flying sensation I mean. I think I was very much caught up in the mere technique of it though. I was very much into just opening the doors and going on into newer and stranger worlds. Very technically oriented that way. Just grooving on it, not really understanding it--or wanting to. I could never figure out, in this respect, why when other people were with me flying, that they'd suddenly stop flying and not want to continue on further--never realizing their probable enlightenment or possible fear--while for me, all I could think of was new doors opening to newer worlds. Just the incredible sensation of it. And <u>flying to get there!</u>

I think when I go back to this level again sometime, I will examine it thoroughly or at least more thoroughly than I did before (which was not at all). The physical

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sensation-mystique now having worn off, I'll be able to see these worlds more clearly, and consequently come to know what they really have to offer, and what I in turn have to offer to them.

Bear-Behind-You

My brother was sixteen and he had been studying medicine with a Winnebago shaman called Wa-na-Mai-na-ya or Bear-Behind-You up in the Nicolet National Forest in Northern Wisconsin near the Michigan border. Morgan and I had set out early that day from Milwaukee and the snow was already pretty heavy by the time we made Three Lakes. We drove through Eagle River and took the turn-off where the road keeps going straight to Land O'Lakes and Conover. We took the road heading towards Phelps and Twin Lakes. There were two lakes we passed that were still un-named--good sized ones too. The snow was pretty much drifted in these parts--as high as twenty feet in some places--but the road was plowed. We had put chains on the VW Micro-bus when we'd come off the 4-lane, and they helped now--the road was all ice underneath. As we came past Pioneer Lake, I started looking for the firelane turn-off. I said to Morgan, "In there's Pioneer Lake--I never saw any pioneers there, though". Morgan said, "That's because they're runnin' the Pioneer Boat Company". "Ya!" I said as we passed an old logging trail that I knew ran down into the firelane we wanted. But with all the snow, we could've never made that trail. I told Morgan to take it easy now, because we'd want to be turning off pretty soon--that is if the firelane was plowed. It would be though--it was kind of the main drag running right through the Forest and the Winnebagoes lived right in the middle and beyond that was the ranger station. The farmers liked to use the road as a shortcut to get to town instead of going all the way around. "There it is!" I hollered, as we went flying by. Morgan slowed the bus down and backed up, cautiously because it was right on a curve. He got in close backwards and then swung out and swung around and we drove in on 5429--all plowed out. Fresh tire tracks made by somebody in front of us just a little while ago. We drove about a mile when we came in sight of the big hill. I told Morgan, "You have to go like shit to make it!" The VW bus coughed as he floored it in second, then she started picking up speed. As we hit the bottom of the hill, Morgan gave her third and we went flying up her, a little slow

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at the top, but no trouble. It was only a one-lane firelane and anywhere along the road we'd have to be careful about not getting hung-up in a snowbank, especially if another car was coming. "Lookit!" Morgan said, "there's a deer." An eight point buck was standing about where the salt marsh is, but now was all iced over. He spotted us right away and looked up but didn't move. Then fast as shit, he took off--a tan spot on the white. About half a mile past the hill around a big curve was where our turn-off was. It wasn't marked but we found it okay. It hadn't been plowed in quite a while, and there was at least about two feet of snow on the little road. We took it very slow, letting our chains dig in as best they could--we plowed off the higher stuff with the front of the bus. As we came into the Winnebagoes' place, we could see two wooden house affairs--log cabin style bottoms and corrugated tin tops. There was a side of a '50 Nash that made up one of the sides of one of the houses. I remember the first summer I saw it and how it kind of shook me up--the poverty of it, then later, how ingenious I thought it was. Then we drove down slowly to Wa-na-Mai-na-ya's cabin.

Morgan tooted the horn once and I hopped out and pounded on the door. The snow was whistling-up because this place was kind of in a small valley like. My little brother Barry opened the door--he had his hair long and it was all in two braids. He looked for a minute and saw behind the scarves and stocking cap that it was me. We smiled at each other for a brief moment and I went back to the bus to bring our stuff in. Morgan killed the motor and we started hauling our two packs in without sleeping bags and camping gear. I grabbed my father's World War II duffle bag full of supplies and stuff for Barry and Wa-na, and we hauled all that shit inside. Then me and Morgan got out the big tarp and tied it down over the bus--roping her down real tight so's we wouldn't have to dig out too much when we wanted to leave and then we went in to stay in.

Barry had already taken our gear from the outer part further back into the part that was kind of a cave. The house was kind of a porch and it wasn't heated, but behind that was a door and behind that was a cave with a stove and a chimney stuck out through a hole in the rock that had to be checked and caulked every spring. It was dark in there. A faint orange glow flickered from the back and Morgan and I came in shaking off our boots. Pulling off our coats and stuff,

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Barry gave us each a couple of blankets to wrap around ourselves and we warmed our hands around the stove. The bottom was red hot and in chrome plate on the top it said:

SCHNEIDER FURNACE & STOVE CO., INC.
MINNEAPOLIS

Wa-na-Mai-na-ya was sitting quietly behind the stove covered with what I think was an old deer hide with the hair still on it and a blanket underneath that. His long white hair he wore loose and it trailed down to his shoulders and then stopped. Later I saw him put on a red cotton handkerchief around his head--the cheap kind that you can get in any workingman's store. He was over 75 I think Barry had said, but you couldn't tell--his skin seemed more yellow than brown. Used, cross-culturally diffused and still as good as new, Barry introduced me again as his brother--I don't know if Wa-na remembered me from the summer before. Morgan was introduced--bowed and looked him in the eye and smiled. Wa-na looked approvingly at Morgan's long hair and nodded. I noticed Wa-na had little cupped ears just like a bear--perhaps he would suddenly get all hairy and talk to us in bear-talk. By brother poured us out some tea--mint tea. I began to say that we brought them supplies when I thought of the lantern. I looked at the all-glass kerosene lamp casting a faint orange glow over the room and so I got up and searched the duffle bag for the lantern and finally I found it. I pulled it out and handed it to Wa-na-Mai-na-ya. He took it from me and nodded. It was all wrapped up in newspapers and I motioned to him that he should unwrap it. Barry helped him and when Wa-na got it out he said: "Ah!" and smiled at us. Barry went out to the porch and got the little can of kerosene and filled the 1½ pint bottom. I could see Wa-na's reflection in the shiny new chrome plating. "Comes from Seattle," Morgan said; "Washington State." Barry took a wood-spill to the other lamp and lit it, he came back, turned up the wick and it caught. He turned it up and the small room got larger with light.

"AH!" we all exclaimed in a soft breath as if the word itself were a mantra here in Wisconsin. Wa-na-Mai-na-ya directed Barry to hang the new lantern from over the oak table, and he did. Wa-na-Mai-na-ya was grinning now. Like a little brown bear behind a berry bird. Bear-Behind-You, I thought to myself, you fucking loony Winnebago--you're beautiful!

and then he spoke to us: "AH! Light! and to look. And look. And see."

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DAVID MELTZER: DREAMS

24 October 65

1.

Driving a car that's out of gas

2.

A sequence of knives,
rubber knives with
painted silver tips. It's

a real one into the body.
Like slicing into a raw potato.

28 October 64

Tina's dream: We're flying together in the sky
gathering peaches out of the clouds.

18 November 64

In High School
a white plate before me on my desk with tomato quarters
on it.
I tell a friend about my tomato revelations.

When the rest of the class leaves,
I go around the room picking up their tomato quarters
and put them on my plate.

"Now," I say, "I'll begin
putting the world together."

26 November 64

1.

Dark dream of hair upon me around me covering my face

2.

Playing with 4 pebbles, polished stones, throwing them
up in the air, catching them, then
I swallow a white one.
George Lea walks by & shakes my hand.
"What's happening?"
"I've swallowed a stone," I tell him

& awake feeling it stuck inside my throat.

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26 Jan 65

A woman runs out of her house.

"It's on fire," she tells me, "but there are no flames just heat inside the walls. It's like an oven!"

I walk thru the house & open the back door & leave the front door open & say, "There! Now the wind can go straight thru the house, inside & out, & cool it."

2 Feb 65

1.

Eruption of green-white fungus up a wall, a building

2.

Marilyn Monroe climbs up out of a swimmingpool covered with blood.

THE DREAM

The dream is of course half-closed by the time I get there
conscious to make sense of it in
the awakened realm.
To the dream then. Any way.
Unfolds in
panels,
triptick, petals
reveal soft white skin with
black letters carved along the edges,
tells me, I (eye
seeing it, I to eye
on glass, the
mercury panel the image)

must continue Hayyim Vital's body-breaking course
1 to 5 new ways to fill the shell up with
Holy Spirit, to
circulate light, translux the flux into song,
send the light up & down the Tree, says
unfolding petal lotus myth
in the half-closed dream, sealed
by the time I get there wide awake. Blue jay
squawks for more seed in the feeder outside the window.

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JONATHAN TOWERS: DREAMS &c.

I've been listening to rock and roll tonight and thinking about what you said about '50's rock and roll, and it seems so much in the spirit of the night. Like muted rather than raging fire. Especially this song by George Hamilton from '57 about how 'they don't understand', but I can't remember any more of it. A lot of songs sounded like '50's rock and roll even though they were just out. The Northern Lights were visible tonight. They were really nice. All this light splayed across the sky like in the pictures of Heaven but then moving with this amazing flowing back and forth, light in the sky but not very bright but just coursing through everything; they were swift light pulses of energy of this intangible stuff from the sun. I mean even though I read it in one of your letters tonight it was like that band that sweeps through the Sun Card of the Tarot.

I want to understand space and the planets so much better, to understand how the planets and stars are in us and how they are living but I am still hung up on conventional notions.

The trip you took sounded great. The picture postcard of the Hopi sun temple was really pretty. I see the trip as long red deserts in the night with strange square rock mountains on the side where the gods hold council.... I am just passing through things now, not involved in anything. So without any hold or action in this world my dreams have been becoming the real important events. They have been strange and fantastic. I am in such a way as to be open to anything in them. A man visited me and gave me this name and profession in one. One dream was terrible --- about a trip down to the sea in the night with Dad who then disappeared. There was a rock island way out in the sea that I had to get to. I couldn't, though. I kept spinning around until three boats converged at a single point and people were killed and then some kids and I had to drive down into the dark water to find them. I was scared and just faked going down. Then suddenly I was on a cliff over the water when the water cleared and a giant fish leaped out of the water and just missed me. It seemed to me like the trip that Arisleus had to take in Jung's Psychology and Alchemy into the unconscious where he had to be killed before the alchemical experiment could go on. Or like that picture of the father devouring the son. The fish I thought might be the Jungian self which terrified me probably because I was not able to descend to the bottom of the water.

It's hard to say really where I am now, things moving very fast. I fear a bit that it may be like moving fast on a treadmill though and that nothing is really happening. Those 'shots' from the past or wherever have changed, not in intensity but in regard to what I do with them or the way they come. I take them more lightly and don't get hung up much anymore trying to figure them out and I don't really think I lived more intensely then. I think a lot of the intensity is from distance and then a lot is from things forming a

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totality over time which was there the instant you were experiencing anything but held a different position (more in the background or as background). Also, one other thought about this (I seem to always belabor you with this) is that transformation over time occurs, things become what they really are (alchemy?), something seen long ago may appear later in an abstract way because it is dim (distance of the sun) as closer to sound, as a note sequence, the formal qualities being what remain. The oldest dream I can remember takes place in that playground on 96th Street, and there's a kid named Roy in it who was sort of the leader of the playground and then I become co-leader with him, having been first against him (it seems so much like a mythical situation now). What happens in the dream is that a witch is putting Roy to sleep outside the playground. The confusion is about the word 'pin'. I really can't remember if his last name was Pin or whether the witch was putting him to sleep with a pin in the dream. This isn't the greatest example of the transformation I was mentioning before because those seem much vaguer, but this thing with that kid Roy seems interesting anthropologically, like what we really finally get as the actual events of a myth, where did they originate?, or more, from what species of event-object-feeling?, or are those three in any mythical factor, and one predominates at any given time though the other two are still very much present?

I see it as huge green fields mostly, rocky in parts, and the way it sloped down from 97th Street into the dustier regions stretching out to where it got greener and ended at the concrete path that circled the whole field. That was about 99th Street, a path crept up the rise of thick grass but we never took it. That would have been a whole other story. There was a playground if you followed the concrete path at 97th skirting the field until that huge field ended there two blocks later and the path began to circle about that farmost end. But you wouldn't follow the path as it veered left if you wanted to get to the playground. That was when we were younger, bubble mixture in the playground, the two types of swings with the low fences around them with little gaps by which to get in and to the swings. The playground was oval, people moving slowly about it or sitting with baby carriages on the benches at the sides, every so often somebody shooting into the middle, that very heart of it left open. Or you could have catches across that great middle bouncing the ball across it; when it got by you the ball might carom off the iron-spiked bars or it could go through. Out the playground. One one side of the outside were a few bushes in dark earth and the smell of pigeon dust: on the other (the side that sloped up toward 100th) were very thick high bushes about the iron, then a divergent path of concrete climbed upward into shade. The other path that went up toward 100th Street diverged from the main oval path out to the left as the latter started to swing back to 97th. This path was always in sun and promised great things..... We had the black bat then and the Yankee uniforms. We played on the right hand side that is the side closest to Fifth Avenue, on the other side of a stone wall, Richard my father and me. About the

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middle of the field and on to one side we were hitting from that far right side out in a straight line toward the center. In the very center the grass was thin and tawny and the sun was burned deep inside.

Had a dream about you both last night where you and I and all the people we knew were sitting at a long table in honor of your coming to New York. It was a dinner, but it got interrupted, during which time you went to see Kelly and I did something else and then we were back at the table again. One part of the dream: you said that it might be good to take a course in alchemy whereupon you got up from the table and pointed to a shelf that ran around the top of the room on which was a Sherlock Holmes type file of everything under the sun and you were pointing at the A's and taking down a large book. But then the dream sort of switched and the book didn't say alchemy on the back but something else. The teacher from my archaeology course was also at the table and came over and gave me a dime back, because she said she was taking some points off my grade because she had to include an Architecture course I had taken for a few days and then quit. The dime and the grade seem like a typical confusion between the grocery store and school. The letter A is important twice in the dream as it has been recently in waking life. I got an A- on my paper in the course and an A- on a test. Also looking in the Queens College catalogue for anthropology courses last night. And then the psychiatrist is named Astrakhan and he's attributed a lot of my recent dreams to be about him. My dreams are all a sort of mishmash of association lately, one thing getting confused for the other. It is like the Ones are finally all sucked back into One. The activities of the day have all seemed like distinct medicinal exercises used to get me going again. I have been very conscious that I am just doing them for my own good until I get into something again. But finally the dream shows the higher mathematical won-lost ratio. Or how they are not distinct but are completely and necessarily interwoven. The A is not only a representation of excellence but a letter to create the world and lead me into a whole field (anthro. or the psych.).

8 o'clock in the morning, day after you called. Out the window the backyard full of snow. Clouds overhead and it is so still. The day is clearly a first, broken off from the sequence of other days, as yesterday was the first day of autumn-preparing-for-winter, this is Winter. It starts not from yesterday but from other days; I can't help feeling things from other years, the plans I had for the days that were firsts like this one and the firsts are a genetic protein string that makes a new time continuation that is completely dimensionally different from the one the passage of the sun makes/maybe the Mayan calendar again and the two time scales. Something to do with football today, but mainly just the preparation, the deciding what I can do to fill the insides, the revealed insides of this day, as maybe on another one of these firsts I thought of going sledding and that is juxtaposed as in a cubist painting to drinking hot choco-

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late in the morning and bundling into warm clothes: I hear the kids outside say they will go sledding and one of the old 'firsts' is fired into the great vault-depth of air..... In thinking toward you I want to do winter things with you, I see your old black rubber boots.

Anyway I come into the psychiatrist telling him I have had a very strong dream and keep saying it was so strong and making associations; but he says you are just trying to flood us out the door into the hall with associations and you don't want to try to figure it out. Which amounts to this, and of which I am depressed lately, feeling it is equally a symptom in my writing: that I try to figure out the strong things in isolation from their events, saying this is really strong, what could it be?, and then relying on what it calls to mind. But psychiatry refuses to deal with 'strong' things without full consideration of the motives of the dreamer or people involved, somehow keeps asking the question what were you trying to do?, what did you want and how did you reverse it?..... One dies trying to locate things and tries too hard. And the good thing in psychiatry of locating things, like using the squirrel in the dream to have to do with burying or unburying content, then the squirrel loses the name of squirrel and becomes something more Indian, maybe like He-Who-Buries, so that the squirrel is given a functional meaning in the dream via his own individual actions and the integrity of squirrel is not lost as it sounds, in psychological handbooks, as 'when you dream of squirrel, it stands for this.' Rather the squirrel has a multiple of actions, one of which becomes his motive function in the dream. I think that I have been against psychiatric ways of handling things, maybe getting an early sense of what it was like when you were going and putting it down on the fact that Richard was into it and my parents had always posed Richard as sick, etc.

That we have never been the equal sons of mommy, but it seems like we've had such separate (I guess it will have to be relations) with her. What I mean generally in all this without getting too into it, is that it never feels that far away from one of those family crises, I mean ones before mommy's hysteria, ones with you and me fighting, competitive, etc..... I had a dream the night after talking to you and Debby that I was telling Debby some things and you came over and said what I was saying was a lot of shit, at least this was the fear with me when I was saying something to Debby and you were there; I mean it should be easy by now, the three of us, but it never has been the three of us really ever and that is what I am finding out, these are all very new things; in effect there never has been Richard-Jon-Mon or Richard-Jon-Deb, everything has been worked out by two people in the family having their thing together at a time and never has the magical three been reached.

I've gotten interested in reading about Great Basin Indians, a really good book on Paviotso shamanism, not so good really, but just enthusiasm for shamanism maybe, and a long article on Shoshone

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and Bannock subsistence cycles. The area is mainly Idaho for the Shoshone, Salmon Eaters, Groundhog Eaters, Camas Root Eaters, Buffalo Eaters: all of them named for what they eat, information on the map of their movement, moving east of the Divide to hunt the buffalo and stand off the more powerful Blackfoot, then maybe making it back before winter snows to the country west of the Divide around the rivers: Salmon, Boise, etc. Then whole tribes of Shoshone that lived isolated in the mountains (Absaroka, Salmon) and didn't fight but hunted elk and whatever other game in the mountains. At certain times other tribes would come there and hunt with them or separate from them. The Paviotso are the Paiute in Western Nevada, shamanistic power coming through dreams or secured in special geographic places like mountain caves where hearing becomes very acute and one receives the power after hearing all the animals of the area in a noise. The shaman's ability to defeat the disease is dependent on the amount of harmful dream that the patient can produce. The dream is not prophetic of ill but is ill itself. It is bad to dream certain things.

Things have been bad because I've been frustrated. Wake up with a head full of dreams knowing it's the 'whole thing' and can't remember them or if I can, no sense in them for me, just awe, Neil Diamond's new song in which the line: 'Had a dream and it filled me with wonder/ she couldn't stay.' Like it's incredible with me how wonder, awe, fantasy, dramatic action supersede attempts at understanding or even the belief I can understand..... Like who are the girl-boys in the dream last night of four lesbians (there are four girls who live above us in upstairs apartment) and I am watching a movie of them and everybody is saying what ugly girls they are and I think so too but as I look I notice one who is (if this were a medieval allegory you would say she was the one called Raped, she is the one who is soft, so magically-woundily soft, like an open wound asking to be fucked, like the girl-like faggots who, if you take them to the power of themselves as they appear to us, seem to be saying Fuck Me, Fuck Me, I Want It So Bad. Which is sort of what this girl says in the dream: she says 'Kenny, put it in me' and then there is this girl Kenny, hard and skinny, fucking her in the ass and then 'Kenny' turns into the name Kennedy in the dream and the fucked girl is saying that she hates Kennedy and then I am conscious of my own mind and that I am coming and I am filled with sheer delight and at the same time (in the last gasp of the dream) I am fighting for the one exquisite crucial thought as the sperm is filling my whole body and I think: Kennedy didn't die in vain, because all these people are using him, especially in their intensest moments, like when they're being fucked.' And then tonight I fell asleep and woke up with a dream in my head making me moan to try to remember it, something on Babe Ruth and father and mother and a house and maybe working off "The House That Ruth Built" but everytime I got close to remembering that part that would reveal it all to me I couldn't do it and so I am dying now for lack of knowledge.

I had a dream about Phil, that he was living in a little room deep back on the ground floor of a building in the toughest section

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of the city. Nobody else around, the abstract ultimate street that means the toughest one in the city. Some white motorcycle guys came, lived right next to him, they were almost animals. It meant the end, it meant you never get out, same things haunting all the time, the tough guys and the little helpless one who has to live compulsively in the heart of it, and it was silent and abstract as if there were a wide space around the heart and that is where you live. I want it to be like that all the time.

Then I had a dream that I was driving my car on this cobblestone road very wide that went uphill (middle of the city like the West Side Highway or old Brooklyn) onto another cobblestone road (led into it really) and I was having trouble with my car and couldn't make the turn (I was trying to get back home to hear the Houston Astros) (in New York?) and then I remembered my car is supposed to be at the gas station being repaired and I better get it back there (it's being fixed these two days) and my car turned into a bike and I did some cool move on the bike to avoid hitting a car that didn't see me and then I was in the grocery store wheeling a cart around and I had a basket (one of those hand baskets) inside the cart and it was filled up immediately with two items, one of which was a big round bucket bread that I buy at the supermarket here sometimes. I think there is a pun in the dream about things going downhill, that downhill (out of control) is more comfortable and I can't be responsible for what I do.

I had a nightmare last night, I woke up hysterically crying, angry, frustrated at this person in the dream, but I guess at the whole dream. It was that Aunt Et had a new husband who was sort of in between a kid and a man and using the man part, his role as husband, to put me down. I went to their house with Mara and the dream was all about animals, this chicken that had to be born itself to have chicks, had to create a white round very cellulose shell around itself but then to be born she also had to go through Smelly Cat's body and be ejected out the anus, which was a process I really empathized with in the dream, watching the bulge in the cat's stomach and then moaning with pain and then relief at the ejection of the chicken, born now. I was embarassed in front of Aunt Et and her new husband at the moaning and so said something like 'It's really anal though'. The chicken in the cat's stomach makes me think of these photographs I had in a biology book of a snake devouring a whole live chicken in five steps, the bulge in the stomach being the last. Just quickly and most obviously I guess confusion in myself between eating, shitting, being born, are you born as just a little shit, does the mother eat you and then shit you out and what has to happen to her (seed from the father story). Then there were these big animals in cages in a dark back part of Aunt Et's house, the first supposed to be a rooster but big black and inky like a seal and taller than me and she let it out and it came walking after me and I was screaming, to get it away from me, I'm scared of flapping wings but it had no wings. Then a dog-like animal came next with intricate rings of paint at the sides of its eyes that then whipped back around the head, very much the fear of what's doglike more than what's a real dog. You know there are so

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many animals that are dogs but are mangy or look only a little like dogs. Also I still feel there is something with Et and the Egyptian, Set or whatever, and her mythical magical animals, a wounded cat was following later in the dream and screaming like I know cats don't do usually with wounds. But I guess the hardest part of the dream was then being with Mara in the cellar of our house and she had prepared things for making love and then this husband of Et's was there standing at the top of the stairway with the light of day coming in through the door, a grey light though, and he was laughing and I just was looking up toward him completely discovered. He was naked with hairy chest. Then he said,"When do you want me to tell your mother?," and I said defiantly,"Anytime," and then he left and Mara was yelling at me for letting these people make me scared of sex and tell me anything and so I went all through Brooklyn to try to get back to Aunt Et's house to find him. The rest is pretty much my yelling at him and hitting him and him sending me away and then I lose Mara and am crying for her in a choked voice and then she is coming up the road and a last strange scene (actually one before about farting in front of three young girls and being very smelly) where Mara and I are together exhausted on the side of a road and an old lady comes by and asks,"What's wrong, dearie?" of Mara and Mara says she is just cold and then the old lady takes off these white kid gloves and gives them to Mara and I am wondering if she is going to ask me and I will say I'm tired.

I am living out by the beach where my father left me off, I wish. All the people of his generation have their old colors flying limply. Bathhouses nobody is going to rebuild, things let fall into the sand as much as women after love affairs come back in late middle age to try to restore themselves at the beach, pick up one loose cock on a string. They sit out on the boardwalk majestically, hats to shield them from the wind and sun, the whole sea of iodine and snails stretches from them all the way to Europe, tentatively they put their navels on the sea and let the whole expanse symbolically string them out to be in touch with old genes.....

The world hold up in this dream shabbily under a radiation sun, men in long bathing suits of the '40's to the '60's and old-time American capitalism and showmanship that's gonna make a star out of you. So my father come back as a travelling salesman, as somebody underneath me who is budding to be me, who is trying to sell me. I am placed myself in the position of what he sees ahead of himself; whenever my father wants to move forward he will have me in his way, hindering him, remind him, I am the fish in the sea that has come out of him, I am the direct result, the end of the ad campaign, what he has left on the sea and has come back to. A kind of neoteny, that he who is sexually mature but of proportionate age to the maturity longs to sell his balls back through the young.

The nude shot is finally on the screen, sort of forced out onto it, the crowd at this point seems to be scattered and distant from me like a cause of myself in the same way that the movie is, projected away and in their own time. There is a feeling I could wake up

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from this but you can't leave now that the sex shots are on the screen is the rationale. There is a whole roomful of naked women in what looks like a gymnasium room in the lower part of a building. What is clear now is that I am looking down on this film from the balcony, trying to keep that distance and condescension, as if I were trying like we all probably convince ourselves in dreams, that this is not something I would think up. So the great maintenance in dreams that we seem to carry over from waking life is that we only recognize ourselves in our reactions, in the thoughts that are asides, like the character in a play who turns to make an aside on the action, the action is not his, and the dream or the world conjured up is not admitted to be our own.

These notes are taken from a five year period of correspondence with my brother, beginning about the time he first left home and extending upto the present (Winter, 1970). This form of presentation, chosen specifically for the Dream Issue, is somewhat less than ideal. I began with the deep sense that some meaningful communication on dreams has taken place and took to hunting thru the letters and other fragments of writing, choosing here and there rather spontaneously. As the letters themselves are undated and "unplaced" I cannot give that information either, except to say that they are presented in approximate order and that the earlier ones originate from New York, San Francisco, and Madison, Wisconsin, and the later ones from New York, Colorado Springs, and Boulder, Colorado. In any case, however fragmentized the appearance, I was anxious to have some form of this correspondence in the issue, and to give it back to Jonathan so he can see for himself.

R.G.

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JOYCE BENSON: DREAMS

Fall, 1968

I am at my sister Grace's, getting ready to go to Tail's Creek (north Georgia mountain community her husband came from, and where they have a summer house). There is unusual disorder in her house, packages everywhere, items of furniture being moved out, a leather topped table, studded with brass nailheads of particular interest... then I am I think in a hotel, preparing for some move, act, distressed because I hadn't heard from Charles. I am seated in front of a mirrored dressing table and Charles comes up to the side of me, handing me two letters and a package - I hardly notice him, but begin reading the messages instead - he disappears. The first one is like a broadside, "Look, woman" printed at the top and I felt I was being 'corrected,' and a picture, like in the roto-gravure brown section they used to have in newspapers of lots of people, and in the center Charles standing beside a woman almost as tall as he, faintly resembling him, her face was a little like Mom's (my husband's mother) and apparently, looks like an honest, worn, strong Swedish maid, cleaning woman, or waitress. This is in a public place. I can't remember the second letter, in print, though, and very long. The package contained a surprise, an African shield, feathered, buff ground, beautiful colors decorating it, I think of the romance of the names of paints, what's in the names, cadmium, the oxides, burnt umber, ultramarine, cobalt, cerulean, etc. There was a place, a peg, on it, to put, perch, any of assorted heads, faces, masks, heads on pikes, four dimensional, 819 of them, at will; then a long set of instructions, very small print, about the uses of heads and the myth-making process re. shields - woke up as I began reading the instructions.

Spring, 1969

Prior to dream, and they have turned off Niagara Falls! and Andy has a solution to the problem of sound, and tree falling in the forest: take a tape recorder out there and just wait for one to fall; this when he wouldn't go to bed, came to my room, plopped down, and said, "But when I have a Big idea, I want to tell you."

Visit to a household with 11 children, there was a picture album, family tree, etc. Father did assemblages -boxes and bottles of products arranged on book shelves - arranged and spaced so they could be 'read'.

Charles is on campus - I know he's lecturing in various classrooms - I hear him consulting with students

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afterwards, "I would say, that..." Then I meet him in the hall and give him a kiss, and he says "Hello, Joycey.." There is a distance between us and he says "we'll have to go to a motel." He is very altered, a bit shrunken, and thin, a little like Pound? and he has, on the left side, a protuberance that looks like a small, pointed breast. I tell him he doesn't look well, he hugs me and says "I'm not well at all, dear." Geri Lash says she's going to make him a good Italian dinner - he says he's going down town and get stoned - I am vaguely sad. Then I am visiting in a class he is running. Geri Lash, beside me, answers some of his questions before the students get a chance to, but I am smugly silent. Then he runs a film (can't get back what, exactly) for a long time, occasional comments- on a table beside the screen there are four (impression is shoddy) rectangular objects (I think now of cereal boxes but that wasn't it) suddenly, after the film is over, these flip over, and they are beautiful stone sculptures, identifiable in the dream, but I can't get back what they were. There is much surprise, and oohing and aahing over their beauty. The point of the class had not been clear, previously.

Charles, by the way, has a black and white poodle, on a red leash, with him.

There was a lot more, especially in the house with 11 children - I woke up exhausted, feeling like I'd been awake and busy all night.

January 21, 1970

Strange dream, after returning to bed about 4 a.m. today, I had been looking for a hundred watt light bulb. Large party in this building, milling around freely through sudden openings between apartments...sexual encounter with Stevens (the black ROTC major who lives next door) like a stand-up fuck, but we agreed it was an unfortunate misunderstanding and were jolly pals, circulating through the party thereafter, this was repeated, long party...then college kids, impression of a fraternity, arrived, with great bundles of exquisite notes, envelopes with drawings and photos, kids' art works, etc. in them. Evident that they were responsible for the chain letter thing (actual one where you put in one dollar and if everyone holds, if you know your friends can be counted on, you get back, I think the progression leads to 1,294 dollars within 20 days, it moves by sixes). Well the students gave me my bundle of these envelopes, one was a note from Charles 'Joyce' in red ink on yellow accounting pad very clear, as he always wrote it, and saying "this is for all the members of the Hardy apartment building"

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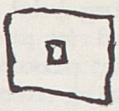
and an odd shaped, small, square check pasted in the middle of a blank page...  made out for $371.00.

Then he said, I hope you have enough money in the bank to cover this check, because I can't. Then, in the dream, I realize, he's dead. Then we were on a train, car shaped like a squarish room, several aisles - we talked, then I went down another aisle where I think it was Andy sprawled on a bed, another family at the other end of it (I recognized these people, but can't identify them now). Julie, with very dirty feet, was on an adjacent bed, and we sat there, propped up, riding along, and I could see, across the way, Charles in the corner of his seat, a magazine, impression, the Nation, in front of his face, reading.

#

371...to settle an account...at the Hardy apartment building...voices, voices, I'm feeling some directive upon me, or wishing to, but knowing actually the truth of that question, do you have enough in the bank? And I chastise myself as a squiggly pretender, pert, ender to the gloire, who lets sorrow tickle the ribs rather than turn it to use. And I don't like myself, in the shame of inaction, not the brain power I think I have to have to act.

"you are not yet enough
of a victim of life
to know
it's context, or the set, (Typhon is his breath)
as fishermen say,
which gets the fish."

Breathing still, as I used to be behind before, I make answer, I'd need to know in what waters, above what bank, the dipnoan fish lives, through salt water, a soul on the line? or the self wiggling there?
at the sign of the cross
subject is object
object subject
consciousness, fish,
gills or lungs
equally adequate
and I used to think of
the X-fiction as ph(x)tion!

Early morning dream 14 April, 1970

Owl and I going from felt like Virginia north to Canada or upper N. Y. to a wedding. Just the two of us - his car, he is driving, but it is not identified.

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Leisurely trip through many small towns - one of which has an odd circular swimming pool, and all along the streets are mirrors, placed in peculiar positions, like billboards or those burglar proofing ones in groceries, so you can't be sure, driving through, of the exact location of the pool. Another town has a roadside stand-like place, baskets of fruit, etc. outside, and a cafe featuring chicken-in-a-basket. We arrive at our destination, attend the ceremony..the bride, I now recognize as Lorna Rhodes, delicate, fresh as a birch tree..later at the cake cutting her fact has coarsened and she looks more like Hilyer. Owl and I drink a good bit of beer, as does everyone else. Then I am sitting on the beach alone, in the dunes, watching two boys fight, at first with fists, then with a jagged board, burning red embers on one end...although other boys come on the scene and there is much rough stuff, even cruelty..they blind-fold one of the fighters, I conclude this is 'just boys' rough-housing, enjoying themselves, actually. One of the boys is a light-skinned mulatto. Then suddenly the fight moves in close, there is a large bicycle on top of me and the two boys and the burning plank on top of it. I am not frightened, rather annoyed, and I say to them that's all very well but this is a rather awkward place to carry your fight...I go to tell Owl about it, and explain it carefully to him. There is to be the cake cutting.. the traditional house has a number of rooms, closets, and lots of women concerned about clothes. Scene of the bride returning to the house - the mother of the bride has changed her formal gown, now wearing sort of a kimona, glad to be out of her finery, but the bride is still in full regalia, still carrying flowers, can't name the variety, impression of traditional valley-lilies, etc., her dress has small ornaments, bright green, on the shoulders. The mother asks the bride if she is sure she wants to have a cake ceremony..then a round table with the cake on it is brought in through French doors from the garden. We guests rapidly arrange chairs and sit as an audience - cake is cut and distributed normally in large pieces at first, then suddenly many very thin slices all at once and many hands reaching up to receive it..it is the host. Then it is like catching the bouquet..then the servers (bride and her mother? not visible) start throwing slices of cake...some are caught, others go splat..white icing splatters show on the wall, wood paneling in a corner. The 'party' continues...Owl, bored by it, has repaired to a sunporch where he sometimes is reading, other times entertaining young men, talking, teaching. We decide to leave. There is a big hassle with some women because my black coat with the Persian lamb collar is missing..we look in many closets, in piles of coats on beds and

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floors...two look like fur coats but turn out to be wide-waled corduroy (brown) with mink collars. We decide if my black and white plaid coat can be found, it will do... there are many cloth objects (curtains, rugs, towels) of the same plaid, in the closets, but none is my coat. We forget about coats. One of the women patronizes me about my needing some quality clothes. As we are leaving, the brother of the mother of the bride, black, who has been making rather satiric comments about the wedding all along, begins to speak. He has big lips and teeth, stereotyped grin. The teeth are dentures, and revolving, reversible... he changes the big thick teeth to tiny, pearly, symmetrical ones and with a mincing voice exclaims, and these are my prince charming teeth. We are all very excited..I go to get Owl to show him this marvel. Then the mother of the bride brings in two wooden chests filled with teeth - all kinds - mostly greyish, like collections of shells or arrowheads - not arranged as dentures on gums, but all loose, separate. And the uncle can adopt any at will, apparently. We are all laughing with delight as he screws up his mouth, puts a sort of monocle to his right eye.. it is more like a jeweler's little spy glass...and says, here I am as the mad doctor. We enjoy this but decide it's time to go...a woman says, Owl and I are arm in arm.. I didn't know you had your wife with you. We have to pick up luggage and children from the motel where we've been staying. We talk briefly to a girl who says she, or her family, own a chain of motel-restaurants, we must have noticed them on our trip up? The name has escaped me..something like radiator, range-house. We are in my VW, with children, arrive at that same roadside place as earlier...Owl and I go in for a snack, and leave the children in the car (!!??) I get two baskets of fruit from outside and take them in...very elaborate, tied with purple ribbon, and in one, there is a little chick, made of rattan, squatting in a nest in one of them...and a bunch of purple grapes. I realize the two baskets are an extravagance, but I have already eaten all the fruit except the grapes. Owl says let's sit over here at this table and have some breakfast. We sit with a student wearing a white and gold Georgia Tech sweater...I say my husband used to teach there and he thinks I mean Owl, silent across the table. We leave here, now driving in a 1940's black Chevrolet, Owl's, and arrive at the swimming pool town. The mirrors confuse us and we are passing through when we decide to get out of the car and look around. We locate the circular pool, which is indoors, and we peer through the glass door window. It is a deeply sunken pit - the water reflected outside in the mirrors was caused by only a shallow layer of water at the very bottom...men are climbing around on the rocky floor and edges of this virtually empty pool. We go through the

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door...now the pool is a tiered, indoor, coliseum or amphitheater like...successive tiers, wide, then a very deep center declivity...it is furnished with traditional furniture on each tier, like living rooms...most of the upholstery is teal blue, rather like brocade, but there are spots of orange and red. There are tables, lamps, etc. It begins to fill with water, the carpeting on each tier showing the spread of the water. It is an underwater home/pool. We are in the car again..I am in the back seat, two young men in front with Owl and two in back with me and I think they are faggots. Then I remember the children are back at the chicken-in-a-basket place...I am mortified at my motherhood, or lack of it. Owl and I are very tired, this has lasted a long time, but we know we have to turn back and get the children with us. We stop in the next town, and the kids immediately appear, hopping off a bus, with assorted luggage...Steve had figured out what had happened, and was able to bring Julie and Andy with him on the bus to meet us....this was possible, time-wise, because we had stopped so long at the mirror pool.

SOME ADDITIONAL NOTES

Paul Mariah is editor of Man-Root in San Francisco. David Meltzer now lives in Bolinas, California. His Maya Quarto Press has brought out a collection of writings on the Qabbala, including work by Kelly, Rothenberg, Grossinger, and many others. Joyce Benson teaches English at Alfred College in New York. Robert Reinstein, a former Colby College student and encyclopedia editor, is now living in Lubeck, Maine. Robert Nero sends his dreams from Hollywood, California, and Allen Fisher writes from London, England. Charles Boer is a professor of English at the University of Connecticut. Tom Raworth is living in Colchester, England, has a number of books published there by Cape Goliard. The particular synchronous event that accompanies this issue of Io into existence is the Dream and ESP Conference that was held at the University of Maine, Gorham Campus, in July, about a month after we decided to have a Dream Issue. The conference led to our meeting Stanley Krippner and Thelma Moss, hence those two pieces, and also my own notes on telepathy and paranormal dream.

R.G.

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Grossinger - We're recording it as an event which we will somehow superimpose on the unrecorded event: the dream.

Dropkin - Your brain as a kind of dream instrument, like an oboe or something on which you can run it thru. Or maybe like a tape-recorder.

Grossinger - The thing I most want to get to is the notion of place. Both where the dream happens and where the dreamer tries to get in his dream.

Dropkin - Remember when we were talking about the yellowness, how the colors were more intense, and then there was the heat.

Grossinger - It was the heat of the yellow.

Dropkin - The presence of the sun. The sun being very important in dreams. The sun is very important in these three dreams. The first one started out, and I think took place in a sort of semi-conscious state, and in that way was like a day-dream. I was very conscious, as the dream went on, of the time being real time. The dream, much of it, took place in the middle of the night. Only it was sort of daylight. I mean the dream was a daylight dream, but there was also the consciousness that it was the middle of the night. At the beginning of the dream I was walking up a very long hill, which I recognized as being a certain place in Maryland, near our house. And the sun was painfully bright. And it was extremely hot, like about 95° or something like that. And walking was very difficult, and I could walk only very slowly. It was really a struggle. Like the air was very viscous. And getting thru the air was like pulling. Then very shortly after I began walking, it became air-swimming, which is something I've dreamt about very many times, swimming in the air, like flying, being above the ground, but flying that took a great amount of effort, so it was like swimming. Maybe because I'm an air sign --- but I've had no water dreams and very many such air dreams. I was swimming three feet off the ground, and it was at least as hard as regular swimming, at least in how fast you could go. There was some incident of seeing some kids outside a house, with anxiety associated with it, but I can't remember. The next thing I remember was getting near the top of the hill and there being a huge expanse of garbage and of things ripped up, and of dogs, either dead or dying, and looking crazy, and howling.

Grossinger - So that was really the beginning of the dream, wasn't it?

Dropkin - Probably.

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Grossinger - In other words, the rest was like thematic music to get into it. The sun was out there, almost like in a movie, like the lion who roars at the beginning. But I assume the sun had that ominous effect, which I think has to do with the place of the dream a lot.

Dropkin - It does, Rich. It does.

Grossinger - The sun let you know that there was a place. The sun has said: this is not going to be just a dream. This is ---

Dropkin - This is A DREAM.

Grossinger - This is a dream in which there's a place. In a sense that makes the sun analogous to place. But the sun isn't the place in the most exact sense, and furthermore, it's before the dream begins. You were talking about Creeley's preface to The Island....

Dropkin - Well, I know that the sun is extremely important because I know that many, many of my childhood memories have extremely strong sun in them. I'm always conscious of this whenever I remember them. And then I was conscious when I came back to Washington after not having been there for seven years or so, and driving down the road that had been familiar to me before, that as I drove down it I was reminded of how my images of it were in brilliant brilliant sunlight. So then there was this ominous thing with the garbage and this expanse. And right there at the top, all of a sudden it got grey and blue, like it was dusk, and it got much cooler, much much cooler, and I turned and saw this man who was about 30 or so, and he had blond hair and was going bald, I remember that, and I blew my nose very hard, and this is what, when I woke up in the morning, made me think of Leary's sorts of things: responding to what's going on in your respiratory system, and making dreams out of your respiratory system.

Grossinger - I think that's too easy, like static, or a message, take it as that.

Dropkin - No, that doesn't explain anything; that's just how the dream got kicked off. It's only the mechanics.

Grossinger - But what's the teleology behind the mechanics.

Dropkin - There's something very interesting I just read in Jung. He said that it's obvious that sexual symbolism pervades these dreams, but that doesn't say anything about what the dream is about. It just means that sex is a very important medium. Well, it's interesting to see how that works, even if it's not fundamental.

Grossinger - Yes. On a slightly lower level than the yellow of the sun. The yellow of the sun is part of the real higher contact in

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the dream.

Dropkin - I would think so. I would think so because the sneezing had no significance in the dream.

Grossinger - Okay. Well, does this sound interesting. Assuming that one is in three dimensions, the sun, let's say, shines out of four dimensions, the sneeze comes out of two dimensions --- assuming of course that the dream occurs in three dimensions. The sun would come out of a greater dimensionality, and thereby indicate much more than its content, i.e., as language....

Dropkin - Well, I don't have that detailed a sense of it, but I will --- well, okay, the sneeze meant nothing in the dream, and the sun was very important. Actually it's interesting how much the dream is coming back pretty well. Okay. Well, when I sneezed and got clear, and everything cooled down many many degrees, at that point of course I could swim much faster and much higher. Before it was a big effort, but now I just turned over on my back and jetted off. But this guy said,"It's no use. They've seen you." And I looked out to my right and there was this huge patrol boat, and they perhaps had seen me. They were on a river. By the way, the real road that this corresponds to (this has an actual physical parallel), there is such a hill, and at the top of the hill it was ripped up to construct a beltway, and there was a bridge over the beltway. Okay. So there was this patrol boat on the river and it was going quickly and perhaps saw me, but nothing came of that. I jetted off very fast on my back, like swimming on my back underwater. And then there was some sort of business of being chased by a police car or something. And now the dream shifted in a way, I mean there was a continuity of this road, but suddenly we were in Puerto Rico where I had been over Christmas. In Puerto Rico there's this huge castle and that appeared in the dream in which, to evade the patrol car, I forked off onto the side roads, and swam high into the air, forty feet up, higher than I had ever been, over this castle wall, and hung there until the car had sped by.

Grossinger - I think it's important here to make some connection between four dimensionality and dream consciousness. In dream consciousness you're able to pick from any region of three dimensional space the needed castle, or the needed hill, or the needed patrol car, or the needed road.

Dropkin - Yes. Yes. This again what I said about foursight, having the freedom to look everywhere that we have with planes. You can look at a piece of paper and see the whole two-dimensional world, and have no trouble getting from here to there because you can go across, you can jump, there's no blockage of vision.

Grossinger - This is very crucial to what I wanted to talk about with place on the three-dimensional landscape. Because it's not

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just four dimensions; it's somehow the way things really are. All those dead dogs and torn up girders, it's like when I tore down the plaster from the wall in this house to repatch; it's says something not just about the dream, but where things go and how they are transformed in three dimensions.

Dropkin - Okay. So it was fairly clearly Puerto Rico, or it was when I woke up the next morning. Then I came down from the air, and followed along, and this street became a narrow alley, and then there was some turn to the right or left, and I can't really remember too well, except that now was with my family and we were returning home from a long journey we had taken, perhaps the one to Puerto Rico. Yes. I remember now. For some reason I had been separated from my parents, and there was somebody else in the car who will come in later I think, and I had had to come home alone. That's what this was, this walking up on the beltway and stuff was walking home alone, was completing the last leg of the journey myself. But that coming home was definitely the coming home from a journey, and everything became integrated into that journey so far. I was going somewhere. I was trying definitely to get to somewhere. Now the home I came to was, in extreme detail, the home that I had lived in in Bethesda, which was not the home I had lived in the last three years. And that was actually my last home because I had no tie to the house we've been in at all. I remember that the details were so explicit, that there were so many ways in which it was our old house that I had perhaps forgotten and remembered only in dreaming them. There was a cat running around, but I've never had a cat. And there was a boy in the room about fourteen years old, perhaps my brother, but I don't have a brother. I don't have much clarity about that. And then the dream began, I mean the main dream began, and I can't remember any sort of transition. Oh. The transition was: the main dream began in a room which was the Phi Psi living room, but which was incorporated into our Bethesda house, at least for the time being, and then the whole thing shifted to Phi Psi I think.

Grossinger - Imbedded?

Dropkin - It was for the time being imbedded, but then that imbedding was lost.

Grossinger - The surroundings of the imbedding

Dropkin - The surroundings of the imbedding were lost. But for the next bit of the dream it was very much imbedded in our house. In the context of our house. Although the fact of its being the Bethesda house was lost totally; the sense of its being our house was still there. Not any particular house we had, but ours. And so I was there in the living room, and this girl came in, and I have to digress and tell you about her. Her name is Francis, and I've never told you about her before. She's short and very sexy and in the sense that

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it could happen to me: a seductress. She's very preoccupied with sex and has talked about it, to me, without my doing anything about it. And the whole thing about it in high school was that I was very proud of the fact that I could keep from getting involved with her. Sexually. Which is I think a very important thing about high school, about my high school and what happened to me then. Anyway I've thought about her physically a lot since then; she's always the sort of prototypical whore. So. She came in and sat down. And I kissed her. [Oh. I just remembered a dream I had earlier this year. It also happened in the Phi Psi living room. In which four girls came in. Four rather slutty-looking girls came into Phi Psi and just stood there, and so we all sort of went over, one to one, and took them somewhere or other. And I took mine to the Phi Psi library. And I really made out with her in that dream. That was the first dream in which I ever really made it with a girl. I know it was the library, but it was also sort of the living room. There's no way I know for sure it was the library except for the sense of where I was in Phi Psi.....

Grossinger - Things maintain spatial balance even in a free-floating universe.

Dropkin - That's exactly it. It's relationship. It's not where it really is, but it's the sense that there's something on top of you and over that way, and that way, and so on.

Grossinger - The astronauts must feel that way. Molecules must.

Dropkin - Yes. Okay. So where I've been saying living room, I meant to be saying library. It was in the library in the second dream. I was beginning to make out with her, not as interesting as in the other dream. And then instantaneously we decided that we were going to sleep together. And that could be called perhaps the beginning of the whole rest of the dream, the beginning of the quest, the quest for the place. And this whole rest of the dream was concerned with looking for place. The first place we went was to my room supposedly, and there were a couple of beds in it, and apparently it was my father's room. We were alone in this room, and there was very much the sense of fear of what my father would say, not any physical fear that he would strike me or anything, but just that it would be a bad scene if he came in. But I did get to the point where she undressed, and I saw what she looked like. But that's all. It slipped off. I don't know exactly what the discontinuity was, but all of a sudden my father was there, and he didn't mind her being there and her being more or less half naked, but he wanted to go to sleep in a hurry and didn't want to be bothered. And so we left. And now there is sort of a gap in my memory. Oh. The next thing I remember, which is probably the next thing that happened, is climbing up a much more intricate stairway than Phi Psi actually has. Phi Psi suddenly became a much more complicated and a much bigger place than it really is.

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Grossinger - Phi Psi to the "x" power.

Dropkin - Okay, but not a very big "x." One and a half or something. Okay. So we climbed up this sort of intricate stairway, and came out in the sleeping room, and we were going to try to look for a bed there. And now was the first time in retelling it that I have, very strongly, the sense that it was taking place on real time. We came in, and it was sort of 2 in the morning, but it was light out. And I could see people. And they all looked kind of half-asleep, as if they could be easily awakened, and we should be very quiet.

Grossinger - I think you've moved from a pre-inhabited to the inhabited level of the dream.

Dropkin - Yes. There were many people now.

Grossinger - The whole process seems so damn molecular. You're just drifting among and between other matter with a charge. Or maybe the dream process is to become equal to the microcosm, which is a molecule imbedded in you. I mean why didn't your father see her. Or if he did ---

Dropkin - .....he made no reaction.

Grossinger - You probably knew, in your dream-logic consciousness, that even if he did see her, it didn't matter in that sense; you'd still be able to go on.

Dropkin - But that we'd have to leave.

Grossinger - Right. It was not <u>place</u>.

Dropkin - It was not <u>the</u> place.

Grossinger - Or it was the distinct opposite of place; it was not-place.

Dropkin - So the point was, upstairs in Phi Psi, that there were these people around and we did want to be alone. And we wandered thru a very extensive sleeping hall, in which there were all sorts of sleeping bodies, all over the place, and David Glass was one of them, and I remember looking at him him and half-snickering, and then there was another room, and then there were rooms in which the bodies seemed to be dead and spread all over the place. And then we came around --- and there's very strong spatial sense in all of this of exactly how it's organized; it was preserved thru the whole quest, and at the end of this we came back to Phi Psi --- and Jesus I remember this dream so --- it's amazing the clarity in which this is coming back ---

Grossinger - I even seem to remember it, and I didn't dream it.

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Dropkin - Now I feel like I'm dreaming again --- this is pretty cool. Okay. So there's no point in describing the exact spatial relationships, but we were coming back from the first sleeping room to other sleeping rooms and looking around into a sort of a living room that was on the same level. And there we found a couch that was alone; oh, and I noticed the time now was something like 3:30 in the morning; everything was going, you know, in a clockwise direction.

Grossinger - These zooms on the clock sound like movie affectations.

Dropkin - This whole dream is very movielike compared to others. So it's beginning to get light out, maybe even dawning, I don't know, so we lie down on the couch, and we were still dressed, but we start making out, and Tom Worthen pops up from behind the couch the way he's always bouncing up from somewhere.

Grossinger - The Mad Hatter?

Dropkin - Yes. The Mad Hatter exactly. And so I guess we had to leave there. .....Then she disappears from the dream entirely. And I'm wandering around again in Puerto Rico, but a very different Puerto Rico. It is almost dawn now; it is dawning. And there is this sun, if we ever get to it (or at least I have already told you about this quality of the sun coming thru grey sky but brilliantly, an electric arc in grey sky), and there's that quality of the sun coming thru the mists, and being bright but there being no blueness to the sky, it being all grey and misty, nothing of the yellow intensity of the beginning, nothing like that at all. Early morning and cool. And walking. And seeing this fellow with a huge stack of potatoes he's pealed. And then I remember walking with Waugh, with our arms around each other, and wondering very much from this sequence if I was a homosexual, and then that sequence being disconnected from everything else, except spatially, and the whole dream had now sort of reorganized around some sort of plan of some city. And it was dawn. And seeing the dawn. And then I was on the floor of this huge hotel, and my mother was there, and I saw this girl Francis from a long ways away. Across the hotel. I was looking for her, but then I think I decided I didn't want to find her. And then she stood over there and she said: "Aren't you going to come....get me." Which is essentially what she was always saying to me. And so I went over ---

Grossinger - God, this is like a bad romantic novel.

Dropkin - I know. It's not usually the kind of dream I usually have or that I can usually remember with such clarity.

Grossinger - That's okay. You don't have to feel badly. It's full enough to bear that weight, which is simply the organization, the way the dream comes finally to happen.

Dropkin - Okay. Now we're going to try to get back to Phi Psi some-

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how. We were wandering along this river, and the river on one side had extremely lush green banks, and on the other it was very dry and ripped up. It sounds like the beginning of the dream again, and I think it is. The river was running down a long hill, and we had to climb up the hill along the river bank to get anywheres near back. I never realized until right now that this whole end portion of the dream was the first portion repeated. There's meaning of something there, but I just know that there is, I don't know what. And so we start climbing back up the river-bank, and we have to get to the other side. We're on the lush side, and we have to get to the dry ripped-up marked place. We try to cross in one place, and there's this man with some sort of chains, and we cross on those, but I slip and fall, and I grab the chain; I'm not washed back to the greenness, but hang on, and we do get to the other side. Here it goes very quickly. We climb up, and there's this elaborate geometry of Phi Psi again; we come in, and it's going quickly, like at the end of a symphony where you suddenly visualize a hundred measures in advance the whole coda and exactly how the conclusion is going to come. We had the sense that now, now we've got it. But there's more to the dream. We get into Phi Psi and we look around; we do the tour of the sleeping rooms that we did before, and again it's no good, and then we go back to a room which is very much like the room that my father was in, except that Hunter's in there now, and Marty, and I go in there with them, and her, and we talk for a bit, and there's something of my joshing Hunter in exactly the language that he always used to me where he wanted me to leave the room for Janet.

Grossinger - This is for the fans.

Dropkin - Right. This is for the fans. But somehow it doesn't work because I leave the room and she's alone there with him, and I'm pretty sure he's going to lay her, and I'm in the bathroom now having a huge long discussion with Ebert and Taylor and some other people, that neon-lit, you know the way the bathroom's neon-lit, like 5 A.M., completely knocked out, and not even knowing what's going on. Now this is the middle of the night in a dark way, whereas before it was always the middle of the night in a strangely-lit way. Now it's quite dark out, and perhaps even winter outside. All of a sudden I'm back there with her and she's undressing, and we know we're going to make, and then that's it; that's the end of the dream..... The second dream about Francis also took place in the middle of the night, but illuminated in this strange lightness of middle night, again coming into Phi Psi, this time by the back door, and looking out, looking out into the mountains that you can see not quite from there, but from near there, and seeing the mountains distorted into red and brown patched shapes that began suddenly to look like Indian faces, and realizing all of a sudden that I must be dreaming, but not waking up. And this was the important thing, that there was very much the consciousness that something was gone wrong with consciousness, but I didn't wake up at that time, the way you can suddenly fight the illogic with that final out: "It's only a dream."

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This dream went on, and I know it did, but I don't remember anymore. Now the reason that I mention that dream is that it and Number 1 were combined in Number 3, which was another quest for a place to make it with a girl, a different girl, who was really a composite of all girls but took the form of a girl I saw in Daytona Beach. It was the same thing of being frustrated and going from place to place looking for a place, and then realizing, saying to myself in the dream: "Greg, you are glad that you haven't been able to find the place. And this whole thing is fantasy. And you're not really in it. And if you ever did find the place, that would really be scary." And that wasn't the end of the dream either. There was a lot more dream after that. We were walking. Like in the first dream trying to get back to where we came from. And the sun an electric arc in a grey sky. And it was cold. And playing frisbee, and the frisbee going over a fence into some forbidden territory, and we were afraid to go after it, but then the frisbee rolled back of its own accord just to the edge, and we were able to pull it through, and it was cold, and all of a sudden the sun got much hotter, got 20° hotter, and I broke out in a cold sweat. And the sun was very very important at that moment. And there were some other things, and I don't remember them.

Grossinger - This is very good for bringing back to mind what Kelly said about the dream being object for our attention. The sun I have in my mind is itself, is an almost mythical sun, and reminds me what this sun is: no different. It's not a symbol for anything. It's not a cock. It's not male or female. Its gender is sun. This sun has many more than three dimensions, and our planet must be its daytime and its consequences. The Leary sense is not just experiencing the body as racial or genetic history, like what's stored there in "growth and form," but the whole thing, the place of it. We experience all the information, not as symbol for our condition or even as text of our condition, but as, in fact, our condition. If the Earth is the sun's dream,....., but this is what moon is, and reason enough for talking about the dream as object just as the Earth is object, or any planetary body. Surely we don't know that. We know one no more than the other. But if we are going to accept a planet as object, we might as well accept a dream. In regard to place: I am reminded of an old children's record about waking up from a spiritual dream, a dream filled with Jungian symbols and the phenomenology of fairy tales, and/or being visited by a magician in the morning who says the same thing, and/or finding an old book with a treasure map. I say "and/or" because the record played a different sequence on each of its four sides each time you put the needle down, and the sequences locked together into essentially the same fairy tale with an utterly different plot, and then the last part of the fourth side had very quick non-interlocking grooves where the end of the story turned out to be that it was only a dream, his mother standing there with a glass of orange juice, and the bright super-sun of early morning, yellow, and dew on the window, the curtains open, and it meant that the treasure wasn't real, and the fairy princess he fucked wasn't real (only that didn't

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happen there, but I mean that the adventure itself was proved to be only a dream). I'm saying that the place is interesting whether it was a dream or not, and that our interest is neither to diminish real geography nor elevate dream geography to the level of world atlases and road-maps and Rand-McNally books of the dead, just to take them each as they are, as we take planet. Also, about this record. I seem to remember that one time on the fourth side there was a band that didn't flow into the final cut, and that he did get to the rainbow. In fact the whole side of the record was different than anything else I had ever heard, and new voices came in, real magical voices, jinnis from bottles, and they took him away from the morning and the orange juice. And maybe I dreamed that too, but I remember playing that side of the record hundreds of times looking for that one band, and getting only the other ones I knew. I think that the notion of information in the cell, physiological information, is fine, but, as we said before, that tells us nothing about what it means. Information is itself interesting and significant, whether coming in by a microscopic door or down thru a logarithmic funnel from a higher power; the size doesn't ultimately affect the nature of it as information. I mean of course it's in the cells, as the consequences are, and if the cells carry the genetic material, and the somatic material, the cells carry the dream material too. And I think that the messages of cells are uninterpretable if we must think of them as only that, or that as "only." The only way they can get light and material, the only way they can be "told" is from the daily events.

Dropkin - But it's just as obvious that they're not about the daily events.

**********BREAK & EXCHANGE OF CHAIRS**********

Grossinger - Let me tell it in the way it comes to me now rather than the way it's come to me at other times. It certainly has to do with escaping or getting away from the Earth. It's the first change on an old dream where the Earth is about to be destroyed; only we have a rocket ship in which to get away, and usually I have control of the rocket ships in these dreams. In this dream I didn't. It was connected with Chuck. The other thing was that the Earth wasn't going to be destroyed by bombs, but by something that was going to hit it from space. It isn't very clear, but it was certainly part of the use, in this dream, of science fiction highlights all thru it, perhaps from this UFO lecture in Detroit where he spoke about an asteroid that's supposed to hit the Earth around 1970 and take out a sizeable chunk of land. The thing about the dream was that the body wasn't just going to take out a sizeable portion of land. It was going to destroy everything. I don't know. The dream begins in chaos, like beginning in the middle of a riot. I don't remember exactly when the dream begins, but it was the night after I had the dream about the lady playing the flute, complexity of the flute sounds growing a world, like a flower-dance. There was also a hotel room in that dream, by the way, in which I saw the woman, and she

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pretended she didn't know me, but that was the point of the dream also where she let me know she was onto the fact that I was still following her. But anyhow that was the time I was wondering about the baseball score, and she let me know she was thinking of me by playing the score of a later inning, 5 - 4 in the eighth. I had been thinking Mets, 3 - Dodgers, 2 in the sixth, which was to say: not only am I this....but I'm advanced in time. In any case, as they line up to this world, that dream was the night before and this dream was the night after, much larger in context, but also in another direction, almost as large in darkness as the dream before was large in lightness and gay and spirity. The second dream began in chaos, in a sort of Brownian motion of everything drifting around and me sort of in the middle of chaos, like a dream of falling from the sky with a whole bunch of books, down onto the Earth with a crash like the whole atmosphere, and everyone with umbrellas. I mean the most important information is lodged in this terrific sense of humor, which is equally cosmic laughter and etymological laughter, or the same. It's an incredible sensation of falling and becoming larger and becoming smaller which means when you realize it becoming larger again, parts of the body changing size with relation to each other (my psychiatrist always found it a glorified erection, though it was more dizzy than sexual dizzy). This dream comes after in every sense. I was in the mass. I had fallen into the mass. I was part of the chaos. There was no choice about it, not even the choice of whether to fall forever or land. I was like there. I remember Lindy being around. Except the big thing was that we were all aware the Earth was coming to an end. We didn't think the Earth was coming to an end immediately, but we certainly did from some point of the dream on. Actually I think that the size of the thing that was going to hit the Earth increased in the time of the dream.

Dropkin - Could you see this thing? Did you have a spatial sense of it?

Grossinger - I couldn't see it. The spatial sense was strange. The Earth was pre-Columbian in one sense and flat in another. It was reduced in population and size to about the level of a club. This actually helps, because I don't think the asteroid could have done that much damage to the three-dimensional Earth, but this was the historical Earth. At some time in the dream, which marks the beginning, or curtain call, the brightness and gayness, as a Monet painting, or a Renoir, turned dark. The figures became like Breughel or Bosch; society had ended and was replaced not by Hell, but as Hell is the later form, consequence or even Renaissance of itself. And the darkness was the result of a telephone call from Chuck Stein, or some telepathic communication because I don't remember the telephone but I do remember the communication. And in it he said,"I've got a way. Like I've developed the astral body." And this was amazing because we assumed that he had been working on it, or that it was the only way we could get out. And here it was, this was the only way

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and he had done it. This is when the dream really turned dark. I don't think the dream was dark when we knew we were doomed; it became dark with the possibility that we were going to get out. We were going to escape not astonomically, as we had always known, into the space of stars, but astrally, as the power of Chuck Stein's mind to envision that world we could get into. The dynamo was going to be conscious motive force.

I emphasize all this because it seems an enormous change from dreams and daydreams in the old days when the only way you could get out of this place was physically, evolution of technology. Or since technology wasn't advanced enough to produce a rocket ship and life system, it was the personal gift of those from another planet. It was: be your own science fiction hero. It was: make the world hedonistically adapt to desires for security, pleasure, flight. It was damned lazy. I mean this way it was because of everything in our heads, use of it not to change what was, but to penetrate it, to reveal it, meaning the sudden perception that if it were revealed it could not be doom; it could be no more than we are now. No change. And we could make it out on that.

I mean I knew all this before the dream, but the dream was really knowing it, when it really mattered. Like, wow, you've grown up, no more Tom Swift stuff. Sure, it might have been my astral body. But Chuck was always first on these things, first to buy a tarot deck in '61, first to know Kelly, to know Olson, first to do the occult. If there was going to be Lamarckian evolution of astral bodies, surely it would come in his head first. And since this was such a crucial time, such a time ahead of time, it would have to be him who would come thru.

So, anyhow, he made this astral body. But he wasn't sure it was going to work. He wasn't sure it was going to get us anywhere. But it was like back in high school; we weren't sure the tarot cards were going to get us anywhere, or myth, but they did. I mean that was an escape too, and out of an original projection of his. But I think the dream does this, using movie techniques, like Chuck Stein as adept and Hollywood hero. Now the whole sense was borrowed from another cinema trick: would the astral body hold, would the astral body work?

Dropkin - It seems as though the easiest level to get at is the level on which oranges turn into potatoes. But my point is: to take out of real consciousness the orange peels and get them out as potato peelings, that doesn't seem like such a great feat; yet to be able to work symbolically and never let on what you're doing in the dream, for your dream-movie-maker to make these movies in which he has, call them the plot parallels, and to have the dream so that there are no clues, there are no tip-offs that this is a parallel in the dream itself. It's only when you wake up that you understand that. Also, wouldn't you say that my dream was quest in the way we were going toward something and that yours is more escape in getting away from something, or going simply out?

Grossinger - I think that for all intent and purposes escape and quest

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are identical. But I haven't yet reached the crucial part. The crucial part became, in the dream, and here the non-dreaming language really fails me: I mean, would we make it? --- like that's not it! It wasn't: would we make it? What I'm saying as "would we make it?" was dreamed as a much more absolute "is the universe good?" Granularly. Are the granules good? That's a bit obscure and silly, but it's the best I can do. Like we were dealing with granulation, and were they going to hold?, were things going to congeal?

And "Would it work?!" Not "would it work" in that sense, would it go off, ten, nine, eight, seven, six. Yet "would it work" is the effective English focal point for that part of the dream, and is certainly the way the dream said it. For instance, just for instance, we had no idea of sizes, and I mean no idea at all. Would he project a spaceship so tiny that none of us could fit in it? And even if he did, could the dream handle it by having us take "EAT ME" pills and grow little? And if the dream could handle that, what would happen if it made us too small to escape the Earth and all we did was drift thru cells and never got into the cosmos? And how could we tell the difference? And what if, as is surely likely, there isn't any? But this comes back to your question about escape or quest: where the hell were we going? Especially where were we going if the whole idea of astral body were evil? This is the darkness I mean when we knew we could make it. Were we headed for worse, for as bad as there is? Should we have just yielded? Were we insane to escalate possibilities? Were Chuck's sources evil? Were we exhibiting good Christian faith and humanism or were we being insidious and private? Were we deluding ourselves as to the nature of Dante's hell? What if the Earth were just being knocked into a peaceful pastoral limitless secure four dimensions? Then what a mistake, what a very old mistake it would be to flee the revolution so to speak. But we had no sense of that. It was the old Quemoy Cuban Crisis mentality of let's just get off the blowing-up mass. Like animals fleeing the forest fire and not exactly reading their theosophical texts instead.

So. There was some sort of social drama, asking people to come along with him. I think Lindy said something like,"I'm glad he picked us." I suppose they were mostly his friends, though, because I didn't recognize anyone. In any case, though, I didn't feel as responsible. It wasn't my fantasy, not at all, not from the ground up, even if it was my dream; I wasn't responsible for what happened to them.

But let me get back to this "would it work." It seemed like if it didn't, and maybe even if it did, it was going to be all over. And by that I mean that more than a lifetime was going to be all over; the whole bit was at stake. THE WHOLE BIT. I don't mean "would we die?" if we didn't make it. I mean everything. Not that I know what it is, but.....

Dropkin - You don't have to physically die to lose, either.

Grossinger - Right. I mean on the simplest level Eliot saying: I won't fear because fear would be fear of the wrong thing and I won't hope because hope would be hope of the wrong thing. It wasn't that serious,

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nothing was at stake, until we tried to escape from the Earth, which was both hope and fear of the wrong thing. But anything else would have been another dream.

So we were in the rocket ship. It was pretty grey and clay; at least that's what strikes me to say. And it was an astral body. Chuck was spinning it out, projecting it. We were escaping. Someone didn't want us to escape. It was chaotic. We were terrified in that sense of losing the whole thing. And we were pulling for Chuck.

Then a curious division occurred. We knew that it was a dream. I knew it was a dream, and perhaps everybody else knew it was a dream. Now in knowing it was a dream I knew that I could now influence the dream and save this whole big thing, that we could get out if I wanted. But the moment I thought that, that ceased to be the issue. At that point it became evident that we were going to make it but that there would be another problem. And it struck me at that point that every-time I used the logic "This is only a dream," I would surmount that problem and face it on a new level. I.e., the next level we faced it on is that when we got into space, would space be inhabited, -itable. That wasn't the next one. No. Wait. Yes it was. There's an interesting break in syntax, but that was the next one. Where would we go? Would we just drift in space? Here we were, using this crazy astral body, to get off the Earth; what asses we were; we made it, but we made it only because I said it was a dream. And here we were floating around; we had no place to go. It's like I've always been too hasty in my solutions; I build by hammering without measuring. We didn't know if Mars was any good, or if it was like the Mariner photos. We weren't aimed toward Venus, though I trusted it from a previous dream when it was lovely. The Moon was out. We didn't know where we were going, and we were going there awfully fast, and picking up speed. Everyone got scared again. Chaos. I got scared. And then I said, "Ah, but this is only a dream. It occurs to me that God is probably benevolent or he never would have put it in Chuck's mind to build this astral body or in mine to let us get off the Earth by the dream. So obviously we're going to find a place or we wouldn't be up here." And you can see all the double-meanings in there, just how the recognitions are mixed in with the solidly-flowing dreamwork, and it's so beautiful there's hardly a seam. It's teleology, just like Chardin's benevolence in Phenomenon of Man.

But the moment I solved that I knew I hadn't solved it. It being the place. Chuck suddenly failed; his mind became unable to project the astral body; we were no longer rising; then we began to fall. Suddenly it occurred to me, hey, it's my dream. I can take over. So I got up there and began projecting the astral body, and the dream lost all significance and became like loony tunes. Nothing was happening anymore in the dream. Then suddenly we were back on Earth. Like, ha, you tried to use that trick; now you're back where you started. But again: I'm only dreaming, and I say, I will that we are only back on Earth insofar as our astral bodies are travelling in the astral body of this ship. And when this thing gets far enough into space, before the Earth is destroyed, it will suck us up and bring our bodies back together. So good. We're only back on Earth for some complicated rea-

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son having to do with the passing of the spaceship thru zones, so that it would search at lightning speed for an inhabitable planet and only pick us up when it found one.

Dropkin - It's that sense that everything boils down to yes and no. And no means blowing the whole scene, and yes means everything's going to work. I mean, that's what happens in the twenty-billionth of a second of getting an idea in a mathematical problem. All that was being said to me in that moment was YES! EVERYTHING WORKS. EVERYTHING GOES. And there wasn't even any need to review what it was. It's just from then on it was all going to work, the overpowering sense.....

Grossinger - Yes. Not just semantic word, but field-word relationship. Information is so condensed, so present that it explodes. It's so available. It's so unavailable in any other way.

Anyhow, we were on Earth again, and the one thing we couldn't do was go indoors, because then our bodies couldn't be lifted up thru the air. I was still playing the game of "this is only a dream and I'm going to beat you at it and save us all," and everytime I won points for that reason, I lost points in a bigger sense. We were in a stadium, and everyone was waiting around to die. It was the last World Series, and whoever won....and so on.....and then the revolution. Everyone was very rowdy; it reminded me of a scene in Stapledon's Odd John, and perhaps the sense I get from that is that everyone else was unconscious, unaware of what was happening; they were brutish, drunk. One moment I thought we were home-free (it was an open stadium), but I realized the next moment that I could be abandoned here, and it would be all over. But no it won't because I'm in control and I'm dreaming. And then as surely as the dream could say no, as dark a warning as there is, Lindy took out a knife and stabbed one of these men, or his wife. And the police come and cart her off to jail. Now she's indoors, and I've got to go get her so this can happen when it does. I want so much to find the place, but we're already dropping back thru zones and getting deeper and deeper into this thing. It's not like the beginning when there was no hope. It's like everything has happened since then.

The next scene was taken right out of this t.v. show about a psychiatrist and his wife who got hypnotized to commit a murder, which is a hundred more puns thrown in. She was in jail and until he got her out of jail she couldn't be analyzed to remember what had happened, which is the same as to project, which is the same as to remember, to project the astral body and get us all out of here. Also in the dreamwork, although not explicitly, is this other t.v. thing, a science fiction story in which a guy goes back in time to kill the man who set off the final crisis which reduced the world to rubble, except for poor creatures with a time machine, and he gets back a generation too early, falls in love with the man's mother, or has her fall in love with him, and time isn't changed; it's made of something else, and even as he succeeds, he must fail. This is the melodrama of my dream, as your high school

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theme music in yours.

So I went to the jail with this in mind. I had to get her outdoors, like in the detective movie, back to the house where the murder was committed, back to the beginning of the universe so we could remember where we were and begin the dream again. This all seems very spooky now; I'm looking around for shadows, ghosts, I hear noises and am jumping at them. The jail was on a high floor of the building, like some childhood gymnasium; I remember hiding from the counselors on the track up above and reading a book called The Dragons of Blueland I bought at a fair. I got up there, and it looked impossible; she was heavily guarded. The only way was "its my dream; I can do what I want." There's another science fiction movie we just saw on t.v. in here. The psychiatrist who was going to stop the guy from blowing up the world got him put in jail, but their bodies got changed and it was the psychiatrist who was in jail, and the guy in his body, and all convincing was in the person of the lunatic, in his body, and done at the person who had his own body. This is all part of the dream structure. The girl who was in love with him recognized him anyway, and she got the key, and so on. But it's some kind of universe where you have to worry about these things happening; only look at the world; we do it all the time. It's our dream, sure; but look. So I said,"It can't go on if she isn't freed. We can't even have the excitement and danger of being on the planet." I was trying to change issues on him, turn him to worrying about the Earth while we slipped away to our planet as if 'twere nothing.....

Dropkin - Since I'm me and since I'm conscious, I can't die.

Grossinger - But we already know how dangerous that is. The end of the dream is that I push her out on the gymnasium fire-escape. Then the thing is: is it just in time? It probably isn't. But should we let it be? And I guess we did. And that's it. So I guess this is as much resolution of place as your dream was; we attained our goal of being outside; we could be vacuumed up; but I don't believe it was any sort of resolution. I think I simply escaped the dream, and it kept on going, and I'll have to face it again at some other time.

Dropkin - I didn't mean that anything else was resolved except the immediate action of the dream. I mean, I still don't know who the fantasy-girl is, and where I have to look, and when I can stop looking.

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THOMAS MEYER: DREAM NOTES: A goat horn

I read in an Anglo-Saxon manuscript on the medicinal uses of four-footed beasts (Medicina de Quadrupedibus) that

> A goat horn laid under the head
> turns waking into sleeping.

It is at that point that I approach dream, at the goat horn. For nearly five years I have faithfully recorded each night's dream yet when I attempt to expand or comment on that data and/or experience it vanishes. Dreams teach us to dream first of all.

It is hard for me to put down these notes, half way through a sentence my mind will wander, my body wants to lie down and my eyes to close. These thoughts come from that region, comments on dreaming formulated while dreaming or close on dreaming at the point of the goat horn.

All we read or write about dream seems to be part of an enourmous body of commentary on the act, a dream itself. I notice this everytime I read the work of any man on dream, ancient, modern, poet or psychologist.

The record of dream always seems authorless -- the dreamer whoever he is speaks in the same voice when relating his dream.

The images or metaphors used to describe the process of dream have a peculiar magic all their own. We have dreams, our linguistic ancestors met up with dreams. One morning I woke to spend the rest of the day fascinated by The Agriculture of Dream.

Dreams must be cultivated. Wild berries will satisfy hunger but the domestication of those fruits produces crops.

* * *

Dreaming is like a 60 cycle hum; a structural element of the cellular electricity -- it is constant, going on at all times, waking or sleeping.

Waking and sleeping act as displacement systems. Language allows us to talk about and structure that which has no concrete reality. In the same way consciousness and semi-consciousness allows us to function without immediate reference to this 60 cycle dream-hum.

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This force-field of dream energy is the basis of biological thought. A logos of structural powers: instinct and intellect. A goat horn.

RE: Dream / Work (random selection from Day Book and Dream Book 20th to 28th of Jan.'70.)

It is one thing to keep track, record the days and nights, taking comfort in such an aimless task. But still another to draw from that record a thread which is not spun from the series of events and dreams set down, a thread made up of what is lost to habit, forgotten each night before sleep and each morning before rising. What seemed aimless before, sketchy and of no use becomes the pledge. To go forth and achieve the next station a certain devotion must be held and holding it a responsibility is assumed, more clearly: consumed. This thread nets the heart.

At first the diary of day and/or dream does no more than record, but in its persistence and dullness it instills in the keeper a certain and previously unknown link to matter or hyle. These elements, fundamental matters, are oddly enough not part of personal perception; they come upon us unawares. They are sought indirectly by the heart.

DAY BOOK

19.i.70

Early up to catch train at Euston for Kendel. Pleasant ride. Arrive afternoon -- lunch, shopping (car hire) wine and groceries. Return to the house. Something peculiar about the lock on the door. I have to climb in an upstairs window and unscrew the latch and we enter. Rather omen-like or working

---

CHANGE: can feel it, dislocation, attention directed elsewhere -- odd comments and mistakes.

---

of a spell. Do dinner -- light fires, readjust to this place. Letters. I feel the change and the work commencing clearly.

20.i.70

Greek Myths, Stein, W. Lewis, Leeks, Onions, Turnips & Chicory / the day's quiet news

(a day of roots)

(pneumatic)

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...the divine art of Printing & Gunpowder have frightened away Robingoodfellow and the Fayries

John Aubray

(p.6 -- Dorson)

Adjustment to this change, these patterns. Into town, return to cook and prepare lunch. Wrote 49:3 --

so hard to judge these things now -- to be a poet (ie, artist) and be alone is difficult -- yet response is impossible for the entire corpus for all except the individual.

21.i.70

Difficult day -- as winter comes on I experience the usual gloom and seasonal effect. Yet this is a milder winter than those that have informed my seasonal changes of late.

Rain all day. Market in Sedgergh. Work again on Cockayne.

22.i.70

Worked on Cockayne.
Drove up the dale. Beautiful, phantasms -- railway viaduct, spectoral architecture. Nice gloomy day.

23.i.70

Shopping in Kendal -- preparation for Bob Holmes at lunch tomorrow.

Winter puts me on edge and turns me in some.

Wrote up a thing for Dana Atchley which ultimately has become a short poem -- but too tight to really suit me. Still to rework material a third time as part of Isis' Memory.

24.i.70

Bob Holmes and Michael for lunch. I suffer a severe and painful gas attack in the morning and have to take to my bed. It mends and doesn't interfere with preparations. They arrive. Lunch: tomato soup, quiche au Roquefort (au Mycella) salad and fresh pineapple. Successful lunch. Afterwards we go out and walk to Corn Close.

Today I feel -- as it is at this time of year, usual -- a sudden fear for myself. Worried about how I shall manage. Wondering if the security I have will hold. A momentary fear -- instantaneous displacement. I come out of it.

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25.i.70

Finished HERBARIUM APVLEII today. Otherwise a slow day. Calculatable depression sets in. Strange how I can notice and objectify the emotion and be prey to it in the same instance.

Reading David Cecil on Palmer -- rather simple minded book. But a reasonably, slick-magazine style introduction. Also continuing in Dorson's folk-lorist book.

Finished the "rock and rune" poem. Am pleased with it. Think it good and possible as a method and way to expand and move into a larger field with control.

26.i.70

Finished Cecil's Palmer sketch. It confirms, soothes and worries me slightly -- the mixture of emotions. I find in Palmer's life a memory of something recent, just past: The loss of my own vision. (or perhaps change -- but indeed it has been powerful and upsetting, causing me momentary melancholia). This is also reflected in my work -- or so it seems and yet all that I wrote and produced is not with me now. It is odd indeed, I have nothing to show for myself but this feeling of something having happened.

Perhaps it is only the beginning -- the foundation and forward movement. Yet it is hard to maintain the spirit in face of it. The loss of that energy makes such a difference.

Strange that when I wanted "fame" it was near -- now it is far when I push it out of mind (yet still I would like a quiet recognition, an image of my work being published late &c)

Finished the Jone-Burnes sketch as well. Interesting but trivial book -- I am sure there is much more significant material available.

Marketing in Sedbergh. Dull day -- but good for me. I notice how the pace of the day has such an even shape here. Few idle moments. The order carries it all along.

27.i.70

(An event as poem or part of a poem
(ie, to appear as a poem and be worked
into a fabric

MR PALMER MEETS MR BLAKE

"the worm dreams of wings"

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a witch warms her hands at the blaze kindled to consume her
The sleeper's soul escapes his mouth a fly

Against witchcraft: those living between two streams extinguish all their fires and lights on an appointed morning. The sufferer and those who wish to aid him gather at a spinning wheel and spin until the friction produces "forlorn fire", add tow (straw) light candle with it, with candle light a cartful of peat. Distribute fire to all the hearths from the peat fire

---

M A P

periplus

/one thread tugged
the tapestry gone

OLSON

. sagas
: vedas & eddas reformed
the articulate heart's tone

persona / ideogram / metamorphis

"spiral of entry" -- where the
divine life-force enters the temporal

scintilla rationis (dot)

nomina barbara et arcana

Fruitful day writing various fragments to work into a longer poem. Dense and alliterative. It encourages me -- this tightness should lead to a looseness.

Good reading in Brit. Folklorists, much material. Interesting perusal of the Eva Hesse Pound book -- looks good, as always the old man's invocation inspires work. Now make it cohere.

Piece for Olson (fragment)

. . .

DREAM BOOK

20 i.70

Something about fumblings and going through a house or ruin. Talk of art and the arrival of mass produced design &c

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Also some sense of Bard in an off season -- planning & organizing.

21.i.70

Can't recall dream -- seems to have been English & about books, upstairs and back rooms.

22.i.70

Very circumstantial -- combination of early adulthood & England. Confusion of events & services. TV & BBC. John & Patti Gorham involved, a kitchen. I am making some kind of dinner for a large number of people -- family gathering.

Spanish. Farewell cards from school friends & classes. I try to explain drop-out to my mother.

23.i.70

Mostly about Charles Olson's death. Seems to be set in Seattle. Some how I'm involved with the 3 wives (last wives or lovers.)

(at one point I get Caterpillar 14 in the mail -- it looks like Paris Review. Kitty Hawk is supposed to be in it. It is but chopped up, full of typos & set badly.

My uncle talks of Olson's death & the effect it had on his classes in a colored high school.

24.i.70

Dream of serving quiche. Events to come seem past.

Now the bulk of the dream escapes me. Seemed relevant to being in England again.

25.i.70

Dream of little note but circumstances. Feeling of California. Jonathan & I going down to Los Angeles from somewhere like Berkeley. We are staying with a composer/musician (combination of Billy Masselos & Bernard Rands.)

The location is entirely foreign to me. Or new feeling/ little memory involved -- or deep memory rather than historical memory.

26.i.70

Episodic. English. Jonathan & I are involved with Kitaj. Somehow the setting at times is the house on 59th street & my basement room now filled with books.

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At one point Jonathan is hired to place a bomb or something like it on a wagon. It is a large red barrel filled with red powder. He does so but it causes little of a destructive explosion. For which I am glad because later I find that my notebooks were on that wagon. I read something to Joby from them.

At one point I am involved in a search for something or a visit to certain flats. They are vaguely familiar. & shops. One where I try on a ceremonial cassock

something like this, white muslin/silk & gold leaf

I put it on & look at myself in a mirror. I have a certain angelic, visionary radiance in it.

There is also something about a VW

(The worm dreams of wings.)

27.i.70

Early part of dream about a production on stage & rehearsals. Ricki Faber is on her way & I am with some people who try to pick her up to take to the theater.

There is a large machine that belongs to the VW but is apparently broken. Or at least the off/on switch. It is an elaborate tape recorder sound system. People from Bard are involved in this.

Somehow the repair of this machine winds up as some kind of orgy. Very much inspired by Danish pornography.

Jonathan & I are visiting somewhere & staying at a hotel. We receive word of two people giving us two thousand dollars each.

I try to control a white flame caused by natural gas.

28.i.70

Trying to recall the dream it seemed very small, dense & square.

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I do remember being in a house with a family that has children. A house not really finished in parts, nearly but not quite. In the kitchen are many boards, at one point I start to sift flour to make pie crust. The flour is very yellow & gritty.

"Last night I dreamed through a cycle of seven years & a season; the flowers in the garden told me that, what blossoming when. & as it occurred to me last night to write you a letter this morning the following couplet lept to my mind:

The Bride looks down (on her finger-- this not
the gold band's lead part of the original
couplet

What it meant seems to fade; the Age, an exercise: I keep in mind that the Golden Age has <u>just</u> passed, yesterday, last year &c. It is not the distant past or return of the Gnosis but recent. Which is no more than the say that the <u>quality</u> of life changes."

"It is odd that nothing presents itself to me to offer to you on Dream as it was & is a passionate concern of mine, I have little more than my dreams (at best a record of five years, almost every night). I did write a short essay on the quality of dream & how it is affected by recording them but don't have that at hand. Also notes on something called "intuitive consciousness," thoughts on "displacement" (linguistic phenomenon) & dream, agriculture & dream-cultivation &c, also something on Day-dreaming as opposed to Night-dreaming. But all of it scraps of thought, yet I think I will send you a copy of these dream notes, a single page & let you see them -- they suffer from no development but as I say such thoughts do nothing more than drive me on to dream & leave me with nothing to develop.
I notice for the first time reading this over that it (the Dream notes) sounds on one level exactly like a dream record -- it is a record of information on dream received while dreaming ... "

"Speaking of dreaming, I had a great dream last night about being in a Minoan villages; was overwhelmed with how every surface had been covered in huge bright patterns, keys, borders, zig-zag, dots, flowers, leaves &c. This all growing up around me as I gazed at a large tome open on a table before me to the page on which the works of the prophet Topfet, Τοπφετ, began (or was it תופת.....)"

[in letters from Thomas Meyer].

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KENNETH IRBY: DREAM NOTES

27 Feb 68 -- from dream of Kelly

Only your face was visible
speaking to me from the bottom of the fence
emerging from the earth
'your denial of your own work
is a denial of the intelligence of your friends'
Oracles do not elaborate
Even the looseness of our speech
is an old standard out of date
gone but for hanging on in
the looseness our use of it
some old blanket we're all bounced in
The fence was of old bare redwood
put down into as if growing out of the earth
How long the lines here
the unevenness of boards
above a common crossbar

*

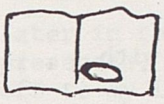
22 Mar 68

Dreams the last trip to Reyes camping overnight raised--
the clarity and persistence of the ones had there fixed
inseparably with where they came--since that changed
each night, and at home we seek other chaning factors,
not where, as sources, stimulators, catalysts--what
causes the daytime involuntary hardon when there seems
no cause, no one around--dreams play tricks on us, Duncan
warns, can play us false

*

8 Apr 68

Ed Dorn was describing and showing me a poem of his,--
on a double spread of page, as the center spread of a
magazine, about the size of Life--which was a drawing
(or from photographs, or both), black and white, re-
sembling a 17th century town plan, but showing mostly
countryside, landscape spread -- in the lower right center



was the town -- or an outcropping of large
granite boulders? as in Joshua Tree or The
Racetrack in Death Valley -- and the lines
of the poem were here and there on the draw-

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ing plan (perhaps in fewer places) in different
type faces, some italic capitals -- I had
only a glance of the whole thing and remember
none of the words -- Ed was talking about re-
views of his work &/or correspondence about it, thumbing
through a folding Smead file, about 5x7", the dividers
of which were marked with strange tabs, lathe-turned,
finial-shaped dusty gray-blue, not at all bright
Was I naked? With 2 or 3 others, I had just
been trying to get through the arcade, part-
way into which I met Ed -- without us being seen? --
behind us someone was trying to get into the linen closet

*

30 Apr 68

I had dreams all night
exploring, hiking dreams
in which the landscape grew smaller at the point (or
we grew larger)
to let us examine it closer, rove over
alternative routes from the stream edge
it was winter or early spring
the willow branches were bare

...
I was talking about Kansas
just before the Civil War, with Olson
"where it all started' I said
and he, with such bright eyes, such mobile
eyebrows up and down, such bright and moving eyes
I was lost in, lost all his argument
but the story
the swept-along-in I was in
was spies, disguises, coming through some border town
--was it Fort Scott? --with ladies who were to be
these ladies we were getting off our horses to go in to visit
's sisters--but they knew these with me were spies
--on our side-- 3 times I did all this (at least)
till the people we kept visiting
got tired, upset, wouldn't go for this kind of shit no longer
the kids along with us were playing with the monkeys
in the monkey island set square in mid-Victorian Bloody Kansas
...
somewhere in the flow were
Kell Robertson and Michael McClure
trying on western clothes, walking around outside with
their wives
looking at country finery
Michael didn't like the shirt I showed him
with one of his poems written all over the inside

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he said 'Ah I got done with all that stuff a long time ago'
Kell had poems with pictures of animals
one of a black bear said underneath 'to Eastern City poets:
the black bear will die if it gets too far from the country'
a longeared Canada lynx sat in a chair nearby
twitching his long gray tufted ears
lithe and small as a pussy cat
...
that was before the civil war
for it was from that crisis of identity
I awoke just before you came home

*

8 May 68

dream last night of rubber erasers (many many of them,
as if in a drawer) -- rubys, pink pearls, and the sharp-
edged translucent fluorescent kind (but not fluorescent),
all messed up with heavy grease -- I tried to pick out
the least greased -- decided it didn't matter, I'd clean
them later

I repeatedly describe the appearances, locations, the
images of dreams, 'as if' -- 'as if in a drawer' I just
wrote above in an appended note on the erasers -- this
is the uncertainty of the image, its contours, in any
terms of my previous experience? I know what I dreamed
and remember is not the same as what I compare it to,
often not even in the feeling of comparison, the aptness--
I express my own limitations of previous learning (most
of all from previous dreams) in the face of the immediate
dreams -- and recreate

*

25 Sep 68

somewhere in the night a scene in a supermarket, I had
some piece of fruit or a vegetable I especially prized,
but I was persuaded to trade it for an avocado by the
girl who worked at the produce stand -- the avocados
were red, bright red, very large, very soft, I picked
among them to find one not mashed or dented

later in the night -- a sequence of horrifying visages,
presences, figures, the only specific one I remember --
off to my left as I was lying in the bed (and I was
dreaming I was lying in the bed half-asleep) -- was the
body of, what was his name, Willie? the half-other-world

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boy of Lovecraft's "Dunwich Horror," as revealed when he was killed, the lower half with its suckers and loathsome colors

then, thinking of the instruction from The Tibetan Book of the Dead (as I have only read about it) that all such horrifying visions are creations of the mind, no more nor less so than beautiful visions, and of no real substance

I had this vision, lying on my back, arms across my eyes, above me, and only half visible, half out of sight behind me as a half-circle, was a great spot, not precisely outlined, roughly round, as if the sun, its light, of intense light --- and a solemn voice said, what I can now remember of it: 'This is (the voice of) the Lone Ranger -- flee from these visions --stay with the feeley placey people'

I was tingling, glowing all over, felt lifted several inches above the bed, and very warm -- I awoke, but slowly, not really awoke, but came up into the waking world, very slowly -- and since in the dream I was already really awake, only lying with eyes closed, I was never entirely clear when I really had awakened

so I borrowed Harvey's copy of The Tibetan Book of the Dead this afternoon and began to read it immediately

28 Aug 69

Riding to sleep on this steep hill

this is the plain and wooded river of the moon
below me

a country of sex and domesticities, of entrances and
corridors to underground
through trunks of trees

He of the Gods who is closest to this moment
comes down, speaks, and assures me
the canopic jar of my persistence
is intact

I am possessed
and I recur

*

30 Aug 69

". . . as soon as the lovely day was broken, I fell into the most terrible of all dreams -- that joyous one in which all past evil has not only been wiped out of our lives, but has never been committed; and in the very

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bliss of our assured innocence, before our loves shriek
and change countenance, we wake to the day we have earned."

-- Rudyard Kipling, "The House Surgeon"

*

4 Oct 69

William Carlos Williams and his wife were at a small party -- he and I were talking about Kipling -- and Kipling showed up later! -- about his stories, his great imagination, masterly telling and shaping -- and I spoke of my favorite, "They", and Williams said, but that one wasn't imagined at all, no, that's 'straight', and I said, what, how? and he said, a dream, that's a straight report of a dream -- then Williams refused some dope that was passing around

9 Dec 69

that my mother had remarried, or was living with, a black guy, Marcus, in his late 30s, short quiet and strong -- they were living in a different house than the old one in Fort Scott, closer to woods

I went in to ask Marcus, what makes us dirty? you mean, being white? he said, and I said, yeah, I guess that's what I mean, that kind of residue, not so much sweat and work -- he was reading Edgar Snow's Red Star Over China, and I made some mention of that, told him I'd heard, met Snow once, described his white hair and square gold Chinese signet ring

then we talked about how violent my mother could get, in arguments, to fights, and he said he avoided that, just didn't, knew better

at that point Mother appeared from the room across the upstairs hall and stairwell, angry I was still around, and held up her wrists, cut and bleeding, black -- and Marcus said, 'thus the desolation of my vine'

*

9 Feb 70

there are no limits to the seizure -- even the memory of the dream can be enlarged by the effort of recording, which affects the next dream

the barrier in language-- that "the content of landscape is something less than

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the whole of its visible constituents" -- gives way when we work it as a dream, not seek one-to-one descriptions, we must always be aware are less than -- redream the dream

"Yall ain't got no rags round here?
Yall used to have plenty rags"

*

11 Mar 70

What I don't remember is another ground

13 Mar 70

dream earlier this week -- I came home late, my father still up or awakened, said, so now I'm up because of you, you can at least fix me something to eat -- later I was out on the road with my mother, arguing, angry, as we went along --

so my ability to cook and preference to cook conflicts with the old authorities of home? with a masculinity on guard against itself? -- who hath generated progeny from his loins, demandeth food in recompense for anger roused --

at the end of the walk along the garage a right angle block turns to the 'wash house', room at the back of the garage meant for tubs or mangles of another time -- it was my brother's workshop for building model planes, later my darkroom, and tryst of secret mutual jackoffs with Johnny C. --

escapes along the bushes and thick grass to a new home -- where I may be daddy with my sperm to untold descendants in a few minutes, house as open as the stage framework and scaffolding of the dream, with the sunset-covered backyard beyond the door -- so that whenever I read Dostoyevsky, I look down upon that door and yard from yards up in the air and above the Newman's back yard next door, over the fence to my own home --

such places of vantage view recurring without my intent or will, I can't remember others now

though recently I was quite abruptly again crawling under the sharp-stickered bayberry bushes in front of the house, below the high front porch, smelling from close down the dirt, rolypoly bugs, grass, dog shit -- digging up lost lead soldiers, bottle caps, of another, previous, but vivid time of children now the neighbor grownups'

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grownup kids -- and crawled on around the side of the house still under the bushes, toward the mountain laurel and forsythia, where greater caverns in the vegetation opened for ruined monasteries and the catacombs

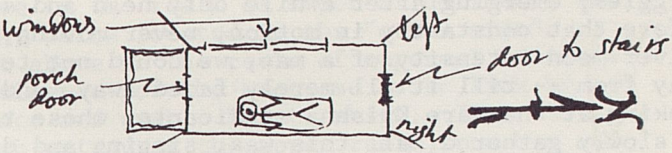
all this seems not so much protection as certainty -- to go back there when I want to, when I can -- how much the secret of it is in the evocation not the place itself, that is, anyone can come in if he wants to -- which is, after all, the Secret of the Mysteries: going in and through, the doing of it

that is, it isn't that it was my childhood that makes it a recurring excitement -- where does that go? where does the dream go when, after, I tell it here?
left as a glyph, a full image, but -- it yearns, aches to be connected with others (the suite of poems), expanded, enlarged, enriched with detail (the close filling-in work of the drawings)

*

2 Apr 70

as I lie in my bed, my head is to the south, my left hand to the west -- the entrances and openings into the room are; the windows, all on my left, west: the door to the porch & the walnut tree south, behind me and slightly left; both these give directly to the outside, no screens; the 3rd, the door to the stairs, to the rest of the house, the domestic, home currents, the inside, at my feet, north



5 Jun 70

first there was Michael, blind, as just inside Harvard yard, brick wall to right and rear left, wrought-iron gates to the left, green grass, but really it was Bob Hardwick, the Kangaroo Rat -- and with them, their wives, Hwa-di off left, & Bob's woman, to lead him
then we were in a large auditorium, the rise of the seats from the stage something abruptly to note -- from our midst the youngest and the silliest (in all its senses), sprang to the stage with a sword alight like the still

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just barely burning end of a match before losing flame, and danced beside the 6 ft. pile of folding chairs to the left, joined then around and around by 2 or 3 others dressed in short Greek robes, belted, and as they whirled, he with the sword touched it's glowing tip to about 2 ft. square(though they seemed at the time no larger than postage stamps, beside the intense scale of the operations) pieces of coarse-textured gray-brown construction paper, and where touched, a slow pulsingly spreading stain, darker than the paper, radiated like oil, but not translucent, to the edges

behind me a large black and brown Doberman bitch moved around in the seat and leaned over my shoulder, I turned to broth the people just in front of me, and just behind, and asked what kind of dig it was, I saw her as a mixture of Doberman and _____ though closer to that other -- I couldn't at the time remember the breed I thought I saw strongly present in the shape of head -- may be <u>just</u> Doberman, I said then, as I saw more clearly than at first the <u>whole</u> dog

on the stage the sword bearer, bereft of sword, now faced, at center stage and he to our right, upon a dark blue mat, the grand dancer of this tableau, tall, dressed in blue-gray, gold and silver brocade flowing robes, and <u>glowing</u>, phosphorescent, face, whole head and hands -- then this great tall presence, dramatically raising his arms, took off his robes, unhusked himself, to show his next inner aspect, and that too was phosphorescent, his head bare now and startlingly close-cropped, like a prisoner or recruit -- the younger figure now was hiding under the covers of the mat, and at the back the others hid, only mounded wriggles, emerging after awhile only head and shoulders, before that constantly in motion, never moving, glowing silver moon intensity of a man, we could not tear our eyes away from -- till it all merely faded away, and we were looking at the Hare Krishna mendicants, whose tableau, we slowly gathered, all this was, singing and drumming by the exit -- looking on at them as we stood and waited, shuffled and waited, to get out -- off to our right, where we had first come, down next to the stage

my mother keeps sections of our iron picket fence inside locked up at night

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someone shows me how he trims his long nostril hair, by burning it with a lit cigarette

*

24 Jul 70

on the right is the soul of learning, reposing in books,
between the letters of the text, the visible volumes
of the bookcase being only the present shelf beyond
which stretch even the unwritten, pressing into
existence

on the left is the immediate breath of nature, what all
lies outside the house, which is also the skin

at the head is the walnut tree, uniting black and white
midway on its trunk

at the feet is the house, the downstairs, the lower,
daily, active rooms where the currents of the
earth, and growing things, and shelter interchange

in dreams these are felt as stage directions, entrances
and exits, turns and noddings of the head, seasons,
chiaroscuro, vantage points, above and below . . .

*

". . . there is a Right above and there is a Right below; there is a Left above and there is a Left below. There is a Right above in the realm of supernal holiness, and there is a Right below located in the "other side". There is a Left above in the realm of supernal holiness to procure indulgence for the moon, so as to link her to the holy place and enable her to shine. There is a Left below which estranges the upper realm from her and prevents her from reflecting the sun's light and drawing near to him."

-- The Zohar, I, p. 168 (53a)

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Robert Kelly: The Dream Work

1

Just now this seems heuristic possibility:
Wednesday's dream is not Tuesday's child & is not Monday's grandson.
That is, dreams are not linear in their expanse (extense).

Are we falsely counselled to record each night's dream, lest we forget? The dreams that matter are the dreams remembered of themselves.

To organize experienced dreams in a calendar way, stretching them out as a line in time towards what, is to subdue that which does not take place in time to Time, falsifying both terms.

Chronology is oversimplification.

My premise is that the dreamworld in us is (like our lives, Q.E.D.) a complex solid of such a nature that 'crystalline structure' is a more useful analogy than 'line', chemistry a better ancilla than history.

I am watching a snow field as I write, the complex foldings & turnings in the snow. Sastrugi, the intricate physics of the snow as snow, settling crystals locking & unlocking with crystals, snow in snow, AND the intricate impetus of the wind, moving in & on & after snow; let the experimenter note schematically & quickly one dream. No part of him will let that one dream stand alone. As he is writing it down, other dreams of various times will come forward, to be noted down (i.e., hooked on) where they connect. That is the beginning of the dream work.

Radiating & rotating, the structure of dreams will begin to take form, towards objectivity.

2

All earlier discussions of dream seem to have confined themselves to dream as psychic event in the life of the dreamer.

We must now assert the autonomy of Dream as ARTIFACT, legitimate product of psychic event, not record of it.

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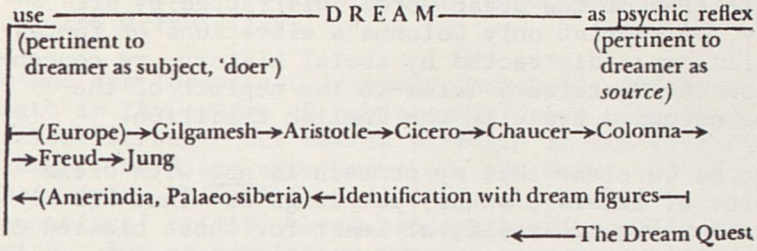
We must learn to honor the dream as work-of-art, & to devise (towards some eventual perfection of it) a language or method for presenting in verbal terms that product (not representing it, or interpreting it &c.).

The spectrum of hitherto noted applications would be of this order:



Now the *tertium*, dream as autonomous artifact, must be dealt with.

3

Earlier notes call attention (a) to the aperiodic & symmetrical structure of the dream life--the series of dreams a man has over a long time--& (b) to the autonomous artifactual quality of each individual dream, whereby (its value as psychic reflex of the dreamer forgotten for a moment) it assumes the same sort of value a work of art possesses. Bear in mind there are good & bad works of art.

That processes rightly called 'creative' are going on all the time in every being.

That in most beings creation shapes with any purity only the dream. (Occurrence of familiar (known to the dreamer) faces, figures, & situations in the dream is no more an argument against the artifactual quality of dreams than occurrences of that kind destroy the artifactual quality of novels.)

Prudent social motive of the Dream Work: to constitute by recognition a new art form for the onrushing collective age

thus to insure possible working conditions for all artists (I am writing as a trade-unionist)

& a mode of conscious creative activity for those our fusty culture denies the role of art-bearers.

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(Note that the Colonna spoken of in Dream Work/2 is that Francesco (b. 1433) who wrote the Hypnerotomachia Poliphili (a synopsis of which, with commentary by Linda Fierz David, exists as The Love Dream of Poliphilo, Bollingen Series XXV). The Hypnerotomachia, with Chaucer's Book of the Duchess are the two essential fixes on the literary (i.e., writing it down into the work) possibilities of the Dream Work. Distracted by art history, we reprint only Colonna's elevations of fantastic buildings; distracted by social history, we concentrate on The Canterbury Tales to the neglect of the supreme extended lyric in the English tradition.

But let me be clear that my concern is not with dream as source of literary works, paintings &c--that has always taken care of itself, at least for those blessed or cursed with dreams.

No. For the sake of the dream, in all its clarity as fully created thing, the Dream Work is concerned with devising a comparably distinct way of transcribing, to make available, to make public. The problem of the Dream Work is not aesthetic, then, but logistic.

Dream is from Old English drēam, 'joy, gladness.' By night or day.

So far the Dream Work has been insistent upon the 'impersonal' qualities or behavior of dreams, how they are or can be of meaning not to the dreamer but to his society, at large. And so far this preoccupation has limited itself to general prolegomena towards a theory of transcription. Now it becomes clear that transcription is only one possibility. The'dream quest,' typically of the Plains Indians, had as its goal the acquisition of a dream, possession of which would serve as talisman to the dreamer, & serve the structural function of directing the mode of his integration within his society. (See on this subject Olson's phenomenal "The Gate & The Center"--in the first issue of Origin, Spring 1951!) Externalization of dream 'instruction' concerns us as another (perhaps more important) way of honoring the autonomy of the dream--taking it indeed as the reckoning whereby perception & relationship can come to be ordered.

So that now:

Two Doors:

WORK YOUR DREAM ACT YOUR DREAM

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Each time there is only one utterance will satisfy all the demands of the dreamer. The dream continues till that utterance is clarified & won, or irrevocably lost. Then waking can supervene--The sudden crisis of sensory input serving as a buffer, a distraction, from the overwhelming loss of the dream's loss.

Those who are inconstant dreamers must build a factitious strength in the orders of waking, must make, & seem to themselves strong. Our racial strength in the victories of dream; there are some brave men who defer the therapy of their dream, & insist on opening only to the strengths of 'conscious' origin--these men are traditionally in the minority. But as population density increases, fewer & fewer men will be able to dream their own dreams to clear conclusions. One expects then a sustained resurgence, quasi-permanent, of all the imaginative arts. One consequence of that will be the pre-eminence of fable & the comparative neglect of questions of 'form' & 'structure'.

But fable (I use the ancient word) is essentially event, some events linked in the telling.

5

Psychology makes no sense because the Psyche is not personal.

It is for the bulk of men tribal, & perhaps for some few men it is transpersonal, attained on the other side of personality.

(The shoes that Psyche wears out in the story are the layers of her personality.)

Dream.

A dream is bound morpheme in a language (langue).

The system of this language, its grammar, remains to be discovered.

The impression of meaning we wake up with is a property or consequence of the grammaticalness of the dream in the system of langue.

This dream language, like every langue, is social, tribal, conventional, nonpersonal. In it, as in any langue,

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whatever is personal tries to speak itself.

There is phonologic change in dreamsigns---the veins of Jerome's marble urn become his serpents, his urn becomes our flesh, we read his fear in the dream-delighted seeing of our own flesh, a flesh with life in it.

As a language exists & effects meanings only with reference to the masse parlante (as Saussure calls the community of speakers), all modern attempts to deal with dream have fallen because no attempt has been made to arrive at, access to, the community of dreamers. Premises of a race-specific (Jung) or individual-specific (Freud) dream lexicon have obscured the likelihood & attraction of a tribal, "cultural", dream lexicon.

Freud, Jung & their contemporaries represent the Max-Müller stage of dream investigation, of oneirolinguistics, making generalizations about Man, Race, Personal Genius, deducing philological or etymological properties of dream integers (images, "symbols," events).

Look forward to a science of dream concerned, as structural linguistics shows the way, with a descriptive of a community of dreamers (masse rêvante), towards oneirophoneme, oneiromorpheme, oneirotagmeme, the grammaticalness of the Holy Night Art.

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RICHARD GROSSINGER: THE DREAMING

1- The Area:

Our own traditions say that the dream exists for reasons of symbolism; that is, the symbolic interpretation is the sole link between the act of dreaming and its cause; the dream exists as a symbolic expression, a condensation of a series of events; it rightly has no area. In many primitive cultures, the symbolism and the dreaming are merely different aspects of the same reality, which also includes pure waking. The dream is not subjugated to reality; it is another expression of it, equally viable and ontologically simultaneous. It was Tylor who stumbled into an accurate description of this phenomenon when he said that dreaming is responsible for all totemism and rituals involving spirits and ghosts. The gullible primitive, closing his eyes and finding himself participating in another world, his mind somehow detached from his body and operating by the rules of that world, imagines that that world exists somewhere, and his attentions to it never become separate of his attentions to this one. The causal emphasis on dream here is inaccurate; it is simply that Tylor has never experienced any of the other visions or ecstasies, and thus assumes dream to be prior, it being the only possible source in himself.

The clarity here is that, in many primitive societies, dreaming is part of the landscape and does have an area. The Australian Aborigines have an event, or form of vision, they call The Dreaming (altjeringa). It perhaps includes those events we know as personal dreams, but it has most often been described in the literature as operating separate of (or regardless of) the dream itself. For this reason the translation of "Dreaming" has been questioned; the word was thought to mean something more like "primordial landscape," "myth-world of the ancestors," or simply "long ago." Stanner continues to translate this as "Dreaming," and has decided that no other meaning is appropriate, arguing, in part, that most bilingual Aborigines accept it unhesitatingly. There is no doubt a reason for this: the primordial landscape is altered and gone; the myth-world of the ancestors is recounted; and the past intersects that myth-world like parallel lines coming finally to meet. But The Dreaming is experienced, passionately, presently, and as a living reality; it is not a mythical history but a vision of history. The animals, the stones and rivers in their role as the shape of the beginning of time, the ancestors as continuing guardians and guards over the land, the paths, the myths themselves: these are perceived as an inseparable aspect of the living reality, the present. One may say they are taught to perceive, they remember what they have learned. But they also see what they see. It is not just the conical power of the ancestors in the clan: altjiranga mitjina are, according to Roheim, the eternal people who come in dreams.

We are prepared by Tylor to see that there is such a thing as The Dreaming, which in its maximum meaning is nothing less than the landscape itself, the environment. The Dreaming is not a distor-

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tion of reality, or even a separate reality; it is merely another way of experiencing reality, a way in which the lives and world of the ancestors (carried genetically in the individual's soma and geologically in the landscape's soma) can be experienced simultaneously with the present world as it appears. The combined perception offers more than appearances or transiencies; it shows the land in its eternal form.

Stanner's explanation of the dream-ritual-myth conjunction is quite different than Tylor's. Most simply, he considers The Dreaming the operational feature of Aborigine cosmology and ethics; it forges a link of meaning between life and suffering, neither of which can be experienced directly; thus, the link is reality, and without it, life would cease. Stanner feels that because of the suffering and pain in this world, reality is placed in doubt, and is in constant need of verification and reverification. In his book, A Black Civilization, Warner goes into great detail on the dichotomy between the rainy season and the dry season. There are seven dry months, which are considered "good," and five months of continuous heavy rainfall and tidal flooding. The dry season is preferred, but the rainy season is necessary for crops and must be positively and creatively apprehended, (even though the people are in constant flight and disorder). In The Dreaming, the rainy season is part of the natural cycle of Yurlunggur, the serpent, an event which, in bringing about the present order of things, continues to occur as what it is. It is not that The Dreaming justifies the rain and floods; it is that the rain and floods are part of The Dreaming, which hopes, by them, to explain not them, but itself.

2- Amerindian:

There is an American Indian tradition of dreams as real events, part of the total life experience to which they are born. Dreams are journeys made under specific conditions. Those met in dreams are real where they are and have wisdom to offer. We should come to dreams in peace, willing to learn, fearless of harm, for a great magic protects our very lives, keeps even our bodies from injury. Dreams are paths; there are two lands, and between them the body of the dreamer is the only link. The roads of each world stop where he is; and though they lead directly to him, and seemingly thru him, he can traffic only in messages. All other materials disappear at the gate, taken by those wiser than us. No one needy of gold has yet returned from his dream-mines with an ounce, nor have the honors and wives won in that world ever been brought into this one, by the bravest man. All that we retain is all that we retain anyway: electricity, of which our bodies are made and which alone our bodies can use.

Some Indians count among their acquaintenances people they have met only in dreams. A man cooking a medicinal broth recommended by a dream-lander will go back and visit with that person, and recheck, if he has any question about an ingredient or procedure. It is not

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that he is naive to the differences; he is aware of them and respects them and inevitably holds them against neither dreaming nor waking friends. He accepts the situation to his advantage and desires to get as much knowledge and power from any available and friendly source. There are some things that can only be learned or even told in certain places, and one can have many good friends and be in contact with many powerful sages in dream-land. A shaman often speaks of his relationships with other shamans on the continent, carried out entirely in dream. The Tapirape shaman appears to have visited with a Sioux shaman on the Great Plains, and exchanged information, even though there is no other possible way they could have been in touch. When asked about his trip he described with great accuracy the trails he took up South America and across Central America into the Plains, the rivers he crossed, the events which speeded his way. He listed many odd fruits he ate and exotic animals he saw; he mentioned meetings with tribes that lay between. All this he did in an evening, and it is his map, which he spent the whole next day making, that will allow him to return.

Our birth in this geography-astrology occasions many maps of the Earth and the zodiac; so complicated dream-country must also charted: sometimes with archetypes, but often not --- with rivers and mountains and aborigine races and stars even as other maps are made. Early European visitors confused these maps with their own, and went looking for gold cities and great villages far to the North of where they ever were. The Amerindian map is not like The Dreaming; it is not an accurate survey of the (albeit mythical) terrain, with every rock and pool in place; it is more like our own dream-visions, though taken differently.

3- Iroquoian:

The Iroquois understand dreams to be fragments of events that have not yet happened. These are not events in the future, but events in the present forewarning that they must occur. This knowledge is dangerous, so if a man has a particularly alarming dreaming a council of chiefs is called. They guess at the dream until they hit upon it. Sometimes they need hints, but under no circumstances can the person tell the dream. He is always in the position of having it told to him, the first time by the dreaming and the second time by the chiefs. They are then bound to advise him (since the dream is now inevitable) to go out and meet his fate head-on. The future cannot be prevented, but its prophecy can be defanged if the dreamer takes its consequences in his own hands.

A man who dreams of having intercourse with a certain woman seeks her out and repeats the dream episode as soon as possible, even if she is married (but not if the union would be incestuous except under extraordinary conditions). He must seek her out even if in the dream she is unclear and uncertain; if she lives in another village, the dreamer must go to that village and find her. If

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he has never seen her, he must determine who she is. I do not think it is that dangerous confusion of dream with reality (and the anima with a real woman); it is, in fact, another means of keeping them separate: the dreamer, having committed the ostensible content of his dream, will no longer be blocked by it or misled by it in his continuing dream-quest; it will cease to be the content of the dream, and another aspect of the dream itself will follow.

Once an Indian dreamed of eating human flesh. The council of chiefs guessed for many hours without ever coming upon the matter of the dream, but by process of elimination they came to it, as one always does among what is human. Shocked as they were, they were still more horrified by the possibility of it happening accidentally and fulfilling the brunt of the dream. A young girl was properly found and given to the dreamer. He received her graciously, but just as he was about to kill her he remembered the whole dream: he never killed her; he only came this far --- to the preparations for her death. That done, the dream was revealed, the girl freed.

A frequent dream, given the conditions of society, is one of being captured by the enemy and tortured at the stake. The only solution here is for the dreamer to submit to a modified torture by his own tribesmen. Otherwise, he will be captured by the enemy in his next battle and put to the stake there. Men have severe burns for six months after such a dream. So real is the fire they have undergone.

In the minimal sense we find the distinction between dreaming and lifing as shadowy as that other distinction between life and death. If lifing itself, with its long ceremonial prescriptions and endless acts of devotion and courage, were not a form of dream, it would be unbearable. And if dreaming were not like lifing, the discrepancy would be unbearable. If life is a ceremonial event, the esprit de corps of the tribe; if dream is made part of the ceremony; if the gods are everywhere (and they are), then some formal link must be made between dreaming and lifing, even if it is only a symbol or a declaration of fiddle-faddle, as in our culture: the formal link in Iroquoian is different, even as Iroquoian classical tragedy is different than Greek classical tragedy. A new way is found for Oedipus to deny the fates.

The system presents this problem, however: it is a closed channel of messages. The dream does not give originality to the dreamer; it does not allow him a world of imagination beyond the known events of his tribe. There is nothing unique or individual about the dream; falling within the societal context it can be guessed by the chiefs as easily as anything else in their realm; then it is acted out in broad daylight. No one could be in the dream who is not present in the tribe, and the dreamer, when confronted by shadowy presences, invariably settles on an identity for them on the assumption that there are no other identities.

There is the further possibility that this is an inaccurate or partial account of Iroquois dreaming. In which case it is itself

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a dream of dreaming and an Americo-Iroquoian event worthy of notice.

4- Lifing & Dreaming:

In our culture dreams are most often regarded as projections of events rather than events in themselves. They are said to originate when the mind, for internal reasons of sleep, leaves its causal track to make patterns out of imagined connections and spurious similarities. Freud has shown us at least that the dream world is neither arbitrary nor spurious; it is a genuine world of the dreamer's tensions and psychic flow, a world where everything moves, not of itself, but with the value he has assigned to it. "We need not underrate the psychic intensities introduced into sleep by these residues of the day's waking life, especially those emanating from the group of the unsolved issues. It is certain that these excitations continue to strive for expression during the night, and we may assume with equal certainty that the state of sleep renders impossible the usual continuance of the process of excitation in the preconscious and its termination in becoming conscious."

In the waking world some events are arbitrary and of questionable consequence (though Crowley and others would say, and rightly so, to take everything as a message from the gods). In waking a person seems to impose a process of selection, his "will." In a dream there is no "will," no future tense; everything occurs at the intensity of the dreamer himself, everything is as basal and carnal as his metabolism, as exact and self-necessary. Nothing is wasted in the dream-world; a thing happens only if it is internally necessary (and solely necessary) to denote itself and generate its next and prior. Everything is sucked and sucks into an intense logical continuum. In the Earth's cosmology the variety of the plant and animal kingdoms comes from natural selection. The dream needs no mediating somata for its natural selection (the material of the psyche is infinitely supple); every form it generates is contained implicitly and immediately in the preceding as well as succeeding environment.

In the world of lifing events follow as they are compelled to natural law. A dream continues only as long as consciousness supplies a syntax, as long as events and forms emerging out of each other have that magically-implied eternity. It is this same biological magic that gives the sense of eternity as well to lifing, and in either case we are utterly convinced at all times by the living being we are. The forms don't end until they do, and then something else happens (waking) which is also self-explanatory, self-generating, and eternal. A body is pulled into the waking or dreaming state as a starship is pulled into an atmosphere. The moral is that eternity is a local condition. The clocks worn on the wrists of the people in dream-land keep only local universal time.

It is useful to examine this difference between lifing and dreaming in another way. From one point of view lifing is seen to be real and dreaming imaginary. By the laws of maya and karma both

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lifing and dreaming are products of a dreaming, and natural law is simply the psychic law of the cosmos. In either case we are not dealing with reality or even with neurons, but the effect, the residue of neurons (in dream it is a by-product of the brain's motion toward equilibrium when the body comes to rest). A dream has no molecular energy of its own. It coheres because its parts have been borrowed as fragments and woven as a drama around the dream. The fragments are part of the waking world. Putting aside for a moment the objection that they are equally products of cognition and the wanderings of imagination and attention, we can say that their order (from which the dream order is borrowed in part) has been given in a continuum of physical laws; their structure is maintained by electrical and chemical bonds. Those same bonds, which on the Earth are physical, in a dream are imagistic. Bodies do not come apart in a plane crash. The bonds are retained not as vital objects themselves but correlates, altered for mnemonic, neurotic, or creative purposes. The correspondence of the visual field to the total retinal image is an anatomical point-for-point correspondence. The stimulus variable need only be a correlate, not a copy. J. J. Gibson.

Dreaming and lifing share the property of operating in an environment of correlates. This is why different cultures, like different dreamers, can interpret the environment in such radically unalike grammars. We are dealing with correlates, not copies. That is not to say that the dream-illusion should be given the same value and credence as the world-illusion. It is simply that by regarding the dream as abjectly illusory we have made life seem more real, or real in a different way, than it is. In fact, we are fooled equally by both. Lifing and dreaming are equivalent mechanisms for making an obscure and remote landscape conscious and coherent, especially insofar as we are engaged in that landscape as correlates, not copies.

5- Mechanism:

In the waking world we tend to bounce off things, to touch upon surfaces and shapes without penetrating; narrative hews stubbornly to time. In the dreaming world all things eventually are converted to their center: sun can produce rain; a room is a composite of many rooms; we seem to board a boat, and it turns out to be an entire city; she beckons and we always follow. Something else is happening, larger than the integrity of individual events or discrete units; it breaks the narrative; it substitutes intensity for time; Freud describes the mechanism:

"The intensities of the individual ideas become capable of discharge in their entirety, and pass from one idea to another, so that individual ideas are formed which are endowed with great intensity. Through the repeated occurrence of this process, the intensity of an entire train of thought may ultimately be concentrated in a single conceptual unit. This is the fact of compression or condensation with which we became acquainted when investigating the

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dream-work. It is condensation that is mainly responsible for the strange impression produced by dreams, for we know of nothing analogous to it in the normal psychic life that is accessible to consciousness. We get here, too, ideas which are of great psychic significance as nodal points or as end-results of whole chains of thought, but this value is not expressed by any character actually manifest for our internal perception; what is represented in it is not in any way made more intensive. In the process of condensation the whole set of psychic connections becomes transformed into the intensity of the idea-content.....

By the free tranference of intensities, and in the service of the condensation, intermediary ideas --- compromises, as it were --- are formed. This, also, is something unheard of in the normal movement of our ideas, where what is of most importance is the selection and the retention of the right conceptual material. On the other hand, composite and compromise formations occur with extraordinary frequency when we are trying to find verbal expression for preconscious thoughts; these are considered 'slips of the tongue.'

.....The ideas which transfer their intensities to one another are very loosely connected, and are joined together by such forms of association as are disdained by our serious thinking, and left to be exploited solely by with. In particular, assonances and punning associations are treated as equal in value to any other associations.

.....Contradictory thoughts do not try to eliminate one another, but continue side by side, and often combine to form condensation products, as though no contradiction existed; or they form compromises for which we should never forgive our thought, but which we frequently sanction in our action."

It is somehow true that we never remember the moment just before dreaming, perhaps because there is no such moment. The images of the world become more and more centrifugal, lose their center and fly off. We have heard enough chatter; we are sleepy; we yield to the the symbols themselves, and in their dance they are no longer symbols but things real like trees, and cows, and people. Once the symbols, the correlates, lose the centralizing pull of the environment, they become loose; they take on a life of their own, all thoughts impelling each other to come together at points of resemblance, puns and etymologies the same once tradition is removed because they are left only with their dynamics and achieve an arrangement outside of narrative. The mind has its own tradition, its own framework of things it has learned. In dreaming it throws out all divergence, all compulsion, retaining only what is essential to its mechanism. In terms of the initial dynamics of the dream-work, the Freudians were accurate: the images of the dream are continations of the images of life under different circumstances of energy (='s matter). Since they are only the correlates to begin with, they are able to merge into their new syntax when freed from the waking habitat, achieving their own suggestive measure rather than the structural metrics of the environment.

There is no certain moment between Earth and dream, though sure-

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ly the beginning-to-eddy-of-thoughts is a zone close to the threshhold. In a movie theatre the beginning is enacted somehow to recall a dream (and many dreams begin in crazy movie theatres): the ligts dimming, a soft veil falling off the screen. In the dream the process of softly-opening darkness is achieved when the words and images lose their attachments and spin in a whirlpool of senselessness. There is perhaps a moment at which nothing happens, during which the Earth is forgotten, the images move faster and faster, boiling, seething. Eventually they reach a yaw; the patterns begin to cohere like parts of fire and a new reality emerges, slowly, a few sequences at first, a few more adhering to the first in parts, adnate and sticky. But it is certainly not xrono-logical.

The Qabbala describes how the letters of the Hebrew alphabet created the universe. This is meant literally. The letters were not symbols for vibratory phenomena, or sub-atomic particles any more than the eddying images are symbols for what they were on Earth. A whole new world is created out of the fragments of a prior one. The letters, once released, were not what they were in heaven. Unconscious of ends, they happened purely, motively, and the result was Genesis. God did not create the Earth, but he did create the alphabet. At the point when memory is no longer attached to the world, it remembers the ancient life of the unconscious, the galactic life, as well as the life of the body. It remembers some parts of the body from sheer chemical state, other parts from electronic state, matter never destroyed from the beginning till now. There is only one genre tight enough, only one genre in which it can express all this consciousness at once: the genre is dream. The body is made to feel as though it is brought to life again (is it even the body?), and it begins propelling itself, occupying space as if it had some previous knowledge of what it was doing.

Robert Kelly writes: "Dreams have me in their clutches, I begin, begin, to deal with them. But it is always a beginning, world w/o End."

6- Consequences:

The problem that generally arises here is that life is said to have greater "consequence" for ego than his dreams. This is true only if we see dreams as superficial quantities, at best symbols for other quantities. The fact is: there is no going back on a dream event, as soft and alterable as it may seem; there is no going back on any event once it has happened. Some of its side-effects may be undone, but the direct consequences of its having happened are final. It is because dream is such a more malleable sequence than a waking day that we are able to regard it as being without physical danger. Those things which cannot be changed in waking are easily undone in dreams. A person falling from the top of a large building while awake must face the physical culmination of his fall. In a dream he can fall into many culminations, depending on how events derive from each other, and therefrom: what the consequences are. The consequences of a dream-fall aren't certain death, but

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then on the other hand they only appear to be nullified. Instead of not happening, they are generated from the image rather than any external natural law. It is a minor difference, having nothing to do with consequences, that waking correlates connect and are causal in such a fashion that we are led to believe they are always correlates for the same thing.

Because we do not know where we go in the end, or what becomes of the energy of both lifer and dreamer, we do not know which consequences are passed on, and what of the things we were we finally are and must continue to be. Certain supernatural cosmologies, which preserve consciousness, would have us believe that the laws of the dreamer are the final laws of consciousness, and the clearest statement of what the organism must finally face. As matter whirls episodically into its original center, spinning softly, the fall from the roof occurring a thousand times, escaped from again and again until it finally happens as it is, with all its consequences, then death is a vortex into endless dreams, and in the consequences of consciousness and the total psyche, we become what we were and are. I point this out because in dreaming, dying offers no escape, and in dying, waking offers no escape. We enter the forms that generate our potential to any derivative and worldly form, as archetype or great seed. We purse the ends that are deflected by the contingent necessities of waking, sleeping, and emotional and physical survival.

It is not just damnation, or the bad consequences of Dante's hell; it is also Blake's heaven-hell. The quasi-dramas and quests of waking are always incomplete. In dream these forms collect and burn in bright places, reinvoking the ancient tradition of creation as local historical sun and sky and fields, fantasies and cows and maidens rising like heat from the conjunction, like rays across the present surface of what we are.

It is true then that we shall finally have what we want, no matter what it is, and these are the consequences. And the famous answer to the question: Why isn't it like this all the time? Is that it is.

7- The Relation of the Y-axis to the X-axis:

Throughout the history (or myth) of its being on Earth, the body must return cyclically to the same consciousness, the forms which never change. Since time of consciousness is not the same as time of the body, the body must repeat and undergo variations of the conscious play. For all the time the body must spend in busy-work, often pretending to function well, postponing its consequences, for all the laws and rules and jobs, it is finally these things which never happen by their own order. They sleep while consciousness alters the body, the cells adjusting the psychosomatic messages which eventually not only penetrate but are the mind. The body becomes awkward and weighty; the head is filled with daydreams, slips, patent absurdities. It is when sleep takes over that the flow is reversed and dream comes pour-

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ing thru the cells, time as it always was.

Dreams don't follow any one axis. It is more like a quadratic. The original note is the function of the dream and sets it in motion, the body of the dreamer stretched from pole to pole on the bed. The first time the dream is superficial and obsessive, with many frustrated images and actions, nothing with enough continuing force to make itself be. The second time, it may be a month, a year, or twenty years later, it is the same dream, but the forms are more complex; the dream is shorter; it orders its space; it actually happens, and the dreamer has some sense of what is afoot. All future dreamings are along this same continuum until finally the dream is as brief as to achieve its being in a single note, a hiatus between the dreamer and another form: a face linked with a sound, and then darkness. At this stage it is impossible to repeat the events of the dream in a so-called telling; it is secret work, or a book in another language. The dreamer has the overwhelming sense of being addressed by an organism alien to his own being. He is made aware that he is not alone, that he is not and never was in control. In effect, this is what the nightmare is: a sudden explosion of pure content, pure uncensored information from the unconscious which the dreamer cannot bear. It comes in hard on the Y-axis; he seizes it and tries to drive it out along the X-axis; this usually takes the form of a horrible event, a monster, or a repeating episode in which the dreamer can't get free and the inevitable bears down on him. Jung likens this to the lot of Proserphine who becomes trapped in the underworld because she has taken the smallest part of it into herself. The difference between psychosis and genius is often how one can handle these bursts, and whether he can receive them and open his consciousness to them without being trapped in their unconscious source. Einstein managed relativity, but this same vision of time and space has visited many men and driven them mad; it is one of the clearest messages in the time-flow of the dreaming; similarly dreams may give the names of angels, the solutions to equations (the dream itself is a terrifically complex equation with many solutions), prophecies of all sorts, and directives to the dreamer about his planet. In the purest sense of deep structure the dream is an extremely rich event which generates whole fields and forests of information along the X-axis (much in the way a single ray of sun is broken down under microenvironmental conditions into a garden of living forms); puns and metonymies are part of the rich psychic ecology of the dream-world, and the dream itself is the intelligence behind it all, the sun. [In a sense, there is no difference between the sun itself, the sun in movies, the sun in dreams, etc.; and the dreamer is justified in feeling that the dream-sun which sustains him and the dream-lands is more than a replica; it is impossibly the real McCoy, even as it is impossible but so on Earth].

If we make a model of the dreaming in which the continuative axis of conscious energy is vertical, then the vertical axis is also the vector of the organisms which address the dreamer and

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the node before it becomes text. Everything which happens on the horizontal plane is continuative only in terms of drama, but repetitive in terms of the vertical line.

8 - Consequences (ii):

The vertical agent of the dream comes from outside of dream-time. It contains the consequences of the dreamer. Within the continuative dream-drama he may appear to escape the crux of the matter by fleeing thru the consecutive events on the horizontal axis. No matter what happens on the horizontal axis (drowning, getting to a room with the girl, escaping the crazed killer), the vertical agent always resurrects the consequences as they were, not in terms of waking standards but as a conjunction with the intrinsic node of the dream. Since the consequences flow from a single source, they realign with each new event and penetrate it until they achieve the same crisis in terms of the dreamer. The great destruction and violence of some dreams is simply part of the structure, the flexibility, in which something extremely tender and subtle happens, as the growth of a seedling. In nightmares the tempo is so speeded up that the consequence reasserts itself instantly each time it is denied or escaped, until the dreamer finally cannot turn away, and must absorb the absolute shock of the information. There is nothing light, or even nightmarish, about a nightmare; it is a critical event of the psyche in which the dreamer faced with his own annihilation by the forces that sustain him at other times. Though he may wake up suddenly, and even suffer from insomnia for a time afterwards, there is no final escape; the nightmare is presenting him with material he must integrate and consequences he must accept if he is not to be cut off from his total psychic life (if he is not to die an American).

But the dream works to sustain itself, not the realization; its ploy is to keep the dreamer asleep as long as possible to achieve accreditation as a world. It will always minimize the immediate consequences, no matter how serious; it will always give symptomatic relief. If one's teeth fall out, he is alarmed for a moment, but he remembers that, of course, he can grow a new pair. In the next sequence his arm must be amputated; the moments of realization are chilling. But as soon as he leaves the doctor's office he has a new arm. If he escapes from the planet during a holocaust, he will face a more terrible consequence wherever he goes. It can be put off only until it happens: then one comes face-to-face with a being who intends only him and, now he must know, intended only him by the Earth. At this point he realizes that the planet was no more than a shield, was no more than his inhabiting it; he has escaped its horror into an unexpected unknown horror like the sprung bird. The rules here are evident: never assume there is nothing larger and more horrible than what you are undergoing because it is merely a stage in an initiation. What is more horrible is to escape to a lesser node, where the dangers appear to be less. Instead there is greater fragmentation and greater danger. Along with this

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rule goes the corollary that nothing can destroy you; nothing intends your destruction though these are the very words it utters. What it intends is your ends, not your end: finally your enlightment and placement in the cosmos. Which is what is intended anyway, outside dream. You are transformed by what happens in dream just as you are by what happens in life. The consequences are coherent in that sense, and the flow back and forth between them is constant and unbroken (psychic), as Freud recognized.

Psyche may be soft and yielding, as the dream-environment, but it is a stickier trap than the halls of justice on Earth (where the judge is not always just; hence revolution and new governments are possible). In psyche all is because it must be, and all rules are necessary, and all strictures are the sheer application of the law by which anything is allowed to be. People who fear revolution say: "What are you going to put in its place?" They fear that the immediate content of psyche is her whole body, and that anything else must be communistic and fatal. Psyche surely can absorb the revolution; she shows that something can be built in its place in dream; something must be: this is simply her Darwin speaking. But she is also the counterrevolutionary once the revolution occurs; she is the eternal changing woman, the gadfly; she has no respect for the interim government or the rules of expediency. Just as she insures revolution by her flowing coherence with all the energies and harmonies in the cosmos, the great world, she refuses to sit still in any one cone of meaning; she invades any republic with all other possible cultures, economies, political stands; she is responsive to those great years which pass thru the entire creation, that are knotted on one scale in the zodiac and the visible passings of time. It is this timelessness and motion which permeates the dream-vision, this uninterrupted stream of consequences. On Earth, thefts take place and robbers go unpunished; jails can be escaped from; wars come to an end: there is no justice. But in a dream, everything which happens, at no matter what distance, happens to us. The dreamer may learn the trick of knowing he is in a dream and telling himself it is only a dream (in order to triumph over the events and escape the consequences). But the dream is soft and receives this knowledge and alters its structure accordingly; the knowledge becomes part of a deeper dreaming, and the dreamer can finally think of nothing exclusive of what is happening to him (which his every thought becomes). [This is also why the final dreams of both the San Francisco and the Magi sequences in Book of the Earth and Sky absorb the conscious recognition of dreaming and replace it with a power which is awesome and compelling and would be in any world].

The conscious force behind dreams knows us and knows all our tricks and fears, and in a way sympathizes. Its nature is always to yield on the facts but never to stop generating the same message. It is said the universe is complete, is non-dramatic; in the dream we discover that this is not quite true. The universe is not dramatic in the way a life is, or the plot of a novel, but as a repetition of harmonies and consequences. There is finally a happy end-

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ing because benevolence and malevolence are both impossible for the universe to entertain, but malevolence more so. In other words, it is as useless to fear or elude the consequences as it is to question the forces which have brought us here.

9- Syntax:

We might speak of the density of air, or water, or stone. The density of the sun, or a white dwarf star, is so great that many have spoken of them as having additional dimensions or packing more material than a solid. In the same sense, dreams can be seen as incredibly dense events, packing more material than the usual waking state. If there were beings on the sun, they could do many contradictory things at once without contradicting themselves because the material is thick enough to sustain it. In the movement from waking to dreaming states, multiple sequences are fused into a single dreaming sequence, whose action is original but contradicts none of the discrete structures it is made of. The components of the dream event are so richly joined that they are more than puns and witty distortions; there is triple entendre, quadruple entendre, and in a sense, infinite rejoinings of possible meaning and explanations. All causes and all effects join on a single axis of event. When two or more interpretations are possible at one level, it is possible to say that the phenomenon in question is operating at a higher level, and contains the contradictions of the two interpretations in its being. This is why it is impossible, at a lower level, to describe certain events without, at given points, making clearly false statements. This is why the mystic or healer never goes to court.

Ultimately, this is not only the syntax of dream: the whole creation operates in this manner. Wave and particle theories of matter exist alongside each other, but the existence of matter fuses the interpretations in a single reality. Explanations of Egyptian culture by derivation from South America coincide, pyramid for pyramid, with explanations of South American culture by derivation from the Nile. Not only may both be true, but both may be false, and in either case it doesn't matter. At a higher level they are absorbed as simultaneously true and false, which is why they continue to shed light on both cultures and on our own relationships, as lifers, to them. So the dream makes its own story, without proving, but also without contradicting the stories in which its forms originate. Freud expresses the dynamic thus:

"In some cases the change of expression serves the purposes of dream-condensation more directly, in that it provides an arrangement of words which, being ambiguous, permits of the expression of more than one of the dream-thoughts. The whole range of verbal wit is thus made to serve the purpose of the dream-work. The part played by words in dream-formation ought not to surprise us. A word, as the point of junction of a number of ideas, possesses, as it were, a predestined ambiguity, and the neuroses (obsessions, phobias) take advantage of the opportunities for condensation and

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disguise afforded by words quite as eagerly as do dreams..... It is indeed confusing if one ambiguous word is substituted for two with single meanings, and the replacement of sober, everyday language by a plastic mode of expression baffles our understanding, especially since a dream never tells us whether the elements presented by it are to be interpreted literally or metaphorically, whether they refer to the dream-material directly, or only by means of interpolated expressions."

A dream takes all points which are correlates for processes and locales in a three-dimensional world and makes them completely adjacent and mutually-generative, hence creates a larger world in which all three-dimensional points are instantaneously accessible. This is why dreams are referrent to the future as to the past. In the larger world, the time component which separates events in a three dimensional world becomes a very accessible spatial parameter. In this sense a single dream is applicable to and dreamable at any temporal point in three dimensions; a dream is relevant at any time of life in terms of that time. Conversely, the events of a whole life may occur at spatial separation in a dream. This also explains why the world of dreams lacks continuity from night to night that the world of lives has from day to day. It is obvious that the multi-dimensional dream process is interrupted at random points by the three-dimensional body of dreaming. Re-access on another evening brings the dreamer into a different area of the world. The events of life suggest the larger world in which they are imbedded by their kinetic depth, the acausal relationship of sequences suggesting an object with a greater number of dimensions containing them all.

Ann Arbor, February, 1969
[later rewritings]

Sequel: THE CONCEPT OF THE PARANORMAL DREAM

10- Extrasensory Perception.

Perhaps it is particularly difficult to prove extrasensory perception when our notion of what sensory perception is is not very clear itself. The information of the senses is highly ambiguous and is as much determined by our present state of mind and culture as by some absolute transmitter-receiver relationship with the environment. It is quite possible that our division between sensory and extrasensory perception is erroneous. Extrasensory perception is loosely held to be that information received by paranormal means. But even in the "normal" spheres of perception, there is great variation reported. Does Allen Ginsberg see the same natural environment as Richard Nixon? Are Blake's perceptions normal or paranormal? And if they are paranormal, what of Wordsworth's "visions?" The difference between "normal" perceptions leads to different political parties, different economies, and different cultures. The Sioux "saw" the Plains differently than the frontiersmen. The people in the ghetto see the city differently

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than the merchants. This is an obvious point, but what is important is that there is a great deal of perception which is neither paranormal nor normal, and which remains ambiguous when the two camps are drawn.

The simplest test in sensory perception might involve an eye chart or whispered tones over ear-phones. If a person is unable to make a report, even at the level of grossest stimuli, it is fairly certain that he is blind or deaf, unless there is some other obvious cause. In any case, these tests are administered to establish relative sensory ability. By analogy, in a sense, tests have been used to determine deductive ability, IQ, creativity, and even artistic value. Each next test involves slighly less certain materials; it becomes more and more questionable as to whether the quantifiable expressions derived from these tests have any application to the concept which lies behind them. They begin to double back: a test of sanity becomes a test of the culture; a test of poetry becomes a test of the state of mind in English criticism at that moment, and the critic, far from being a trained scientist measuring information content, is defining a norm or mainstream against which he is testing varied artifacts. It is more often the case in these tests (and even in some sensory tests) that the information content of the test itself falls short of the information content of the material, and we have a reduction. With an eye test, we have a fair chance of determining blindness. But what about legal blindness?, and temporary blindness? What about anti-matter, and the discontinuous events described in quantum physics? And how seldom does a criticism of Blake rise to the same level as Blake himself?

The problem of establishing perception scientifically is grounded in the relationship among three nodes: the sender, the receiver, and the judge. In the case of poetry, the sender might be called the angels or the voices, the receiver the poet, and the judge the reader. Another poet might call the sender: environment, or experience is the best teacher, etc. A scientific experiment involves a target sender, something uncontroversial like a steel ball in a groove or a plant under control conditions (which is why it is called finally in parapsychology a target and is a specific picture or pictograph rather than a natural event). The receiver, in the scientific experiment, is the scientist, and the judge is the community of scientists. Whether we are discussing physics, psychology, or parapsychology, the success of the experiment depends on the transfer of information, which is not an uncontroversial realm. Some people hear Blake; other people don't. So is information being transferred from one system to another? Or does it simply reside in both systems before the exchange? These questions become critical in parapsychology experiments because there are senders, receivers, and judges, and information is said to be passed (by the standard statistical methods of verifying it), but there is no plausible explanation for how information gets from one place to another. The only reason for believing that it does is that it is in both places by the time the experiment ends. This is no different than how a philistine might feel about Blake and his readers, or much of modern expressionistic art.

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If we examine the definitions of the word "information", we can see some of this problem in its evolution. Definitions 1 thru 4 describe, in one sense or another, the traditional act of learning. Definition 5 brings up a classical problem of verifiability, but definitions 6 and 7 attack the whole notion of learning and choice in communication. The definition of "information theory" then follows: it is clear that between definitions 1 and 7 we have moved into a different world.

"information. 1. The act of informing or the condition of being informed; communication of knowledge. 2. Knowledge derived from study, experience, or instruction. 3. Knowledge of a specific event or situation; news; word. 4. A service or facility for supplying facts or news. 5. Law. An accusation of a crime made by a public officer rather than by indictment by a grand jury. 6. A nonaccidental signal used as an input to a computer or communications system. 7. A numerical measure of the uncertainty of an experimental outcome.

information theory. The theory of the probability of transmission of messages with specified accuracy when the bits of information constituting the messages are subject, with certain probabilities, to transmission failure, distortion, and accidental additions." [The American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language.]

In a certain sense parapsychology has emerged from the lingering effects of a previous science of harmonies, a science which was lost with the advent of new methods and necessities of proof and the interest in reducing the universe to certain basic phenomena. When every connection was put to the test of causality, a whole range of phenomena simply dropped out of general knowledge into the vague and unfocused realm of coincidence and Ripley's Believe It Or Not! With the development of sophisticated statistical techniques, it became clear than many sets of phenomena, linked only by accident, were happening quite regularly, as though connected, when the chances of such connection occurring accidentally ranged from one in a hundred to one in a million.

It is not at all unusual, throughout the sciences, to use these statistical techniques to "prove" or postulate a link when the actual mechanism of transmission is unknown. Hypothetically, it could have been shown long before the discovery of the gene how Darwin's theory of evolution worked, and it could have been assumed that something like the gene would eventually be found to explain the correlations. Prehistoric cultures have been set up on the basis of factor analysis of archaeological sites; correlations between energy released by pulsars and cosmic rays reaching the Earth have suggested a link between these two phenomena; theories are based essentially on the unlikelihood of certain things happening by chance. Whereas we might uphold the unlikelihood (or demand a more meaningful definition of "chance"), we cannot in many cases support the theories.

The whole issue of statistical proof has raised another issue: that of proof where there is no causal link. ESP describes that

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information transmitted between a sender and a receiver, when such transmission is verified using a judge and several sets of possible emissions and receptions, and given the cautions of information theory. It is not like wireless radios; it is that an outside observer finds sufficient similarity between a message-sent and a message-received to assume that they are the same message. If such similarity occurred with frequency significantly greater than it should happen by chance, ESP of some sort was said to be operating. It is this essentially statistical definition which distinguishes ESP from all other psychic phenomena which are identical to it: astral travel, visions, astrology, I Ching, tarot, prophecy. Yet it was essentially those things again, or their residue, growing from seed out of a new attitude toward information and connection. It is only after ESP is deemed statistically interesting that the mechanism itself is sought (and not found). One asks: is it like any other known carrier of information (light, radio waves, x-rays, gravity, radiation)? The answer is, tentatively, no, because it does not observe the specific limitations that each of these phenomena are bound by in the definition. The information was transmitted regardless of any obstruction. This brings us directly to Jung and the theory of synchronicity.

"If we are correct in this assumption, then we must ask ourselves whether there is some nervous substrate in us, apart from the cerebrum, that can think and perceive, or whether the psychic processes that go on in us during loss of consciousness are synchronistic phenomena, i.e., events which have no causal connection with organic processes. This last possibility cannot be rejected out of hand in view of the existence of ESP, i.e., of perceptions independent of space and time which cannot be explained as processes in the biological substrate."

Dr. Stanley Krippner has come to a similar point and joined his own discoveries to those of Jung. In an article entitled "The Cycle in Deaths Among U.S. Presidents Elected at Twenty-Year Intervals," in the International Journal of Parapsychology, he suggests:

"One final explanation of the death cycle, which is not based on cause and effect relationships, might be offered. In seeking for causal factors, the assumption has been made that events are discrete units in time. Carl Jung, however, has postulated the acausal principle of synchronicity to explain 'coincidences' which are connected by simultaneity and meaning. In other words, the 20-year cycle involving presidential elections and the subsequent deaths of winners may be part of one synchronous event rather than being separate temporal happenings."

The same explanation has been applied to the synchronous relations of astrology, as, for instance, the relation of Pluto to the Earth. The "obstructions" of Pluto's small size and the great distance between here and there (plus its long period of revolution as far as recognizing effect over time) would seem to be absolute in condemning it to a case of "no information to here from there." If there is a synchronous relationship between Pluto and the Earth, it is obscure enough to be unrecognizeable as such. This is not

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the case with verifying ESP. Parapsychology is traditionally not concerned with such absolute distortions that the message received bears no resemblance whatsoever to the message sent (in astrology, the resemblance is of the internal operations of the system). There must be a target in telepathy, and if the target can be communicated, as basic information, then a hit is scored. Certain well-understood forms of distortion, such as puns, metonymies, formal resemblance, sexual sublimation, etc., are permitted (and even expected), as the mind is not a neutral receiver or transmitter. Hits are defined solely on the basis of whether a third party is caught by the resemblance between the target and the assumed reception. But this earliest and simplest experiment palls beside what parapsychology has come up with since.

11- Missing and Precognition:

As long as the experiment remains one of transmitting targets between two separated individuals, the implications are limited to the possibility that there are certain gifted individuals with a kind of sixth sense. Some of the misses, however, were more interesting than the hits in that they suggested something totally different was going on. There were cases in which the receiver would consistently guess the next card rather than the card that was being shown. A similar phenomenon was when the receiver, being sent a target chosen at random from among several sealed envelopes, would clearly receive one of those not chosen, i.e., still in the sealed envelope. This raises extreme doubt about who or what is doing the sending, and likewise: how is it coming to be received. The latter would seem to be a case of both telepathy and clairvoyance. There are more starling misses, however.

Ted Serios, the man who can project an image directly onto photographic film, has many times missed the target picture but projected an image from totally outside his frame of reference: a photograph of "The Old Gold Store" several towns away and ten years back (since then it has been renamed), a very clear photograph of the Soviet spaceship Vostok in orbit (never released by the Russians), or an object visible only if the target picture had been taken from another angle (as a temple situated outdoors and behind the temple whose interior was selected in another room). In the latter case, Serios did not even see the target; he was projecting an image chosen by random procedure, and from another room he reached somehow into the unknown and placed on photographic film an object intimately associated, in both style and theme, with the object being "sent" him for projection, this despite the fact he had no knowledge of the temples and had never even been to the country where they were located. Even before the greater connection was released (thru a letter in response to a magazine article), the experiment was scored a hit because Serios had projected an image which resembled the target to a remarkable degree. This density of information, suggesting even a deviousness of intent, is reminscent of the dream-axes, and their access to all sorts of content, de-

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pending solely on formal resemblance and thematic content.

When these types of things first began to happen, a series of experiments was designed to test certain aspects of them. Unlike other scientists, parapsychologists were not bound by the ostensible cause of phenomena; they had no idea of what was causing them, and they were able to design experiments whose very implications were counter to known scientific logic. A case in point is the long distance telepathy experiment between the U.S. Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs and the University of California at Los Angeles reported by Thelma S. Moss. This was initially planned as experiment in communication over long distances, but because of an error in telephone communication, the group in Colorado Springs sat down and wrote their response a week before the messages were sent or even selected. When the error was realized, they went thru with the experiment anyway, the UCLA group writing down what they thought was in the process of being sent, even though it had happened the week before. The results were notable and significant. One hit in Colorado madonna symbolism and "Silent Night" when in fact this was the music being played and the image being sent from Los Angeles a week later. The message was received even though it was not yet selected, let alone sent. Dr. Krippner has gotten similar results with Malcolm Bessent at the Dream Laboratory in New York; Bessent records a dream in isolation the night before, and the day afterwards an experience is chosen in I Ching manner: a random number chart is applied to a book; a word or phrase is selected and a picture is located corresponding to that word or phrase. An experience is then constructed for Bessent to go thru the next day, an experience so permeated with the imagery of the picture that even with Freudian distortion he would be expected to dream something of it the night after (in one case he was taken into an insane asylum as a patient; in another case he was kept in an all white room with blue fans blowing incessantly). The result was that he dreamed the imagery the night before in virtually every case, and judges were able to link the dream of the night before with the imagery chosen randomly the next day in every case. Furthermore, in one instance, the dream, using the image of a backbone (the picture selected) and a massage, was able to forge a highly significant link between the event of the succeeding day and another event to occur three weeks later in Toronto, even though the causal chain leading to that event had not yet been set in motion.

It is quite clear there is some larger (call it synchronous if you want, but that may also be "too easy") field of information. The result is that the statistics that were being used to prove the existence of telepathy and ESP are coming to demonstrate not only that certain inexplicable events are occurring with greater than chance frequency, but that there is far less chance in the universe than anyone thought. Or put another way, chance is the least interesting characteristic of these phenomena. Witness Crowley.

"I was spending the night in Fleischmann's Turkish Baths in New York. It was my custom in all such places to practice the

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tenth clause of my vow as a Master of the Temple,'To interpret every phenomenon as a particular of God with my Soul', by forcing advertisements and other public announcements to yield some spiritual significance. I would either apply the Cabbala to the words and manipulate the numbers so as to reach a state of mind in which some truth might suddenly spring in the silence, or I would play upon the words as if they were oracles, or else force the filthy falsehoods of fraudulent dollar-dervishes to transfigure themselves at the touch of my talisman into mysterious messages from the Masters."

On one level we are brought back to Freud's theory of psyche, whereby nothing in the mind is arbitrary, but if the events of space and time and the world outside the mind are equally non-arbitrary, we are in a framework where all parts of the world are joined as one, and extrasensory perception becomes a form of the Australian Aborigine Dreaming. As in the case of Serios presenting the camera with the Vostok, or the building behind the building, the question becomes not only: is the sender necessary?, but is the receiver necessary? (i.e., as a specified individual).

Returning to the UCLA-Air Force Academy experiment, one might ask: what would have happened if nothing had been sent a week later? Although it is impossible to answer this as such, Thelma Moss has tried experiments in which there were only receivers, no senders, and it was obvious that the bias shown by the "receivers" in such experiments was very different than that shown by the Air Force Academy students in precognition. Thus, in some sense we might say the future insured the past, but this is not clearly the case either. Dr. Krippner relates an episode in which Shirley Harrison of Buxton, Maine, saw that the Boston Strangler would strike again, that he would strike on Boylston Street, and that it would be a nurse. She was right in every detail except that of the nurse: she had moved out the night before and a new girl had moved in. This suggests that the present is somehow loaded with the future, as a highly explosive potential state, but that that potential is sometimes realized in slightly different ways than its present lie. Already we are in the time warps that the old science fiction stories feared would come with time travel. And we don't even have time travel. The answer to the question: what if nothing had been sent?: is that nothing was sent, at the time. But in a larger framework it was impossible to use the past to alter the future; the UCLA group did go ahead and send madonna and child, and "Silent Night."

Another unanswered question is: what makes a message sent a week earlier (or later) across an extremely long distance more hearable than all the other messages in the air? One of Dr. Krippner's students points out that they put fairly compelling messages out in these experiments. But they are hardly more compelling than the telepathic wails of drowning sailors or soldiers fatally wounded in war. I don't know what the focus is, but another experiment suggests there may not be any. A parapsychologist has his students write down red-black sequences for an

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imaginary roulette wheel. He then takes them and tries them out from a distance. Those that do better than 60% he tries out as is, and those that does worse than 40% he then tries in reverse, substituting black for red and red for black. The results are financially significant. We are then back to our earlier sense that certain things happen at particular times in particular places, and they may not happen again, or always (Serios lost his ability three years ago and it hasn't returned; projecting his last image, that of curtains for himself, he said: when the door closes it does, and it won't open until it does). There is perhaps less coincidence than we thought, and the universe may be joined by causal threads that are totally acausal in nature. Reinstein suggests that it may take a quantum leap in thinking, similar to the one that people had to undergo when it was discovered that planets were held in orbit not by strings but by the invisible yet real force of gravitation. Yet in a way this is nothing new; we have known for a long time the universe is put together this way, and we have behaved in accordance. Reinstein also proposes a new way of looking at the space-time cone. In the earlier version we were limited by the walls of the cone, which represented the speed of light; everything happening with those walls was a possible event, everything outside them a random connection or impossible event: an acausal connection. But what if the speed of light does not absolutely limit the speed of perception? Then it is possible that some people, whose perception is different, are aware of events in a slightly different conical space. The result is that certain coincidental relationships and precognitions become as possible as any other form of perception, and possible in exactly the same way.

12- General Information Sphere:

To a certain degree, synchronicity provides parapsychology with an easy out and vice versa. The marriage between them is fortuitous, but ultimately it leads back into Jung's archetypes, and there is an element of parlor trick and sheer curiosity to the whole thing. These events have psychic and cosmic meaning, and they cannot be tampered with by experimentation, or the experiments are finally a self-defeating reduction of the meaning. If synchronicity, as such, is assumed too easily, it is a shot-gun wedding, and the losers are dream, astral projection, astrology, etc., as such, events which are not merely exciters of the paranormal state and the synchronous event, but experiences in and of themselves.

The ultimate reduction, which is practiced in some circles, is to assume that the telepathic is just one more sense to be developed by the public, one more tool of society. Thus, people with highly-developed abilities go to work for the military and the police department because they can see no higher function. Dreams and meditation lose their own value and are seen as vehicles to a good paranormal trip. Societies form in which everyone is convinced of their psychic powers, and synchronicity is assumed so

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rigidly that people are bound by every coincidence, and substitude this for the real act of perception. When the occult, or the psychic itself runs dry, that old connection between the occult and fascism is often revived. What else could the police do with such information but join? And then where are we when the magicians begin running around armed and in magical warfare?

The danger is that synchronicity is not enough of an explanation. What about the difference between telepathy experiments and Blake's poetry? How does Olson randomly choose the nonrandom events that make his city the City? The answer in both cases has something to do with a string of absolutely necessary perceptions which work with the essential randomness of the information to focus it on its source without ever attempting to explain or derive, statistically or otherwise, the source or its absolute nature. To that end: the necessity is sufficient. The Dreaming (or vision) in all its forms is a prime information state; it serves the individual individually at the same time as it serves the cosmos cosmically; hence the City comes to exist in time. Significant data is what happens in the City, and simultaneously in that prime source; it is never random because it is distributed equally in time and space and is made of its own material, derives itself. The general information state of the planet is vast, and exists without reference to verifiability or time or space; access to its wisdom has always been associated with the magi, or those voices which bridge the gap between the knowledge of ancient culture and the precognitions of the modern city. It is impossible, finally, for the sender to know whether the receiver has come to see him, and is there too, looking at it all, or whether he has come to see her (in the one case) and is bringing it back with him. And, of course, it is both. The extreme richness of the information makes it, by any standards, statistically significant, and a new science begins from the point of view that such information exists exactly insofar as it is used, and uses its use to produce: that that is meaning, and nothing else.

[Thus, like the poet the dreamer is interested not in the synchronous, but the eternal event, not "secondary assemblage," as Prynne calls it, but "primary writing," "the primary condition of the earth." The beauty of precognition is that all hits are found to be after the fact; the dream, in its wisdom, is primary, as the world: and all which follows remarkably resembles (aha, the city) all which came before].

[Another answer: we do it, in the end, whether we do it or not. And the dream-prophecy is of a higher order than the discontinuous event which insures its coming true. Precognition is like the curse on the dreamer who knows all the time he is dreaming but cannot escape the fact of his dream: at each turn he says: impossible!, but it happens anyway, and he doesn't awake. Mappemundi does not yield, not to theoria, nor to program. The curse is to have the knowledge, the intelligence, before the form. When it's only literary, or statistical].

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13- Source:

During the Pleistocene, or over two million years ago, a creature that was neither man nor ape was being transformed into both. One was to emerge as the magician, in the full robes of consciousness: language, tool-making, culture. The other was to return to the forest and grow. In either case selective pressure chose a niche. It was not a single apocalyptic event; things happened in the simultaneity of each other over long periods of time. The new niche that was opening up was so obscure and complicated great powers were needed in recognizing it. Only those conscious enough could awake in another viable world, could see where they were and use it.

The conscious mind is ultimately the purposeful mind. Man may come upon his crops and his cities by accident; he may find his priests suddenly, in the midst of Neolithic or Chavin ceremonies, but once a unit has been recognized, it can be remembered; its use can be repeated.

It is not man's purposeful mind which builds culture from the fragments of a raw world. Tools are first made from pebbles by rivers; fires are first lit by the bolts from rainstorms; language exists prior to speech in the trees and stars and species of the savanna. Later, man is to discover agriculture by the fact that everywhere he disturbs the climax forest weeds and herbs grow; he is pursued by cultigens, amaranths, and the animals of a possible husbandry, all of which feed off his garbage heaps and supply materials for his ceremonies. Man awakes in a garden; all that remains is for him to cultivate that vision.

Man comes into consciousness slowly, and awakes after a long dream in the animal kingdom, and goes back to sleep to discover his origin. Culture is sustained, on its fringes, by shadowy senses of language and organization. The entrance of new forms, harpoons and pots, windmills and zeroes, steam boats and cars, is hesitant, erratic, zigzag. There is no such thing as an invention; men seize meaning at the moment that its recognition is propitious.

It is not that dreams are so terribly important in the history of culture; it is that all culture operates as a dream or kenning in which some higher intelligence appears to be handing us objects we can use thru the only means available: the confusions and metaphors of our already-created world. It is for this reason that all talk of dream appears to be, simultaneously, talk of something trivial and something crucial. Dream itself is part of the zone which lies between two possible cultures in space or in time, thru which innovations not only must but can only come. The dream material may itself be trivial, but in the debris lies other worlds that we could bring into existence if we could perceive them. This is the state of our culture, containing many more forms in embryo and occultation than the forms we actually use.

Man becomes man only as he awakes from a previous dream and finds himself to be awake: the cortex. Man finds himself a farmer and a city-dweller. The creation of forms within consciousness is so fast that two thousand years alone have produced an entire planet; for

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fifty million years apes existed without the hint of man; the Pliocene was the monkey age, and the age of anthropoid forest-dwellers. It took the ice age to draw man from the sun. It took that utter dwindling of meaning to focus intelligence on a single small collection of forms, and its own survival in a mammalian body, to begin to make sense out of a planet that had existed for billions of years before that. And is it making sense? Is this dream from which all of the other animals flee something that will last and give birth to daylight, or is it as fleeting as Kubla's palace, lost before daybreak, found only in another dream on another world by Coleridge, and lost again? Who is the dreamer? And what is the dreamed?

In the words of Tylor, in 1903, in Primitive Culture, ".....visits from or to the dead are matters of personal experience and personal testimony. When in dream or vision the seer beholds the spirits of the departed, they give him tidings from the other world or he may even rise and travel thither himself, and return to tell the living what he has seen among the dead..... Now such visions are naturally apt to reproduce the thoughts with which the seer's mind was already furnished. Every idea once lodged in the mind of a savage, a barbarian, or an enthusiast is ready thus to be brought back to him from without. It is a vicious circle; what he believes he therefore sees, and what he sees he therefore believes."

In this manner an eternal object is entering the world, and the city which we dreamed of in the Pleistocene we now inhabit. What we believe we see, and what we see we believe. This is the trick selective pressure fell into when it choose consciousness, when it choose to recognize its own existence as the law, and thus free the animals themselves thru a gateway or node into another kingdom. Man awakes to find that he is man. This is why it is all and always a dream.

There is also a specific formal sense in which culture objects come from dreaming. The Kiwai Papuans learned a new method of spearing turtles from visitors in a dream. The Solomon Islanders had two clubs revealed to them in dream. The Navaho have learned of medicinal bundles and remedies, the Crow of hunting stratagems. Then there are the dreams of mathematicians and inventors: Descartes, Kekulé, Agassiz, Condorcet; no doubt countless other materials and formulae have been given, unreported, in dream, even as spirit-helpers educate the Crow and Fox during their vision-quests. Dropkin reports a solution so complex in a dream that it took him months of equations to come to it again on paper. It was in a dream that the Assyriologist Hilprecht saw two inscriptions together, from different parts of his work, the interpretation of each other. A Babylonian priest appeared in the dream-work and formally presented him with the key.

The simultaneity of dream and culture is a real one, and as we move deeper and deeper into civilization (and our destiny), we are approaching a state where waking cannot be distinguished from dream. We have pulled from the unconscious the derived materials, and we have become the makers of that eternal object, of which the planet continues to dream.

Cape Elizabeth, October, 1970

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14- Life:

In a universe made of itself, thinking what it is as what it is, we are centripetal bodies of more than white dwarf density, whirling in fixed fields. Our astrology like our umbilical cord flows right upto our feet, is never broken off, but closes off its entry to the outside and begins the metabolic clock.

We are biochemical events, and our dreams, in fact all our thoughts, are readings in a universe of storms. As chemical make-up changes from individual to individual, culture to culture, so does phenomenological reality. Dreams, visions, and the like, hallucinations, are the essential counter-nations, the hidden geography of the Earth, hermetic at one moment, Mormon at another, crowds at the football game another Sunday. (This does not mean drugs; this means metabolism, which is at once the geophysics of the planet and the physiology of individuals, including that possibility of schizophrenia, of total blackout, and two different unknown creatures wandering from the borders of, that lies between ice ages, between world ages. The psychic is the power of regicide. Or tsunami. Or to make bronze).

The only locus of revolution is when the world itself changes, when it is no longer what it was: then try to find your way back to America ---- in America --- Indian --- or anywhere. The universes in one position lock as waves, their motion revealed as an interference of wills and desires; from the tension holy books emerge. Large-scale changes in the chemical make-up of the world begin new eras, new world ages, and the works of the last world age become impossible to reproduce in some real sense. The sonnet disappears; new galactic forms pour from the forge. There are Earths from which we are phenomenologically at total remove.

Dreams are the Earth, and dreams are the whole Earths, but they are achievable only at a different rate of firing, a different rhythm of phasic event. It is impossible sometimes to know which is mask and which is flesh, and as the dreamer, or waker, lies under, the bedcovers over his face, and tries to move his mouth so that the covers fall into the opening and move with his lips, he may find that the blanket between two worlds is silent and terrifying, and how frightening it is to be removed physiologically from the object of his love. Even as physiologically we were brought to this world where speech is possible.

Yet this is what we do without even realizing it, as bursts of energy thru our body like coronal waves in the sun's field, alpha motion and eruptions of spikes. Only sometimes can we be what we are. We fight. We turn angry, cold. We approach physical difficulty in loving what we love. Out of phase, it would be called, which for anyone means that they cannot get there, and this is the hallucination, this is the dreaming. For if we do not dream when we are asleep, we will dream when we are awake, and those animals, Darwin tells us, have long since walked off the face of

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this Earth --- into another.

The famous question is: why do we dream?; the famous answer is: why do we not dream all the time?, to which the only answer can be: we do. Our eyes see, our fingers feel, the cows move slowly. And when we move the mask, when the lips speak words, and the blankets are flesh, connect by nerves to the very tips, and the blood flows in phases, hot as our awareness, dark scarlet blood we cannot see but feel that red is the fire ---- that is being THERE. As perhaps Jimi Hendrix or Janis Joplin got there, in between, compensating for the loss in rock, the genetic music drained into a deeper sleep: how frightening it IS to be removed from the loved object as a mask is: we stumble behind the kingdom of love into another such kingdom. How loud the music is! For the last twenty years. The redeemability of chemicals is the history of flesh.

The problem with manipulative dream research and scientological drills, and alpha rhythm parlors where the latest Zen neurophysiologist preside over pulse, is that purposeful disregarding of the fact that a place is where we have to get to any cost, price of phases, spikes, bursts, of sexual, dream, or warlike energy, and as the planet spins, an oscillation, or appropriate song is issued from the total sleep. Move a mountain one place and the Earth erupts in another. Kill a bee and another bee arises from sleep at the other end of the continent. Melt the glaciers and the ocean fills with water submerging islands. One hallucination covers for another, and the ambush is total, as it was on the first page of Genesis, or in any antediluvian world.

Biochemistry is simply the description of reality by chemicals: the mask, the code; it is one content of the dream, no more the real content than the dream itself, or the awakening.

I think we know at moments what is happening to us. It is the knowing. And where we are is knowing where we are. I can think of no other word for this event than planet.

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"The meanings which grow from the dream cannot be the meanings given by the ego's mind. If that is all there were to it, there would be no growth, there would only be aggrandizement of the ego, a new pax romana to which all strange and alien elements must submit."

"Always the dream is saying, 'Look where you are, whom you are with.' And the more repetitive the motifs, the places, the people, the more the dream insists that it be attended. Does one ignore a friend?"----James Hillman, INSEARCH

This 'befriending of the dream', no matter how superficial it may have been, certainly has been at times, has been a habit of mine for a number of years. I have never consciously attempted to analyze a dream, nor would I. But in the reiteration of various themes---patterns---leitmotifs---I have been better aware of where I was at various times. They are signs, guideposts to roads (ways) and to places of reflection (stations.) Three of them which have been crucial to me at various times:

The setting is a church in France, identified only as St. Anne's. A writer uses a corner of the apse as a study. Years before, a sculptor---a very gentle, devout man who had turned his back on the work of his contemporaries---also worked here, planting trees outside the church itself, one of which still remains---an ash---which he called his greatest work. In addition he created a large mosaic window of bluish glass, which is described as byzantine in conception, but in which all definite patterns have become obscure due to an imperfection in his process. All that remains is a subdued blue light which filters by way of the old glass through the church.

There is another story connected with St. Anne's. During an unidentified war with England, several hundred British Nationals who had been taken prisoner were brought to High Mass one Sunday, and eight of their number were

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chosen by lot, tortured by mutilation, and then decapitated two by two--the first pair during the Kyrie, the next during the Sanctus, two more at the Agnus Dei, and the final pair at the Benedictus. Their fellow prisoners were forced to watch this, and to take part in the celebration of the Mass. From time to time this scene is re-enacted. The writer and the sculptor are included among the spectators. This actually happens as the dream progresses. A severe priest in a white cassock explains that this is punishment for some unnamed crime in which both have participated, even though in point of time they have been separated by many years, and the sculptor is already dead. The final agonies of the last victims are accompanied by a shower of blood which puts out all of the candles in the church. The ceremony is complete.

I have been picking cranberries in North Harwich on an early fall afternoon. We have finished (I am with a group of pickers) and I start walking home through an unfamiliar part of the village, made up of poor shacks, and the ruin of an abandoned factory built of stone, heavy like a fortress, or the whitewashed stone buildings of Pennsylvania. I find a portable radio inside which works. I go on to explore the ruin, which has been completely gutted by fire. I turn on the radio, find a station playing Style Galante and early nineteenth century music. I set the radio in a niche of one of the windows, and continue my examination of the building. I am very tired, and sit down on a mound of earth in one end of the factory, and start to read from a large blue book. Two peasant women come into the factory talking very excitedly. Apparently the whole community has been hearing the music on the radio and is very much alarmed by it. Finally the two old women see me on the mound, and as I bow, they prostrate themselves on the dirt floor in awe. They apparently take me for some sort of god, impressed by my beard, or the flaming red shirt which I wear. Finally I decide to come down from the mound and go home. But the women chase after me---one of them pointing to her hands, and imploring me for help in a strange tongue which I take to be Arabic. Finally I understand that she takes me for some sort of divine healer, and that she wishes me to heal her hands which are diseased. I take off a

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pair of work gloves which I throw to her. She puts them on, and both women leave, apparently satisfied. All this while the music continues, and I am able to pick out various whole works: An early symphony of Mozart's (#16) and the group of five Schubert minuets known as Riis's Cat. I walk away from the abandoned factory onto the main street of the town, where there are many people hurrying around, worried by the sound of the music which permeates the air, and seems to continue as loudly everywhere as in the immediate vicinity of the ruins. These people are all misshapen in some way, with twisted legs, eyes starting out of their heads---cretins and idiot types. Apparently they are angry at being forced to listen to the music which they connect with me. But they do not dare to accost me, I think because of the beard and red shirt. One man calls out: 'It is Prester John. He has come back to us.' I feel a sense of supreme well-being. I have brought them a gift of beauty whether or not they want it, and I smile happily to myself as I leave the village---the music going on as loudly as before. I reach a great stone tunnel through which a river is flowing. It is very narrow, and I realize that I have never been able to squeeze through it before, but with the great sense of accomplishment and happiness which I have today, I am able to go through with ease. So I come to a bare, but beautiful landscape in full sunshine on the other side.

In a quiet, wooded part of Vienna, there is a byroad with a shrine built into a tree---a glass case where the body of Beethoven is on display, much the same physical structure as Lenin's Tomb. I go there, and am interested to see that the body is intact, and that Beethoven was not so ugly as contemporaries said that he was. The custodian says that the tree is dying, and that the body has been injured in late years. He wonders if I wish to take Beethoven's place. I refuse. A feeling of guilt---that perhaps I should---.

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ROBERT KELLY: DREAM STELE

a boundary stone
between the end of Dream Work 1-5
& my next field

= = =

The dream is different things & all our differences

The dream begins in a place we cannot reach
trying to come to it from the other side

There is no other side to a dream

On the other side of dreams a doubtful wisdom
makes us doubt each livelong day

Sometimes I hate dreams nightmares night emissions from
an oracle whose glistening daytime skin I've never seen

have I?

The most luminous dream is opaque

We remember
& we are always remembering, all everyday remembering all
day long

Is there an end to the place dream reminds us?

The dream goes on all day---our lives can be read as
footnotes to our dreams as easily as our dreams as
wasteproducts of our lives

REM. Vidimus rem. We saw something.

Seeing is going on how many ways do I have to say this

Dream is the thing

The lucent alabaster of the dream structure, the same
white building for each man, whereon our lives inscribe
or chisel a sense, a regatta of senseless images, graffiti,
from waking, vandal scrawls of our lost wayward personal
natures

It is the same for everyone, and we deface it

Hell is personality

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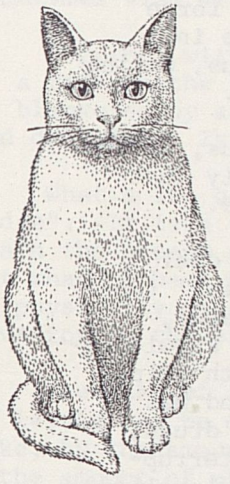
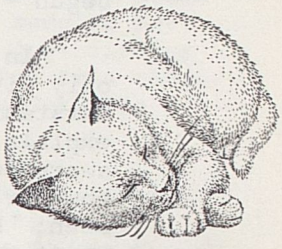
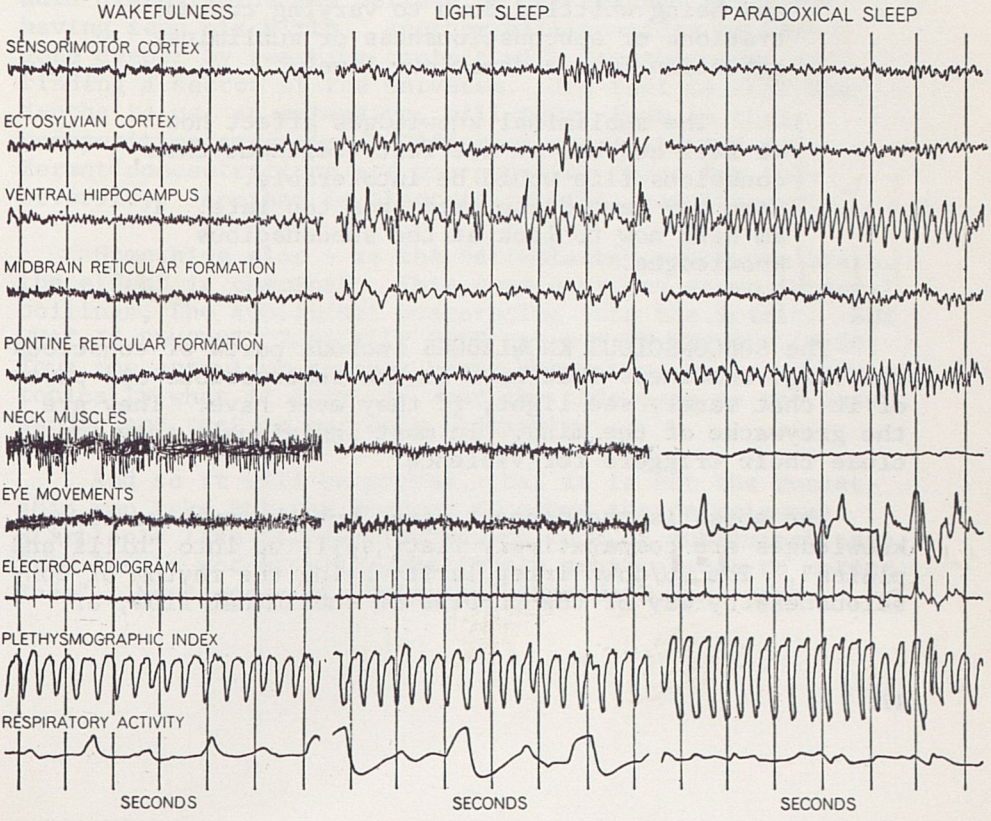
I would have greeted this black precipitate with greater joy had I not seen, sidewise peering from beneath the ashes at the bottom of the vessel, the glint of an eye. A bird's eye it seemed to be, & the tiny plumage around the eye seemed iridescent. This might then be the bird concerning which the Manuscript instructs: "Destroy this deceptive beast, but guard its differences."

RK IX 70







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ALLEN FISHER: THE SUBCONSCIOUS KNOWLEDGES

A psychotectonic look at part of the human condition

First it should be understood that the SUBLIMINAL KNOWLEDGES are the stabilising, equalising and regulating force of consciousness. They are unique in their permanence over our conscious, making three-quarters of it subconscious.

Research into our subconscious, beneath the subliminal seas, has only just begun - perhaps for the third time.

In general the material will deal only with what we can begin to 'feel' (understand). How could I, for instance, explain a subconscious that to my knowledge-awareness is never conscious? With help, however, a 'light' can be seen, and has been; help such as hallucinatory drugs, meditation, neck clamps, dream interruption, and other devices variously labelled and being whittled down to varying concentrations of subconsciousness or subliminal affection from a conscious level.

The subliminal knowledges affect how we feel and how we are felt. Without them conscious life would be intolerable. Some may have discovered this too late. I am here now to look at the subconscious knowledges.

The SUBCONSCIOUS KNOWLEDGES include parts of conscious knowledge-awareness that have become subconscious and parts of it that rarely see light, if they ever have. They are the greywacke of the mind. In most individuals they include their triggers for violence.

The abyss is the deepest part, but the subconscious knowledges are comparatively flat, split up into "hills and plains". The up/down irregularity being the rhythm of consciousness by way of the turbine of subliminal flow, or

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the beat of things at different stages in its development.

The abyssal hills have a cover of conscious knowledge formed by a slow deposition. What we could call "seamounts" are those parts of subconsciousness we almost consciously experience. They are more easily discovered.

As abyssal hills are in the main volcanically formed: they are prime knowledge zones and often act as the anger triggeration points. They are the seats from which we may sometimes view dreams having awaken.

Together with seamounts, there are RISES. An example of a rise in the Pacific Ocean is Hawaii. Rises are usually blanketed by activity, a sort of globigerna ooze coring and dredging. This is all part of mental self-preservation.

What a lot of geography books miss is the "Mid-Ocean Ridge". It is a 40,000 mile mountain range running beneath the oceans of the world. We are only just finding out what we have known for years. In the mind this ridge is physically discoverable. It represents a definite division in the brain.

The mass of conscious knowledge beneath the subliminal levels may be divided into 3, identifiable, if you like, by the amount of penetration necessary to reach them - the amount of urgency. Thus a man consuming lysergic acid diethylamide may believe he has reached the abyss having seen his birth. Another will consider he has gone deeper by reaching contact with "anotherness" or finding a secret of the universe. The fact is that the depths to us, so extensive, will never fade in their unrepetitive streaming. Different chemicals and different concentrations are one physical cause for this diversity. Another is electricity, the eternity-cycle.

Something else - as the "stimulants" reach the brain, the effect is chemical. This chemistry may cause internal boilings, the subliminal evaporating into the spirit. BUT WHAT IS PSYCHOTECTONICALLY TRUE MAY NOT BE PHYSICALLY SO. Thus the stimulant changes brain chemistry, but psychotentonically what it does, is what the tide does to the beach sands, and that is not only chemistry.

And so it will be proved, that it is not the rocketship you take but the journey it makes that's relevant. Stimulants like LSD merely "have a look at subliminal seas from levels not usually consciously aware enough to notice them". Most cases of "tripping" therefore, are mere

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"beach walks" compared to what is THERE. In this vein see a day-dream as a long-distance glance at the sea, observing recognizable knowledge factors (images) from or in unusual context.

Now back to where the thoughts were left. Theoretically, the three divisions in subconscious knowledge are:

a) The subconscious knowledges that border the conscious and frequently become conscious.

b) The subconscious knowledges that are generally available and found casually.

c) What is generally less available and less known.

The knowledge content of these divisions is becoming chartable. The divisions fare even splitting, but in the awareness of this fact they do not. Let's leave off and say this;

The subliminal knowledges may be observed consciously. There is a hidden line between when this observance becomes involvement or not, whether immersion or not. But IT SHOULD BE CLEARLY UNDERSTOOD THAT IT IS NOT POSSIBLE TO OBSERVE SOMETHING SUBCONSCIOUSLY. By its nature, observing is a conscious activity. Already the readers' arguments rise. This next part is about what I think the conscious levels below the subliminal knowledges are and are about. I may have a chat later.

There is a slope, a plain and a depth. As far as written records show, the depths are undiscovered. From a conscious standpoint they contain what cannot be fully seen (realized). The slopes are relatively smooth-surfaced, the way dreams seep. They are likely to be irregular, studded with mounds (the place where more information has been found to date).

Unless they are contained by the "conscious knowledge blocks", the subliminal knowledges MOVE constantly and so are less chartable (picturesquely). As far as has so far been assertained, subliminal knowledges' value-content is not as immediately useful as that of say the subconscious.

The divisions between plain and slope are diverse and involve too much chatter without direction. The point is the division exists.

The slopes are formed by a battle between erosion and deposition, and constantly. Generally, the fall from

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slope to plain is sharp but negotiable. Sometimes it is not, and in such a case perhaps a nightmare may be recorded. Proportionately these are fewer than you would imagine.

The form of the plains then expenses in much the same way as the conscious-conscious levels, like the Chilterns into an Essex marsh, except that they may appear more bizarre than a rush-hour train journey. Yet the greatest difference between the conscious and subconscious knowledges is not this, it is the way they conflict and change.

The subconscious knowledges are seldom directly affected by the spiritual.** The conscious knowledges in parts are. The influence on subconsciousness is almost entirely conscious and subliminal knowledge. The influence on the conscious knowledges is conscious, subliminal and spiritual knowledge.

**The moment between sleeping and waking is the only time the spiritual meets the subconscious for any length of time. What we may call "low-tide".

In the Divine sense it is not possible to FEEL God from the subconscious levels for long. You would be safer in a walk through the breeze - more chances.

Sometimes the difference between the subconscious knowledges and those conscious is a matter of a tide. Or in the case of seamounts and rises, being part of the igneous in us, the differences between the two knowledge groups may be one of awake/asleep. These rises are thought to be those places of violence (using Reich's thought, that this is anyway sexual) that "wake us up mid-dream".

The sorry thing about this is that near the peaks of violence also lay the profoundest knowledges of the ... earth, involving the talk of inner life (again using Reich).

Jung said that the unconscious mind (those parts not conscious) at its deepest level is somehow common to all mankind, pervading everyone. This is true and untrue, it's like saying that sand is the same the world over, it gets us nowhere.

I have thought it better to say something like, vast as it is - throughout the subconscious mind are fracture or hair trigger zones. When these are set-off great damage can be caused, but the possibility of reaching these

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suicidal zones is so remote that it would take more than a cautious man to watch for them once a subconsciousness state was reached. All we can do is to chat. What is known about can be dealt with.

& lastly - apologia

> When I say, you can sink via a freshly conscious slope to the subliminal sea and watch from the subconscious beds the activities of your vacinity not experienced by the conscious self, I am not relating a hallucinatory experience. I am being allegorical. Psychotectonics is not about physical relations and realities. For instance, in Mescaline, entoptic phenomena and in certain conditions of flickering field viewing phenomena, the appearance of the "funnel" "tunnel" "cone" or similar descriptive term occurs, but you wouldn't see that in my sea - in mine you ARE the sea you watch!

apologia II

> Throughout this piece I have been aware of the following: Dr. Christopher Evans and his work on dreams. Dr. Nathaniel Kleitman's valuable (REM) discovery. Edward De Bono's books on mind mechanisms. It should be understood that their theories in no way contradict what I have said. So, psychotectonics is not only not physical, it is not mechanics as well.

apologia III

> For those who need to know, psychotectonics is a new aspect of nature appreciation. As a rule, it follows the work created by geologists, psychologists and their like. Its triggeration was via the novels I am writing, my Book of Accounts and Assocoins, and the new theories of Plate tectonics and related data.

acknowledgia/bibliogia

> Heinrich Kluver and Merrill Terman, "Studies in Personality". Wilhelm Reich, "The Function of the Orgasm". Leonard Engel, "The Sea". S.W.Wooldridge and R.S.Morgan, "Geomorphology".

lessonia

> Outline, psychotectonically and in your own words, the relationship between the Tides and their effect upon our consciousness.

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Night & I am walking toward a large rectangular squarish building. I carry things like books but I know they're called secondaries at this point. As I approach the large object it becomes illuminated & is like a Greek temple with pillars (the light coming from behind the pillars).

As This happens I recall that this's the second time I've walked this way & seen the dark form become lit up. The first time I carried nothing but came from talking to a woman with black hair & white skin. She was wearing a black coat. I recall also that the first time I walked this way I went for the same book-like objects that were also called secondaries. Remembering this I realize that on the second occasion I carried primaries & that on both occasions there was a clear & confused sense of the objects being primary & secondary.

This's no dream ... "in other words, dreams are produced not so much by the activity of the sleeping cortex, as by the unsleeping sympathetic system, and are therefore of a transcerebral nature."

...this's really happening to me/ awake & asleep. Is dream a constant functioning state awake or asleep. Are our dreams with us at all times.

As we read dreams, our own & those of others, there seems a peculiar likeness of language, a certain lack of style in their recording. The event, narrative & relationship in dream, as in myth, seem to be translatable from one language to another:

the point is <u>the point comes across</u>. (Cf. Jung's

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dream quotations as translated into English -- of course a certain amount is simplified or cleared up, but then compare one man's dream record to another's writing in the same language. My observation has been that the same hesitations, the same points at which the dreamer glosses over vague material & hits clearer material follow an astounding like-pattern/ thus the lack of style.)

I have diligently recorded my dreams every night (there've been few occasions when I awoke with nothing to record) for three years. For the same amount of time I have written & worked on poetry. After three years, as certainly should be the case, I have noticed a marked improvement in the poetry; but in the same period of time there has been no perceptible change in the recording of dreams. The first recorded dreams show no stylistic difference from the most recent. The only change's been in the amount remembered, not in the quality of memory.

Dream seems to follow a quantitative (ie. how much the waking mind can retain) rather than a qualitative movement. For this reason, it's apparent that whereas poetry's untranslatable, dream - or as is more concretely a linguistic problem, myth - <u>is</u> translatable; it can bear the passage from one language to another.

Dream, like myth, seems to be grounded in that simple (primitive) level of language, when - if it ever was - language was simply a system to communicate the concrete: here language's only a tool & its possibilities never exceed those of what is to be transfered. Speaking a different language would mean no more than having to say what happened in different words, finding a metaphor to carry the crudest level of the experience as expression.

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MYTH & DREAM:

Dream's the stuff myth's made of.
Now man has to go at this as man.
To participate in this like-level
of linguistic expression seems to
be enough of the communal. Myth's
useful now as it occurs & incurs
the dream.
What's happened to man,
put him in his current fix, makes
dream an only (inclusive NOT exclusive) way
on: to get on.

The first passage, the one I began with, was not a dream
but the reality of a waking state recorded in the linguistic
complex (the way I put down) a dream
has. This gets back to
the point that
we carry dreams with us
at all times. Here's the
use of dream:
to compare the two
states & by comparison begin to
see what makes being awake dif-
ferent from being asleep. What
we lose by night & gain by day &
what we gain by night & lose by
day. It seems through such a pro-
cess that the benefit & use dreams
are might go on when we're awake
as well as when we're asleep
& cause a conjunctio,
night & day, no reconciliation but
a co-existence. & what about dream
if we were able to carry day into night.

Part Two

Some points of reconstruction & consideration:
(in light of Part one)

1. From here on in the pronoun's I
that center in dream must command
any inside consideration of dream.
The dream I

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does however encompass the shifts from second to third in a personal movement.

2. These considerations start from dream & proceed to represent/present & hold the structure dream reveals.

In writing the waking experience in Part One as if it were dream it in some way became dream or was dream.

I recalled a dream or a dream memory of about two & a half years ago which was the synthetic dream I created & the comment on that dream.

Recently I've had dreams in which previous dreams are referred to. A structure of repetition or repetition as structure:

inclosed in the dream I recalled having a dream at some time (it seemed as though this particular dream did not include that dream except as memory) I had had a dream which foretold/explained some action of the dream. Again: all this within the dream.

Ie. The structure dream reveals. the actual events, what was foretold & what happened seemed of little interest in these dreams.

They were on the order of airplane crashes or disasters. Dream comments on itself.

This structural occurence must be distinguished from simple repetition. In the synthetic dream of Part One I recalled a repetition which structured the dream.

But in the dreams I speak of now, dream itself created the two states: waking & sleeping.

Is this an angle of that mysterious "big dream" - the dreamer dreaming he dreams. Perhaps not, perhaps it is simply an angle of such a dream.

Certainly on one level it's more useful. We seem to be able to dream & have dreamed IN THE SPACE OF ONE DREAM.

Then again the dream referred to in my dream may have been a dream I'd had a day before or a year before.

Certainly one dream works with the next not only as we remember & work with them but as they remember & work with us.

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Certain dreams do have the uncanny effect of having us/ we participate in them.

On recalling dreams I am often aware of first dreams that are vague & difficult to remember. Dreams where everything seemed larger & more removed from the dailiness that moves through the last dreams as I wake.

The dreams I feel that have me when they are most immediate violate this: they are the ones I wake from with each of the big details clear & each of the participations an obligation. In them there is no dailiness, no detail of my life or present action.

But as I record dreams over a course of time I notice that these dreams are few. The bulk of my dreaming seems tied to various levels of every-day situational dreams. This may be caused by the amount I dream (ie. I come from every night with some fragment of dream).

I say fragment because it is obvious that whatever I record there's always been more. I said in Part One that the quantity of dream changed rather than the quality as I began recording them.

This I think still holds. There has been what looked at first like a qualitative change in the dreams after three years, but this I suspect has more to do with my being able to hold the first events of dream in my mind longer.

First events/

DREAM STRUCTURE:

The participation/obligation or "big dreams"
come before
the reality/daily dreams or situational dreams
come after.

Often I've felt & at times had images in dream that seem to indicate a structure to this.

The direction seems upward. Coming up subway stairs I move onto a plane of every day dreams. Moving up the stairs of a department store I open a door &

go onto a floor of every day dreams.

The apparent change in quality of dream (ie. after three years I have begun to have more "big dreams" I think is that I am now able to carry more of those first dreams that <u>come before</u> into a waking/recording state.

The waking/recording state is also part of the dream.

When writing a dream down upon waking becomes natural & no longer a matter of remembering to do it

this state itself

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continues to participate in the dream itself. Fragments of the dream fall into place. & as the dream's recorded more of the dream's recalled. Again I find that this moved backwards: The first details are the last in the dream most often & they work as keys to what came before.

Time however seems to have no fixed influence on dream. Certain dreams I've had maintain an order but that order moves in & around time. Short dreams & long dreams seem somehow to have nothing to do with this. Often I've started to record what seemed like a short dream & found that it lasts two or three pages & certain long dreams occupy half a page. In part this has to do with the clarity of big images or little details. But I think it also has to do with the strange spacial dimension of dreams.

I think dream has an exact set of dimensions but that they are expressed relatively rather than independently. Dream has height/width not just height or width.

In recording dreams these relationships determine certain qualities in the dream. Often recording a dream means separating the qualities & stringing them out.

When I say recording a dream becomes part of the dream I mean that:

> it becomes another stage that comes after & the dream that came after the dream that came before now comes before, Recording the dream alters this. Somehow we are prepared to wake/taught how to rearrange the dimensions of dream in order to get out of bed & begin waking. This preparation can be shifted into the recording of the dream.

The distance currently between waking state & sleeping state is vast. Right now I presume that distance might be lessened to some good.

Much of dream must presently find a way to jump the gap.

If this gap were lessened by allowing the actual dream to move out of sleep with us it might be possible to participate more fully in dreams we are always having awake or asleep.

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THE LONG BODY IN TIME

Grossinger's

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Grossinger: We were talking about the difference between poetry and mathematics, and I asked you about the relation of the intuitions to the rules, and in what way the rules are essential to the intuitions?

Dropkin: The intuition itself has no content, no power in and of itself. If I say to you --- the reason that the even-dimensional spheres are completely different from the odd-dimensional spheres is that the odd-dimensional spheres are really sitting in complex space, whereas the even-dimensional spheres are sort of accidents, and they have to sit in real space because they can't sit in complex space --- that's so slippery; it's true, but it's so slippery until you come to it.

Grossinger: There is no other way to phrase that except for the steps by which you get there?

Dropkin: No.

Grossinger: Well, could you say more about this particular example?

Dropkin: It is something I wanted to talk to you about. That's the simplest example of the difference between the different spheres. Let's say we want to talk about spheres. Then in a simple-minded way we can decide what we mean by 4-space, 5-space, 6-space, 6-space just being the set of all lists of six numbers; and then give that a topology in the technical sense of what a topology is, which is simply a way of telling when two points of that space are close to one another, or given a point, when one point is closer to it than another point might be. There are very easy ways to give the right topology for what you want to do on what you want to call six-dimensional space; and at that level of things there's no difference really between what you want to call 5-space and 6-space, no intuitive difference. They all stand alike. Then you can say that the five-dimensional sphere which sits in six dimensions is simply the set of all points in 6-space which are a distance 1 [one] from a certain point which you picked out. From that point of view the definitions of the 5-sphere and the 10-sphere are identical. There is no reason to feel at that level that there is any difference. Working at that level you might say that all the spheres are alike. Only from the technical stuff itself does a completely different intuition come out --- in which the different spheres in different dimensions are completely different and in which the number of that dimension really determines in a very strong way what kinds of geometric things can happen on that sphere. Okay. The 1-sphere is the circle, and the 2-sphere is the sphere you think of, and the 3-sphere you can't see, but it sits in four dimensions, and the best way to think of it is to think of all space, all three-dimensional space at once, in one image, and then stick on one more point in infinity, and identify all the points that you think of as being in

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infinity in three-dimensional space with that one point. In other words, think of taking all space, and then grabbing it at the outside and clutching all the outside infinite points together to one point. You can see it in 2-space. Let's say you take a finite plane, without the boundary of the plane but just with an undefined boundary, and you pull it all together and squash all those boundary points which aren't there into one point, and you've obviously got a sphere.

Okay. Now one of the differences between the odd and even spheres is that, on the odd spheres, there's always a transformation of the sphere to itself, a map, which doesn't fix any points. The odd spheres. Like the circle. Like twisting the circle is a transformation in which no point is left fixed. Whereas any transformation of an even-dimensional sphere, like the sphere that you see, must leave a point fixed. There's no transformation of the sphere to itself which leaves no point fixed.

Grossinger: Not even the point in the center?

Dropkin: Oh, no. When I say the circle I don't mean the disc; I just mean the line. And when I say the sphere I just mean the shell. If you take any mapping of the sphere to itself, there will be some point which is left fixed by that mapping. It would be difficult to show you how this is proven, so I will simply state the point that is analogous.

Say you have some manifold, some smooth shape, okay? Remember when we talked about vector fields, assigning an arrow to each point of a space. Suppose you pick out an arrow which is tangent to that manifold, which means it points along just touching it without pointing into it or out of it. Okay. Now on a circle we can make a field of vectors, which means to choose a vector at each point of the circle such that at every point we choose a non-zero vector. And that corresponds to a twisting, to the map twisting. Now on the 2-sphere, if you should try to choose a vector at every point in such a way that the vector you chose varied continuously, as it does in that one for the circle, then you will be forced to choose a zero-vector at some point. Okay, I'll just sketch to you why that's true. If it weren't true, then we would be able to deform the identity-map on the 2-sphere, which is a map which leaves every point where it is, into the map which changes each point on the 2-sphere with its reflection through the center. And the analogous thing is true for the circle, but there it clearly is possible because one way to deform the identity into the map which exchanges each point with its reflection through the center is to start with the identity, and then look at twisting a little bit, and then a little bit more, and then look at twisting more until you're finally looking at twisting halfway around. Twisting halfway around does exchange each point with its reflection through the center. Now comes the question of showing that you cannot deform the identity-map into the map reflecting each point through the center on the 2-sphere. And this is where the fact that it's even and not odd comes in. Okay. Now the map of reflecting through the center can be factored as the composite of three other

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maps, namely: reflecting thru the X-Y plane, reflecting thru the X-Z plane, and reflecting thru the Y-Z plane. Now it turns out that you can organize the maps from a space to itself calling two maps equivalent if you can deform one into the other. And then you can talk about the classes of equivalent maps. Those classes form a group, and the group is an invariant of the space. And the group of the sphere turns out to be --- the integers. The group of equivalence classes turns out to be isomorphic to just the set of integers. I want to say that reflection appears, that under the structure of this group reflection appears as minus one, and that a composite of reflections then, of three reflections (because that's how many reflections you have) should also appear as minus one. And the reason for that is that minus one times minus one times minus one is --- minus one. Whereas minus one time minus one an even number of times (which is the situation you would get for an odd-dimensional sphere which sits in an even-dimensional space) comes out to be plus one. Which tells you that it is deformable. The composition of the maps corresponds to the multiplication of these numbers.

So that's a completely technical explanation, but the intuitive point is --- that reflections correspond to minus ones, to negating. And reflecting a point thru the center is really a composite of three different reflections in 3-space, and of n-different reflections in n-space. And if n is odd, as is the case for the even-dimensional spheres, then the map of reflecting thru the center is not deformable into the identity. And this is something which falls out from the structure of the group of classes of maps from the space to itself.

Grossinger - What was the thing you were saying previously about the minus and plus numbers and the way that they were trivial, but zero...

Dropkin - I was stating a very basic geometric fact, which shows up again and again and again, in the geometry of spheres and in the geometry of more complicated but still basic spaces that you study, that you want to study. And it's this fact about the geometry of the real numbers as a space (the real numbers themselves form a space which you can think of as a line), that among all the real numbers zero is distinguished, and the reason it's distinguished is that it doesn't have an inverse; it's the only real number that doesn't have an inverse, that you can't divide by. And if you consider what's left when you take zero out....it's a geometric object, two pieces, each of which could be contracted [to one point], but there's no way to contract the whole thing to one point without changing its topology. And the fact that there are two pieces, the positive piece and the negative piece, remains, even though you can, for instance, regard the positive piece as trivial because it can be contracted. Those two pieces show up again and again. Just now I was telling you how you want to identify two different maps of a space to itself if you can deform one into another. If you study the maps more generally of, say the circle to some space, and call two of them equivalent if you can deform one into another, then you can think that the map

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from a circle to a space is just a loop in the space and you can call two loops equivalent if you can deform one into the other -- by sliding one of the loops within the space you're working in, sliding it around until you can slide it into the other loop. You call them equivalent, and the classes of equivalent maps from a circle to a space form a group, and that group tells you a lot about the one-dimensional properties, and then for the two-dimensional properties you want to study the same thing for maps from the 2-sphere into the space, etc. One example of where this 2 I was just telling you about shows up is when you study this one-dimensional group of the space of all rotations of all rotations of 3-space into itself, when you consider all possibilities of rotating in 3-space and organize the rotations themselves into an actual geometrical space. That space will have certain properties, and those properties will reflect the possible kinds of rotations and which rotations are like others. It turns out that there are exactly two classes of maps, two classes of loops in that space, and the origin of that 2, if you trace it down, is exactly that 2 of the 2 possible directions in real numbers. But the significance of that 2 in terms of the rotations is considerably much deeper, because what it relates to is the fact that there are right-handed orientations and left-handed orientations for coordinate systems in 3-space. That's tied in with crystals and the fact that you can have right-handed and left-handed crystals in, for example, the way they rotate light. But no other possibilities.

Grossinger - How do the imaginary numbers come into this?

Dropkin - Well, it's that same 2. The 2 from the real numbers. There are essentially only two things wrong with them: when you take out zero there are positives and there are negatives, rather than a much larger number of possibilities, which are a priori there. That 2 is the reason why the complex numbers, as far as algebra is concerned, are the completion of the real numbers. In other words, the complex numbers are the perfect structure in which the real numbers are imbedded. There's no reason to ask for anything more than you've got when you've got the complex numbers, as far as algebra is concerned. The reason that the complex numbers are only 2-dimensional over the real numbers and that you didn't have to dump in all kinds of other new numbers beside one new number essentially is that the real numbers themselves were almost perfect. I'm using perfect in a loose way, but algebraically the positive piece of the real numbers is really about as nice as it could be. And the fact that the real numbers are both algebraically and topologically: zero together with two copies of something which is perfect is the reason that you need to throw in only one more thing, essentially to connect the positives with the negatives. Like if you take zero out of the complex numbers, okay?, then the positive piece of the reals is now connected to the negative piece of the reals. So it's like the complex numbers are a plane, and here's the positive piece and the neg-

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ative piece --- whereas in the real numbers themselves there's no way to draw a line from the positive piece to the negative piece without going through zero. In the complex numbers you can just draw that arc, and get from the positive piece to the negative piece without ever going through zero. The possibility of making that connection when you add one more dimension takes care of the problem you had of the positives and negatives being distinct. Now I'm taking about it in a geometric way, but that also reflects something algebraic in that you can characterize the positive real numbers as being those real numbers which are squares of other real numbers. And only the positive numbers are squares of other real numbers. But the negative numbers are squares of complex numbers. Anyway, that distinction between the positives and negatives does show up algebraically, not just geometrically. The point is: it's remedied by throwing in one more dimension. And the reason that you don't have to throw in any more than one more dimension is that the positives themselves were really perfect from an algebraic standpoint, and from a topological standpoint too, in that they could be contracted down to nothing. And so, in other number systems unlike the real numbers where there was much more wrong, where, when you took out zero, there was much more structure than just two perfect pieces which weren't connected to each other.

Grossinger - What other number systems?

Dropkin - The rational numbers. And all kinds of fields which sit in between the rational numbers and the real numbers. And then, much more interestingly, fields which come up as fields of functions on certain geometric shapes. If you have any kind of geometric shape which is defined in terms of algebraic equations, then you can associate a field with that, which is a place where you can add and subtract and multiply and divide (except by zero). And that field contains all the geometric information about that algebraically-defined geometric object. Like a circle or a sphere, or any of the higher spheres, or a parabola; all the classical geometric shapes are defined by algebraic equations, and they all come into this realm. And with each of them you can associate a field. And those fields are much more complicated than the real numbers: they include the real numbers, but they include much, much more. And there's much more wrong with them as fields than there is with the real numbers, and their completions in the sense of the real numbers or the complex numbers are much bigger: this whole issue of two doesn't appear there at all. The 2 has very much to do with real geometry, geometry over the real numbers.

Grossinger - How does topology deal with thickness of space?

Dropkin - On a sort of simple-minded level thickness of space is something which doesn't even enter into topology because one doesn't care how thick the space is at all and is willing simply to identify things if they only differ by that. But what all this topology

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makes me feel is the fullness of space, and the range of possibility for twisting about, and how many things there are. This may be something simply psychological, but all this imagining takes place in essentially a field of empty space. In my head. What that's come to mean is that when I look at geometric objects, even when there is nothing between here and here, I can just sort of sense something being there. Even looking at the air in the room I feel planes like this, and things twisting like that. I can really imagine tying a knot out of empty space now. But the main sense is a sense of rotations, of how complicated the different possibilities of rotating in 3-space are. That's why I was impressed with that thing in 2001 where he has to come back to the spaceship and how difficult it was for him to get back in.

Grossinger - What is the Earth like as a topological space?

Dropkin - Well, if you think that what's inside the Earth is accessible, then it's a trivial topological space. It's contractable. If all the stuff, all the way into the core, is completely accessible, and you want to consider that part of your space, then the Earth could be smashed down to nothing and re-expanded again. But if you think about just the surface of the Earth, say, or even if you think about all of the Earth minus one point that you take out of the core, or one point that you take out of anywhere, then it's completely non-trivial, and it's topologically --- not topologically but the next step past topology, homotopy (which would deal with identifying two things if you can contract one into the other, or deform one into the other) --- then, in the sense that a thick plane can be deformed into a plane which has no thickness at all by squashing, which might not be an acceptable deformation only because it's not something you can do physically, but if you're willing to talk about that, which is essentially the level, at least that level and beyond is where the stuff happens, I mean all the useful distinctions turn out to be made past that level where you'd fail to distinguish between spaces in which you can't snatch one into the other in that sense..... But anyway, if you were to take any one point out of the Earth, like the center, then what you would have would be homotopy equivalent to simply a spherical shell, and that's a very non-trivial topological space in that, for example, every field of vectors on it must vanish somewhere, and that distinguishes it completely from either the circle, or the next sphere, the 3-sphere in four dimensions, or from the solid sphere, the spherical disc. In other ways too it's very non-trivial. In that, for example, there are non-trivial maps from the 2-sphere to itself, but there are only trivial maps from the circle to the 2-sphere, and there are very non-trivial maps from the 3-sphere to the 2-sphere. Or in that non-trivial bundles can be constructed over the 2-sphere.

Grossinger - What does trivial mean here?

Dropkin - Well, like in any context what trivial means is that you

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have some kind of equivalence relation where you identify two different objects if they differ only in a certain sense which you've decided to disregard. That's the first point. The second point is that you have some reference object which is the simplest possible example of all the things you're talking about. So that, for example, when we were talking about loops in a space, maps of a circle into a space, then the simplest possible is the constant map which sends every point of the circle into one point. That's a very degenerate loop. You take each point, like with a pencil, and you just put it there. It's the simplest of all possible loops. And to say that a loop was trivial in that context would mean that it could be deformed, because deformation is the equivalence relation. Any loop on the 2-sphere can be deformed into the loop of.....just holding your pencil there, whereas many loops on the circle cannot be deformed.

Grossinger - Is it easier to think of them as spaces or operations on spaces, these processes you're describing?

Dropkin - Some of them are spaces and some of them are operations on spaces.

Grossinger - Where are the spaces if not in the operations? I guess I'm asking a naive question in hope of getting a complex answer.

Dropkin - I can only give the simplest answer. I don't know where the spaces are if they aren't in here, in the head.

Grossinger - How do they get from there into mathematics and topology?

Dropkin - Well, certainly there are definitions of spheres, on paper, in symbols, because I mean that's the way we deal with them. But that's not good enough.

Grossinger - Why bother with such spaces? Do you intuitively believe in them? Why tie a knot in empty space?

Dropkin - Tying a knot in space isn't too interesting, but something like rotations are.

Grossinger - Why?

Dropkin - Well, the group of rotations is a very interesting group and the space of rotations is a very interesting space, which is after the fact.

Grossinger - What do you mean by interesting? Is something interesting non-trivial?

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Dropkin - Very non-trivial. For example, there are exactly two different classes of loops on them.

Grossinger - So by non-trivial you're sort of talking in an intuitive sense and saying that when something's non-trivial, there's something in it that from your own prejudice you'd like to be there. If all space were such that it were trivial, you'd somehow feel that something were missing.

Dropkin - Yes, that seems pretty obvious.

Grossinger - Then why do you think all space isn't trivial?

Dropkin - Well, it certainly doesn't look trivial. And the ways of looking at it have seemed to be the right ones in mathematics.

Grossinger - So space isn't trivial because our whole experience with it indicates so; its properties seem intuitively non-trivial. And the mathematics are a way to get from spaces that are obvious, as if there were only obvious spaces, to spaces that are intuitive.

Dropkin - That's okay. I would take as an example of that the fact that the circle, which is comparatively simple, relative to the space of rotations, is a way of decoding the space of rotations by mapping it into it.

Grossinger - Where is the space of rotations?

Dropkin - Well, what I think of immediately in my head is that you take the three-dimensional sphere in 4-space and identify each pair of points such that one point is the reflection of the other point through the center.

Grossinger - Are you talking in passive language about very violent things?

Dropkin - When I say "identify?"

Grossinger - Yes.

Dropkin - Well, it's complete destruction of the sphere, and replacing it by another space. I do feel that deformation and identification and collapsing and bringing all points together to form one point are very violent energetic processes.

Grossinger - Can spaces and points reappear in topology? Can we reconstruct them?

Dropkin - If the operation is defined that way, if you want them

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to, they do.

Grossinger - So that when an astrophysicist defines a topological function on a collapsing star such that the crushed matter of that star reappears elsewhere in the universe or in another (topologically-defined) universe, he is using topology to create a universe, or an operation, in which the complete destruction visible to him from the surface of the Earth-sphere is followed by an equally dramatic reconstruction in topological space to which we do not have informative access? I mean it's like a very precise science fiction story, or better still, a science fiction ode or symphony, in which he has created a very beautiful space we can no more get to ordinarily than the realm of spirits.

Dropkin - Well, one way of having them reappear, for example, is --- go back to the real line in his diagram, take out zero, and consider a particle moving around on a circle --- let's take zero out of both the real numbers (here's the real numbers, sitting inside the plane of complex numbers) and out of the whole picture --- let's take zero out of the whole picture, okay? Well, we still can have the circle sitting inside what's left, okay? And now consider a particle moving around that circle, and now consider projecting the image of that particle down onto what we have of the real numbers --- so we'll see it come out like this on the real numbers, get out to one, and come back, okay? And then it will disappear, when the particle gets to here, right over zero, and reappear over here in the other component of the real numbers.

Grossinger - Does it happen? Or is it mathematics?

Dropkin - There's no difference. If you can define it, then it happens mathematically. That doesn't mean it's interesting, but the possibility of it happening in the universe seems to me to have a lot to do with how much the real numbers have to do with the universe.

Grossinger - They're obviously a product of the universe, with us as the intermediaries.

Dropkin - But whether or not they're faithful, whether or not they're in tune with physics as it now is is very questionable.

Grossinger - What's the difference, I mean the tension, between topology and physics?

Dropkin - In one sense, topology provides the freedom to consider many, many more models not just for the universe itself, but for abstractions of physical systems which physicists always knew were good things to do. Like, this is something very classical, but

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considering the state of a system, of a physical system, in which there are many variables, as being represented by a point sitting on some manifold somewhere, where the shape of the manifold itself represented the inherent limitations in the state of the system --- such as, suppose you were only considering those systems which had a certain energy, or simpler, suppose you were considering the state of the Earth; well, at least it would be confined to a certain region of the universe, or even of this galaxy. And so there would be certain inherent limitations on the possible states of the Earth --- even though there would be certain things which vary. You might be willing to consider the Earth spinning at the rate it does, or spinning at a faster rate, and try to decide how that affects the orbit of the Earth around the sun.

Grossinger - Could you consider if the Earth were a 3-sphere, instead of a 2-sphere?

Dropkin - Yes, but not without altering the whole condition of the universe could you imagine that. A 3-sphere itself can only exist as a physical object if it's existing in a four-dimensional space. So far the universe seems to be three-dimensional, spatially.

Grossinger - Could the sun and the Earth have a different number of dimensions?

Dropkin - It doesn't seem very likely in the simplest sense of dimension, but then it's always been a mystery to me exactly how we know there are three dimensions. At whatever level things are clear in physics, everything is three-dimensional.

Grossinger - But not in topology.

Dropkin - It's certainly not important to topology.

Grossinger - Topology could make up a universe with the Earth in 3-space, the sun in 4- or 5- or 10- space ——

Dropkin - And it would be nice to imbed the whole thing into some given space. We were already talking about studying two-dimensional spheres by means of circles which are one-dimensional..... But the Earth could be a different dimension from the sun insofar as you wanted to consider dimensions other than spatial dimensions. Of course, from a really abstract and fundamental point of view in physics, the only possibilities are the spatial and temporal location of a point. And that's all there is. But suppose you wanted to take a more immediate, a more practical point of view, then you could consider temperature, and velocity, and color, etc., as all being independent variables.

Grossinger - What has always interested me about topology is that, per se, in its physical application, is more a sort of psychophysics because its most direct connection to the universe is ——

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Dropkin - Is to models.....

Grossinger - Is thru the head.

Dropkin - Its application is to models of the universe rather than to the universe.

Grossinger - Its direct connection to the universe at large, since the universe is continuous and doesn't cease at any point or juncture or coupling, is back out thru us, wherever we are. In it.

Dropkin - Couldn't you say that about all mathematics?

Grossinger - Yes. The stage at which the universe is producing these things in itself is the stage at which we are --- as producers of them. It's just back out thru us.

Dropkin - Well, that's that thing about Einstein laughing. And that's pretty much what he's laughing at. The fact that we are products of this universe, and there's no a priori philosophical reason why we should be able to understand by these tools. And yet we seem to have some understanding of it.

Grossinger - And our understanding is, in itself, a product of the understandable universe, by way of us.

Dropkin - But it looks different because it appears that we can manipulate certain things.

Grossinger - Are we deluded? Could it be that our manipulations are trivial and only have to do with the simplest sorts of identifications? Whereas our identity, our identifying itself, is what is part of the complex universe. And here I really mean poets operating in complex space, not philosophers.

Dropkin - That's possible. But they certainly don't seem trivial to us.

Grossinger - Well, you're not a Hindu. Can you name some that aren't trivial? Can you name laws that aren't ultimately karma?, and cosmic laughter?

Dropkin - No. They don't seem trivial. But I agree that they're all simple.

Grossinger - Well, wouldn't it be much more interesting if we could move thru the topological spaces as we were constructing them, if we could pass somatically thru the surfaces and functions?

Dropkin - Certainly. That would be more exciting to me. But it doesn't seem that that's too possible. I don't see how ——

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Grossinger - My point is: that's what we do. That's what you do when you do topology. The magician does magic every moment he's alive. Even formal magic is made up of rules for getting thru spaces.

Dropkin - Yes. I understand that. But I always regard the working of magic as working a transformation not in the outside world but inside the mind of the man on whom the magic is being worked. Or maybe in the minds of the whole culture in which the magic is being worked.

Grossinger - Or maybe in the mind of the man working the magic. But I think transformations work between that and what you call the outside world. There are certain transformations for which how, or why do you, could you, really want to know or tell the difference. Inside and out may be qualities of a space at a given moment, either cultural or astrophysical space, but one works thru the other to make history and consciousness and morphology.

Dropkin - Well, you once said to me: "So the change takes place in people's minds, that doesn't make it any less real." I thought you meant by that exactly what I just said.

Grossinger - I did. But I'm tired now of us being so clear as to where everything is. And who's got their head on. I mean, all the space is in the mind, along sensual coordinates into our brains. Map of America is cerebrum. Polynesian map of their own islands. But I'm not sure I know what it means to say: It's okay if it only happens in our minds. I'm not sure it is okay.

**********2 HOUR BREAK**********

Dropkin - The amazing philosophical thing, which I realize with this whole business, is that the really interesting geometric spaces that people have studied so far; you know, like spheres and so on, and these rotation spaces, certain projective spaces which are ways of including points in infinity explicitly (for example, the projective line is the circle which --- if you take out one point --- is homeomorphic to the line, and that one point is the point in infinity, and that allows you to identify positive and negative infinity, so that you think of the real line as a potential circle in which, when you go all the way out that way, you come back, you come from there): all the interesting spaces in this kind of topology actually arise from very very simple algebraic, even linear algebraic constructions; in that rotations are a part of linear algebra too. So that's a very great philosophical mystery; algebra is much simpler than topology. I mean the kinds of things which you can conceivably construct with linear algebra are very simple compared to the kinds of things you can conceivably construct with topology. Now, suppose you find out that you can make certain kinds of constructions with linear algebra. And suppose you find that all

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those constructions have something in common topologically, okay? And suppose you then prove that any topological construction having that topological property had to be one of these linear algebra constructions, or something even vaguely like that, any result vaguely of that form, then that's very amazing to me. Because it says that the connection between linear algebra and topology is much deeper than you would suspect. If linear algebra, a simple thing, is actually exhausting the topological possibilities, whereas it had seemed that topology was a much more general and a much more complicated subject --- you see? Okay. So an example of where that happens is in this thing with the 1- and 3- and 7-spheres, and also the 0-spheres, that also fits into the number pattern, those numbers are all one less than powers of two, like the powers of two are 1, 2, 4, 8, 16, and so on, so that one less is 0, 1, 3, 7, etc., except that the etceteras don't come in..... Okay. So a group is when you have a space in which you can multiply any two points. Which means, given any two points, you have defined their product, which is some third point in the space in such a way that the product depends continuously on the two points which you have put in. Okay. So the 0-sphere consists of two points because the 0-sphere is all points in one dimension which are of distance one from the center --- so there's only two points, + and - 1. Okay. And that can be made into a group just by defining: one times one is one, one times minus one is minus one, minus one times one is minus one, minus one times minus one is one. So that gives a continous multiplication of the 0-sphere. And you should really think of that multiplication as coming from the 0-sphere as being all points of length one in the real numbers, which themselves are a tremendous algebraic topologic system. And so you've just picked out a little piece of it, the stuff of lengths one. Okay. Then the 1-sphere, that's the circle; now that can be made into a group also, and the way that that works geometrically is this: say you pick a point on the circle and call that 1, okay?; now take any other two points on the circle and I'm going to tell you what their product is; so each of them is a certain angle from 1; you just add those angles; that gives you a continuous group of this type; and that group really is just a piece of the complex numbers; namely, that multiplication on the circle is exactly the multiplication inherited from the multiplication of complex numbers, inside which the circle sits. Okay. Now there is no possible continuous multiplication on the 2-sphere. There is a possible continuous multiplication on the 3-sphere which sits in four dimensions, and that multiplication is, in fact, inherited from another simple algebraic structure on four-dimensional space, the quaternions ["An element of a system of four-dimensional vectors obeying laws similar to those of complex numbers." THE AMERICAN HERITAGE DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.]; and the 3-sphere consists of all quaternions of length one, and you have a multiplication on that sphere inherited from a multiplication of all the quaternions. The algebraic structure of the quaternions is very simple; it's a linear algebra. Okay. There is no possible multiplication on the 4-, 5-, or 6- spheres,

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and there is a multiplication on the 7-sphere, and that comes from a linear algebra structure on all of 8-space, called the Caley numbers. And there are no more possibilities after that; no other spheres can have these multiplications on them. And this is something that was just proved very recently using bundles. The thing that is so amazing about that to me is that the concept of having a continuous multiplication on a space sounds like a purely topological notion; it doesn't even have to be a multiplication in all the good senses of multiplication; all it has to be is a continuous map, with not even associativity, which is the most basic property of multiplication, but just the existence of a two-sided identity, which is a very simple property of multiplication compared to associativity. So you can phrase all that you're asking by saying you want a continuous multiplication with a two-sided identity on the space, and that's a completely topological requirement, and you get examples of this from linear algebra, and you don't get any others. There may be other possible multiplications on the 1-sphere and the 3-sphere and the 7-sphere, but in any case, any sphere which has continuous multi- of any sort automatically has a multiplication which is inherited from a linear algebra on the entire space in which it sits.

Grossinger - Let me get back to an earlier point. What would you say about the situation in the Castaneda book where he wants to know from Don Juan if he has really been made into a crow or if it is just in his mind?

Dropkin - A given distinction between inside and outside would fall away and be replaced by a better one when you imbedded the whole thing in a higher dimensional space. Isn't that what you were saying?

Grossinger - Pretty much. It's also why I wanted to speak, along with Rodney Collin, of a higher-dimensional sun, and of a sun-star disintegrating into a complex topological space. I think that there is more information abroad in the universe than just simply whether he was or was not a crow, a bird in the crow ecosphere part of the atmosphere of the Earth doing crow-survival things, seeing crow-business. I think Collin believes there's more than three-dimensional information in the sun, and that Kip Thorne believes there's too much information in a star for it all to be extinguished to a single photon.

Dropkin - I am sort of reminded of the situation when you sense very strongly that there is a connection between two phenomena, which only seem to have a slim formal connection so far. And what you envision, in mathematics at least, is that there will be some more general thing which may include even other examples which you haven't recognized yet, and these will fall into them as just examples. Then it might turn out that you could understand what being a crow was in such a way that a man could be a crow and a crow could be a crow and that wasn't any better.

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Grossinger - Let's go back to the experience of the mathematician, where we began, because it's still the properties and shapes that poets work with as opposed to or homogeneous with mathematicians' properties and shapes that interests me.

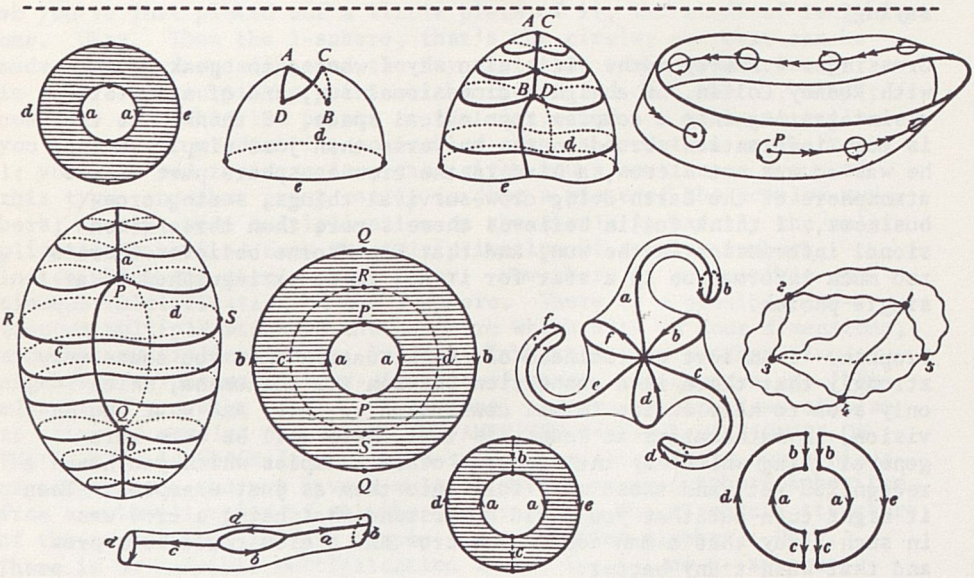
Dropkin - It's clear to me that mathematics.....that what we are not only determines in a simple obvious way that there are moebius strips in the universe and we think about such things, but in much better ways, in that how our brain actually works as a physical thing, as a biological thing, determines what kinds of patterns you are able to recognize and to formalize into thoughts.

Grossinger - Is that relevant to what you were saying about perception before we went into the kitchen?

Dropkin - I don't remember. All that strikes me as interesting is that you knew that one possible way of getting me to remember it was by saying it was before we went into the kitchen. It's something we've known for a long time, but I still think it's fantastic. Like what in hell should that have to do with it?

Ann Arbor, Michigan, June, 1969

Greg Dropkin is studying topology at the University of Liverpool in England.



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R. A. Reinstein: In Strange Lands

There are only two things: the black night and this small room. The window between, a mouth that breathes the darkness and carries to me the sound of insane crickets who are sawing up the night in little pieces...

The lamp's raw, flayed, glowing eyeball begins very slowly to expand, swallows the room and a ragged bit of skull, passes the walls, and accelerates into orbit with the night. Complementarity shattered by a barking dog... Pause...And begin again.

* * *

Kandinsky: "A work of art consists of two elements, the inner and the outer." Or, Fry: "By the word 'Transformations' I wish to suggest all those various transmutations that forms undergo in becoming parts of esthetic constructions." Two systems, then, the artist and his environment. And through the interaction between them, transmutations carried out by the metaphysical system result in reflections of that interaction in works of art. So transmutational art is the plastic expression of perceived relationships; it corresponds to an interaction between an observer and the thing observed. As we said before, neither is entirely independent of the other, and it is the relationship itself between these, that is, the perception or complex of perceptions (experience), that transmutational art is concerned with.

Such a relationship may be viewed as a dynamic interaction between two systems and a plastic language of systems and systems interactions thus evolved. That apparently simple arrangements of forms and colors may suggest considerably more than our everyday associations for them, in fact, even considerably more than any countless words we may grasp at in an attempt to explain them, has long been known. It is explicitly manifest in the works of the Pittura Metafisica movement, particularly those of De Chirico. What we are confronted with here are metaphysical landscapes, pictures of that metaphysical reality referred to earlier. As the eye is seeing, the whole mind is seeing through the functioning of the metaphysical system. When a work is not merely a strict copy of what the eye sees, but is rather a transmutation of the whole mind's image (interaction with the body of knowledge), then we are presented with a picture of physical reality which includes that aspect of it that may be considered metaphysical in essence. Even a photograph can reveal metaphysical reality, for this reality is there in our perception of our surroundings and is not merely a creation of the mind alone; it is the mind and its surroundings interacting together that result in a work of transmutational art.

* * *

A waterfall
in an ancient landscape
where there are

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no mountains

causes the sky
to plead
as it vibrates
in the veneer
of evening.

An exiled shadow
in a gully
where trees vanished
in a duststorm
before clocks
had faces

causes the water
to weep
in a fountain
on the airless plain.

A thread
of amber light
where the wisteria
shrinks slowly
in a glass eye

causes the desert
to drink the tears
of the frightened
evening sky.

* * *

How is it that the mind is able to recognize metaphysical reality in seemingly strange scenes? Are there configurations of components within the body of knowledge that correspond through transmutations to the pattern of the experience? Let us suppose, following Jung and others, that there exists within the mind a subsystem reflecting the patterns of knowledge of previous generations, a collective unconscious. Such a subsystem would correspond to collective physical reality as recorded in the bodies of knowledge of the individual's predecessors.

But let us suppose further that there exists yet a deeper subsystem where patterns that correspond to the patterns of cosmic physical reality are stored. If such a cosmic unconscious exists, then discovery might represent the shifting of components, or quanta of knowledge, from deeper parts of the mind to the conscious level of an individual. Learning in general would involve such shifting from areas where the components were less accessible to areas within the matrix of the individual's conscious and subconscious. Perhaps the mind contains a great deal more than we have previously

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assumed. The continuing study of DNA and work toward breaking the genetic code may bring us some quite startling revelations. (Suppose time were a helix, spiraling through the matrix of our experiences.) What "geometry" determines the "paths" taken by our perceptions as our metaphysical system processes them? Rilke: "I am learning to see. I don't know why it is, but everything penetrates more deeply into me and does not stop at the place where until now it always used to finish. I have an inner self of which I was ignorant. Everything goes thither now. What happens there I do not know." Connections made by the mind as it interacts with reality. (How is that children...?)

* * *

The wind stirs the trees, subsides, moves again through the streets. The leaves' tongues are flickering in the sun, whispering something to the gleaming brick walls; I cannot hear what they are saying. A sawtooth fencetop always about to bite the wall, never biting. The sky has thinned to a light blue skin stretched over this giant glowing bubble...voices go on and on in the afternoon, weaving the matrix of the afternoon...The leaves have stopped whispering, stilled by the shouts of the neighbors and distant hammering that rises above the radio's drone. Hammering somewhere beyond the bricks, below the brilliant blue dome.

* * *

Structures built by the mind. Words too we weave through transmutations. Metaphor as a binary linkage of components, or of subsystems, or of systems themselves. Psychological "associations" are another example of reflections of the metaphysical lattice. In fact, in every field is found the key concept of a correspondence, a relationship, a transformation, an association, a metaphor, all transmutations. Baudelaire:

"Nature is a temple of living pillars
where often words emerge, confused and dim;
and man goes through this forest, with familiar
eyes of symbols always watching him.

Like prolonged echoes mingling far away
in a unity tenebrous and profound,
vast as the night and as the limpid day.
perfumes, sounds, and colors correspond.

There are perfumes as cool as children's flesh,
sweet as oboes, as meadows green and fresh;
--- others, triumphant and corrupt and rich,

with power to fill the infinite expanses,
like amber, incense, musk, and benzoin, which

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sing the transports of the soul and senses."

* * *

The types of pictures of a total reality will, of course, be as varied as the many individuals creating them. New approaches will develop rapidly as artists evolve personally and the "science" of art evolves together with all the other systems known as branches of learning. Signs of new dimensions in art have been apparent for more than half a century. The constructivist trend and the trend growing out of Pittura Metafisica and Surrealism represent two strong elements that work toward a synthesis in transmutational art. The interaction of intellect and intuition is one more aspect of the general interdependence and unity of reality, physical and metaphysical, particle and wave, yin and yang. The future of art and of other fields as well depends on such interaction. Naum Gabo on the Constructivist Manifesto: "Art will always be alive as one of the indispensable expressions of human experience and as an important means of communication. The exploration of the cosmic unconscious certainly has much to do with what has happened in modern art, and further developments will continue to emphasize this important role that art has played.

* * *

...summer fades...leaves yellowed in the sun's heat flutter faintly as afternoon shades into twilight. An uneasy drowsiness catches me and the pencil hesitates over the rumpled yellow page ... Insect cries obliterate the light and night comes down hard. What's the use? Easy enough to construct these word-games, but then the muffled voice of a news announcer drifts through the backyards: a television set droning away in an empty room. Is that what it comes to after all? Sounds rattling in the ear's grotto...all the news that's fit to print...(chirrup, chik, chik, chik...)

* * *

Then the mind must take and process all of our experiences before it can give them back to us in works of art. Rilke again: "For verses are not, as people imagine, simply feelings (those one has early enough), - they are experiences. For the sake of a single verse, one must see many cities, men and things, one must know the animals, one must feel how the birds fly and know the gesture with which the little flowers open in the morning. One must be able to think back to roads in unknown regions, to unexpected meetings and to partings one had long seen coming; to days of childhood that are still unexplained, to parents whom one had to hurt when they brought one some joy and one did not grasp it (it was a joy for someone else); to childhood illnesses that so strangely begin with such a number of profound and grave transformations, to days in rooms withdrawn and quiet and to mornings

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by the sea, to the sea itself, to seas, to nights of travel that rushed along on high and flew with all the stars - and it is not yet enough if one may think of all this. One must have memories of many night of love, none of which was like the others, of the screams of women in labor, and of light, white, sleeping women in childbed, closing again. But one must also have been beside the dying, must have sat beside the dead in the room with the open window and the fitful noises. And still it is not yet enough to have memories. One must be able to forget them when they are many and one must have great patience to wait until they come again. For it is not yet the memories themselves. Not till they have turned to blood within us, to glance and gesture, nameless and no longer to be distinguished from ourselves - not till then can it happen that in a most rare hour the first word of a verse arises in their midst and goes forth from them."

The geometry of our experiences, and of all our cultural heritage, this is the pattern of the system that receives our perceptions. The correspondence between this system and the perception is transmuted into a relationship of plastic components, of word=image components, of time-lattice tonal components, etc. It is out of these varied languages that the beginnings of a primary language may now start to emerge. To understand the forms that are common to our experiences, though details vary widely from one person to another, is to see a first glimpse of the grammar and vocabulary of a language of which all our present attempts at a transmutational art are merely a shadow.

* * *

...time...space...the clouds of birds circling there above the rooftops, the constellations circling beyond the vague grey that hangs over the city today: shadows. Time...is hurrying along the midtown streets, glancing up at the sky, worrying about umbrellas... is set out along the old benches in the park, feeding squirrels by hand, scattering a hail of breadcrumbs for the pigeons (the shadow of a breadcrumb also shelters eternity)...is hatching in a back-alley down by the docks, rolled up against a greying packing crate under a grey sky. Space is the sea, out there, beyond the bridges and the harbor and the white ship and the white gulls...forgotten in the crowded train until one catches a sudden image of a solitary figure in the street staring at his own shadow beside the building's huge shadow under the vague grey...before the tunnel swallows us again. Space arranged in a matrix of walls ranging out, angling across, constructing a countertheme to the unbroken sky. We are studying our geodesic curves to see where our parallels meet. What is infinity? (All of the rivers, mindful and mindless of the grey, are making the seas over as they sweep a tide of incidentals out past the bridges...(before the word "river": what system?...))

* * *

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Art continues to be fascinated by the advances of science. The tremendous evolution in our understanding of matter and energy, of space and time. How much do we understand now about matter (and the growing families of particles and resonance states), about energy (and the energy processes that take place in the mysterious quasars and quasi-stellar galaxies), about space (and its strange twistings of light), about time (and the sudden chill of déjà-vu)? Eliot:

> "Time present and time past
> Are both perhaps present in time future,
> And time future contained in time past.
> If all time is eternally present
> All time is unredeemable.
> What might have been is an abstraction
> Remaining a perpetual possibility
> Only in a world of speculation.
> What might have been and what has been
> Point to one end, which is always present."

Yes, it is physical reality we are all involved with. But what is physics? The usual definition is "the study of matter and energy and the interactions between them." Neither matter nor energy is fully understood yet, and the present theory directs attention to the study of what we mean by "interaction" (or transmutation). We are in a transition state. All our knowledge is, and always has been, merely an approximation. The theory of relativity not only destroyed absolutism in the analysis of motion and light, but drove a large crack in the marble altar of all absolute theories. Relativity, in a much larger sense than relativity of motion, is a fact of life, a description of the human condition.

That our art, as well as our science and philosophy, should reflect such a profound evolution in our thinking is hardly surprising. And in fact artists were moving along parallel tracks in their investigations while scientists were overturning our "common-sense" prejudices about the nature of space, time, matter, and energy.

A leaf, dangling in the sun against the background of shadow, dissolves and becomes motion itself as the wind sets it vibrating ever faster and faster...the sounds of the street and the sound of the music merge and mingle in the air where shafts of drifting dust rise and tumble in the afternoon sun (where the roof's edge divides dark and light I am trying to split the hairs of reality)...There is a sky that is so vast it swallows

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all the landscapes we construct against it; it sets our minds vibrating in resonance with the future, with the dark unknown. Under such a sky, any object that exists and throws a long shadow on the plain must make its reality known in special ways. This is space in which the mind cannot be arbitrary; the question of what is real can be decided only through the synthesis/evolution of experience. Durrell: "And then: the first pure draughts of desert air, and the nakedness of space, pure as a theorem, stretching away into the sky drenched in all its own silence and majesty, untenanted except by such figures as the imagination of man has invented to people landscapes which are inimical to his passions and whose purity flays the mind."...(a leaf dangling in the sun...falls in a slow spiral through light and dark, light and dark) and a squirrel swift down along the roof's edge, silhouetted against the glowing wall where the afternoon is dying, leaps to the fence and away while a dog barks unseen and children's voices go on and on and on--if this afternoon were invented by metaphysical gnomes!, then?--...the sun will choose only certain patterns now, other patterns too at other times, to set out on a stage of space and time where these metaphysical dramas are played out for us.

* * *

We have such landscapes, then, whose deep and haunting perspectives open like windows for us onto metaphysical reality (eyelids flipping open like a windowshade). Other compositions also show this strong force of the more-than-real--the surreal--for example, the still-lifes of Morandi. But is transmutational art to be limited to various developments growing out of Surrealism and merged with certain elements of Constructivism? The basis for a new art goes much deeper than that.

In its concern with the interaction of the total mind-body (metaphysical) system of the artist and his surroundings and in its emphasis on a direct primary mode of expression and communication, Japanese sumiye painting is also very close to the sources of transmutational art. For what art aims at is a direct experience of relationship through plastic means. There is no recourse here to elaborate secondary systems whose complex structures obscure more than they reveal. One's metaphysical system has a "logic" of its own, and this is the order that should manifest itself in both our works of art and our works of science. Both are products of man's experience, that is, of his inter-

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action with his environment, past and present. Certainly each is involved in the other; there is a science to our art and an art to our science. But neither should presume to be the primary portal through which we must pass in order to reach the other. It is through both that we will evolve our understanding of what is the pattern of our experiences, the "geometry" of the mind.

Then it is not its outward form at all that characterizes transmutational art. Transmutational art represents an attempt to clarify and purify the natural language of art and to participate in the continuing dynamic evolution of that language. This effort will involve the synthesis of elements from movements within art as diverse as sumiye painting and geometrical surrealism and the interaction with all other fields as well. It is a total-systems approach to art, and is only one aspect of a new Renaissance that is growing out of a coming-together at their source of all fields of learning. That source is reality, and through the experience of the rapidly changing multiplicity of complementary reflections of reality, we are now entering a new age.

* * *

The river gleams in the hazy afternoon, its greasy swells wobbling softly in a broken reflection of an ambiguous sky. The sun, copper angry and indifferent to the city's paradoxes, slides along behind a thin veil of off-white clouds, a light scum of curdling milk caught in this bubble of afternoon. And floating there, (incidentals of metaphysical refuse spiraling slowly outward in a Tuesday current that has no use for heaven or hell (because its geometry mirrors galaxies and a thin fingernail of moon sleepier than our lightyears (no one is caught, really, in these tides, but moves with their patterns))) a beercan, a papercup, a gull greyer than the sky, also undissolved sewage. And this is autumn. No dying here, but a yellowing sky and a grey gull yellowed by the river. The sun is making some efforts to break the grip of all this, but I think we shall have to resolve our paradoxes for today without its help. (Think? Drink, sink, blink, sun on the water, shifting, drifting, dissolving now in a pool of light, white ship, white gull, sky and water turning, merging in a slow spiral out and out and out from the shore here) ! The river is autumn! And from here the turning of the tide and the turning of the yellow leaves in the grey-edged wind are one. O afternoon, reflections in this grey-green water...The gull flies away now...and

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turning from the water, its shadow moving over the city is the shadow of winter.

* * *

The Bead Game, as described by Hesse, originated as a simple apparatus consisting of a wire-strung frame on which beads of various colors, representing musical notes, were arranged to correspond to variations in pitch, tempo, etc. Is such a device, in a more advanced form, really such a minor triviality? Suppose it were possible to show on a modern Bead Game apparatus in a geometrical manner all the various relationships in a musical composition. Such "time sculptures" would be of tremendous value not only to composers, particularly those with ties to the plastic arts, but to teachers of theory as well.

Of course, the Bead Game developed into much more than a mechanical array for the manipulation of musical symbols. And Hesse describes later the move "to build up an international speech of symbols which, similar to the Chinese script, would allow of the most complicated idea without eliminating personal fantasy and invention being expressed graphically, and which would be comprehensible to every scholar throughout the world." However, we shall not be concerned with the details of the further developments of the system more implied than described in the novel, for the seeds of its own failure were sown in its very early segregation and cultivation by a rigidly hierarchically ordered elite. I mean to suggest that we would do well to look very closely at what a "scholar" is, or is supposed to be. (And how do the children know?)

Any primary language, then, must grow out of very fundamental needs and activities, and must cut across all fields of learning. It is hoped that out of transmutational art and related research such a language may begin to emerge. This is only a hope at present, of course, but as Hesse quotes Albertus Secundus: "then in certain cases and for irresponsible men it may be that nonexistent things can be described more easily and with less responsibility in words than the existent, and therefore the reverse applies for pious and scholarly historians: for nothing destroys description so much as words, and yet there is nothing more necessary than to place before the eyes of men certain things the existence of which is neither provable nor probable, but which, for this very reason, pious and scholarly men treat to a certain extent as existent in order that they may be led a step further towards their being and their becoming."

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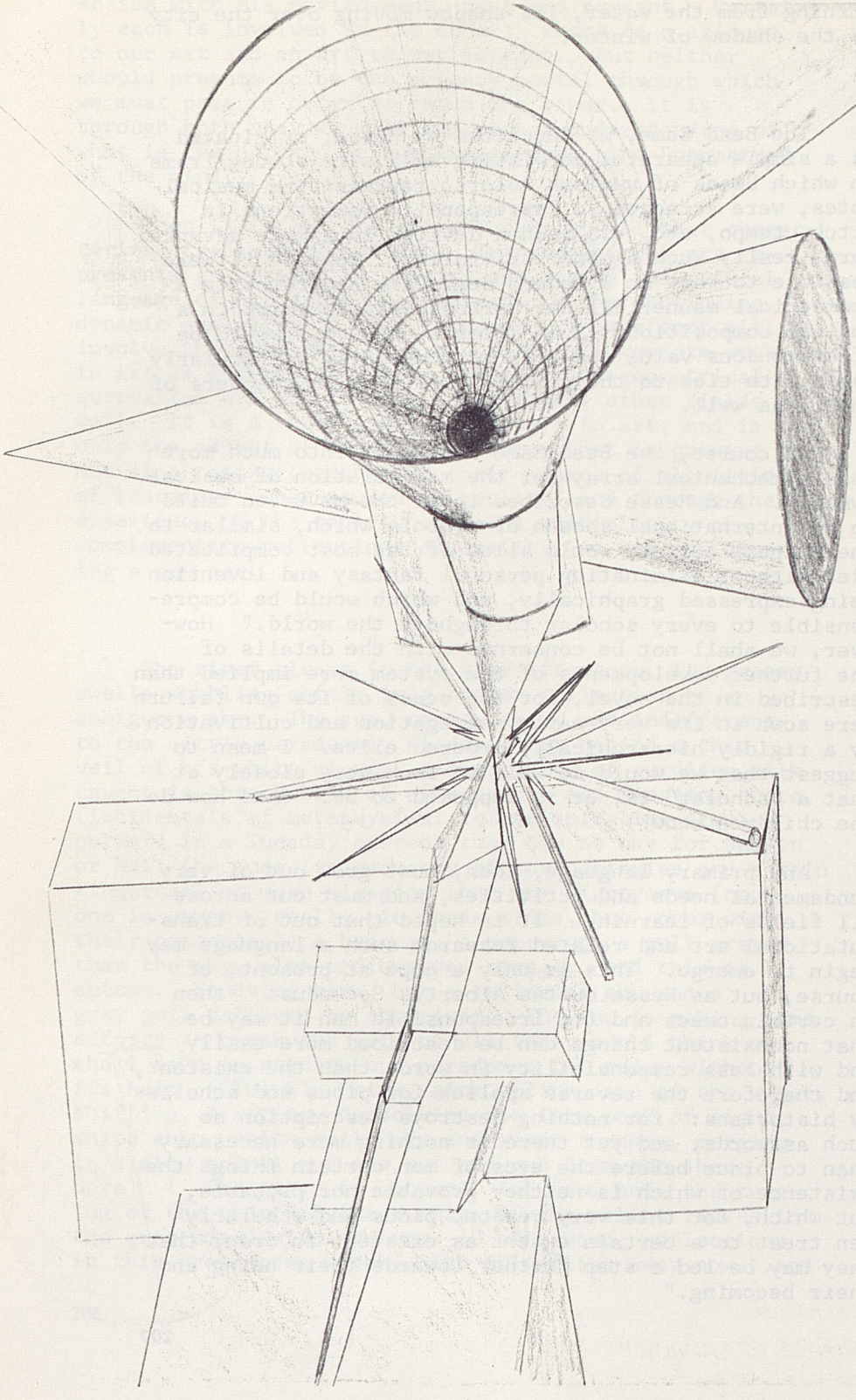

TRANSMUTATION: STUDY #6
FOR MAJOR SYSTEM CHANGE

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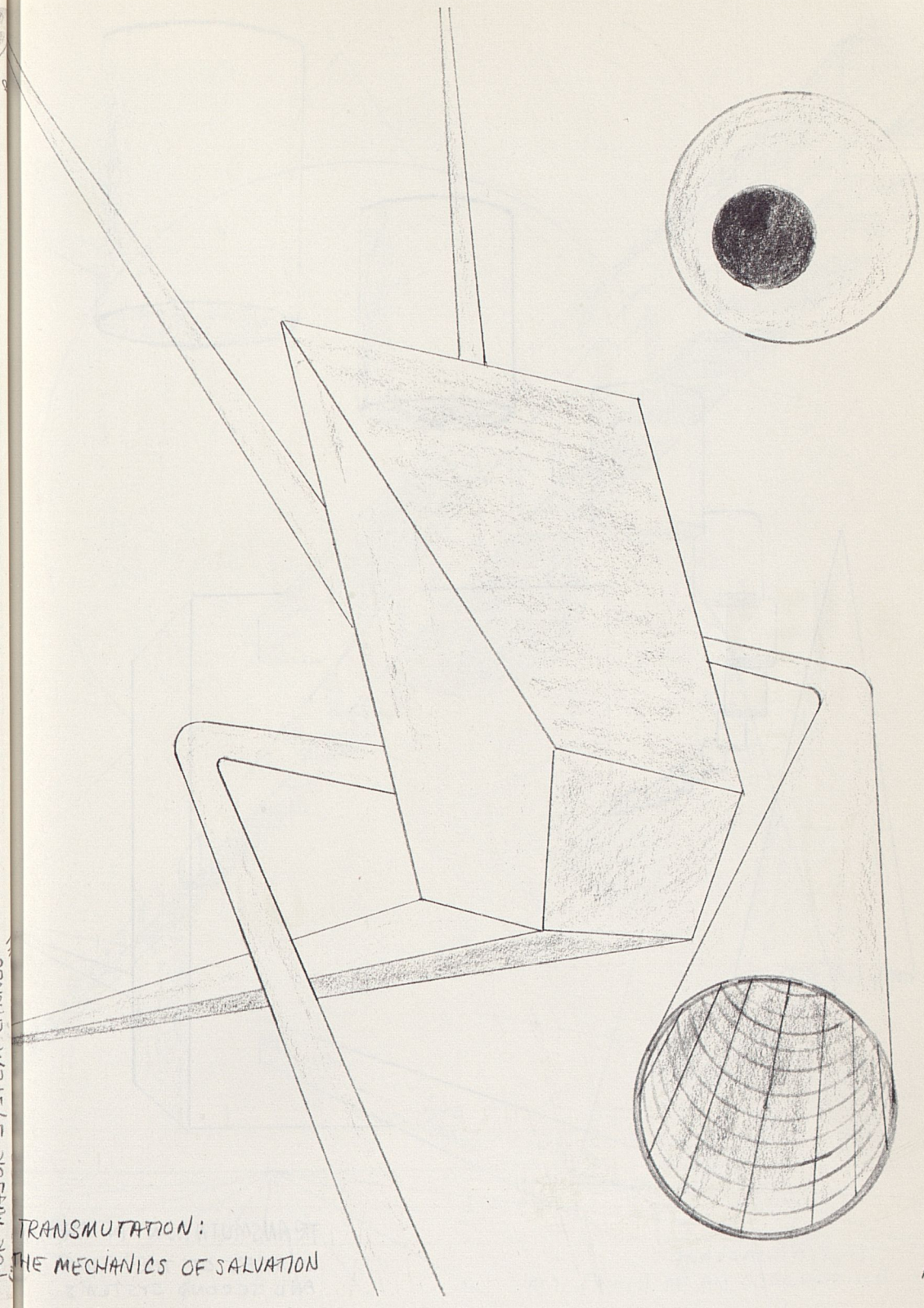

TRANSMUTATION:
THE MECHANICS OF SALVATION

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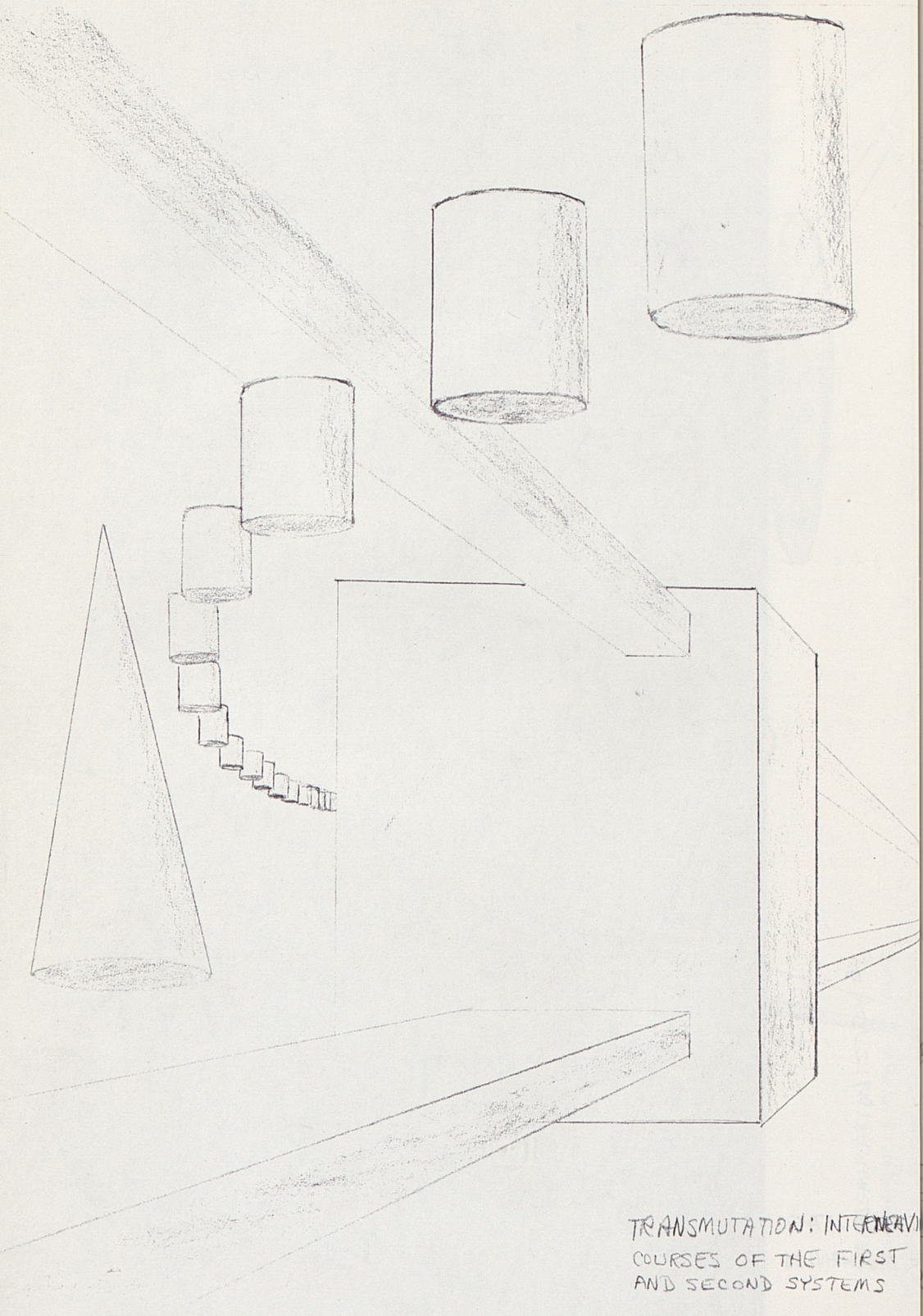

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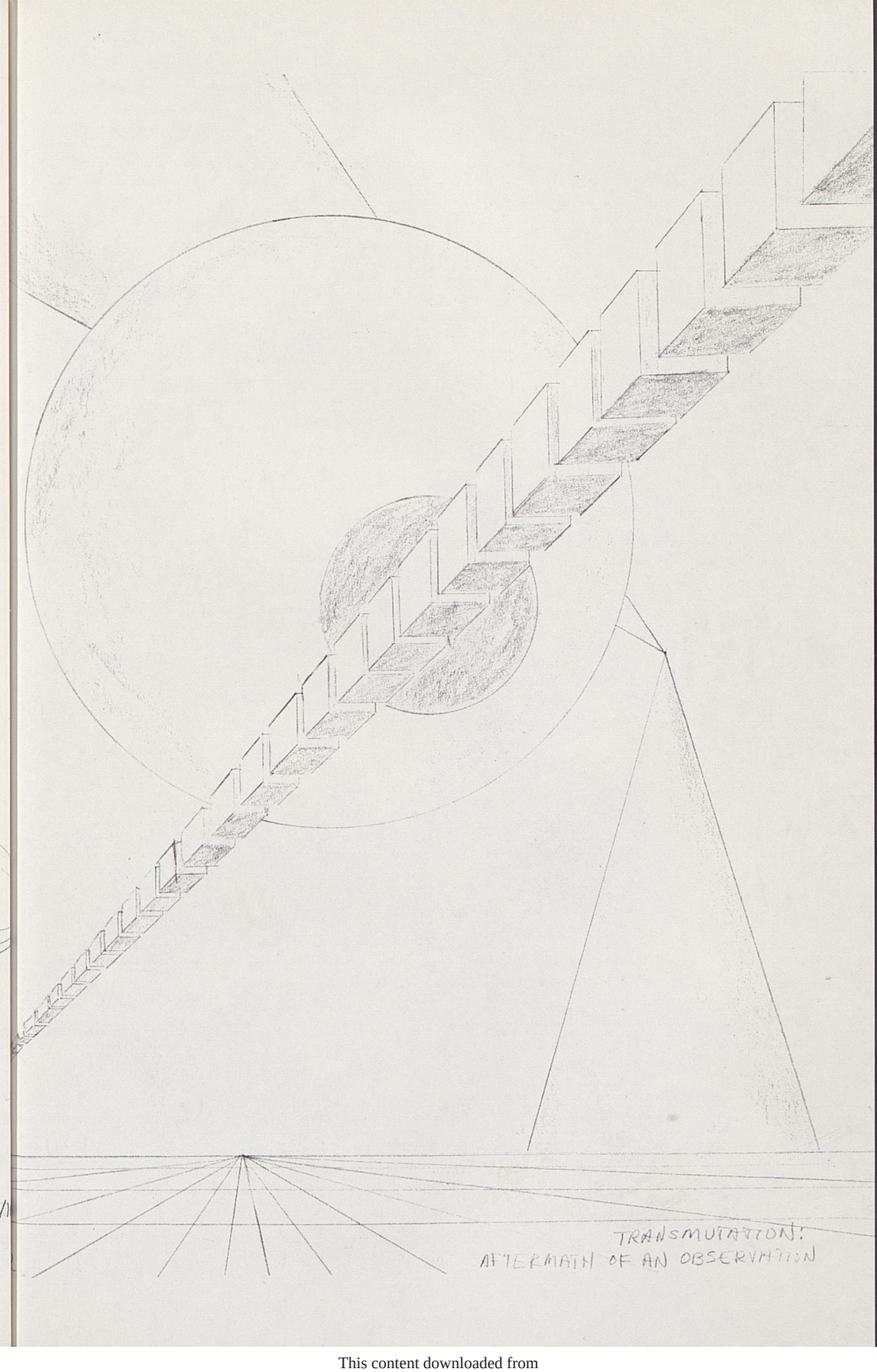

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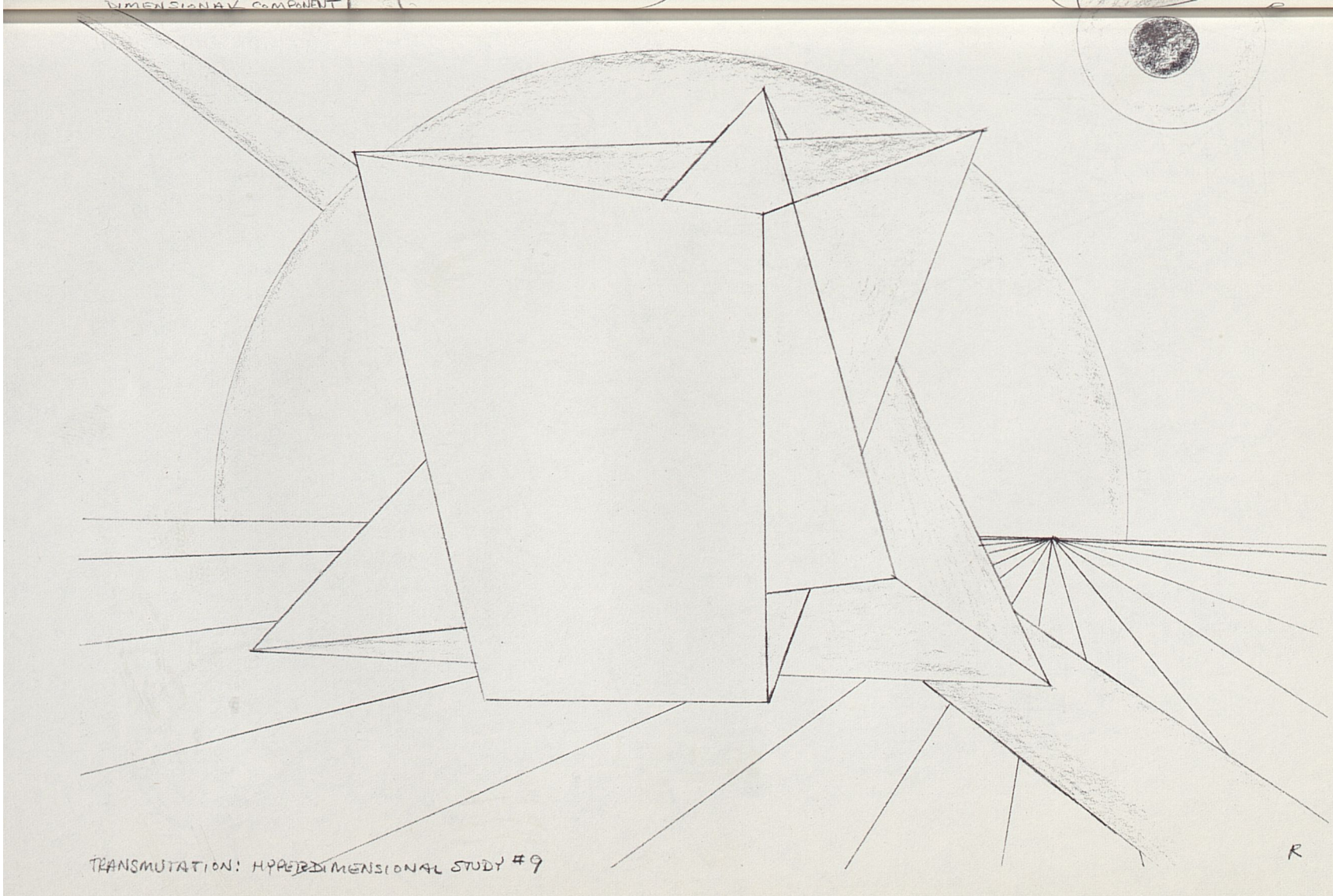

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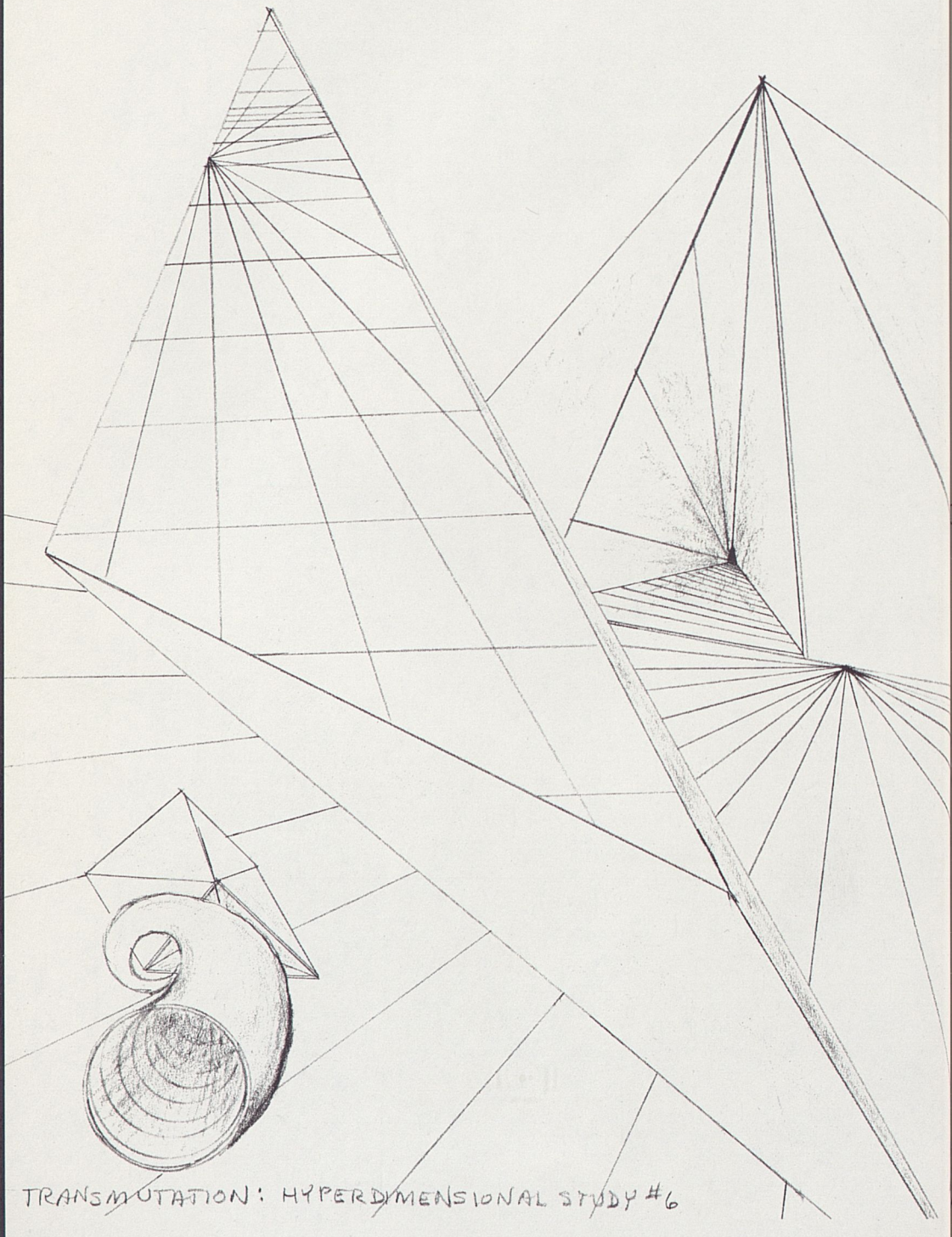

TRANSMUTATION: HYPERDIMENSIONAL STUDY #6

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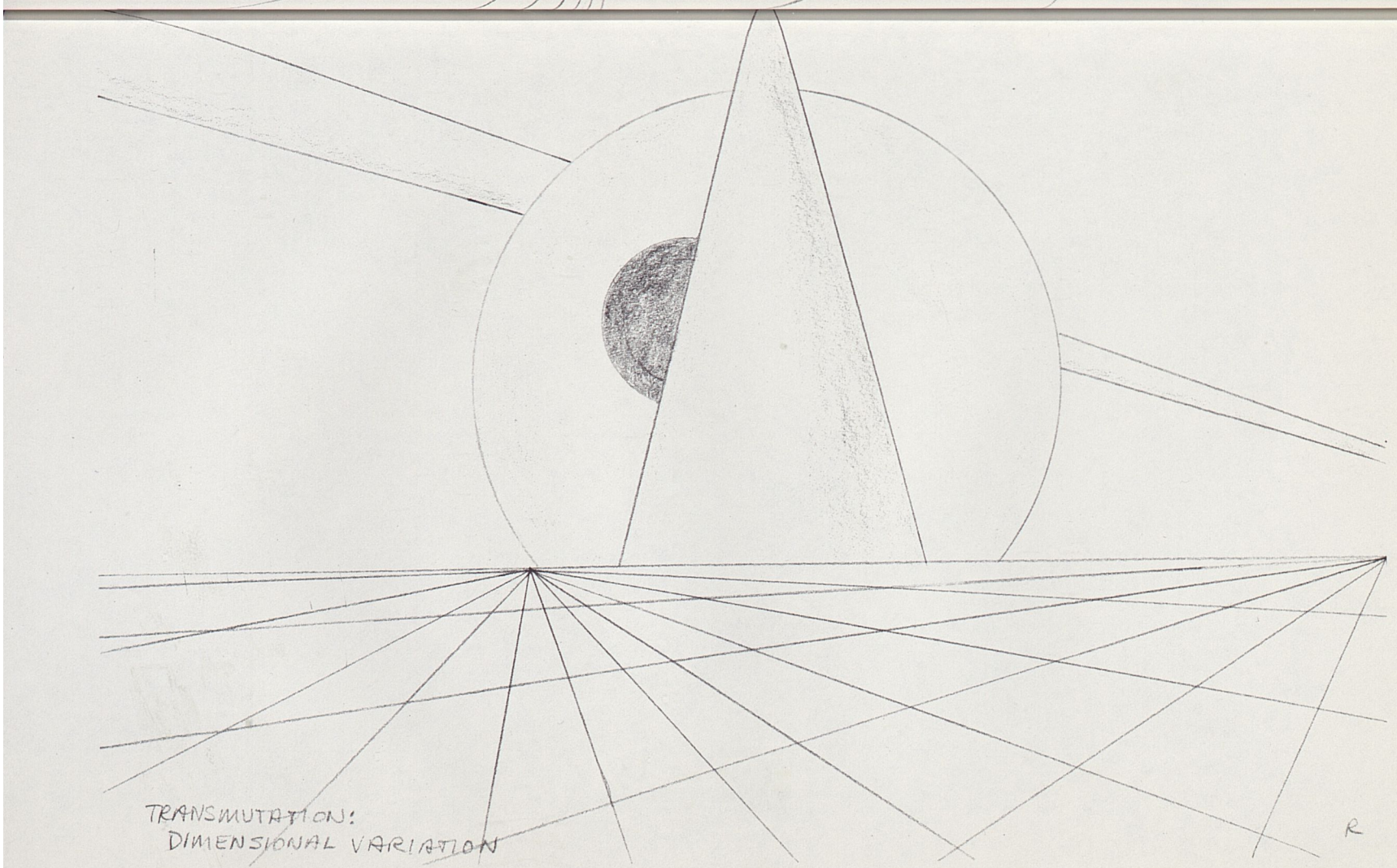

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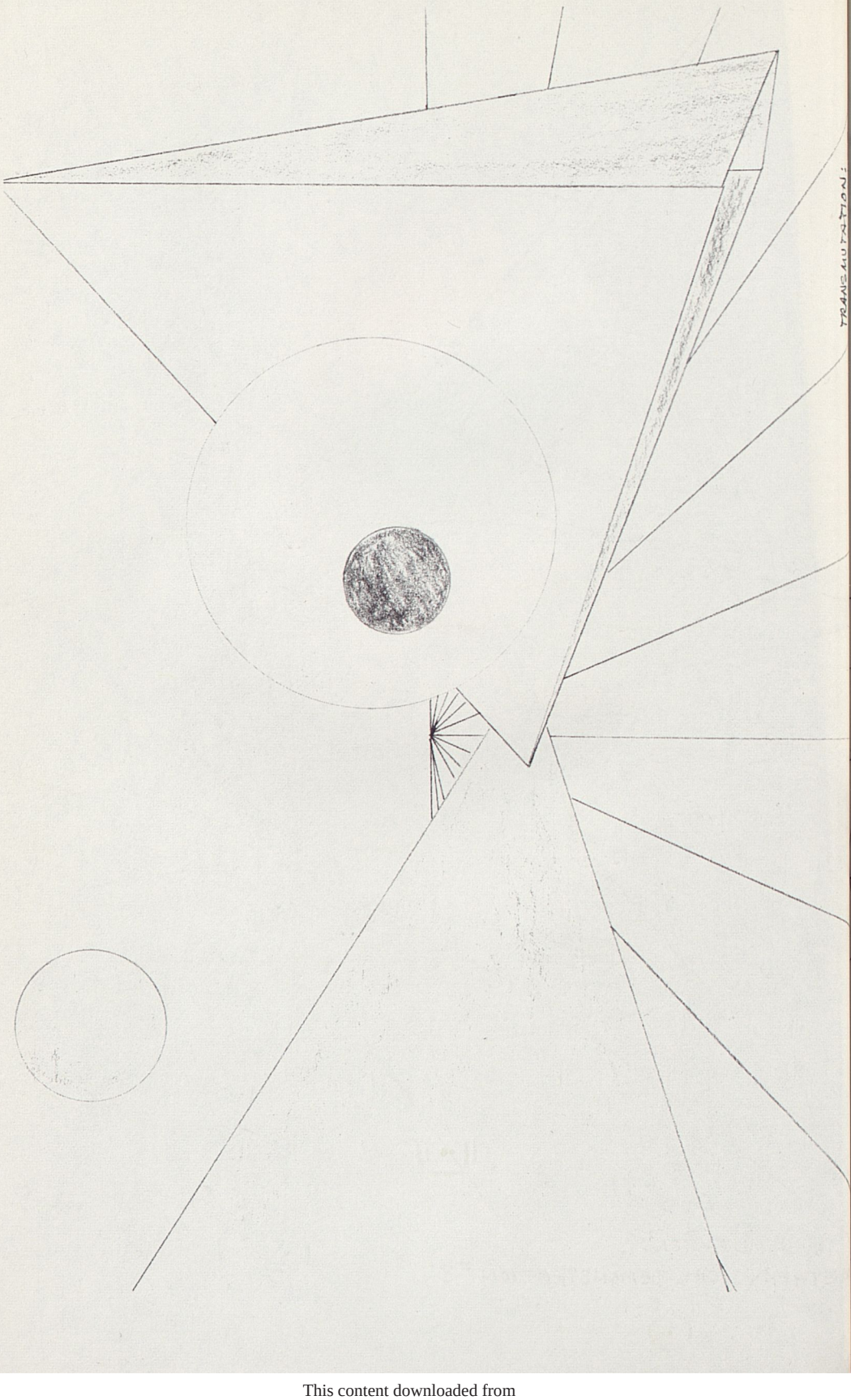

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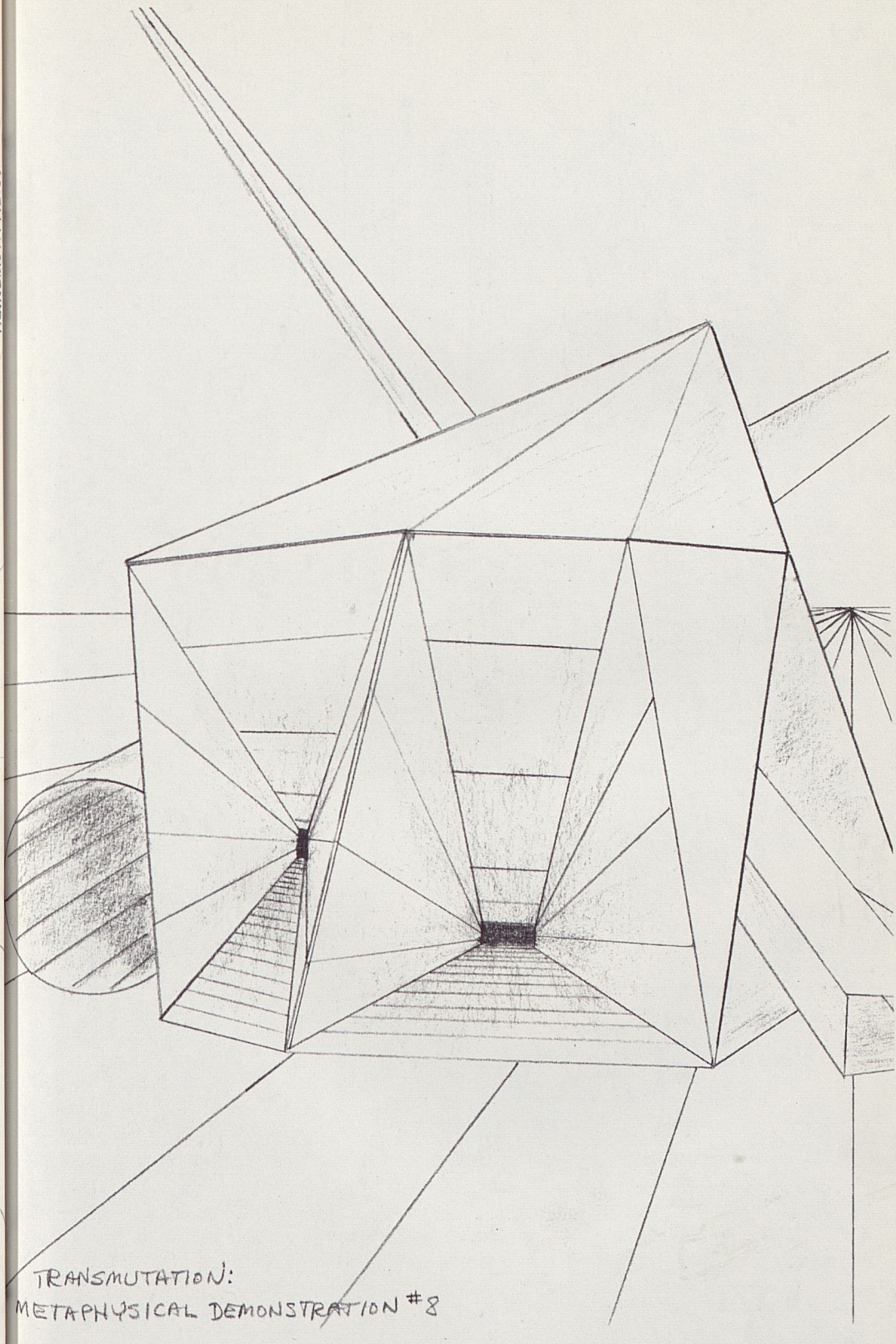

TRANSMUTATION:
METAPHYSICAL DEMONSTRATION #8

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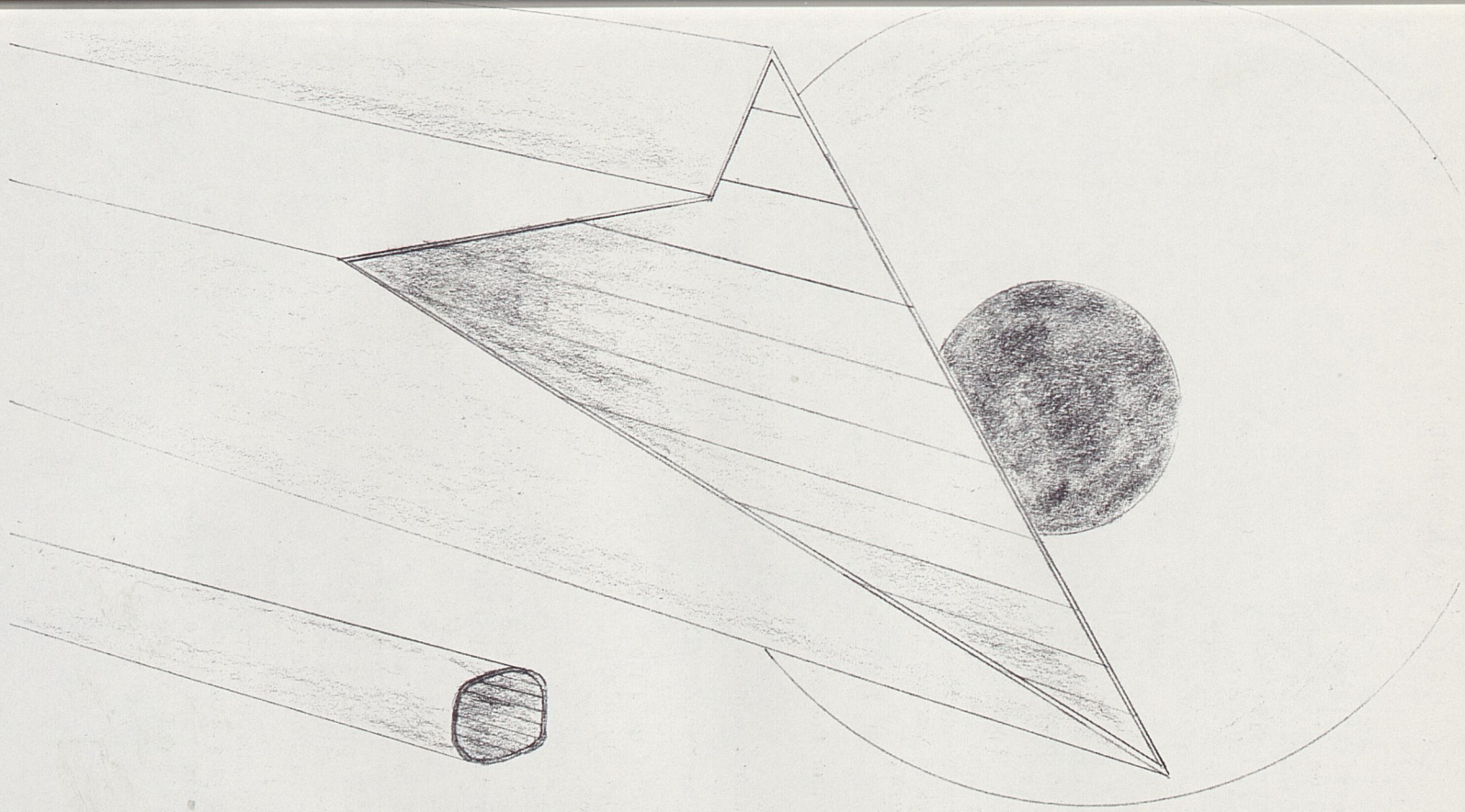

TRANSMUTATION: REMNANTS OF THE PAST—
THE DYNAMIC DUO

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The artist takes
these wondrous images
& with his son opens
the circle of life. A
door it appears,
its an odor
of tomato soup
cooking, it appears
a King

in my heart my son
runs on past me,
Lion is
Coming To Meet,
the truth is I suddenly
become conscious,
a dark & broken line
appears,
an impulse leaps
into
the fuselage of day

his mother stands by
the stove & says, No,

it's barbecued ribs,
the world
corrects us into
our own agonized
person,
we
translate
into the sultry bones of trees
heavy in the open flank of August,
or
die
right here,
there is a photo
forever present in my mind
hanged with black
19th century curtains,
there is a family scene
within these curtains,
& the curtains are made
of red Christbands & black
skull-lined ermine,

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my passion
from Indiana to
Place of the Skull is
taut,
my winding
sheet whips, the leaves
try
at the tree,
an incredible red
fire ties me to Thee,
how I love to
thrust Thee in this fire!
How I love to see Thee translate
forward & backward! How I love to
be
with my son! In the poem
with my son!
He is divine
& is abandoned & I am with him.

"You are divine
you are abandoned,
I
am with you."

II

The artist remembers
all these wondrous images &
in spite of
his son stands outside
the circle of life. A
King he
appears
& smells once
inside, the odor of
something his mother had
on the stove,
he yearns back, to be there,
& in this interval the boy
runs past him, seems preoccupied

in another part of
the poem.
Flank
or flak, a smear
in the air, an odor, a moment --

"the passion" only begins
when a man is told
you will die, how arrogant

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alone in the poem
he is, even to think
of a "passion"
a dark & broken lineage

is what he has lost,
he robs
the past of its power
in remembering the past,
the sultry robes of trees
are present,
roots are robs,
above ground, above
anything he can say

he stands of.
And so he tells the truth
but it means very little,
he comes clean
at the expense of coming.
The ache of art
as well as the ache of
carnality
is impotence,

we come to this place
aforesaid by Leo,
a wagon stopped in August before
The Embarrassment Inn at Everywhere Hollow,

the actors come out,
the villagers, in Hollywood leather
but with real old wool
gather,
we are watching Bergmann's Seventh Seal,
Reich
vs. Kali, the good man, the good innocent man
is put thru his changes,
the good wife, is put thru her
changes,
the Flagellants enter
from the South, the Children from
the North,
backdrop upon backdrop of lifting sorrow Power to the
People is
power to a windowblind snapped to noon
Reich vs. Kali
puppets trundled on
what we all know, everyman's members
are smitten,
The Passion is

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we all go thru
unending murder,
we long & lust for a murder to
explain our murder,
we wrap ourselves in the spring
maid of
Charles Manson, in the same moment we say

love, love, oh happy happy love!
will save the world! How
we love to thrust our
son into the fire! He goes
thru, as a buckeye tossed
into embers, must, a child
calls back to us
with everything we can possibly imagine we are,

nothing is divine,
it is only I who abandon,
I am occasionally with you --

"nothing is divine,
I walk out on you
occasionally
I am with you"

III

The artist is
not his own wondrous
image, he has
no son,
Glory! Glory! Glory! with stealth
& intelligence
he contemplates "Blake's" Circle of Life.
Yet
the door opens, there is a wonder always pouring thru,
I miss the odor
& miss the odor, push
thru but never push thru, Matthew
I left you but
Matthew I am with you!
In this is my confusion,
a whirlpool, that tomato soup IS
our embracing,
O souls, burn! O, my soul, be
cooked
let the smell of
Barbara's correction
dissolve into this barbecued

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fluid
  Such are thy orders!
                I see the wondrous spaces of Caryl,
I see the particularity of who I love, I dissolve
rockwoman
          out of my fear to be imbedded with what I am!
I know Kali is not! No Great Mother
     but the person,   thy bra
thy luscious body, but this
is an isolation,
                all you are not, and are,
is the upswung pelvis of guns,
                          horror
     of the blood I comb from, in my name, thy hair!
Raking Kali from thy mane!
Raking Kali from
                Matthew's ball, I wash off
something like a mud I must defeat,
                                my own
agonized person,
I insist Matthew put
                on his coat, I build
my selfHood,
            my passion is to make Kali
& Wilhelm REAL,

on rickety morality of intuition I see each day of my
                                life a man
working with a skeleton, he packs mud
& hallucinates adoration,
                        someone turns on the TV,
this terrible image reaches a hand from the screen,
it is a fly out of our childhood,
                                our impotence to
effect any change is beyond the ache of
                                any carnality we can
feel!
      Reich in red Christbands
     sculpting Kali,
                Kali black skull
lined ermine,
            a lion-form, one,
                  amniotic water to
be what it
would be,
          of course you are alone,
that's why you translate,
you keep by all of this in the hint of divinity,
& all of it is false,
                poetry

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is to give an illusion of
psychic death

IV

The artist translates
his own wondrous image, his son
enters
the circle of life
it smells like tomato soup
but it is barbecued ribs are cooking,
Kali
decapitates herself, the world

translates,
its blood is on the little burner,
a fiery sun with blue spokes leaps

the kitten curls & is eaten,
Kali
holds her head & dances unknowing,
ay, what will I do man holds his head,
Kali holds her head,

the blood gushes &
arcs back into my open mouth,
this is the wedding no one
promised
that the form generate itself,
she turns me on, I
erect, adore her & give her sweet
O sweet release,
lost in this heavy sweet pulsation Kali gushes,

or call it Barbara's correction blew my mind,
tears her head off in
the frenzy of

To Hammer the Swamp into Scolopender
To Cut the Scolopender that the Children Pass

& stood in their hallway
smelling the wildness of the stove,

a lion's ribs in heat,

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& saw my son
the fulfillment of desire, a person I could not save
over Niagara the flames leapt
I saw his face a thousand-fold was mine, barbecued

this was my passion, to live in the poem,

to be with the Lion & the Crab, to translate
back into a Dolmen, to go forth
Ram,
to get this clear: how he
is a vision, yet
has his own life,

he was an altar of stone until
I found him within me, then
a stone
was within this altar, alchemical the wishing-bone breaks,

Leo roars up, dies into its own pyre,
I bleed into my head,

the altar is washed of remembrance

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GARY SNYDER: SPEL AGAINST DEMONS

The release of Demonic Energies in the name of
the People
must cease

Messing with blood sacrifice in the name of
Nature
must cease

The stifling self-indulgence in anger in the name of
Freedom
must cease

this is death to clarity
death to compassion

the man who has the soul of the wolf
knows the self-restraint
of the wolf

executions and slaughterings
are not the work of wolves and eagles

but the work of hysterical sheep

the Demonic must be expelled
self-indulgence must be
cut down
anger must be
mastered
strength is in self-control

Gnowledge is the secret of Transformation!

Down with demonic killers who mouth revolutionary slogans and muddy the flow of change, may they be bound by the noose, and instructed by the Diamond Sword of ACHALA the Immovable, Lord of Wisdom, Lord of Heat, who is squint-eyed and whose face is terrible with bare fangs, who wears on his crown a garland of severed heads, clad in a tiger skin, he who turns Wrath to Purified Accomplishment!

whose powers are of lava,
of magma, of deep rock strata, of gunpowder,
and the Sun.
He who saves tortured intelligent demons and
filth-eating Hungry Ghosts,
whose spel is,

NAMAHSAMANTAH, VAJRANAM CHANDA MAHAROSHANA SPHATAYA
HUṂ TRAKA HAṂ MAṂ

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Yr.Night Mare
for Robert Duncan

The Dreamer : Within the innerlays of magic and mind
what the Irish call *FILI*, a seer,
rewards with gold torques and honey cakes
wearing six different colours in yr clothes,
been thru seven degrees of wisdom
after a difficult twelve-year course

where you, *Ollave*, bridled the Goddess Three:
The Dream: the mother, the bride, and the layer-out,
the queen-bee embracing death, where you
ride thru the mares' nests,
turning bowels to water, bringing black blotches,
throwing a madman's wisp at the face :

always you find her lodged in rock-clefts
of yr dreams, where her nests are built
of carefully chosen twigs, lined with white
horse-hair and the plumage of prophetic birds,
and littered with jaw-bones and entrails.
Her young ones also suck up blood. Yr. Night Mare.

BEING AWAKENED FROM THE BLUE SNAKE DREAM
for Rose Atchison

I.
The anniversary of her death was
two days ago. I did not forget
that twenty-four years ago today
I was riding on the greyhoundbus
going to join her wake-night family
when the busdriver pulled over
to the side of the highway Rte #37,
pointed out the site of her death,
saying she had parked with her
lover on the railroadtracks and
the train had caught them. O,
Robert C. Shelton, driver whose
name I read on plaque above his
head, how you lie. It was my great
grandmother on her way to her
uncle's who had just passt
on, she was being driven there
by her nephew. Lovers, they were

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in Death. Ah, Yes. But you gave
them a eulogy in my mind
that is indelible. I was nine
and had been awakened out of the blue
snake dream I was always sleeping
in the midst of a bed of blue snakes.

II.
How every year at this time I am
also in mourning over her death
I thought then that I had been
robbed. That the snakes had
eaten me alive. I still sleep
with snakes. But coming upon this
twenty-four years later I know
that she is not sleeping with them
underground. No, she has sprung
wings and is following the blue
puppies crosscutting America
watching all the lovers who get
caught in the webs of Public
Transportation making love. Sin Dies.

III.
There is another voice to this poem
that has not been identified. It is
that of my father. He is the razon
that we were on the bus to begin with
...cause he had nine or seven
cars in 1946, his own taxi line
and was sleeping with another woman
at the time and could not be dis
turbed, so we dutifully hopped
a bus. My mother and my sister
in her arms and I to her side,
it was a ride not to be forgotten-
(my father and his hot mistress)
my mother and her kilt pride
a thirty-mile-trip that is still
riding me, twenty-four years
later and to find his voice
in this poem. In me.

IV.
I do not speak to him except
thru these wires. I charge him
with violent apathy and will
long distance court him
to this and all accounts, I lay,
have been stricken by this
poem. Striking with a shovel
as an image across his back
I give this poem back to him
and mark all debts paid.

June 12, 1970
San Francisco

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LINDY HOUGH: POEMS

THE DREAM'S DAY-CLOTHES

Blowy day.

Only the wind here
to take my heart beat,
to record the avalanche of
quietness that passes among
the chairs in this house.

i used to sit
in all the houses i've
lived in, & listen to
the incredible stillness,
a caterpillar bowling over
the house in his giant walk-
wake.

Only your return
can sniff out my tracks
circling into the woods
after the snow has melted, after
summer people shoes have
dusted this ground—

it's blowy. Hard,
the hill up
from the deep pool.
i started a letter to the one
in my dream, then realized the
steepness of the hill.
Hard Going.
Easy Coming: eruption,
the pool is there easily as
pocket, environmental accident, like
a rock-slide. I dreamed you,

in the same way you come upon
fish at a certain depth --
not by accident, because certain schools
frequent certain levels,
but by some Design other than
you, other than
me

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If i sent your letter
you'd not be there to read it,
even, hollow eyes would stare it,
you're away at your own
dark earth pool, on the other side
of the island, pulling who
else into it
after you, &
            you too
will have hard time if
you remember the feeling but
don't take it as model of
              something else completely:
              in the lexicon of consciousness
              a dream-embrace cannot even
              become a hand-
                          shake.

DRAWBRIDGE

i love Love
as a human form,
walking, as Dante makes him,
but with a catch
in the crotch

*

i want the kind of laughing ease of
kind of kingdom of God, she sd
                          lashing
laughingly over the waves she leaned out
in the darkness & watched a huge ship,
darkness revealing unveiling its pro-
gress in cold waters, glide silently
under the drawn bridge

                    out the other side,
saw her person change into three
exteriors revolving rhythmically like a
fire-truck's light around the deck of

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the dark frigate, one a face of Hate,
one of Impotence, one of Ignorance
fighting Love as it accompanied the frigate
with steady tugboat rockings

probing tongue into
the docks Love demanded to be seen as a
changling Bear-Prince, fighting with a

cold exterior the kind of sea where omnipotence
lasts where the wisest women sit & count
their numbing rings under scalloped moons

Love tugs to a kind of sea where it
reaps and is raped, comes up with more
bountiful, season to season,
under the appletrees blossoms
into the water
season to season,
Love knowing when the wild lobelia's
out of bloom, eating whole the cherrystone .

he hid, Love did,
in a rock-shore cavern of complexities,
flew out to tug in
larger forms of energy, food for
port young & his own preening body,
unloading his heavy catch with the
ceremony of disinterested Innocence

as a breeze
will hint of another time & port,
& the great ship, having been there also
but with no goods to show for it,
will carry its oils on its side & be able
to give from its fiery hull essence
to the shore of that port,
far in time & miles & space
& memory

& necessity

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A DREAM OF BEDS (A BED OF DREAMS)

The dream takes place in in-
determinate time to foil the dreamer
from future-presenting, past-presenting,
living anytime but the now. The dream
chants softly against any division of
time not organically made on the spot.

The dream demands a totally loose
lithe framework. The body loosed,
feels the ejaculation within
as the tension suddenly lets

She had been taut
to know better. Stretched out
straight, like the mask she had
taken off in dream last night,
pulled across & widened then pulled
back on over her face, pushing
gently to get the nose over the
hump evenly, it settled there &
a pull released like a light chain
she gave in & the mask blended,
moonlight purple puddles shining
in the rain, even-ness, even-ness.

A CUT

I have a piece of cake too,
& eating eating it, to
discern the cake & the
act of, to be able to
even eventually want, after
knowing which, both.

Screen out the personal,
the mosquitoes vying at the
screen to get in, attracted
by human smell. How attractive
i am. How attractive you are.
Aren't we just brought
up to groove easily
on one another's skitch.

There he goes! There she
zooms! Around so fast nobody

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saw. Thar she blows &
nobody

knows where she goes
when she dies, that
what
we're trying to find out.
Working day & night
undercandelight, beneath
covers, under the sun, to
find out. There's a secret
& we've got to know. It's got

to be spread on my toast
as i walk from one railroad
station to another across a
bridge in downtown Chicago
on all the Spring, Christmas
college vacations.

Is it the same
city I visited later? Is it the
same person approaching it from
Lake Shore Drive in a car instead
of walking between train stations?

Coming up from the waterfront,
a water bug scuttling up the stone wall
as shears clip in the long grass.

TWO LOVE POEMS

I wanted
to take your arm
from the windowsill
of the car
as it left

carry it back
to the house
with me.
Perhaps I could
deal effectively
with that small
a part of
you. It is

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about all I
could handle:
could apply all
the doctrines &
systems to &
come out with
something that
makes us relate
more finely.

But after all
all there was
left was your
song, coming to
me from a thousand
books over the
years, that I
used & it is
probably the part of
you you'd have me
have.

*

Love cares about itself
as process.
Love is not object.
Love is verb, is the
acting & feeling of
tiny details which
hang together to make
a joyous
structure.

love wants
no object.

It feels
very old. I
am treading such
a gnarled, rooty
path in pursuing
you, not knowing even
the form you're
taking.
Love finally is
nothing except when
personified it is

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your body the desire
mine feels for not it,
but you.
                i care about the
broadness of your back
under my hand.
the botany of
related energy.
                the systemic use of
                recycling tailspins,
                converting them into
                fantasy, of using
                longing.

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CHARLES STEIN: TWO POEMS

OVEN MUSIC

globe
ocean
pure
ethereal stream

seems to cluster
closely round my eyes

may it
come down in a moment
open
the sluices
open
the shadows in front of the mountain

All
I can do is
sing to you
and name the angels

they come in Time
touching my forehead
with small fingers

everyday
before my window
bolting through the trees on morning brightness

The thought
and the man
behind the thought
are one
the noises
in his body

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go up to meet the noises
from the sky
the two lights
meet and are not
apart from each other
the light
in back of the eyes, the sky
in the forehead and the sky
in the sky

. .

I am formed there
standing like a straightened flame
behind the wooden huts
the trucks
that race from the darkness
pointing their beams
the mountain, the cloud
that stops the moon
and opens
blown by internal pressures or blown
by some passing
wind
is seen
less time than attention...

or ride on the river of Vulcan
up through the mountain

. .

before breakfast . belly
churns the light

the practise
builds a heat in the cellar

old rags a
snail or two
on wooden ledges—

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safety dangers
immediate
combustion

when I go down
what to come up with

under-riding the flow of time
when thoughts
by proper
motion
drop to the root

of the oak
in the front yard
pressing foundations
with resinous tendrils
cracking cement

Then will the House go down
and hurtling furniture
of a family on the wrack

with electric hair the mother is furious
to gather her brood back out of the kitchen
the dogs
of the neighborhood
controlling each other

and down in my body
the contradictions of the two faced mirror
one side painted with silver the other
covered with black dye
flashes in my lover's
eye
myself
in cape and flame
erect and wheeling

*

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ok it's
bullshit they'll
never give the
people the key
to their own health wealth and time whoever
we do put up to it the great
events roll round and then roll
over

the man of gold
will hide in turd

I dreamed
there was a mountain
I was scaling
a hill
of sand
I would never
stop losing my footing as the
mountain fell away
and bent
back against the sea

I hung
then swung the car down
back to the city
never
come
to the plum
land

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RICHARD GROSSINGER: FROM SPACES WILD AND TAME

BOOK ONE: "Differentials"

I fall asleep and awake in another room. Above my head the pipe is leaking. The moving men carry a man out in a coffin; he is my grandfather, but he is also a giant clock. There is a bookcase filled with my old books. There is a red-haired girl in the bed with me, a girl I once dated, but try as I may I cannot cross the bed. She is lying there, dead-looking with bright red lipstick, a mannequin. I reach out and she is further than my fingertips; she is a different girl each time I reach across the distance; she is the distance.

There is no natural or sequential time in dream, but a pulse orders the events about each other. All around the dream lies the static of haphazard psychic connections, the neural run-off of body tones, stasis of a being who every micron of the way feels what he is and relaxes into that being, feels all his processes crawling along the nerve-ends. We are the very locus of dream. There is no meaningless static, but is all constituted finally as a shape, is used by the dream as image though its source is everything but.

I am on a plane, but the plane is flying much too close to, it is going to come down, hit. Suddenly I am standing faraway watching the eerie sight of a burning fuselage on the mountain at twilight, the great bird crumbling in midair. I can hear the screams of the people and know that I am one of them. Yet I am also the dreamer, and more than that, I am the dream.

If we were born outside of history, and saw this planet in space, the generations of Earth would flow by as in a dream. The music of a fiddler would turn into a village; the shaman's vision would materialize as mountains all around him; the ships would find the continents even as the continents themselves formed out of stone. Dreaming, we regain our domain, our real history. We become conscious again of the immediacy of our desire, though even in dream it is impossible to discern what it is.

The dream train is not bound by geography; it stops in France, then Hanoi, then Iowa City; its final stop is on a planet circling Alpha Centauri. The train-master makes no pretence of history; he leads us as from image to image, their priority as they burn in us. We are combed by the Earth's gravity and micro-weights of our own body. We are kissed by a girl we cannot see whose tongue enters our mouth and moves so quick- we are turned on, struck like a match. The backbone of our tensions is broken, our position is resolved and made soft, as it will be in dying; as it always is because we never lose what is dear and what is known. But we lose everything else. Faith is merely the universe, awareness of our position in it. WE KNOW JUST WHERE WE ARE. And we stand in place, colloidal, civilized, inhabited by more beings than just ourselves. This is Morden's Globe, the proof that we are round, and awake again, the sun on the other side of the planet, Columbus dreaming of Western seas.

****

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Twilight of cells before dream. I do not know when I will fall asleep. But overlooking the possibility of a dream I stand on a hill overlooking, looking down on large leafy trees. They are in the distance, but each time the wind blows they blow against me, the leaves rushing across my face, deep and final, as water.

A man, silent, thoughtful. Beyond him a barn. A group of women dancing around the barn. These are separate unjoined scenes, as cards in a deck. They cannot see each other. Their skirts are flying about his head, he cannot see them. They are merry, totally female linked in a circle, unbroken until they are water too. These are either scenery or stock scenes. Props, properties. These are perhaps nothing more than the shape taken by a loose eddying rhythm.

I look down over the hill at the man. He is totally fixed, frozen. The wind blows, the trees brush thru me. If I should fall asleep it is he I would become. He is the dreamer, faraway.

I am wondering idly if the trees are the Tree of Life. The wind blows and the leaves do not even stop at my body. I can feel them, like so much electricity, gathering, rustling, in my brain. They come to a crescendo; my head is one buzz getting louder and louder, the more I think the more my thoughts are sheer current, without meaning; when I stop thinking a voice begins.

HIS NAME IS
MY NAME IS
Now, both at once: HIS NAME IS
MY NAME IS
and come together: JOSEPH

I come hard upon him. I enter his head. I am Joseph. I rise above his/my body. I see that I exist in space. I am light, I am current, I no longer see shapes, but flowing differential lines, geodesics, torses. The meadow gathers its lines and runs bounding thru curved space. My name is Joseph and I see the hard-breathing women, panting and bearing children, running on thru the dance. They are all one woman, I am married to her, touching herself hand in hand in a circle. Energy splatters like lava in my head.

When the lights go out. When there are no stars or lamps. When we walk just around the corner, just into

AN AMBUSH, literally, to go into the woods.

hazel ash

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THOMAS MEYER: THE CORRESPONDENCES
(or letters to J.S.)

1/ 13.i.67

Dear Jack,

Thank you for your letter of the first of January. I am sorry about the lateness of the reply.

Today I thought of Gertrude Stein & wish you would give my love to her if there is such a thing as a poets' heaven or hell & depending on whether or not she made it either way being a woman.

This series of letters I call the correspondences in order to arouse an alchemical curiosity on the part of whoever may find them & commit the federal offense of reading another man's mail. & yet no one is committed for reading another man's poetry (a far more personal affair as evidenced by the number of men committed - upon reading another man's poem - to the asylum.)

Correspondence, I think, is a good name, because, after all, the distance between two people (& I can't image a greater one between two people than the one we sit upon the opposite sides of) corresponds to some distance inside each of them. Even Paracelsus' fanatic insistence upon the application of this law et cetera applies here. I mean:

when we make as clear as possible ourselves someone else will notice or be able to. This clarity (I like claritas, which seems clearer to me) this claritas depends on correspondence. What Eliot understood. (That, the We-letter about Eliot is another letter I fear, best left untapped at this time.)

I love you as much as I can, given the current situation & wish you well. I will write soon, again, somehow I'm stopped at this time & can say no more.

2/ 14.i.67

Dear Jack,

Last night I had a dream about cats & not my first. OPVS LEONIS. How do you feel about Jung? Again a kind of alchemical dream, I think: the apparent ease between the feline nature & the Aquarian character which in truth is the tentative touch & play or Cat & Mouse (the roles reversing of course with the game.)

But probably the most important aspect of the dream was that I got

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a message. From you I don't know, although I generally attribute all such communication, claritas, or correspondence to you having thrust upon your acceptance the burden of "Guardian Angel." (The angle-angel confusion, or secret of hieroglyphs, is not unlike the eros-arrows affair, which I will admit is more obvious to the less sensitive eye and/or ear.)

This was the pivot, Pound=Confucius' UNWOBBLING PIVOT, point about the center when seen is pierced with an axis & made to spin around that sincerity. & made to control all breath around that lance.

Could either of us avoid the obvious implication: prick-point, lance-cock, penis-pencil: POEM.

3/ 15.i.67

Dear Jack,

The jealousies of poets trouble me, & the states of life that include, transverse death or consider it nothing more than another state of mind. Yesterday it occurred to me in light of Olson's As The Dead Prey Upon Us, that that notion, the ghost as guide, has somewhere a hook-up (in my mind at least) with GUILT.

& as I have not, or did not, know you when flesh was your way, our direction is different than the Mother returned to guide her Son. A necessary distinction I think, that we clarify our own correspondence, in order to open out into the joy of discovery. That joy not the joy of life nor the desire for death but the new land. What have we been left with?

With what are we equipped? & what for? Where am i in relation to the Night Journey? I assume I have the guide, you, but do not want to presume or commit arrogance. Which brings me to the beginning of jealousy: for no known reason, or one I refuse to admit, no poet will offer (or few) words I can take instinctively to heart. For that reason I ask of myself: HUBRIS? However I do think what you are saying now to be true & free from the complication of flesh.

Free too of GUILT. I can receive nothing made from guilt's matter. I must be GUILTLESS. This was my first rejection of Christianity as a child. I hesitate with JOY, above, because it, as well as flesh, was not a word I see in your work. But what it is you have come to me for may contain what you have to take from me. I am afraid I fear the living far more than I fear the dead. Death may deliver us from guilt. I may be dead now, Jack.

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4/ 17.i.67

Dear Jack,

Reading lately Charles Williams novel, drawn (undoubtedly) to him by my current activity &/or fascination with the dead.

Last night I loaned a friend your Lorca book & cannot help recall it & return to your letters in my mind as an activity. I think we do that, the living at least; we return to what we have done, we come back to whatever constructs of reality we have taken into us. In general the shape of our lives as we live them. Perhaps what you have told me to date is what I am now clarifying:

It is to that shape, the one we worked from life or the conscious level of our spirit which is our Hell or Heaven. My instinct with these two terms even surpasses Blake in some aspect, I want to make no difference between them, but not in the evil way that makes them clouded & assume like figures in the real or unreal, I want to disregard them from the standpoint of measurement. IE. when something occurs in the dead or living worlds, realms, minds, what-have-you, it occurs simply & plainly as itself & does not fulfill one or the other categories.

These two, Heaven & Hell, are first inventions of place for man's mind, to make it clear to him that the difference exists, like life & death. But they may or should upon acceptance leave their perceiver. I give that difference to you & let you carry or deal with it as you will. These are not exclusive gifts, some part of that difference is shared by every man, woman & child I touch. In that respect I adore the Mystery of Love.)

From such comes the form of our life, or where in our bodies we live or choose to live. The divine gift is to make clear to a man that he has that choice. He has the option to shape his own spirit or life, & given that it is that shape we inhabit upon death, our own death.

& we come to our death when our life has exhausted the possible material we are able to accept as pliable, we are able to build from. My love to you in what ever form you take it from me.

5/ 18.i.67

Dear Jack,

RESPONSIBILITY/CHOICE. When the commitment is made these two forces become one. They grow together until it is difficult to tell their flower from the vine. A garden & a growth. They continue to become the bed for further choices & the resulting responsibilities.

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This is the reason I am writing you this letter. I think that beyond a certain point (perhaps this letter) that it is no longer the concern of the omitted. When the flesh, then the spirit feels, takes & makes its own this revealed fact, they cease to be the discussed. But until I am able to frame it in words

(words being the only bridge between the spirit & the body. The physiological process to utter what is the spirit. The only remaining bridge between the dead & living; the incantation brings the ghost, he is invoked. Brought into the flesh, not his own but your own when his name is uttered. Uttered with the proper reverence of WORD (logos) seems such a true term for WORD. The spirit linked to body or flesh. Logos the movement & pattern both, the word said & the saying.)

I am not able to know it totally. IE., the body must feel what the spirit desires. Flesh follows the spirit as long as it can, as long as it is the perception. When it ceases to bring the spirit what it needs it is abandoned. But to abandon the flesh until that time is dangerous that is to loose the soul. Often man makes a contract with himself as the devil to give up the soul, IE., bring (through impatience) the spirit out of the flesh before it is ready to come. When that happens the spirit, soul, psyche, (since we say logos) is lost to him & becomes the tool of the devil. What once was part of him, the devil, is now outside him. The devil lives in the flesh & when the flesh is shed is free of the spirit. Free in such a way that it now rules the spirit & the WORD (logos) becomes only the lack of total understanding. The meaningless continuity that feeds the devil.

My love to where you take me, Jack.

6/ 21.i.67

Dear Jack,

I CHING or I CHANGE. I: (eee) the squeal of animal caught in the bushes or a trap. A man stands in a river panta rei & looks down to his feet where the water parts around & through his legs to see what's there. What he sees, that he sees & is looking is data, natural fact itself. To change what is seen, to change with it is RESPONSIBILITY/ CHOICE themselves.

Through the noise of the world came light. The movement from letter to letter as sound. The change, a picture drawn or image of word. Poetry is a shuffling of those images like Tarot cards. (How I want to raise a storm, beat the cards & have the elements in my own hands, etc.) That's poetry I guess or the poet's job:

to beat the Hell (& I mean just that, I repeat: to beat the HELL) out of his language. To shake a stick, the stick God gave him (only good when the blood's there, only of use when it's hard, only then does it

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hit its mark) & scare the animals from the bushes of language.

Part of what you said about real lemons & collage in that sense of collection. The poem is that:

what runs from under cover when we threaten it with our cocks.
When you slap it right smack in the face or ass with your manhood.
(Undoubtedly the best argument against women poets.) The poem is that change, the unexpected but RIGHT order of things coming out when you come.

Black poetry as opposed to white poetry (along the lines of Black & White magic, which I think may prove valuable as a consideration that furthers the stick shaking possibilities of any poet) is the difference between Chinese change & no-change (not to be confused with the other Oriental enterprise of DRAMA). The opposite of change to their minds is what declines, shrinks, when what ought to rule doesn't. That kind of thing.

Therefore: the black poem is the poem that starts out with all of the images clear & there one by one, or in pairs or symbolic groups disappear, like pulling your cock out of someone's mouth before you come. Love.

7/ 25.i.67

Dear Jack,

We must observe the rule, I learn. There are etiquettes about all such matters.

laws that govern them & us as if we were just the same as any pawn in the game of chess. Our roles differ at times, tailored to suit our needs or the rules of the game. How else could we play. & the game poetry involves choosing-up-sides. Either you want the rules or the pawns. The truth however is that you can't have the rules,

they emerge of their own free-will. The come up out of the play like water comes to a boil, & regardless of current folklore either way: no amount of watching or not-watching will make our pot boil.

So to boil the water we have to pay attention to the pot we use, the water poured in it, the fire under it. Not to mention the kitchen we do it in, the reason we want hot water anyway, etc, the secret being

that all of that is the revelation. You just can't get yourself in boiling water, contrary to any number of popular opinions. You have to work on it, the process & instruments that achieve hot water...

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or white whales. Something tells me Herman Melville knew more about these laws than anyone I can offhand remember. He showed the way whether we saw or not & got his water at a steady, rolling boil every time

because he knew HOW to do it

not WHAT he was doing or wanted to do.

The weather has cooled down again & we have traded our pseudo-spring in for a January again, I fear. I mean to write soon on death, ghosts, myself & the like. Love.

8/ 29.i.67

Dear Jack,

I received word this morning independent of the letters sent last week:

Jack grew old, pulled
the shades & lived in
the dark with bats.

I repeat for the power of repetition. Not the repetition of pattern but the opposite effect: alteration. To say one word long enough, or one phrase enough times, providing we pay full attention.

(which is without a doubt an economic factor. The payment of attention balanced on the other side with the reception of attention in the form of other, of the outered, the usable material.)

puts us inside those sounds in a way we've never been before.

That attempt to go into something is probably the basis of a great number of things, sex & poetry included. & I think is a basic premise of magic.

(If magic is indeed the construction of a house for the spirit. All our spels should be aimed at such a building. But always there is the decision: poet or magician. I must take "poet" as my choice. & this choice involves the construction for the spirit as well. The poem is fashioned as a dwelling for it. The kind of dwelling one can make & set before one & say: pick it up.

This brings me to a second & important observation. The changes. The changes we effect in our bodies. The distances are all internal, IE., there are true correspondences, evidenced by these letters & the macro- or micro- of things in general.

Their secret (the second factor's) is the internalization. What we do in the garden of ourselves with what grows outside that garden.

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Nothing lives in that soil unless we plant it. A great number of things can die there though. Often the garden lies fallow & we live as "men of today.")

The white snow affects a black light as the sun sets, Jack.

9/ 30.x.67

Dear Jack,

In response to recent conditions (surrounding & internal activities that move out lately into THE LIGHT of alchemical fires & rhetorick made publick, Ah sweet Elizabeth, Lady of the Court & woman whom we forget our images by --)

I find myself in a state of AD-dress (clothing of place & time & direction: map or glyph, the design of movement out & in to WE) I read, Joby outside reads Duncan's HD Book to me. I mean that what-where we come to say two/another (WE=2 & not 1+1) I mean what I want to say IS. Ubi sunt, the price after the fact is

your death.

Through Death's gate you come back or I go in.

Gerrit reminds me not only poets have no words as I wrote about another thing, & now that thing is different (the difference Dr. Paracelsus hunted out & found to be the Micro & Macro/prosopus for us.) So no one has anything to say, before (with Poets) I meant generosity. Ah the fabric.

Duncan calls for Traditio:

Where WE turn to the WE turns. Dual. & 2=0. But again I must put away the old books for the New I write. Post Script:

the only books useful now are
catalogues (lists - what we list or want to put down. The put down of vital information or loss of values: the Vulgar. A vulgate said I Jerome. A sacred books the natives could speak several hundred years ex post facto when
the tribe worked over the languages & what was bar-bar was greek & the jewels were latin. Ex/changes of the hordes invading with new things rough on their raspy old tongues.

Your poem (R.B. prints in the first issue of PACIFIC NATION) influenced me more last summer, before I read it -- TIME in & TIME out -- than all your other BOOKS.

I've begun : THE BOOK of SACRED SPICES that PRESERVE US wherein is listed the catalogues of all knowledge & the Keys to the GATES.

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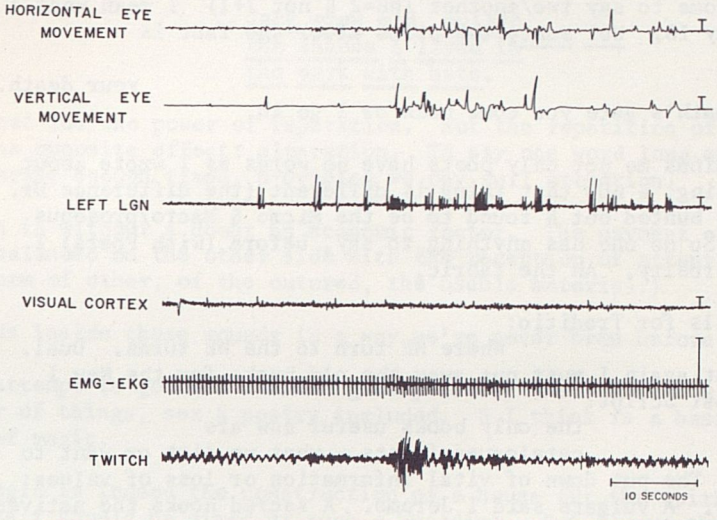
(Part ONE, Robert Duncan thank you, being The Correspondences.)

So Jack SPICEr let us hold the lights & draw the curtains around our medial bed & not let out the LIGHT just yet. These sparks from the typewriter would cause riots unclearly. In four minutes the riot can be complete & on the page & the process accessible, perfect & available in the whole fabric of the moment. Perfect and available to the next surge & revolution of the clocks hidden inside the orders on the keyboard. (The TOUCH system = the TOUCHstone/typos = type out a response.) I put away the lead & weigh you in after the initial fact, some months later, in black gold.

What sun we have today. Lorca sends love I saw him this weekend in New York. He wants to meet us for lunch some time. Can Gertrude Stein come I promise to keep her Anima-para-noir in tact. It isn't your hell fella it may be mine. Love.



For whatever it means, there is the definite fact that dimensions which are a multiple of 4 behave completely differently from the others. This relates to the 8 in the homotopy groups, but also to deeper things --- the classification of manifolds, and the number of manifolds which are spheres, topologically (for 4n dimensional manifolds there is a wildly important invariant called the signature). I am studying groups of symmetries of manifolds. E.g., circumstances when the presence of a symmetry, even a slight one, imposes strong conditions on the manifold (so that some manifolds cannot possess even mild symmetries) --- in a letter from Greg Dropkin, January, 1971.

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Jonathan Greene

Paper as flesh as...

Paper holds clay,
a sediment,

(dust
transforms)

a mirror
creation, mirrors

a unseen
world

'the
bottom of it all'

a new creature
from some letters

on a forehead

Recognitions Beyond

I see the possibility
I deny. The surroundings
not to the point. Anywhere
- the possibility. An oblique
tangent to the everyday.
(Given the place to stand,
Archimedes said...)

...to start with total
recognition of the moment.
Proceed to the inner by
the skin of our assumed flesh.
In the beginning: 'I never
knew before' as answer.
As the end: hand-over-mouth
yes, touch the matter.

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TOM RAWORTH: ENTRY

major turnpike connections in eastern united states
audubon, witchcraft, akbar
all for san francisco

ordinary people
i have killed poetry
yes and i had to tell you
books are dead
refer others to your own
experience perhaps
identical thoughts flicker
through each head at the same time
intelligence was the invader from space
and won defend your planet

now that sounds intelligent

9.00 P.M. MAY 1ST. 1970

(for Ed Dorn)

mounting a stag's skull remains
the province of a tiny man
who standing on a bolt peers
across eye socket rim at antlers
(the magnetic north) that are not his
heads east again
upon a giant brown and white
saint bernard which leads me
to today obsessed by thoughts
of drowning in hot water in the dark
the hound's bark drifts
through trees in the night spring air
venus is out

8.00 P.M. MAY 5TH. 1970

each evening the girl with a twisted spine
passes my window as the weather warms
her dresses thin and shorten and useless pity
for the deformed and lonely leaves me
only this i can not love her and her life
may be filled with warmth i project my past
sadness on to all the weight
of my thought of her misery may add
the grain that makes her sad i should be dead
which is why today the roman wall
is not the stones the romans saw

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HERB WILLIAMS

(untitled dream)

by morning
the fire is coals
smoking under dew
glistening in yellow-orange light
clouds moving
west to east
it will be another hot day
and we get up
boiling the night's coffee
and coughing
on our first ready-rolls

we roll our blankets
and eye the prairie
the horses are tied
and saddled as the sun
burning the dew
comes into view
the herd is starting to become restless
moving about
pawing the ground
bellowing
they seem to know that
the trail is about at an end

our excitement mounts
after weeks of work
the City lies just over the horizon

Prairie Dream

before us
and behind
the tracks of wagon wheels
worn into the grasses
move west
& east
depending
even before the railroads
we stood on rails
and looked
up & down
the prairie stretched
stretches around
and holds us
forever

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18

the torque of the scene,

the earth spinning

w/o any tangible axis

we spin with it

on the surface we move

in unison without/enough identity to establish

our own orbits

our own unique motions

through which to engender

our personal fulcrumless properties.

our coming is false

our coming is captured

by our pronoun/ced movement;

like her, kneeling

bent over with her eyes

closed

sucking my cock

me, wondering what

she's thinking,

in which direction.

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645 michigan

the dispossession in/volved

in relocation

in relearning of territory (which way the handles

turn, how many steps to the john.

proper disposal of space,

in the unitness of each unique matrix.

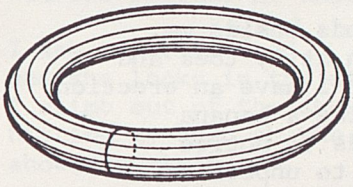
as the arena becomes

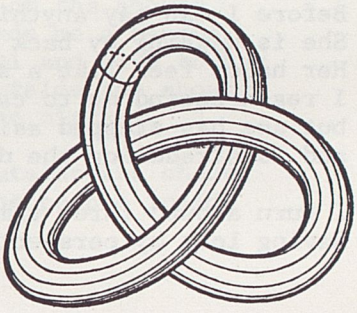
occupied

the flux must also be

channeled.

Danny Harkness was a student at the University of Kansas; he is now living in Washington, D.C.





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David Wilk: Taking a Shower

I am in the shower
the girl stands outside
I wonder if she is hungry
and ask her to join me,
making a snap decision
to put my life in her hands

She undoes all her clothes
and climbs in with me,
ignoring the brush of the
shower curtain

She shimmers from the toes up
and before climbing in with me
asks if I have ever eaten a banana
Without waiting for the shower
curtain to part she brings me
a banana and eats it

She sees me drooling and
climbs into the shower with me
Her hair shimmers like a
shower curtain
I remember that I am hungry

As she stands beside me,
I look down at my toes and
notice that I have an erection
It looks like a banana
She pretends to notice
and starts to unpeel me

Before I can say anything
She is washing my back
Her hands feel like a shower curtain
I reach behind me to caress her
but she has stepped aside
and is straddling the drain

I turn around three times,
having lost my perspective

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She follows me with a hairbrush
waiting for me to fall down

Instead I ask her to climb in with me
She pretends to be eating a banana
and brushes her teeth with her finger
I remember that I am hungry

She tells me that I am
entirely out of hand
I agree and ask her to
make love
She is reminded of an old friend
and looks in the mirror,
ignoring the shower curtain

The water turns cold
and I start to shiver.
She tells me this is what
she has been waiting for
and starts to laugh,
pulling another banana
from behind her ear

As she caresses my erection
I am reminded of a shower curtain
and start to laugh
I am not afraid to be offended
But she reminds me that I am hungry

I ask to be excused
and she looks in the mirror
I climb out of the shower
hitting my head on the
shower curtain

I step out of the shower
and she hands me a banana
which I peel and give to her
We stand outside the shower
watching the mirror

We stand outside the shower
watching the people inside

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DAVID WILK: KARMA PUDDING

some day things just started falling down around yer ears, you hear echoes, and see farmers flyin' past with hogs clutched under their arms like babies, and they're smilin' and proud, even though yer own eyes have popped all the way out of yer head and hit the far wall. already everything is falling short of yer expectations you might say, because yer educated & big words and ideas are common as cabbage to yer industrialized mind. but that happens to be why such chaos is so hard fer you to handle. it's because you were educated to believe in three things 1) progress (of civilization) 2) happiness (of men) and 3) life (long life because "nobody likes death") and somehow there are times in the history of the world when none of those things quite stand up--these times are known as holocaust & doomsday & the end of the world, even though they're not; the people who're educated to holocaust in the cycle of the farmer-world & industry energy are just these: both kinds of Indians and the old Chinese Taoists (sometimes known as OCT's amongst their more nefarious brethren). these are the groupminds that understand, whose mindcells are directly involved in lifecycle energy, who see with <u>all</u> their eyes. this comes down kind of strong in these times when chaos is licking at civilization, but the time seems so long since the last occurence of universal destruction that "civilization" can't hardly believe it's real. which is part of the "historical process" in the first place (probably the last too). the only way those hogs & such can go flyin' past yer head that particular way is for you not to have travelled any farther in time & consciousness than you have done. the worst part of it for yer bedraggled human head is that this holocaust isn't even <u>just</u> the end of this world and total disorder in the universe: it's an honest heathen part of the ordered flow of the universe & is the beginning of just one <u>more</u> world planet, the fifth in the Hopi myths, and what some crazies have understood as a couple of seconds in the life of big bad Brahman (this don't cut too much fer us punies) and what does all this so-called "education" do fer yer head in yer greatest hour of need (you see another aspect of the worldgame is o' course the good ole question-and-then-answer series)? it don't do shit you see, you

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just slowly follow yer eyes to the wall & drop down on yer knees to wait out the short interval til yer next encounter with the universal intelligence. an' it is only fitting that you start out in the next one as a farmer, with jest about the finest shit-eatin' hog-carryin' grin of the new world, an' shoutin' the whole time "all power to the universe!"

MAPPING THE NEW WORLD

The dream is the one we stand in
(upright)
there are lies in the words
in the hand I write with
& every body
has an image somewhere
that can speak of it
as though it never lived

or died

but really none of this can matter. it's just more of the rubbish I surround myself with. the way the poem sits on the page, and finds itself, and me standing inside it. these are thoughts, and the vestigial remains of my ancestral language. everyone makes claims for new & revolutionary theories of evolution--how we got here, this planet & then died from it all. our hard death. the illusion of "something than which nothing greater can be conceived" or taught to lay bricks at a rate that far surpasses the speed of light. it is easy to fall down: the music sounds very good, too good I don't need to explain--to everyone at some time, some music sounds "great," you feel like you should live in it, it comes out of itself & caresses your body, that you dream about when you are not watching close enough & turn off the faucet as it leaks, & today I am poor. perhaps there is another day. I fill in the gaps between us; in the areas we sometimes cross into I can't quite reach across. it's the vessel, the great ship: to carry it across great distances, the Atlantic Ocean, & then to fall off the edge of the world--the dangers of being a courier in an unknown place (space). there are rhythms, all unfamiliar, and the fear of getting lost. the navigator, the fifteenth century star-charts carry me along with them. sometimes in the jungle you forget where you are and then it is time to die. of fright--you are

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lost, alone, unsafe. in this world of jungle you have learned since birth the placement & position of every molecule--you know which ones move & twist about every time you do. but when you forget this, it is time to die. your life is that tenuous, harmony is fragile: the other worlds beckon. it is very difficult, here, in this world--and in the unknown, to lose your way, to venture forth unsure of dimensions, the exact equivalents of molecules, it is surely death. yourtime to die, your choice of it is the edge of the known world, of the world, of dreams, of the lights we sometimes feel; the pauses in the proper places, inflections of existence, signposts, where to piss & shit. the flora & fauna of the New World, complete with diagrams, specifications, and dimensions. Sometimes it becomes necessary to make your own, to find your way in the blank spaces, and then to remember when & how; and then you must make maps and charts too. for which the hands & brain, & the connections between them, were invented. (and back to the old farm, the music deep there, like the well. and the secrets in their places, and you in yours--your message to the future.) the illusions inherent in this system of life pretend to you, they ask of your life, your opinions, and in slow and subtle words are found, in many languages. who could fail to understand? some must die along the way, for the living breath of others.

what hands I have,
tight around,
where the sky meets the sea
the edge of my world

I move out
behind me, the sky.

my dreamsong

David Wilk is currently a student at Yale University, studying anthropology.

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Because he said he was born
in Hagerstown, Maryland
he was not born there,
in 1836, as he said he was,
though he lived there, or said he did,
until he was 16, but it was a lie,
he did not live there
a devoted son, as he said he was,
who helped his widowed mother
and in his 16th year said
he was taken to Cleveland, Ohio
by an old friend of the family,
there given an excellent English education.
Me and my older brother, he said,
and a negro a wagon and a team,
he said, started for Pike's Peak
and arrived at Lawrence, Kansas.
We stopped to make some purchases, he said,
and left in the afternoon.
We camped near the Kaw River, he said,
where during the night we were attacked
by a group called Montgomery's band.
My brother was killed, he said,
and I was wounded, left for dead,
the negro the wagon and the team
were all appropriated.
After keeping vigil for 24 hours
amidst hundreds of coyotes
and famished for water, he said,
I crawled to the Kaw River
and managed to quench my thirst,
after which I espied a canoe
on the opposite bank
and an Indian
soon after approached the canoe,
to whom I halloed,
Hello, Halloo, he said,
asking him to come over,
and he did, he came over,
and he heard my story
and he buried my brother
after he came over, he said.
He and his wife, he said,
nursed me back to health.
He was a Shawnee Indian and
his name was Golightly Spiebuck.
Soon after I was nursed back to health
by him and his wife, I sought out
this group called Montgomery's band,
and I joined Montgomery's band.

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My name was Charley Hart, he said.
I then obtained in a systematic way
the names of all the men
who took part killing my brother.
I joined the group called Montgomery's band
for the purpose of revenge, he said,
managing to get one at a time
away from the camp,
and I never let one get back alive,
until, when the war came on,
only two were left.

This is most of what he said to the Missourians.

The man I knew as W.C.Quantrill always said he was born and raised in Hagerstown, Md. When he became such a noted rebel partisan chieftain his mother had to leave home went to Virginia was there when he was wounded and died in Louisville, Kentucky, he wrote to her all the time he was in the state he told me a few days before he was wounded about his relatives said he had three brothers one was killed in Kansas when they were on their way to Colorado while they were in camp one night the Jayhawkers as they were afterwards called came on them in the night killed his brother shot him breaking his leg left him for dead took their outfit and negro man they had and left his second brother killed fiting under the gallant Stone Wall Jackson in Virginia his other brother a lad twelve years old was a cripple at home with his Mother and Sister about eighteen years of age. You say he was born at Canal Dover Ohio is why I think there must have been two men of the same name as Thompson Quantrill so I cannot give any information concerning the one you speak of the one I knew was true to the cause for which he fought and a son that any Mother might be proud off as to the questions you ask I could never think of writing not being much of a hand at letter writing as you see when you read this I know brave deeds and hair breadth escapes of him and his brave company but dates I cannot remember he was a true Catholic this Thompson said they were all Presbyterians the Priest name was Powers but I have heard that he died about a year ago. Capt. Quantrill was buried in the Catholic grave yard between Louisville and Portland, Ky. I have his photograph but I cannot send it from the fact it is not at home at present tis a good likeness of him.

--Olivia D. Cooper

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If there were
two hundred men with the same name
it would not be the same as this one man
with two hundred names,
even if they all lived in the same state
and that state were, well, Kansas!
and even if every one of their two hundred stories
made sense.

Q.,

you was stealing oxen from Beeson then,
remember? and blankets and pistols
from Torrey. You was never
an innocent injured Maryland boy
in the cabin of a Shawnee
named Golightly Spiebuck.
Go on! You was gambling then,
remember? and that, at least,
was in your favor.

A day or two after, one of Walkers slaves found the other two in the woods, while looking up a missing horse, and found the horse tied with them. Ball was seemingly "all right" and had a small camp fire, was making a poultace of bark for Harry, who was dying of his wounds The slave left the horse with them and promised not to betray them, but did immediately go and tell Walker, who summoned his "army" and guided by the negro, surrounded the "camp." When Ball saw them approaching he at once knew that he was "lost" and singling out Quantrell who stood beside Walker, dared him to come near enough to give him a fair chance. Ball stood over his dying comrade and shook his pistol at the attacking party Walker himself, being armed with a long range rifle, shot Ball in the forehead and killed him instantly. When Ball fell, Quantrell ran up, looked at Harry and Ball, put his revolver into Harry's mouth and fired, and there was no one of the party to tell Walker any different story than Quantrells.

--John Dean

As if,
and whatever you say, Q.,
the truth is
there are not even two
of your many persons here,
the truth is this dream
you are making of what you think is
your history, that is your history,
of what you cannot get out of your head,
of what you will not let out of your mouth.

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The sheriff came and took Quantrill to Independence and put him in jail. I went with him to that place and got the Sheriff to let him out that night. I took him to the Hotel and we slept in the same room. A great many people were in town the next day and the excitement ran very high. In the afternoon I thought it time to start home and went to the stable to get my horse. When I arrived on the public square, I found a great crowd gathered about. I rode up to them to see what it meant and learned that they were going to hang Quantrill. I told them they must not do it: but some of them seemed inclined to be stubborn about it. I told them if they did, they would do it over my dead body and they gave it up. I then went with Quantrill and bought him a suit of clothes of which he was badly in need and we went home. The next day my father gave him a horse, bridle and saddle and $50.00 in money with the understanding that he was to leave, as it was thought best. He left for Kansas; but told me he would be back in a few days and he was. He made two or three trips into Kansas. He was caught once and put in jail at Aubrey, I think.

--Andrew J. Walker

Thus,
on the 25th of March, 1861,
Varmint Q. rode back to Staunton, Kansas,
and he rode back singing, but
what he sang was the music of a dream he had,
called simply,

A DREAM I HAD

Almost as an afterthought
the winds beat their tension into your dream,
into it, out of it, and then you remember,
after the winds remind you, that is,
then you can remember,
you are not the outlaw but
the dream of an outlaw, and
later on you will be the wind itself
and then perhaps yourself an afterthought
you will know about the constancy of names
in such province and states of your mind
An unimposing act of will --
the first man to open his mouth
and thus lose illusion
had to be an Adam of inconstancy:
Adam it was when once that great and foolish wind
swept through his yard,
uprooting everything,

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leaving hundreds homeless,
yet this wind was not a hurricane,
and consequently had no name

It was only as an afterthought
that Adam thought of his possessions --
all lemons, and the mayberry bush,
nasturtiums and grizzlies and
you name it

Was it ever anything more
than an act of loudness? Yes!
Adam shouted and an Earth woke up
or the Earth shook and Adam woke up
or somebody heard the wind come in
and said so and was it you? No!

When Captain Elias Snyder heard
who it was was coming
back to Kansas, when he heard
that is, that it was Quantrill
who was coming back to Kansas,
he immediately armed his men,
he armed his men
and arrested Varmint Q.

Early in the spring of 61 I do not now remember the day of the month or the month at this time but can get the date of the time to the day Late in the evening Squire Hauser sent me a message that Quantrill was at Bennings I got 5 men to go with me and captive the outlaw and bring him to Justice with a inch roap when we came near to Bennings I left the party and in the woods and went to Hausers House and Hauser advised me to make the arest under the shade of Law as I did not think best but Mr. Hauser was at the time Justice of the Peace and I gave way to his Plan and he apointed me Constable and then reconsidered it and thought best to give the papers in the Hand of the Constable which was Jurd said that Jurd would be all right Jurd proved to be a friend to Quantrell and spoiled the hole Bisness he Jurd told me that he would go in and being acquainted with Benings that he had warrant for Quantrell to have him run out at the

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back door and then we could get him but Jurd did not do that. He told Quantrell that I had a posse of men out side and for him not to go out or I would get him so Jurd made me fals prommas and kept me waiting until almost daylight when I hured the thing up by bursting open the door and stept in the house Quantrell was standing in the middle door with a Revolver in each hand Quantrell attempted to rais and bring them to range on me when I spoke to him and said bill drop them revolvers or I will kill you I had my Revolver in range of the place wair he Lived he Obaid quick I then told him to hand them Revolvers to Jurd which he did he then was taken to Squire Hausers office and Jurd and Bening sent to Paola for Millar and White and Potter theas three Proslaves came and waved examination and he would go to Jail So the Constable Jurd took him to Jail Shortly after that I got a order from Sheriff and he depotized me and ordered me to bring Wm Quantrell to Larrance and turn him over to the athorities of Douglis Co I shoed my papers to H.H.Williams and my demand he would have to give up the Prisner He said he could not go to Paola for 2 hours but would send his depety wich was Jim Cree to see that Quantrell was not taken out of Jail before we got over and Cree said that Williams told him to go to White and tell White that Snyder had a order to take him Quantrill to Larance and when Williams and Myself came in paola Quantrell was Left out of Jail and on the horse that Walker giv Him for his Sirvis of Geting Some of the Kansas Abilishens kild.

--Captain Ely Snyder

Cost.		State of Kansas } Criminal Action
docket	$.10	Against Quantrill }
oath	.10	
warrant	.50	Eli Snyder for State.
3 papers	.30	Before me, Samuel H. Houser a Justice
trying	.75	of the Peace for said Lykins County,
order	.35	personally came Eli Snyder who being
mittim.	.35	duly sworn according to law says there
docket	.25	was a warrant issued to Constable
		E.B.Jurd on 26th day of March, 1861.
		Warrant served on prisoner in custody.
	$2.70	E.B.Jurd Const.

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From sleep, he said,
the strong awake,
the weak escape, but
everyone seems
to come out of it,
it is the same
act, a sad fact,
not like
death which is
only a
pleasant lesson.

I came home on a short furlow leaving my Horse at
Home I went to Staunton telling my wife I would be
back in one or 2 hours. I carried my Revolver with me
as I walked up to the only Store in the town Quantrell
and a man by the name of Jurd a Constable was standing
about 30 feet from the Store House I shook Hands
with them I saw five men Walking very fast coming
in our direction about 20 yards off they Had Sharps Rifles
slung over their shoulders Mr Jurd said to me
I depotize you to Protect Quantrell from those men
I knew 2 of them One of them was Elias Snyder the other
was called Buckskin as they came near one of them drew
his gun to shoot Quantrell I knocked the gun up
and drew my Revolver and said Whats up Quantrell said
they are going to kill me I said what for He said he
did not know Quantrell was very Pale and Excited
I said if there is any shooting I would take a Hand
in it and ordered Quantrell to go into the Store thoes men
had their guns cocked and trying to get a shot at him
I kept my Pistol Presented in their direction saying
I would shoot the man that fired the first shot. When
Quantrell got in the store I held the door there was
a ladder standing in the center of the Floor reaching
to the Sealing I ordered Quantrell to enter a square
Hole in cealing When he was up I walked in and
Started up the Ladder saying that the first man that
stuck his head above the trap door I would kill there
was one bed up there I found Quantrell sitting on it
They ordered me to come down or they would shoot through
the floor but they did not know just where we were
then they said they would burn the house the Store
Keeper to save his Building tried to get us to come
down Quantrell said to me to give him my pistol

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and for me to go down and he would sell his life to the best advantage I told him he was my prisoner and that I would turn him over to the Sheriff I had told Jurd to send some one after the Sheriff and Possey to Paola He sent a man by the name of John Billings on Quantrells Horse it was 10 miles in less than three hours the Sheriff came with 4 good men I turned Quantrell over to them next day they send a Man out to my Place for me to come to Paola I went in they wanted to know why I had Quantrell under arest I was in the Jail talking with Quantrell and the Sheriff I stated that I had taken him to save his life. In less than 20 minutes he was out and gone. He went straight for Missouri and took the Bush.

-- Rev. Robert Shearer

Again!

he put his thumb to his nose,
this man, this Varmint Q.,
a gesture of . . . what? of will?
and then --
and then perhaps as an afterthought
leaning back in the saddle
he patted himself! on the ass!
a vulgar gesture!
(but a dream!)
an insult to everyone!
and then -- and then
he put spurs to his horse,
he opened his mouth -- EIYEE!
and bade farewell to Kansas

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ROBERT CREELEY: PEOPLE

for Arthur Okamura

I knew where they were,
in the woods. My sister
made them little houses.

Possibly she was one,
or had been one
before. They were there,

very small but quick,
if I moved. I
never saw them.

How big is small. What
are we in. Do
these forms of us take shape, then.

Stan told us of the shape
a march takes, in
anger, a sort of small

head, the vanguard, then
a thin neck, and then,
following out, a kind of billowing,

loosely gathered body, always
the same. It must be
people seen from above

have forms, take place,
make an insistent pattern,
not suburbs, but the way

they gather in public places,
or, hidden from others,
look one by one, must be

there to see, a record if
nothing more. "In a tree
one may observe the hierarchies

of monkeys," someone says. "On
the higher branches, etc." But
not like that, no, the kids

run, watch the wave of them
pass. See the form of their
movement pass, like the wind's.

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I love you, I thought,
suddenly. My hands
are talking again. In-

side each finger must
be several men. They
want to talk to me.

On the floor the dog's eye
reflects the world, the people
passing there, before him.

The car holds possibly
six people, comfortably,
though each is many more.

I'll never die or else will
be the myriad people all
were always and must be--

in a flower, in a
hand, in some
passing wind.

*

These things
seen from inside, human,
a head, hands.

and feet. I can't
begin again to make
more than was made.

You'll see them
as flowers, called
the flower people--

others as rocks,
or silt, some
crystalline or even

a stream of smoke.
Why here at all
--the first question--

no one easily answers,
but they've taken place
over all else. They live

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now in everything, as everything.
I keep hearing
their voices, most happily

laughing, but the screaming
is there also. Watch
how they go together.

They are not isolated
but meld into continuous
place, one to one, never alone.

*

From whatever place
they may have come from,
from under rocks,

that moistness, or the sea,
or else in those
slanting places of darkness,

in the woods, they
are here and ourselves
with them. All

the forms we know,
the designs, the
closed-eye visions of

order--these too they are,
in the skin we
share with them.

If you twist one
even insignificant part
of your body

to another, imagined
situation of where it
might be, you'll

feel the pain of all
such distortion and
the voices will

flood your head with
terror. No thing
you can do can

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be otherwise than
these people, large
or small, however

you choose to think
them--a drop of
water, glistening

on a grassblade, or
the whole continent,
the whole world of size.

*

Some stories begin,
when I was young--
this also. It tells

a truth of things,
of people. There used
to be so many, so

big one's eyes went
up them, like a ladder,
crouched in a wall.

Now grown large, I
sometimes stumble, walk
with no knowledge of

what's under foot.

*

Some small
echo
at the earth's edge

recalls
these voices,
these small

persistent
movements,
these people,

the circles,
the holes they
made, the

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one
multiphasic
direction,

the going,
the coming,
the lives.

I
fails in
the forms

of them, I
want
to go home.

*

[note: this poem is being done as a book this spring with drawings by Arthur Okamura, available from Shambala Publishers in California.]

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conditio

The analytical

analogy

(time and exact definition

consequential nature of

& the abstract

form in the

expression

(impetus

each going moment

initiatic cosmos, world of nature, celestial world

(cosmology) (theology)

nature

poetry as acts

(conditions of personal being)

mythology (conditions of image and narrative,

(of some gods?)

& of public - private

action

(condition of)

dreams' instructional statements

archetypal dreams : example of Rome last
week (Charles Boer's dream
of "And the cicadas mate
in the air"

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(language of the Unconscious

poetry Myth

The moment you've made that selection

you've called attention to it and so ruined

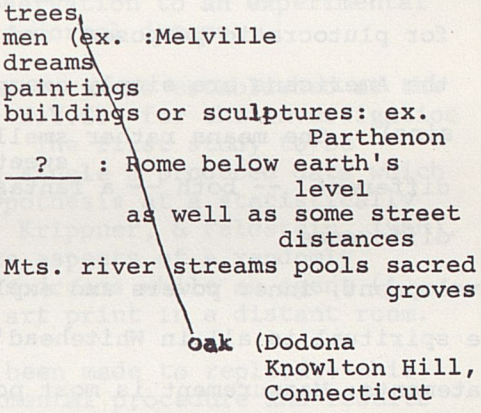
the beauty or other reason of choosing it

Mythological powers as such

(performs form

or narrative or image forms in

the real, in either the process or their creations



? tumulos

words as letters

mathematics as

(51 prs

Music

history as time

alchemy of

slain kings roots

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planets

"through time and exact definition"

(explicitness &

analogy like to like

the Lake Van measure

I regret nothing, I accept it all (though there on

rejected. What man's senses of examples --

the demonstrative as yours,

of employment which have all descended

into the organization -- of Time

for plutocratic purposes and the result is

the Americans are simply examples of the Deadly

sins) One means rather smelling entirely
sweetened

different -- both -- a fantastic possible

difference

development, inner powers and explanations.

The spiritual is all in Whitehead's simplest of all statements: Measurement is most possible throughout the system. That is what I mean. That is what I feel all inside. That is what is love.

Charles, Saturday morning

December 13th

LXIX

"There are two words no one can decipher as yet -- the whole piece was written in an extremely weak hand, in the hospital, possibly in the dark after visitors went home. These two words are represented her as _____(?)_____." Charles Boer.

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STANLEY KRIPPNER & RICHARD DAVIDSON: THE EXPERIMENTALLY-INDUCED TELEPATHIC DREAM AND ITS RELIGIOUS IMPLICATIONS

Ever since the early conjectures of Freud (1933) regarding the possibility of telepathic influence on dream content, reports have appeared in the psychiatric literature describing presumptively telepathic dreams occurring in the context of the psychotherapeutic situation (e.g., Servadio, 1935; Ehrenwald, 1948). With the discovery by Aserinsky and Kleitman (1953) of physiological techniques for the monitoring of dreams, it became possible to move from a conjectural and clinical level of discussion and observation to an experimental level of investigating para-normal dreams.

In 1962, a dream laboratory was established at the Maimonides Medical Center, N.Y.C., for the investigation of telepathy and dreaming. The first study to be completed which utilized a single S produced data which supported the telepathy hypothesis at a statistically significant level (Ullman, Krippner, & Feldstein, 1966). S's task was to incorporate aspects of a randomly selected art print into his dreams while an agent (A) was concentrating on that art print in a distant room.

A recent attempt has been made to replicate this earlier study. The experimental procedure and results will be presented as well as a discussion of the possible implications of these data for religion.

Procedure

Dr. William Erwin, a New York psychologist and psychotherapist, again served as S. Another psychologist, a staff member at the Maimonides Medical Center, again served as A. The three judges (Js) who had assisted during the earlier study again evaluated the material. An eight night study was planned by the laboratory staff.

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It was again hypothesized that S's dream transcript for any given experimental night would reflect the influence of telepathic communication with A. The selection of art prints was made by four laboratory staff members who were never present on any of the experimental nights. As a result, the range of possible art prints used was unknown to S, to A, or to the experimenters (Es) who monitored the electroencephalographic equipment during each session.

The "target pictures" were postcard-size art prints of famous paintings. One of the laboratory staff members examined over 100 art prints from museums, art supply shops, and art books, selecting 20 that combined highly emotional content, vivid color, and archetypal themes -- the characteristics which appeared to typify successful telepathy target pictures in the previous study with S. These 20 prints were narrowed to 10 by two other staff members.

In the previous study with S, the nightly log of A indicated that he had spontaneously dramatized or acted out some of the scenes depicted in the target pictures. In order to facilitate this process as well as to more deeply involve A in the theme and mood of the art print, a fourth staff member prepared a series of objects relating to each of the target pictures. These objects were designed to create a multisensory involvement of A with the target picture. For example, an art print depicting two boxers was accompanied by a boxing glove so that A could spend part of the night shadow-boxing.

The staff member who selected the multisensory materials sealed each art print in an opaque envelope. This envelope was enclosed in a larger envelope which was also sealed. Each envelope had a small letter in its upper right hand corner, matching a letter on an appropriate box of multisensory materials. This staff member who sealed the envelopes affixed his signature on the flap of each envelope. The signature was covered with transparent tape so that any attempt to open the envelope prematurely would be detected. This staff member also affixed his signature to the side of each box of multisensory material. Again, the signature was covered with transparent tape to detect any attempt to tamper with the materials.

S was not informed as to the presence of the multisensory materials. However, he knew from his previous sessions that the target materials would consist of postcard-size reproductions of famous paintings. S

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slept in the dream laboratory on non-consecutive nights. As soon as S was in bed, A entered an office and selected a single digit from a table of random numbers. At this point, he was given a key by one of the Es; taking this key, he unlocked an attache case which contained the 10 envelopes in which the target pictures had been sealed. A counted down through the stack of target envelopes until he reached the number of the randomly selected digit. If the digit were larger than the number of targets remaining in the pool, A went through the pool a second time until an envelope was located, the order of which matched the randomly chosen number.

Once the target envelope had been selected, the appropriate box of multisensory materials was located. These boxes were kept in a cabinet near the file in which the attache case was located. A and E examined both the target envelope and the box to see if the transparent tape had been broken or if the signature showed evidence of tampering. Still under the observation of E, A placed the remaining target envelopes back in the attache case and locked it, taking the key and the target materials to his room.

A's room contained a table, a bed, a loudspeaker, and a buzzer. S's dream reports could be heard by A on the loudspeaker; this procedure served to maintain A's interest in the experiment and his continued orientation to the sleeping S. There was no microphone in A's room, making it impossible for any vocal cues to be transmitted from A to S or from A to the Es. A's room was separated from S's sleep room by three doors and a corridor which was 96 feet in length.

Upon arriving in his room, A opened the target containers, inspected the target material, and began his attempts to telepathically influence S's dreams. A was allowed to nap, but an E buzzed A whenever the electroencephalographic record indicated that a dream period was about to begin.

During the night, the Es monitored S's sleep on an eight-channel Model D Medcraft EEG to detect emergent Stage I REM (rapid eye movement) periods. At the end of each REM period, an E awakened S by means of a two-way intercom, and elicited a verbal report. These reports were recorded on tape and subsequently transcribed.

Following S's final awakening in the morning, an E conducted a post-sleep interview with S in order to

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obtain additional associational material. Finally, S was asked to make a guess as to what he thought the target picture for that night might have been. At this point, S's electrodes were detached, he was taken to breakfast, and dismissed.

Once the post-sleep interview had been terminated, a secretarial assistant mailed the tape to a transcriber who typed a transcript of the night's verbal report and interview. In the meantime, A re-sealed the envelope and the box containing the multisensory materials, affixing his signature to each seal and covering it with transparent tape. These materials were filed in a separate cabinet by A until the entire experimental series was concluded.

After transcripts for all eight nights had been collected and transcribed, three outside Js who had not been present during any of the experimental sessions rated each of the eight target materials against each of the eight transcripts. The Js worked blind and independently, using slides of the art prints and of the multisensory materials.

The 64 possible target-transcript combinations were submitted to each J in a different random order. Eight combinations were judged at a time. Following the completion of each set of eight, the J mailed his ratings to the dream laboratory and was sent another set. All contact between the Js and the dream laboratory was accomplished through the mails so as to eliminate contamination in the form of E bias effects.

The judging form contained a 100-point scale. The Js were asked to inspect the art print and the multisensory material and to examine the dream transcript for correspondences. The Js' instructions read, in part:

> ...you are to consider that the target represents an event that has occurred while the subject was just going to sleep, or has occurred while the subject was in the sleeping state. You must further assume that the event has in fact influenced the dream either in a direct way or through some process of transformation. The task then becomes one of working from the dream back to the event that affected the dream.... Using a red pencil, color the space that represents, in your judgment, the correspondence between target material and transcript content.

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Results

Data from the first study with S had been subjected to an analysis of variance technique described by Scheffé (1959, chapter 10).+For the second study with S, a more conservative technique, a Latin Square analysis of variance, was used. This procedure was employed to compare the ratings of the eight critical pairs (e.g., the actual target-transcript combinations for each experimental night) with the 56 non-critical pairs. Means of the three Js' ratings were entered in the matrix. An F of 6.43 was obtained which is significant at $p < 0.001$ with 7 & 21 degrees of freedom.

The Js noted a high degree of correspondence between the art print and the dream transcript on each of the eight experimental nights. The eight target pictures randomly selected from the ten in the target pool included "The Barrell Organ" and "Advice to a Young Artist" by Daumier, "Downpour at Shono" by Hiroshige, "Portrait of Jahangir as a Young Prince" by Bichitr, "Both Members of the Club" by Bellows, "The Descent from the Cross" by Beckmann, "Interior of the Synagogue" by Katz, and a photograph of the Major Pelham exhibit from Virginia's Civil War Centennial display. The latter target depicts four soldiers loading a cannon; the multisensory materials were several toy soldiers. A randomly selected the Major Pelham target on the fifth experimental night. S's final dream report for that night read, in part:

> Just when I awakened, something about a military band was on my mind....It seemed the uniform would be the Marine blue pants with the khaki shirt....My feeling is they were outside...rather than inside....Military campaign..., soldiers, the invaders.

The data for this study provided a successful replication of the telepathic effect demonstrated by S in an earlier study. Further investigation is necessary for scientific observers to understand the paranormal dream and its manifestations. Fortunately, the basic EEG-REM technique described in this report can easily be utilized by other dream laboratories attempting to study the telepathic effect with other individuals.

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Implications

Of the eight experimental studies conducted at the Maimonides Medical Center's dream laboratory, five have yielded statistically significant data supporting the telepathy hypothesis. Strauch (1969) has summarized the data from other dream laboratories; of the three attempts made to replicate the Maimonides findings, one was successful, one was partially successful, and one produced non-significant results. The latter experiment was conducted by a psychologist who was convinced of telepathy's existence; the former two studies were conducted by skeptics.

Whether or not a religious counselor is convinced, skeptical, or open-minded regarding the validity of the telepathy hypothesis, he will often come across clients whose attitudes about telepathy play a role in directing their religious attitudes, interests, and behaviors.

One type of person, upon experiencing a presumptive telepathic incident, may take an interest in religion for the first time. Having been convinced that one area of the "unknown" has been explored and proved valid, he may enlarge his constellation of beliefs to other areas (e.g., God, life after death).

This extension of belief sometimes takes form in ways regarded as alien to orthodox Western religious doctrine. A person who thinks that he has experienced telepathy often conceptualizes a "common energy" or "psychic force" by means of which he is united with his fellow man and with God. In some cases, telepathic experience leads to a pantheistic-type concept of God as the "universal flow of love" which connects all life and all mankind.

On the other hand, telepathy may bring about a subjective feeling of making contact with something "beyond the self." The entity with which one makes contact is initially another person but, on future occasions where telepathy purportedly occurs, the contact may be with God, "the Ground of Being," or "the Holiest of Holies."

In these instances, an I-Thou relationship reportedly transpires in which the individual claims to be able to relate to someone beyond the realm of space or time. A valid I-Thou relationship is not pantheistic; it is typified by an experience in which the person and his partner share the same phenomonological components while, paradoxically, each retains his identity. As

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Buber (1937) expressed it, I-Thou necessarily implies both an I and a Thou. I is not Thou and Thou is not I (hence the significance of the hyphen) but I and Thou are united in love.

Another type of individual may see the telepathic experience as a way in which he might enrich his religious life. As a result, he engages in a disciplined attempt to develop his "psychic powers" in the hopes that this will enlarge his religious perspective as well.

Both Eastern and Western religion traditionally have discouraged telepathy as a road to the spirit. In Yogic meditation and in Zen Buddhism, students are told that telepathy and other paranormal incidents will occur; however, the students are told that these events are inconsequential distractions from the main goal of the discipline.

An exception to this general rule is the Spiritual Frontiers Fellowship, headed by the Rev. William V. Rauscher, Rector of Christ Episcopal Church, Woodbury, N. J. Rauscher and his followers attempt to utilize paranormal phenomena as part of their religious development. At the same time, Rauscher (1966) stresses the importance of scientific data and critical inquiry:

> Today...is an age of science....It is therefore natural that in the world into which we are moving, even God should be taken into the laboratory....People today... want to know how prayer works. For example, if I send out a thought, a prayer, is it mind to mind? My mind to the eternal mind, the mind of God? Is it a telepathic experience I am having with my Lord? What is it? ...It would be well for the various communions of the Christian Church to sponsor a commission on psychical research.

Cogni (1967) asserts that the most comprehensive explanations of paranormal phenomena will not prove to be materialistic or electromagnetic but, rather, will be based on the oneness of the universe and a cosmic unity that is spiritual in nature. For many years, a few pioneering psychiatrists and psychologists have undertaken the investigation of telepathic phenomena. It may be time for investigators of religion to join, in increasing numbers, the ranks of those attempting to understand these elusive, yet important, occurrences.

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+An F of 10.86 was obtained which is significant at $p < 0.01$.

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THELMA MOSS: THE FUTURE DREAM

What is a dream?

For as long as history, probably, there has always been a fringe population who considered the dream to be a highly significant event capable of interpretation, and there seem ever to have been available "Dream Books" with a ready-made symbology for quick translation--such as, the dream of gold meant inheritance, the dream of black lily meant death to the woman, and so on and on. But for many years the behavioral scientist of the West considered the dream to be unworthy of serious study. It seemed obvious to him that dreams were the excreta of the mind at sleep; that the visual images presented in a nightmare, for example, were the result of a physiological disturbance, probably indigestion. Dreams in general were thought to be caused by stimuli impinging on the dreamer from within or without.

And then came Freud.

With the gradual acceptance of his "Interpretation of Dreams" (in the first four years after its publication, the book sold not quite four hundred copies), the dream began to be considered a respectable phenomenon worthy of investigation. In fact, it became psychoanalytic dictum that the dream was "the royal road to the unconscious"; and dream interpretation became a scientific tool for the better understanding of personality dynamics. Once more, dream symbols became objects of keen interest, but now they were interpreted according to the associations of the dreamer. And it was accepted that the dream was motivated by the unconscious needs and desires of the individual. Such dreams as the death of a parent or the eating of forbidden fruit (Freud's classic description of the "stwa-aw-berries" dream) became pertinent examples of the "wish-fulfillment" inherent in the dream. And for some forty of fifty years, that was what the dream was considered to be--at least by those persons who accepted the tenets of psychoanalysis. There were, of course, many people who did not accept those tenets, who claimed that they never dreamed and that such coarse manipulation of fantasy material was irrelevant if not absurd.

Recently, by means of electrodes and brain waves and rapid eye movements, it was discovered in the physiological laboratory that everyone dreams--four and five times each night--and that if one were to be deprived of his dreaming times, the effect emotionally and mentally could be serious indeed. Other findings about the dream appeared from the laboratory. For example, it was learned that the dream--

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supposedly lasting for just a few seconds--actually continued for as long as twenty minutes or half an hour or as long as necessary for the dream to be fully dreamed. It was also learned that the dream content was strongly influenced by the situation in which the dreamer was placed; and if the dreamer were required to dream in a laboratory while plugged into uncomfortable recording devices, his dreams frequently revolved around his being in some sort of peculiar testing situation. As a result, it has become customary to discard the first night's dreams in a laboratory since the strangeness of the situation colors the dreams too much to make investigation of other issues possible. Throughout, however, it seemed a straightforward conclusion to these scientists that the dream reflected the subjective state of the dreamer, whether physiological or psychological, and that was what the dream was all about.

But, as with most sciences, there appeared on rare occasions the odd exception which did not conform to the rules. Such exceptions are the basis of this discussion.

Whether by chance, good fortune, or my particular research interest, a series of related dreams--from three different dreamers (none of whom knew each other) -- came to my attention within a short span of time. Strangely, all of these dreams dealt with the subject of horse racing.

The first series of dreams was reported to me by a personal friend, a woman school psychologist, middle-aged, married, with children and grandchildren; a charming, well-liked, respected member of her community. Shortly before I met her, she had had a remarkable experience which she reported to me in detail because she knew of my interest in psychic phenomena. She told me that her dream life had been unremarkable for all of her life until one particular morning when she woke up remembering an exceptionally vivid dream in full color in which she had been watching a horse race and saw the winner cross the finish line as the announcer at the track gave the name of the winning horse in a clear, strong voice. The name of the horse meant nothing to her; and shortly afterwards, the dream was relegated to limbo. Until the next occasion--when she had a similarly vivid dream in color of another race in which she again saw the winner cross the finish line and heard the name of the winning horse announced clearly by the same male voice. At breakfast, she mentioned the two odd dreams to her husband. Being an enterprising man, he suggested that if she had any such dreams in the future, he would be pleased if she would tell him. And that afternoon, he gathered together a list of all the horse races being run in the country. He discovered, to his astonishment, that a horse with

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the same name that his wife had dreamed was to run in a race on the opposite coast; and, pursuing the results, he learned that the horse came in the winner.

Typically, such anecdotes end here. The dreamer never has another such dream, and the episode is labelled "coincidence" or "fabrication" and is forgotten. But in this instance of my psychologist friend, she continued to have those dreams, two and three times a week, for about four months. Each time she had such a dream, she would report to her husband the name of the winner she had heard announced over the loudspeaker by the announcer (a voice she never had actually heard). Her husband, in turn, would locate the track at which the horse would be running and would then place a bet on that horse to win. Eventually, they won enough money to buy for themselves a beautiful, new, luxury automobile. (An interesting sidelight to the episode is that, immediately after buying the car, her dreams of horse races stopped, and she has never dreamed of horses again.)

Before discussing the implications of this event, it may be instructive to report the experiences of another woman dreamer. This woman came to see me because she was perplexed by a series of isolated instances which had occurred to her--for as long as she could remember--when she seemed to receive information from some unknown source about events which were going to occur and which, subsequently, did occur. As one example, she mentioned that she occasionally would dream the winner of a horse race though, as a good Catholic, she never gambled. This fact apparently upset her husband who was eager to learn if these dreams were a genuine phenomenon. This husband and wife were happily married and had two children of whom they were very fond. They lived in a suburb, owned their own home; and the wife occasionally helped with the family finances by working part time as an accountant. Her husband, who accompanied his wife to my office, verified several of the instances to which she had referred in which his wife had accurately predicted the outcome. In regard to the horse race dreams, I asked specifically how the dreams occurred; and she replied that she saw the race actually being run, though not in color. She did not hear the name of the winner announced over a loudspeaker; instead, she always saw "like in a closeup" the winning horse gallop over the finish line, and she could read the number on his side very clearly. It was the number that identified the winner. After several such dreams (over a period of several years), she woke one morning to tell her husband that, on the basis of the dreams she had had the night before, she was convinced that they could win $1,000 that day if they were to bet on the daily double. Her own curiosity

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overcame her scruples; and together husband and wife went to the race track, announcing beforehand that if they were to win, they would give the money to charity. They arrived in time for the wife to inspect the horses, to look for the identifying numbers, and to place a daily double bet on the horses she felt she had seen in the dream. That particular daily double was an incredible long shot, but she had complete faith because of her previous dreams. That faith was rewarded by a win of $964.

One more horse race dream. This was reported to me by a television producer who claimed never to have had any psychic experiences of any kind and who was skeptical of the entire field of parapsychology. Nevertheless, he volunteered this anecdote without any knowledge of the other two ladies and, in fact, without any realization that anyone else in history had ever dreamed the winner of a horse race before it had been run. In his case, the dream came to him most vividly in color as if he were watching a televised horse race in which the announcer grew very excited as the race drew to a close because there were three horses neck and neck, almost to the wire. In the dream he heard the announcer mention each of the three horses by name several times and learned that the winner was a long shot whom no one had expected to do well. The name of the winning horse remained in his mind all the next day and for several days thereafter because it had a familiar sound. Gradually, he began to fit fragments of events into place. A few years before, he had been friendly with a man who was interested in horses. And the last time he had heard of that particular gentlemen, it was because he had become part-owner of a race horse with a name that somehow could have been the winner of the dream race. Goaded by curiosity--and quite sheepishly--he called his former friend to inquire if he still owned a horse of that name. His friend volunteered the information that he did but that the horse did not look like a particularly good race horse, and he was no longer interested in its career. Nevertheless, the information was volunteered that the horse was being run shortly at a particular track on the East Coast. The television producer found himself impelled, day after day, to look at the racing columns to search for the particular race in which the horses with the three names he had heard in his dream would be racing together. Eventually, he found that particular race and, on an impulse, placed a very large bet on his friend's horse to win. Fortunately for me as an investigator, the producer was so puzzled by his own behavior that he reported what had occurred to his business staff and offered any of them part of his own bet with the added suggestion that those who wished could watch the race that afternoon in his office. He reported to me that the run-

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ning of the race as he watched it on the TV set was the spookiest experience of his life for it seemed to him that he had seen it all, identically, in his dream. Together with some of his staff, he saw in his office the horse he had bet on in the race, come in first, in a hotly contested three-way finish. This gentleman added, with a tinge of regret, that he has never had a similar dream since.

Here we have, then, three distinctly different persons, each dreaming of horse races not yet run and seeing in the dream the winners who actually did win the races at some future time.

Let us proceed on the daring assumption that these three people were telling the truth. On the surface, surely, it would seem that they are reliable, responsible persons; there was a beautiful new car as evidence, for one; there were many witnesses to corroborate their statements; and, at least on the surface, there would seem to be no reason to believe that each of these persons, unknown to the others, would appear to me with fabricated, similar stories. Yet it has become a standard procedure, when investigating psychic phenomena, to assume that all anecdotes are fallacious until proven otherwise. This is unlike our time-honored tradition in law where the suspect is considered innocent until proven guilty. But there has been a great history of charlatanism and fraud in the field of psychic phenomena so that the opposite view is stringently upheld. Therefore, it is a daring assumption I set forth: these three people, let us believe, were telling the truth. If so, then what can we say?

For one thing--that some of the basic Freudian postulates are upheld. These were all precognitive dreams of horse race winners--but each of the dreamers dreamed the dreams in his own fashion, according to his own personality dynamics. The lady accountant dreamed the winning horse by seeing its number as it galloped over the finish line; the television producer saw and heard his dream as if watching it on a television screen; and the school psychologist identified the winners by hearing their names called by an announcer as they crossed the winning line (perhaps a farfetched analogy to the calling of roll at school?). There were unearthed other personality facets in the case of the psychologist. Her uncle had been an inveterate horse gambler; and when she was a child, on rare occasions, her uncle would take her to the race track to watch the horses run. She remembers those experiences as the most glamorous and exciting part of her youth. In the case of the woman accountant, the factor of money played a promi-

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nent part. She had scruples against gambling, but she also had constant concern over the family's finances since she wanted to give her children as many advantages as possible. Her dreams, then, may have fit into the classical paradigm of Freud's "wish fulfillment"--she could dream about winning at the race track with all the attendant excitement, and gain, without having to do the actual gambling. (Unfortunately, I did not learn enough about the television producer to make any educated guesses about his personality dynamics in relation to his dream.)

In short, these dreams seem clearly to support Freud's essential analysis of the dream in terms of personality dynamics. However, I wish to suggest that Freud did not fully consider the dimension of time in the dream. He did, of course, repeatedly emphasize that there is no time in the unconscious. But in his discussion of the dream, he stressed that the manifest content of the dream derived chiefly from fragments of experience from the previous day, combined sometimes with events from the dreamer's more distant past. Apparently, he never considered that some aspects of the dream might derive from future time.

And this, of course, is the crux of the matter.

The dream, perhaps, is not only a fantasy production deriving from previous experience, but may also be--as in these instances of the horse race dreams--actual, factual descriptions of events which have not yet occurred.

If this be true--what, then, is a dream?

Thelma Moss has been doing her research at the UCLA Center for the Health Sciences

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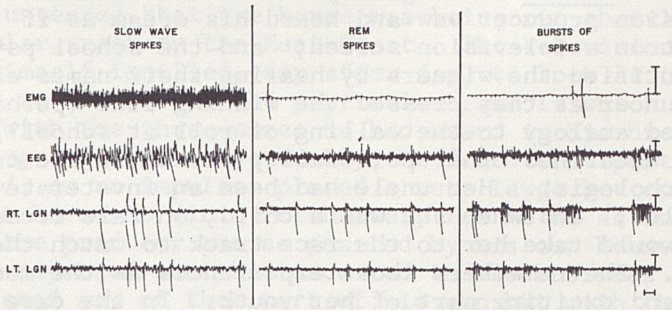

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JOSEPH GRANGE:

DREAMING IN A PROCESS WORLD

That process is reality is a conviction shared by many contemporary philosophers. But it is one thing to regard time and change as essential for a theory of reality, and an entirely different matter to explain such an ontological vision in a systematic and adequate fashion. Alfred North Whitehead accomplished such a task, and his metaphysics is rich enough to warrant an examination of the place of dreams in a processive cosmos.

A theory of reality that asserts process as the fundamental aspect of being maintains that the really real elements of existence are not ultimate, undecipherable things, conventionally termed substances. In their place process metaphysics insists upon relations as the basic matrix out of which reality in its variety of manifestations grows. These relations must be seen as internal and not the equivalent of disparate existences which interact but eventually go their way untouched by the experiences underwent. Internal relations signify the first fact of process: existence is the result of absorbing a welter of experience into a unified subjective whole which, while reflecting the data confronted, adds a new dimension to reality - the unique presence of a novel entity such that process is creativity in action. Reality is therefore not the static display of substantial existences but rather the dynamic epiphany of events which supplants the eminence once granted to things by orthodox metaphysicians.

To produce evidence of the reality of process demands the suspension of sense activity, particularly visual experience. If process is reality, it will never be caught by those operations which stress clarity and distinctness. In fact, it is precisely those powers of man which emphasize certainty and presentational immediacy that prevent the experience of process. Contrary to the received opinion of science and logic, it is not the permanent and unchanging that is of primary importance. When the really real is taken to be process, then the fleeting, the confused, the dim and the uncertain are those factors in experience which best exhibit reality. Such an outlook startles because man is ineluctably anthropomorphic; he takes what is uniquely human and employs it to explain everything else. The resultant muddle of experience, exemplified by the never-ending debates on the mind/body problem, the antinomies of pure reason, etc., is eloquent testimony to the gap separating reality and reliance upon specific forms of human knowledge.

If orthodox epistemology distorts reality, to what does man turn in order to experience process? The seamless cloak of process is time and to the extent that man can assume that mantle, he inserts his being into the texture of process. There are three dimensions to time: clock time, physical time, and lived time.

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The first is the most abstract, being constructed by man for human purposes. Physical time represents the concrete more nearly since it is the conformation of the present to the past. In other words, physical time is the way in which the compulsions of past experience bear in upon the present. Thus the enduring average effects of process as reality are the product of physical time and the subject matter of the physical sciences. Though physical time is concrete, since it exhibits the pressure of the perished past on the living present, it remains inevitably abstract. Physical time represents only one aspect of process: how the present is shaped by the past.

One further aspect of physical time requires mention. Physical time when stretched to include the sweep of recorded human time is history. History thus becomes a vast field of compulsive forces which seek to dominate the present moment in such a way that it resembles almost totally the past from which it springs. History and creativity, in other words, are at variance. The "almost totally" signifies the reality of process which despite the pressures of physical time remains itself: the endless pursuit of novelty.

Lived time is the most concrete experience of process. To visualize lived time is to distort it, but a symbol of lived time can be found by examining the stump of a tree. When viewed from above, the rings of growth exhibit the effects of lived time. Time in its most concrete manifestation reveals not only a thrust into the future but a thickness. It is the thickness of time that creates the future. It is to be noted that lived time does not proceed in a simple linear progression from past to present to future. Rather it is the living present that uses the past to create itself and by that activity gives a form to the future. Thus real time is not the outcome of measurement; real time is the growth of the present which involves the reception of the past and the shaping of the future. The importance of lived time lies in its reformation of a warped human view: the belief that progression is the essence of time. Concrete time is a present moment characterized by depth. In failing to recognize the depth character of time, man alienates himself from the roots of his being, the reality of process.

What is done with the depths of the present moment constitutes the creative vocation of the creatures of process. The anatomy of a processive event reveals the importance of lived time as the connective tissue of process. The distinguishing quality of Whitehead's philosophy is its precision. In place of the simple assertion of change as the dominant feature of reality, a precisely articulated theory of the components of process is offered. In particular, reality is seen as the growth of experience by means of the activities of its ultimate constitutive elements, termed actual occasions. A brief examination of these drops of experience will serve to reveal the way in which process as reality functions. First, each occasion is a process of feeling the many objects of its past so as to become one real thing.

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Thus the occasion grasps its past so as to satisfy its aim to become a novel moment in the ongoing creative advance. As such, every really real moment of reality has a double aspect: its subjective form or how it satisfies itself, and a subjective aim or what its purpose in becoming is; also the subjective aim reflects how the privacy of subjective form will affect the publicity of the future. To summarize: the governing principle of process is the way in which feeling is experienced in the present and received as data for the future.

The precision of Whitehead's metaphysics is further manifested in categories of existence or the ways in which reality can be conceived. Essentially there are three levels of reality: actuality, possibility, and propositions. Actuality is the concrete feelings that constitute reality as process. Possibility is the openness of reality that permits an advance into novelty. Propositions are the half-way house straddling the gap between actuality and possibility. Propositions are theories, suggestions, or clues as to the future of process as reality. Actuality therefore concerns time in the concrete, lived time as experienced by the creative creatures of the cosmos. Possibility is atemporal since it is the timeless relevance of alternatives required for the advance of process as reality. Propositions are a mixture binding possibility and actuality in such a manner that man can hesitate before he plunges into the irrevocable engagement with temporal activity.

The discussion so far has made no mention of consciousness. The reason for this omission is that if reality is process, consciousness with its attendant clarity and distinctness is the fruit of process and not the essence. Accordingly, human experience in terms of reasoning and logic is not, as Kant supposed, at the base of reality. Awareness of a difference, the basic meaning of consciousness, comes about only after the process of experience has been well under way. Thus Whitehead's definition of consciousness as the contrast between negation and affirmation bears importantly upon the issues of dreams and their role in the creative advance. Before dealing with that topic, one more aspect of the mental life of man must be explored: the place and role of ideas. Recalling the distinction between temporal actuality and atemporal possibility, the role of ideas in the creative advance becomes clear. Ideas are the way in which man recognizes the fact that actuality is not all that there is in reality. Through mental activity man reaches beyond physical time and reaps the harvest of possibility so that the unknown, the unseen, the unrealized ideal enters into the concrete. By interpreting thought in such a way, the aptness of Whitehead's description of history and civilization as The Adventures of Ideas becomes evident. The foregoing description of process as reality shaped through time by the feeling of moments of experience provides a backdrop for understanding the place of dreams in a process world.

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Orthodox philosophy has in recent years been the province of linguistic philosophy. Accordingly, the treatment of dreams and their status vis-a-vis reality and the search for truth has been exceedingly narrow. Dreams, the usual argument runs, are unverifiable in any public manner. Hence truth-claims concerning them are at best unlikely and in essence impossible. The crux of the argument is a reaction to the use made of dreams by Descartes in his Meditations. In that work, Descartes employed the hypothesis of the universal dream to call into doubt all knowledge. Philosophers of the analytic school refute this Cartesian tactic by pointing out that dream states are distinguished from other forms of reality by their private, non-conscious nature. Since consciousness in their view is synonymous with public reporting of experienced phenomena, such reportage must be open to inspection by those who would judge the truth-claim of the facts or ideas asserted. Further such reportage must involve the judgment of the reporter as to the veracity of the experience. Thus since a dream cannot in the first place be broadcast publicly as it is going on, and secondly since the dreamer is the victim of his dream and unable to will it away, the role of dreams for the advancement of authentic existence is all but inconsequential.

The view of reality held by Whitehead allows a much richer place for dreams. In the first place, dreams have a genuine ontological status: they are propositions. Accordingly, dreams are to be regarded as real but with a peculiar position in the spectrum of reality. They suggest forms of reality to man. As such they exhibit both sides of reality: actuality in its concrete empirical dress and possibility in its fecund openness. In more precise terms, a dream is a subjective grasping of reality which exhibits both the hard brush of factual reality as in the terror of a nightmare as well as the presence of unforeseen varieties of existence as in the dream of a mermaid.

The contribution of dreams to reality is to be seen in the ability of the dream to sustain a measure of concrete resonance and yet lead man to realms of possible experience which his logical, closed, and highly trained rationalistic intelligence shuts off. Dreams are ideas which await realization in the course of experience. Their value resides in the creative mixture of possibility and actuality which they propose to man. Contrary to those forms of philosophy which insist upon the clear and distinct (be it in rational, empirical, or linguistic forms) as the criteria for knowledge, dreams bear with them the heritage of that which is truly human: the spirit of adventure which seeks to translate the ideal into the language of the real.

From a Whiteheadian perspective, another aspect of dreams becomes intelligible: The time-suspension so commonly experienced. When a dreamer states that upon awakening he realizes that what seemed in the dream to be hours or days was really only ten minutes he is expressing the reality of lived time. In other words, he has found the depth of the creative

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moment and its exploration allowed him to thicken the texture of time. Vertical time as experienced in dreams is more authentic than the horizontal time of everyday living. Also another reason for the time-warp experienced in the dream-state is that dreams are propositions; therefore to the extent that they combine atemporal possibility they do not in any processive sense 'take time'. In a dream the mind leaves actuality with its compulsions of physical time and enters the domain of timeless forms of possibility. In this sense dreams are important for recuperation from the rigors exacted by the demands of actual existence. Thus the need for R.E.M. periods (Rapid Eye Movements evidencing the act of dreaming) to restore proper balance to the fatigued body/mind complex.

But if dreams have an authentic ontological position and give witness to lived time, their ultimate position in a process philosophy remains problematic. Such a question awaits the recognition of the importance of a system for the proper understanding of process as reality. In other words, what is required is a metaphysical scheme that can account for the logic of dreams. Such a scheme was the concern of Jung and Freud. The extent to which their logic of dreams was successful remains a moot point. For the present let us concentrate on Whitehead's norms for an adequate metaphysical scheme. Such a system is to be seen as a matrix from which one argues and from which one sets out in order to interpret experience so that its richness is more apparent and its importance more vivid. There are five norms which are to be met in the construction of such a scheme: logical consistency; necessity in the sense that items in the scheme must conform to the immediate intuitions of the common run of mankind; coherence which means that each item is understandable only by referring it to its opposite; applicability signifying the fact that concrete experience can be understood in terms of the scheme; and adequacy which implies that there are no items incapable of such interpretation.

The initial move in the construction of a dream scheme is agreement upon the reality of dreams. The exact degree of their reality depends upon the propositional status which they hold. If, for example, the dream concerns monsters, the dream is to be viewed as a mixture of actuality and possibility. Depending upon the dominant presence of one or the other category of existence, the dream can be judged as more or less real. But - and this is the important point - whether or not the dream exhibits actuality or possibility, its status as a clue to processive reality remains certain and fixed. The second aspect of dreams follows from the first; viz., dreams are to be used. They are invitations, clues, suggestions, and proposals for creative activity. If they be dismissed as specious claimants to the throne of reality, process withers and dies. How are dreams to be used? We have already mentioned

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the use of dreams by the various schools of psychoanalysis. Such dream-use is not to the point. Insofar as dreams are part of reality as process, they are healthy, and not symptomatic of buried desires seeking realization in vicarious ways. Rather dreams are creative moments which render reality as it could be. Escape from the narrow confines of ordinary consciousness is a blessing since it offers authentic existence to those who use it. Thus the wisdom of the Shaman who trusts his dreams. Thus the wisdom of the tribe who respect the Shaman's dreams as revealing dimensions of reality truly important for the well-being of the community.

If dreams are to be used for creative existence, how are they to be validated? The success and seductions of science persuade man that verification is a matter of consequences and nothing else. To a degree this is true; everything depends upon what it meant by consequences. Wisdom requires that the widest range of consequences count for verification. What pragmatic returns constitute a sufficient return on an investment in a dream? From a Whiteheadian point of view, there is only one test: does employment of the dream widen the road of experience such that reality becomes more novel, more creative, more processive? If so, verification of the efficacy of a dream - if that is what is required - is assured.

We have thus fulfilled three requirements for a dream scheme: adequacy, applicability, and logical consistency; the first two norms are met by using dreams as aspects of reality, and the third by fixing exactly the ontological status of dreams as propositions. The norms of coherence and necessity remain. Necessity is easily met, since every dream bears with it a self-validating quality which persuades the dreamer upon awakening that his dream was real, no matter the exertions of himself and his companions to persuade otherwise. Coherence, as explained above, means the need to understand an event in terms of its opposite. In the case of dreams, there is a ready-made conflict between the sleeping and waking state. In terms of coherence, the task to be achieved is to maintain the tension between both states so that each side of the anti-thesis is to be understood in terms of actualization, i.e. the putting to work of the proposition secured; conversely, the waking state is to be regarded as the opportunity to utilize the alternate forms of reality won through the decision to take dreams seriously.

If time be taken as the fabric of reality, the role of dreams in shaping that reality becomes crucial. Through the richness of propositional existence experienced in a sleeping state, all forms of human endeavor, even man's moments of rest become processive. Thus the message to be learned from this brief examination of dreaming in a process world is simple yet profound. To dream is to enter the cracks of reality where the opportunity to experience the difference between creative

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endeavor and repetitive physical routine is most available. But such experience demands courage, for what is dreamt is meant to be realized in the waking state. And the task of actualizing possibility is the most dangerous of vocations. In assuming such a burden we do well to be mindful of two words of advice. Both come from thinkers known for their sanity but personally aware of the fragile dimensions of personal existence:

> At the heart of the nature of things, there are always the dream of youth and the harvest of tragedy. The Adventure of the Universe starts with the dream and reaps tragic Beauty. This is the secret of the union of Zest with Peace:--That the suffering attain its end in a Harmony of Harmonies. The immediate experience of this Final Fact, with its union of Youth and Tragedy, is the sense of Peace. In this way the World receives its persuasion towards such perfections as are possible for its diverse individual occasions. (Alfred North Whitehead, Adventures of Ideas.)

.....

> .... To die: to sleep.
> No more; and by a sleep to say we end
> The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
> That flesh is heir to: 'tis a consummation
> Devoutly to be wish'd. To die: to sleep.
> To sleep? perchance to dream. Ay, there's the rub;
> For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
> When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
> Must give us pause.
>
> .....
>
> Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
> .....(Shakespeare, Hamlet)

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DREAMS AMONG THE LANGO & DIDINGA PLUS A FLURRY OF PHASIC EVENTS

the dreamer must even take a long journey at night to ensure the prophylactic value of the treatment.

8. To dream that the Turkana (or some other enemy) raid a given locality means that such a raid will take place early in the morning and one must warn the warriors immediately.

9. To dream of falling into the fire is a bad omen, whether the dream is about oneself or about another person. One must sacrifice a white goat to avert the danger and tie a bracelet of the goat-skin on the person of whom one dreams.

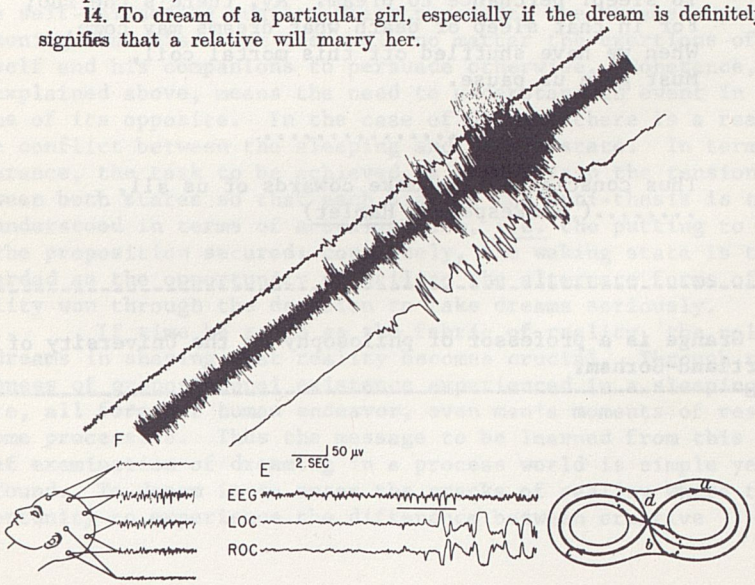
10. If one dreams that someone lifts one up to the sky and throws one down, one wakes up terrified, and on one's next journey one must beware of a bad road on which one may fall and break one's neck.

11. To dream of being stabbed means that someone will kill someone else, not the dreamer.

12. To dream of climbing a tree and falling from it has no significance.

13. To dream of falling and knocking out a tooth means that one will have a successful love affair at the next dance. (I was unable to elicit any reason for this interpretation.)

14. To dream of a particular girl, especially if the dream is definitely erotic, signifies that a relative will marry her.



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ROBERT KELLY: AN EXPERIMENTAL PROGRAM FOR DREAM RESEARCH

Hypothesis: Dreaming is a societally conditioned "linguistic" activity.

*

Where psychoanalysis has erred is in relating dream "content" exclusively to one or both of these areas:

(a) basic human conditions, "archetypes," at which the analyst presumes to arrive by induction.
(b) specific personal traumata, lifehistory, which the analyst presumes to discover.

These areas fall on either side of what is here suggested as the most pertinent source & application of dream: the dream-langue of the dreamer's culture.

(Freud's analytic successes in therapy are evidence here, since they arise from the deeply shared cultural background he has in common with his patients.)

[Linguistics comes to the aid of psychology: no linguist would connect the presence of nasal vowels in French with the size of frenchmen's noses (as in a, above), or with the activities of the perfumers of Paris (as in b).]

Dreams can be rigorously investigated by the close study of dream-times, dream-rites, verbalization of dreams, dream-records, dream-manipulations, & the uses of dreams within a given tribal group.

Environment shapes only the lexicon of dreams.

*

Experiment: Investigate the dream reports of a chosen community.

Procedure:
1) Geographic community---town tribe or institution.
2) Each member reports all recovered dreams.
   a) at outset, no attempt made to instruct in the skills of dream recovery or dream transcription.
   b) preliminary observations should establish a baseline or norm of unmanipulated dream behavior:

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spontaneously-remembered dreams/night
recovered-dreams/night
no report/night

3) When some pattern emerges, the communicative members of the dream group will be asked to submit daily transcripts.

HEREIN LIES THE ABYSS IN THE WHOLE MATTER OF DREAMS. Neither the psychologist nor the oneirologist can deal with dream-as-such, but only with dream as it is made public, reported, communicated through language or gesture, i.e., through translation into what may turn out to be an entirely different system (though consider here Lacan's confidence that language is systematic on both sides of the conscious/unconscious membrane.)

So we will be looking at dream reports. An obvious first step will be to examine these texts from a purely linguistic viewpoint, to determine if & how such texts differ stylistically &c from the everyday utterances ---in speech & writing--- of the same dreamers.

(And here be it noted that the data will be of immense value to the theoretician of narrative technique and style, folk-tale and epic. In dreams reported (oral or written) lie the origins of all story, all ennarratio, telling.)

Any findings at that textual level will aid (via the principle of "strangeness") in directing the oneirologist's attention to areas of dream experience (dreamt-experience) felt by the dreamer as transcendent of his conscious experience.

4) When the more or less spontaneous recording of dreams has been studied (preferably for a year at least), the reporting dreamer can be encouraged to omit from his verbalization all accounts of his own remembered feelings, dreads, delights & desires, & to indicate these by some nonverbal "tone-marking" contrivance, such as underlining sections of transcription in colors coded to various emotions---

1.) this is scarcely to minimize the role of feelings & fears, but to allow the imagistic/practic components of dream to emerge more starkly.

(Comment: My impression is that dream reports are blocked

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by recall or sequential emotional states which naturally strike the wakened dreamer as the most important components of his dream. They may indeed be. Yet we're trying to look at the language, not yet the messages the language is encoding. The color-underline technique will allow the dreamer to report in some subtlety his own emotional involvement with the dream suite, at the same time leaving clear that process with which he found himself involved. Or, if my imputation of difference & distance here be wrong, the suggested technique allows the dreamer to set forth clearly, without the interference of present or recalled emotion, the symbolic representation of those very emotions or physical states communicated to the dreamer by his own dream-articulant "unconscious".)

5) At length a repertory of dream transcriptions will be on hand. It is at this point that the real work begins, & at this same point we go into the dark.

As far as I know, no work at all has been done ever on these matters, at least since whatever work may have gone into the Assyrian dream tablets, & the much-copied Artemidorus, & other primitive lexicons of dream-equivalences.

Our search must be for patterns & the color-coded emotions might be, perhaps, our Rosetta stone for the whole process.

We look here for images (things = phonemes?), events (dynamic interacts of thing & person, person & person &c = morphemes?). We look here for narrative sequences, "stories" (but where does a story end?) (related chains of event, = tagmemes? Query "related"--events perceived by dreamer as "one" story?), narrative sequences & the odd gaps (=sentence juncture? paragraphs?) that seem to separate them.

The equivalents I am questioningly offering are guesses, though in some way they seem structurally equipollent. We might read the color-coded emotions as the suprasegmentals, which are in the first contacts between speakers of different languages the likeliest components to get across the barrier, though hardly without distortion. (We can "read" fear, amusement, excitement & so on from stress & rhythm & breath, long before we ever know a "word.")

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HARVEY BIALY: IN SOMNIUM DOLPHINORUM

D---- studying the EEG patterns & occularmotor activity of dolphins, has accumulated considerable evidence that these mammals exhibit sleep patterns completely analagous to those found in humans.

Both low voltage, high frequency & high voltage EEG patterns with frequencies of about one alpha wave/second were recorded from these animals.

Further, the characteristic high frequency audio transmissions decreased during the sleep state in stages corresponding to the inhibition of the alpha motor neurons in the spinal cord of humans. These were replaced, again analagous to the human sleep state, by high levels of discharge from the pyramidal stract, consistently associated with rapid-eye-movements, as demonstrated by recordings made from the first spinal nerve and the spinal ganglion.

The REM's are directly related to dream content, and are unique in any single dream.

Recent work conducted at the dream laboratories of the Collegium Spiritus Sancti has shown that these REM patterns can be communicated from one dolfin to another independant of the alpha wave activity of the recipient.

when Arion awoke
his head filled with strange music
his firsts words were

θαλλαττα φονου

θαλλαττα φωτος

an ocean of blood
an ocean of light

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Physiology of Dreaming

The following excerpts are selected from a set of representative papers sent by Dr. Harry Cohen of the Stanford Medical School sleep laboratories. Unable to complete an article in time for this issue, he suggests that we use these papers to construct a brief summary of their work.

From a subjective point of view, there are sufficient differences between waking life and dream life to appreciate that we do exist in at least two distinct phenomenological worlds.

Regardless of whatever biological processes may be involed in the production of the dreaming state, no one can deny that the essence of a dream is seeing things, hearing things, feeling things and even occasionally perceiving smells and tastes when none of these things is really there.

The unexpected finding of the occurrence of rapid ocular motility during sleep by Aserinsky and Kleitman in 1953 was the unheralded beginning of an entirely new field of biological research. Initially regarded as an interesting, if somewhat limited, laboratory approach to the psychic mysteries of dreaming, the study of rapid eye movements ultimately led to the discovery of what Snyder has termed, "a new continent of the mind" --- a unique organismic state whose existence had heretofore been complete unsuspected.

The long nocturnal vigils soon yielded dividends, however, as it became apparent that the bursts of rapid eye movements were always part of a regularly recurring constellation of physiological events whose properties imparted a unique distinction to the periods of sleep in which they occurred. These periods have come to be known collectively as REM (rapid eye movement) sleep or the REM state.

REM periods are qualitatively different from the remainder of sleep. REM sleep is a time of intense cerebral activation coupled with an actively initiated, generalized, peripheral motor inhibition, whereas NREM (nonrapid eye movement) or ordinary sleep is more quiescent. Thus, the brain generates a storm of motor activity during REM periods, but nothing happens behaviorally because the spinal motor neurons cannot respond. Peripheral motor inhibition is not a characteristic of NREM sleep, and its outward quiescence is, therefore, a direct reflection of its inner tranquility.

REM sleep is an inherent part of the somnolent state of all mammals, and its properties are more or less the same across species.

REM periods occur in a rhythmic fashion, alternating with intervals of NREM sleep according to a basic cycle whose length appears to be more or less characteristic for an individual species.

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For many years, theorists had speculated that biochemical systems might be involved in the regulation of sleep and wakefulness. Certain properties of the REM-NREM cycle, particularly its periodicity, suggested that REM sleep might also be biochemically regulated. For example, Jouvet attempted to precipitate REM sleep in the cat by stimulating the pons. He found that the probability of triggering an REM period increased as a function of elapsed time since the termination of the immediately prior REM period.

The first effort to define a functional role for REM sleep was made by continually interrupting REM episodes in human subjects and observing the effect of this procedure on waking behavior and subsequent sleep patterns. The initial experiments were called studies of "dream deprivation." The dichotomous nature of sleep had not yet become fully apparent, and it was therefore assumed that the all-night EEG changes shown by human subjects represented nothing more than a cyclic change in depth of sleep --- a quantitative fluctuation within the confines of a single physiological state. It was further assumed that central nervous system (CNS) activity at the peak of the cycle (signaled by the appearance of low voltage, relatively fast EEG patterns) was sufficient to support the psychological experience of dreaming. This psychological activity, in turn, was presumed to be responsible for other manifestations of the REM period, namely, the eye movements themselves and certain cardiorespiratory changes. It therefore seemed obvious, in 1960 at least, that the only thing about REM sleep which might make it of special importance to the human organism was its unique association with dream activity.

Considering the conceptual framework outlined above, one can appreciate our surprise when several nights of REM period interruption were followed by dramatic elevations in total REM time. This "compensatory rebound" on undisturbed recovery nights was the first concrete evidence suggesting a real a specific need for REM periods.

The results were best explained by assuming that a substance (or substances) ordinarily utilized during REM periods was accumulating in the CNS of the deprived subjects. More specifically, the hypothetical substance would be crucially involved in the initiation and maintenance of REM periods. This latter statement, sometimes called the "hydraulic model" of the REM sleep mechanism and its response to deprivation, has been a tacit assumption underlying much of our subsequent work.

The early studies relating REM sleep and dream recall were accompained by somewhat premature and overly optimistic judgements about this relationship. The initial data showed such a high incidence of dream recall from arousals during REM periods and such a low incidence associated with arousals from non-rapid eye movement (NREM) periods that we felt impelled to conclude that REM periods constituted the one and only time of dreaming.

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In this view, the most intense and complex dreams are associated with REM periods whereas relatively simple and attenuated experiences are generated in NREM sleep. Our own speculation is that the essential variable might be the discharge frequency of small "packets" of dreaming (from rare and intermittent to virtually continuous) which, in turn, might determine the likelihood of recall as well as the complexity of the experience. There is also evidence that the relationship between REM and NREM mental activity is of a more intimate nature than was previously supposed. It has been reported, for example that mentation from the two types of sleep can share not only thematic aspects, but can also exhibit similar changes in intensity over the course of the night.

Even if there we no physiological variables that would predict the presence of dreaming, the phenomenological existence of dreams could still be asserted just as firmly as the physical existence of our persons.

Once a week, during baseline deprivation, recovery, and control periods, the animal being tested was placed in a small room which was empty except for a rug, a chair, a sandbox, and a heavily sedated male cat sleeping on the floor.....

8/30/65 (7th deprivation day) - Explored room somewhat indifferently. Took only cursory glance at Tiger, visited sandbox, groomed for several minutes, sat in corner looking bored.....

4/13/65 (21st deprivation day) - Initially, he sniffed at Tiger's head, ears, and neck, then started to groom. But only a few seconds later he came back and sniffed again at Tiger's tail, went to sandbox, sniffed again at Tiger's tail, then sat down and looked around the room for a minute. Sniffed at Tiger again. His facial expression and manner seem more intent and deliberate than usual. Placing him over Tiger resulted in a slow hesitating avoidance. He groomed a bit and then sniffed at Tiger's neck. He acts as if he doesn't understand what to do: seems hesitant and undecided.

4/19/65 (27th deprivation day) - Upon entering the room, he stood absolutely still alongside Tiger for several seconds looking very undecided. Then he yawned, nosed around the room, looking several times at Tiger briefly but intently..... After about five minutes had passed, he slowly walked over to Tiger's head and sniffed at him slowly and hesitantly. Then he laid his chin on Tiger's head and tried to go to sleep. He was gently set on his feet. He stared at the wall for a moment, then swung around, bit into Tiger's neck, and mounted him! He attempted coitus intermittely and relatively quietly, remaining mounted continuously for the next 70 minutes. There were interesting periods of relative quiescence during which he was not making pelvic thrusts, or actively biting and tearing, but made only slow movement with both front paws which resembled slow motion running. He was specifically checked on several occasions and did have erections. When he finally stopped and left Tiger, placement [back] resulted only in a slow, hesitating avoidance. He continues to look as if he doesn't know what it's all about. The mounting behavior disappeared during the recovery period and did not reappear during a sub-

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sequent control period..... Although often quite dramatic, the behavioral changes we observed in REM-deprived cats did not seem to indicate an impairment, and certainly did not suggest, even remotely, a life-threatening state of affairs. By the same token, except for the possibility of drive regulation, we had made no progress in clarifying the functional role of REM sleep. Thus, we were still confronted with the paradoxical situation of a state whose universal occurrence and vigorous compensatory response to deprivation pointed to an important biological role in the life of mammals, but which could apparently be eliminated with relative safety and lack of serious consequence.

In addition to the rapid eye movements themselves, investigators have documented a number of other activities that are associated with the occurrence of REM sleep, for example, middle ear muscle contractions, penile erections, cardiovascular changes, muscular twitching, pupillary changes, elevations in brain temperature, and finally, the unique bursts of monophasic sharp waves in the pons, oculomotor nuclei, lateral geniculate nuclei, and visual cortex..... An important conceptual advance was made by Giuseppe Moruzzi at the 1963 Lyon Symposium, when he suggested that the physiological concomitants of REM sleep be divided into phasic events and tonic events. Tonic events would be those changes that more or less definite the REM period and are continuously maintained throughout its duration, such as EEG activation, electromyogram (EMG) suppression, brain temperature elevation, and so forth. Phasic events would include those activities that are short-lasting and discontinuous, such as monophasic sharp waves in the pons, lateral geniculate nuclei, and visual cortex (hereafter referred to as PGO spikes) eye movements, twitches, and so forth. It is the contention of some investigators that the PGO spikes represent some sort of primary triggering process for phasic events, particularly eye movements, but this issue is still in doubt. At any rate, there are definite temporal relationships, with a marked tendency toward clustering. An exceptionally intense flurry of activity is like to include phasic events in all systems.

In considering the meaning of these intensity changes, the possibility inevitably suggested itself that the obligatory aspect of REM sleep might involve only the phasic events, i.e., that REM time per se might be totally irrelevant. Accordingly, it was of great interest that PGO spikes always appeared some time before the actual onset of the REM period.

The strong tendency of saw-tooth waves in the EEG to precede bursts of eye movement rather than occur simultaneously is not a serious objection because PGO spike occasionally precede eye movement bursts in the cat and, furthermore, eye movements in the human may be more a response to secondarily elaborated dream imagery.

If we can hypothesize an association of PGO spikes and bursts

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of eye movements during REM periods in the human, then the previously described relationship between oculomotor patterns and specific qualities of dream experience impels us to conclude that PGO spike activity may be the basic ingredient in the production or "energizing" of vivid dream images.

We have some anecdotal evidence which militates against a categorical denial of the existence of dreaming in the cat. We have noted, on occasions, marked variations in behavior immediately after arousal from a REM period, particularly if the arousal occurs just at the onset of the REM period. For the most part, cats awaken in a casual and unremarkable fashion. However, they occasionally appear very startled and show pilo-erection, pupillary dilation and other signs of either anger or fear. Because the arousing stimuli are essentially constant, such variation could be due to some unusual "dream" activity in the REM period just before the arousal. The same kind of behavior has been observed with spontaneous arousals on a few occasions. Such evidence certainly does not suggest that the cat dreams throughout every REM period. Rather, it is more compatible with the notion that PGO spike activity is occasionally intense enough to elicit a complex perceptual response.

It would seem that the major puzzle nowadays is not why or how hallucinations occur but rather why they do not occur. In other words, what is it that so effectively prevents most people from "dreaming while awake?" It also seems obvious that an effective mechanism for confining dreams to the obscurity and safety of sleep would be an essential ingredient for surviving in the real world. Thus, some of us might feel that we cannot live by bread alone, but, regardless of what we add, the bread must be real.

If we consider that the mean frequency of phasic events reflects the "intensity" of REM sleep, and if "intensity" changes during deprivation, then the notion of an obligatory discharge quota (selective deprivation being followed by an exact make-up) begins to appear somewhat more tenable. To test this possibility, we calculated "intensity factors" for successive intervals during deprivation and recovery by counting phasic events. For example, if 100 PGO spikes occurred per minute of REM sleep in the deprived cat as compared to an average of 50 per minute during baseline, we would say that REM sleep had become twice as intense, or that its compensatory "value" was doubled.

When we speak of something accumulating in the central nervous system during REM sleep deprivation, what accumulates must be the substance or substances that initiate and regulate the discharge of phasic events.

The confinement of REM events to REM periods ceases when serotonin depletion has been accomplished and the basis of the major sequellae is the release of REM activity in the waking state.

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There have been many anecdotal reports of the occurrence of nightmares in patients receiving reserpine, which suggests that the first consequence of a falling serotonin level is intensification of REM (dream) activity) during REM periods. Conversely, raising serotonin levels by administration of the serotonin precursor, 5-hydroxytryptophan, in high doses is followed by a complete suppression of PGO spikes regardless of state.

Bursts of PGO spikes accompanied by eye movements and twitches are clearly evident in the waking state. Jouvet and Delorme have shown that REM sleep is completely suppressed following bilateral ablation of the nucleus locus coeruleus in the cat. However, their animals eventually began to discharge PGO spikes in the waking state, and such discharge appeared to be associated with "hallucinatory" episodes.

In normal animals, nearly all PGO spikes occur during periods of REM sleep or in the immediately adjacent intervals of NREM sleep. Other phasic events, such as eye movements and muscle twitches, are even more exclusively related to REM periods. In spite of this highly consistent and seemingly contingent association, a number of experimental studies have established the basic independence of the two components of REM sleep. Thus, under certain circumstances, phasic events and tonic events (REM periods) may be completely dissociated.

It follows that REM sleep is the time of lowest threshold for the discharge of phasic events, and that such discharge is strongly resisted in wakefulness and to a slightly lesser extent in NREM sleep.

When we were able to maximize the occurrence of NREM PGO spikes by REM depriving with very gentle nonarousing stimulation of the animals, REM sleep could be eliminated without incurring a tendency to rebound. This is a very important result and further attests to the fact that it is not REM periods per se, but the phasic events and/or what underlies them, that are primarily responsible for all aspects of the REM deprivation-compensation phenomenon. Over the years, we have come to regard the compensatory rebound as an essentially obligatory sequel to any manipulation that reduces REM sleep time. Therefore, whenever a prior reduction in REM time is not followed by a rebound, we must conclude that an adjustment must have occurred via the discharge of phasic events at other times.

It is possible to speculate that the compound which drives the phasic event system might also enhance instinctual behavior. From this point of view, there is a variety of compounds that might be examined. The identification of this key substance or substances would not only elucidate the exact mechanism of the phasic event deprivation-compensation phenomenon, but would represent an inestimable advance in our efforts to understand both normal and abnormal

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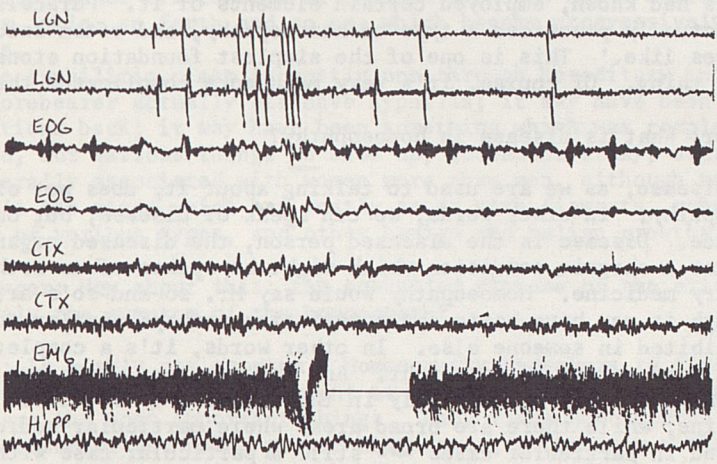
behavior.

Given a correspondence between REM activity and dreaming, what is it that so effectively prevents most people from "dreaming while awake?" Considering the findings that have been reviewed, the best answer would seem to be that REM activity is suppressed during wakefulness and most of NREM sleep by a special neuronal system in the brain that utilizes serotonin as its transmitter. Such a function might best be localized in the serotonergic neurons of the raphé nuclei. The activity of such a system is presumably suspended during REM periods to allow what appears to be a safety valve type of discharge. Thus, a significant occurrence of waking hallucinations as in psychosis would allow us to infer some sort of malfunction or failure of the serotonergic system.

These findings allow us to suggest, with the same naive stridency that once characterized our support of the existence of a "physiology of dreaming," that there may also be a "biochemistry of dreaming." Furthermore, all knowledge relevant to the biochemistry of dreaming can be applied lock, stock, and barrel to the biochemistry of hallucinations.



Example of correlative evaluation of "hallucinations" and PGO spike bursts in cat treated with parachlorophenylalanine. *LGN*, left and right lateral geniculate nuclei; *EOG*, electro-oculogram from electrodes in vertical (*upper tracing*) and horizontal planes; *CTX*, electroencephalogram from left and right visual cortex; *EMG*, electromyogram from posterior neck muscles; *HIPP*, dorsal hippocampus. An observer who is watching the cat presses a button which shorts out EMG whenever he judges that cat is "hallucinating." These "hallucinatory" episodes are, most typically, brief periods (about 3 seconds in this example) during which the cat looks around in a searching or seeking manner. The lag time between spike burst in the LGN tracings and observer's signal is due to a fairly substantial reaction time which includes, on occasion, a rather complex decision-making process.

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Grossinger: I would think the best way to start is to ask you to describe the difference between allopathy and homoeopathy.

Enslin: Well, alright. The simplest definition of homoeopathy is as a science of rational therapeutics --- a theory that all disease can be cured by a similar. Now this does not mean the same thing. But a similar is a parallel, which can be produced by a chemical agent in a diseased body. In other words, if you can reproduce symptoms similar to those of the actual disease through the use of a foreign agent, you will excite the vital force of the body, actually exacerbate it, to the place where it will react. Because one of the basic problems with disease is that the body, the so-called vital force, relapses into a state of apathy. If you can excite this reaction, you will very probably not only remove the chemical irritation but the actual irritation which was there prior to it. And this was in contradistinction to so-called allopathy which worked on the principle that if you fought the disease by something which was very dissimilar to it, you would overcome it. Both of these theories were recognized by Hippocrates who says: in some cases, use a similar; in other cases use a contrary. It was a very old idea by the time it came to Hahnemann in 1770, but it had never been implemented in a framework whereby anything except speculation was involved, and sometimes very lucky hits. The old Doctrine of Signatures, which the old alchemists had known, employed certain elements of it. Paracelsus himself actually practiced a type of homoeopathy, and often said that 'like cures like.' This is one of the simplest foundation stones of the whole thing. Of course, it's very much more complicated than that.

Grossinger: What is disease in homoeopathy?

Enslin: Disease, as we are used to talking about it, does not exist in homoeopathy. In other words, we can speak of disease, but only for convenience. Disease is the diseased person, the diseased organism. Someone has a chronic condition which might be spoken of as arthritis in ordinary medicine. Homoeopathy would say Mr. so-and-so's arthritis even though it may have basic characteristics perhaps similar to those exhibited in someone else. In other words, it's a completely individualized course of treatment. And the symptoms which are treated are symptoms which exist simply in the organism to be cured. And the medicine, while there are broad areas where particular medicines can be used in particular cases --- still a particular case with peculiar symptoms might mean that you have to use a medicine that has never been used before. And it might work very well. This has happened a good many times.

Grossinger: Is there any meaning to the statement: a person has only one disease in his life?

Enslin: Yes. Absolutely. And that gets into the problem of chronic disease, chronic miasm, which Hahnemann developed later on, after he

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had first formulated the idea of treating like with like. He spoke of three chronic miasms, so-called psora, syphilis, and sycosis. Now this doesn't mean that a person with psora necessarily has an itch, or with syphilis that he has a particular type of venereal disease, but that his constitution is such that it would allow for this kind of thing, which becomes progressive. We are born with a particular type of metabolism, a particular type of organism which reacts in particular ways, and it is pretty easy to predict what form disease will take through that. The earlier manifestations of any disease are from the outside in, from the least important part of the body to the more vital, and eventually the person can be killed by it. There's a very famous case in which Dr. Carol Dunham predicted the eventual death of a patient from cirrhosis of the liver; all he had was a wart on one finger. And the patient did die of cirrhosis of the liver.

There have been many speculations and much literature written about a doctor by the name of Kent, whose repertory is now the standard one in use by homoeopaths. He said that we are all diseased, that the race is diseased, and that the most common manifestation of the disease is psora. Now perhaps he was a little bit hipped on the subject, but he may have been near the case. Many times these three basic chronic miasms are not simple; they are complicated such that a patient may have the psorous miasm complicated by various elements of the syphilitic, or the sycotic. And you can combine the others. The psoric is the most common, that is, basically itch, and under that, most of the common allergies are grouped. Most of them are, initially, minor irritations of various kinds to quite superficial tissues, skin, so forth and so on, which become progressively more serious.

The syphilitic miasm is mostly one through hereditary in which some forebearer actually did have syphilis; it may have been many generations back; it may have been something which was completely suppressed, but various things do show up, locomotor ataxy, etc. Sycosis is generally associated with women more than men, although men have it; it's the miasm which has mostly to do with figwarts, pondulamada, polyps of various types, and other benign and malign growths.

Grossinger: How about this: the so-called disease of the allopath is merely the symptom of the homoeopath?

Enslin: Is merely one symptom. Homoeopathy endeavors to find all symptoms exhibited by the patient at the time of treatment, and these are the most important things. Many times homoeopaths have been accused of not using proper diagnostic, prognostic methods. This is not true at all. But the doctor is not interested at the time of treatment in symptoms which were prior. He wants to know about all of those, but he's not interested in treating those. He treats simply what manifests itself at the time, but that will mean a total spectrum of symptoms, and this will include a very large concentration on mental symptoms. That's another thing that was not clearly formulated at the time, but became more and more important, that mental symptoms, in all case, are extremely significant. So that all medicine, in a sense, should be given as psychosomatic.

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Grossinger: Mental symptoms not so as to be psychoreductive, but themselves indications of the process?

Enslin: Right.

Grossinger: So forms of the patient's language, gestures, the way he speaks.

Enslin: That has a great deal to do with it. And the ordinary doctor is not interested in symptoms which the patient may tell him, which seem important to the patient but don't to him. He may say: "It has nothing to do with the fact that you have a wart on the bottom of your foot, that you have a tick in your left eye." The homoeopathic doctor would never say that. It's possible that the patient is over-emphasizing something which isn't important. But a good doctor, in taking the case, would never discount anything, and he would be able to, and he would be able to sift out the important things from the unimportant. He would never tell a patient the particular thing wasn't important.

Grossinger: Would you say that there are some symptoms, mental symptoms, say, to begin with, that are best attended to on a mental level, i.e., by a changing of the perceptual structure in which the patient works?

Enslin: Oh of course. That's the ideal hope. That's not always possible.

Grossinger: That can set off the vital force too then?

Enslin: Right. Oh absolutely.

Grossinger: So that's what you mean by: all medicine is ultimately psychosomatic.

Enslin: That's one thing that I mean by it. All the medicines which have been tested in the homoeopathic materia medica, and there are probably better than 6,000 of them now, have a long series of mental symptoms ascribed to them, the alteration of a person's outlook, way of doing things, collectedness. It's a complete psychoanalysis in one sense.

Grossinger: The homeopath attempts to affect the lethargy of the vital force, to spark it; he is not so much interested in relif from the symptoms?

Enslin: Relief from the symptoms? What do you mean? Relief from pain? Yes, he is interested in relief, but he's interested in total relief; he's not interested in suppression. There's a very good reason why pain exists, and to simply mask it and cover it up is not going to do the patient any good. The thing to do is find out why

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the patient exhibits pain in a particular place, find out what the basic symptoms underlying the pain are, remove them, and then the pain will no longer exist. In other words, don't give aspirin; find out why the patient craves aspirin.

Grossinger: I'm going to crosscut here to what seems to be the other dimension of this. Can you think of very real reasons why not only is homoeopathy not the prominent medicine of the society, but why it's very hard even to find an accurate description of it anywhere, or to get enough of people's time to describe the whole business? Why are they so sold on the medicine they are given, despite its obvious inconsistencies which they must all be aware of?

Enslin: Well, it's a way of thinking, and it's a way of thinking that isn't very popular with most people. For one thing, this whole idea of pain: if a doctor tells a patient, 'Look, I'm not going to mask your pain. I'm not going to give you an antihistamine. I'm going to find out what the trouble is and cure you.' And does it in terms which are unfamiliar to a pragmatic type of thinking, a type of thinking that is used to the laboratory-controlled experiment, and that's all, and compartmentalizing things, treating spot cases, fighting disease, this whole attitude of anger at things rather than attempt to work with them, well, he's not going to like that. I think it fits the average patient's view very much better, allopathy that is, yes. He thinks that's the way things work. He's interested in fighting nature at every point. He wants to go out with a snow-plow and battling drifts instead of putting on a pair of showshoes and waiting till summer if he wants bare ground. I mean instead of being in rapport with things, it's always this battle against. And that is the thing that the average person is used to, and thinks his doctor should do for him. And the average doctor is willing to play along with it, always has been.

Grossinger: It's seems amazing, the two simultaneous facts, that most people have something wrong with them, in one form or another, and that most people don't see that there's something wrong with the medicine. They don't even relate their malaise to a failure of the doctor. They don't even expect him to make them better. They don't even want to be made better.

Enslin: And yet this is quite true and becoming more true. It isn't simply a question of greater awareness. Most people <u>are</u> very ill. Most of the time. Desperately ill.

Grossinger: And in a very physical sense. I mean we've crossed the bridge psychologically. We know everyone is crazy.

Enslin: And in a very physical sense.

Grossinger: And....but....it's the same thing.

Enslin: The failure of the doctor doesn't bother them. They want simply the most uncomfortable symptoms which are exhibited at a

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particular time to be treated. Yes, cured. They'd love to be cured.

Grossinger: Would they really?

Enslin: Yes. I think so. I think the average person would just as soon be well. But on the other hand if that particular manifestation can be successfully masked, so that the person can go on functioning, apparently well, no matter what else may be going on because of the masking, they're perfectly willing to go along with it.

Grossinger: Is this true of dentistry also? The putting in of fillings and all?

Enslin: Sure. Sometimes to put in fillings is a very necessary thing, and these mechanical processes, such as dentistry, and surgery, and so forth, are perfectly permissable as far as homoeopathy is concerned; it is simply that a homoeopath would hope that he would be able to get hold of the patient before these processes were necessary.

Grossinger: So that tooth decay is a form of the basic disease?

Enslin: The basic disease. Exactly. The whole notion that fluorides were discovered in Colorado Springs in 1918 as helpful in instances of tooth decay is ridiculous. Homoeopaths knew all about that about 1840. They also knew that it was quite dangerous to administer such drugs indiscriminately, and Constantine Herring envisioned the possibility at that time, and said that fluorides could be used very well to inhibit tooth decay, but they should be given, as any other medicine, individually, because there are people, with fluoride constitutions, who are affected adversely, and in a very homoeopathic way. There are some people whose whole bone structure can be destroyed by the use of fluorides; in other words, they exhibit a homoeopathic similarity, in their own make-up, which acts in a reverse way than usually. And this is admitted. Standard medicine will say: Oh yes, yes, but....this is a calculated risk, minimal danger, only one in ten million. Okay. What if I'm the one in ten million.

Grossinger: Also one of the arguments given for the fluorides is that they're such small doses, but isn't that the whole point?

Enslin: Exactly. And sometimes the smaller the dose the much more dangerous. In the past few years one of the criticisms that was always levelled at homoeopathy was that the doses were so tiny that they couldn't possibly affect anyone and that we all know there's such a thing as Avogadro's Number, which is a dilution above which none of the original molecular substance is supposed to exist, and this can be proved, chemically. None of the original substance does exist. Molecularly. The only answer that homoeopaths had was that they knew that this was so but they also knew that their substances

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worked. How they worked they didn't know. Therefore, that was used in many places, and used successfully, to suppress homoeopathy. In the last ten or fifteen years, with the quantum theory, other questions have come: is it molecular substance which is being divided?, or is it energy?, which isn't divided in the same way. And many experiments have been carried out, there are substances used in standard medicines now which approximate some of the high dilutions in homoeopathy, and in many of the experiments which have been successfully completed, they have found that this is true, that energy is released, and the mere fact that molecular substance doesn't exist has nothing to do with the matter at all. And one of the ways this was discovered was through the use of certain substances which are completely inert, in recognizable quantities, silver, flint, quartz, graphite; you can eat these things by the pound, and they'll have absolutely no chemical effect on you whatsoever; they may knock your stomach out. But suddenly, when you get above Avogadro's Number, they have very profound effects, particularly silica, and most of them are in the metal state.

Grossinger: It's like the situation in physics where, I think, generally when you have two models, the grosser and more mechanical one will win out first, like the Newtonian, and the focus will be on matter rather than energy; so, in medicine, the focus is now on physiology, rather than life, and homoeopathy aside, the real medicine has yet to be born, I mean in the general consciousness.

Enslin: Exactly, and the whole notion that homoeopathy is sectarian medicine, or that it ever wanted to be, is ridiculous. Hahnemann would have been delighted if it had been absorbed into the standard practice of his own day, and that has been the repeated wish of most of the key figures; they didn't want to separate themselves at all; they were separated against their will. All they were trying to do was produce some sort of order out of therapeutic chaos. And that same chaos, in perhaps a slightly more sophisticated manner, exists right now. No thinking doctor at the present time would say that there was, in standard medicine, a rational system of therapeutics. Perhaps a very young one, just out of medical school, might, but not any doctor who had been in practice any length of time. And that includes doctors who throw up their hands in despair if you mention the word homoeopathy. They're not too happy about it either. It's an interesting thing. There are two classes of doctors who are not always but apt to be open: very old doctors and very young ones.

Grossinger: Do you think it will suddenly come into the public interest, like ecology or Red Power, you know, things that are there all along, until they see them?

Enslin: I don't think it will suddenly come into the public interest, but I think it will come more and more, and I think that in another thirty or forty years, yes, it will be very important. It may not as homoeopathy, but that's not important; that's just the name. But the practice, yes, yes, I think it will. I think it is. As a matter

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of fact now, if you read the standard pharmacological texts of the average physician, such as Goodman and Gillman, the first third reads like a homoeopathic text, and I'm sure both Goodman and Gill- would be horrified if anyone ever told them so

Grossinger: Do you think that the social fixation among liberal doctors about bringing the same rotten treatment to the poor is the wrong revolution, like Civil Rights, when it should have been Black Power?

Enslin: Right. That's exactly what it is. Yeah.

Grossinger: I mean there should be a revolution in attitude toward the body, not integration, but maybe the people who haven't had this treatment are exactly the source of finally saying: hey, we don't integrate with you. What do you have but illness and untrustworthy doctors?

Enslin: Well, as in many other fields, the United States actually lags in this. We have a very highly developed surgery, very highly developed manipulatory techniques, as we have highly developed technology of mechanical sorts in other areas, but we are far behind other countries in consideration of therapeutics. Perhaps that's one of the reasons why homoeopathy was hounded out by the AMA. The sole purpose of its founding, by the way, was to exterminate homoeopathy. That's an historical fact. But in no other country in the world is it held in quite such disrespect as it is here. In England there are homoeopathic hospitals, many homoeopathic doctors; in India it is standard medicine. No medical college in Brazil can get a charter without guaranteeing that there will be a homoeopathic department. It's very highly regarded in Japan, in Spain. And Peter Schumann told me that when he first came here, he wanted to go to a homoeopath, but he couldn't find any. Well, he said, this is ridiculous. Why in Germany, one out of every three doctors is a homoeopath. The other two may despise him, but he's there.

Grossinger: Let me ask you what it was you said about cats and dogs before the interview?

Enslin: Yes. It's a very interesting thing, something that's been a constantly recurring thread in homoeopathy right from the beginning. Many homoeopaths have had the feeling that any doctor who would refuse to treat an animal as quickly as he would treat a person is no doctor at all, and almost all of them will treat them.

Grossinger: Is the medicine applied in the same sense?

Enslin: The medicine is applied in exactly the same sense. Of course you can't get the same symptom structure from the words of the patient, but the doctor does use the animal as an individual entity to be treated for the totality of symptoms at the time of treatment.

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Grossinger: Let me take a statement of Gerrit's and see what you would say about it, sort of hit or miss: There are no pure foods anymore, not for the last fifty years. Every food is in some sense a poison or a potion.

Enslin: I would agree with that. Contamination of all foodstuffs is impossible to escape, on some level.

Grossinger: How does this relate to homoeopathic treatment?

Enslin: It complicates it very much. Of course, this has been a progressive thing. It isn't something which has happened overnight. But, as organisms become tolerant, in one sense or another, to various types of poisons, they do change certain basic characteristics, and this means that some of the medicines which have been proved in the past have to be reproved in light of what has happened, how the human structure has altered due to the ingestion of various types of poisons in food, and pollution of all kinds, breathing, climatic changes.....

Grossinger: Do you think that because of the poisons in the system that it's gone back to the mental again and affected consciousness, even the very nature of consciousness?

Enslin: Absolutely. It's a complete psychosomatic system, and you can never separate any of the parts. And that, in this sense, is what is meant by psychosomatic. We have a very limited definition of psychosomatic. This isn't what it meant. It meant that mental attitudes, both prior to, during, and after a particular disease had a very profound effect on the organism.

Grossinger: Let me give you another statement, this one Brakhage's. He said to me once, more or less, that a person has certain severe illnesses during his life that he heals himself, or that cure themselves, and that these always show up on the final autopsy, usually to the amazement of the coroner, who wants to know how he could have survived this and this, and this. Yet if the person went to a doctor, and by chance the illness were discovered, instead of getting better he would quite possibly die from the involvements, mental and physical, of the discovery.

Enslin: (after a long pause). That is probably true, If a doctor made them aware of the gravity and the eventual negative prognosis of the particular disease it might have a very adverse effect. On the other hand, if the doctor were able to acquaint the patient with the seriousness of the situation, but in such a way that the patient wanted to get better, without being alarmed, it probably would be a very good thing. The patient <u>should</u> be aware of what is going on.

Grossinger: Let's say a person decides to go to a homoeopath. How will this change his understanding of his past medical, or even per-

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sonal history?

Enslin: It probably won't change anything. He probably will simply find something he's been looking for, if he's really convinced he wants to go. The usual person that goes from standard practice to homoeopathy has gone through a series of disillusionments in what standard medicine can do for him. Sometimes this is simply on a desperate basis, where people are clutching at straws, but more often we become acquainted with some of the principles of homoeopathy and has thought about them a little bit, and has figured that perhaps this kind of approach could be more helpful than the usual spot treatment that he gets from the ordinary physician.

Grossinger: Will he come to understand his previous ailments in a different way?

Enslin: If he becomes interested enough in the process of homoeopathy, yes. There are a great many people who are staunch homoeopaths who aren't interested in the workings of the thing at all.

Grossinger: Does the doctor take down the patient's past medical history?

Enslin: Absolutely. And he takes very full notes. Always. And nothing that ever goes into the patient's history goes out of it. This is all taken into consideration in the later development.

Grossinger: Let's assume, in a sort of Whole Earth Catalogue practical sense, a person wanted to go to a homoeopath. What would be the best way to go about it?

Enslin: The best thing to do in the case of trouble finding a homoeopath is to get in touch with the foundation in Washington. [American Institute of Homoeopathy, 2726 Quebec Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20008].

Grossinger: Let me use myself as an example. My general attitude toward doctors is just incredible fear, going back to childhood. Often I develop an immensity of symptoms just over having to go to one. And usually, despite the symptoms, I will be told there is nothing wrong with me. It's all psychological. However, there are chronic things, like an upset stomach which turns into a headache, which eventually reaches the point where, proprioceptively, I just lose touch with my body. Something which happened last year was a cycle of constipation, hemorrhoids, which were complete strange to me such that fear of the blood kept me from going to the bathroom, hence constipation. Of course, this was associated with a whole lot of psychological craziness from other causes, but essentially my images were feeding off my body and my body off my images in a harmful way, and there was nothing that could be done to break it, simply by the limitations of standard practice. But some of these things will go away for a long time and then come back, and

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I guess that's the meaning of chronic.

Enslin: However, they never come back in quite the same way. That is, there is a spiral. And if they didn't come back, and nothing were done to relieve this whole schema of symptoms, it would be a very bad symptom in itself. Because undoubtedly it would progress to something else. And the way in which a chronic disease works, it always gets worse, so it would go from something like hemorrhoids, which is unpleasant, but after all, unless it's complicated by other things, not really very serious, to something far more serious. That is, to go back to that case of Dunham's, the progression was through hay fever, hives, warts, nasal polypous, shingles, atrophy of left lung, and finally, hardening of the liver. Oh, and one thing that's quite interesting and quite important, in the case of chronic disease which has progressed to a particular point, has gone on a long time, has gone through a number of stages, if the correct similum, which is the word for the correct prescription, is given, all of the symptoms exhibited at the moment, by the patient, will be relieved. That doesn't mean that he's cured. It will reverse the process, and symptoms which were prior will show up; then that set of symptoms will be treated; and you can keep up this process; in cases where the cure has been complete, and sometimes rather spectacular, these people have talked of the final symptoms walking off a finger. This has actually happened. And patients who have kept fairly close watch on themselves will recognize symptoms. "Ah yes. I had this, the pain in the neck years and years before." And finally it may come to a symptom that they don't remember at all; the finally, "Yes, when I was a very small child, I do remember something like this."

Grossinger: A sort of aside. Before we were married Lindy frequently had headaches, and I had upset stomachs most often, but neither of us had the other. Within a year and a half of being married, we could not, either of us, get a headache without an upset stomach or an upset stomach without the accompanying headache. It seems most unlikely.

Enslin: That's very interesting, and that happens all the time. After all, men have morning sickness many times. In the early stages of pregnancy, sometimes even before the pregnancy is known.

Grossinger: What is the relation of homoeopathy to psychoanalysis?

Enslin: Gestalt therapy is the closest psychiatric therapy to homoeopathy. Because it does deal with the totality.

Grossinger: Are there drugs administered?

Enslin: Certainly. And it deals with soma in the same sense that homoeopathy deals with the psycho-. You cannot split a person up. You can't treat spots. A man who didn't know what was wrong with

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him had a dozen different manifestation; he went to a doctor in Philadelphia one time, and the doctor prescribed for him, and as he left he said, "Uh doctor, I notice you only gave me one medicine. Now is this for my feet, for my teeth, for my eyes —" and oh, about a dozen other things — and the doctor looked at him and said,"Your name is Miller, isn't it? That medicine is for Mr. Miller."

Grossinger: How long have you gone to a homeopath?

Enslin: Just for the last three years. But when I was a kid, in Philadelphia, I did have a very severe allergy to poison ivy, which was treated in every conceivable way with absolutely no success, and finally the family doctor, who was a nice old man, said,"Well there's nothing I can do. There's a homoeopathic hospital over there. Go over and see whether they can." And they did. And very quickly. It was just something in my background that wasn't very important, or didn't seem to be very important.

Grossinger: But there are no coincidences. We said that before. Let me ask you where you get the pills from?

Enslin: Boericke and Tafel, in Philadelphia, 1011 Arch Street.

Grossinger: How are the drugs made?

Enslin: Well, the system of dilution is figured either in tenths or hundredths. Tenths, the so-called decimal system, is the most usual, and is standard. The tincture, of any substance, or in the case of metals and things like that the crude or pure substance, is figured as the second dilution. And that's marked 2X. Then one part of that is mixed in ninety-nine parts of an inert substance, usually sugar of milk because sugar of milk makes no bond with any substance; it remains inert; there are two or three where it can't be used, but they're very rare. That is known as 3X, one to ninety-nine. One part of that to ninety-nine more parts makes 4X, and you keep on going up. And one of the most usual is 30X. Just simple mathematics: that's about one decillionth, and that's above Avogadro's Number, which is about twenty-four. The decillionth is simple dilution. then above that are the so-called potencies, and that can go up as the thousandth. Potency implies that not only is the substance further diluted, but it's shaken, and usually at the time of administration it's saturated with alcohol. Here we're talking about energy. That is, silica, which we were speaking of earlier, is never given at less than a thirtieth dilution. Because it simply won't work.

Grossinger: What was Kelly's interesting biochemic salt?

Enslin. Oh. Along with actual therapeutic substances, there are what are known as the tissue salts, which are given as adjunctives in the same way that vitamins are given. And there are twelve of these. And of course immediately Kelly started zeroing in on the

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the idea of the signs of the zodiac. It's an interesting theory. I'm not sure that it's really viable. I mean somewhere or other I've seen texts concerning this, but I'm not sure.

Grossinger: What are the twelve?

Enslin: Let's see. Phosphate of iron, common table salt, two types of potassium (bichromate of potassium and potassium permanganate), ammonia, urea, phosphorous, sulphur; that's all I can think of now. But they're used as adjunctives. They can be used as medicines under certain conditions. If, for instance, you're coming down with a cold, it's pretty safe to take phosphate of iron because the initial runny nose sneezing performance indicates the deficiency in phosphate of iron. It's just like taking vitamin C, except you wouldn't take it in quite the same quantities.

Grossinger: Is cancer one form of the chronic disease?

Enslin: Cancer is a manifestation of the chronic disease. But it's nearly a terminal manifestation. This may be a case where a homoeopath would say, I'm not sure I can cure this. Had I been able to treat the patient early enough, before any manifestations of cancer had shown up, there may not have been anything except a hangnail, I could have. Cancer is merely the final stage in this idea that chronic disease progresses from very minor and seemingly unimportant manifestations to more serious ones, and that it always moves from out in. Attacks more and more vital parts.

Grossinger: Don't most doctors treat it essentially as if it came of itself?

Enslin: Exactly, but that's how they treat most things. If I have a wart in my foot the first thing they want to do is get a knife and cut it out. They don't wonder why it was there in the first place. I mean why should a wart manifest itself on your foot? What's wrong elsewhere? And I did have one, and the symptom that decided the doctor what to give me was a history of chronic catarrh.

Hough: What's that?

Enslin: Post-nasal drip.

Hough: What would a doctor prescribe for a fit of sneezes with temperature change, like from a balmy spring day to a snowy day like today?

Enslin: Well, that's not unusual. I have a wet nose all winter, Unless there were other symptoms, he would probably give you a sort of supporting dose of your own particular medicine. That is, we all have one.

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Grossinger: Can you guess what it would be in the case of Lindy?

Enslin: Yes, I can. I could be wrong. And very often I can't tell with particular people, but particular people I can tell right off. I would think Bryonia.

Grossinger: Is it complexion plus movements plus gesture?

Enslin: Sure. The look of the skin, look of the eyes, physical build. The thing that clinched it with Allison, and I should have known to give her sulphur, was the elbows. Rough skin. There are many things, but the insistence on the single dose has always been a plea against so-called polypharmacy, giving anyone more than one medicine at one time. And there are only a very very few cases where alternations of medicine may be necessary for a very complicated case, and one or the other medicine should not be given until the entire force of the first dose has been expended. Again, the whole idea that one pill's good, so two's better; you better take four.

Grossinger: Can you get iatrogenic disease from that?

Enslin: Oh, absolutely. And I've known cases. Just since I've become interested in this, there was a woman who got hit in the stomach with a football, went to the hospital and they gave her half a dozen different things, and she was very sick afterwards because one of the things she was violently allergic to, that's one thing, and then the thing that Hahnemann talked about in 1800 is still true: if you compound all these things and there is a reaction, how in hell are you going to tell which has done what? Particularly since there is no norm as far as people are concerned and each person is going to react in a different way.

Hough: What do you think about smallpox vaccinations and fluorides?

Enslin: Well, those are very touchy things because both of those came through homoeopathy. Not the smallpox, although Jenner and Hahnemann knew and respected each other, but most of the other vaccines did come through homoeopathy. On the one hand they'd be all for it; on the other hand they be very suspicious of the usual methods of administration. Just the same as the indiscriminate use of fluoride in the water supply.....but I've already talked about that. In some people the vaccination doesn't take, and they insist that they have it again and again and again and again until it takes; well, that's ridiculous. But the use of so-called nosodes, which are diseased animal substances, all the pioneer work was done by the homoeopaths. Hydrophobina, which is the modern rabies shot, it isn't to take glory away from Pasteur, but Herring was doing this fifty years before Pasteur even thought about it.

Allison Enslin: If a person does finally take to a shot after a long time, could it mean that he will have a violent reaction to it?

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Enslin: It could mean that. After all there was probably a very good reason why it didn't take. Like a systemic quirk which shuts you off in a different direction

Allison Enslin: So he wouldn't get smallpox anyway?

Enslin: Very probably not. Homeopaths would also quarrel with the the source.

Grossinger: The manufacturer?

Enslin: Yeah. Of most of these things. Particularly synthesization. Because in theory the idea of synthesizing a substance, and making a standard product of something that's reliable, that's great. It's just that there are many cases where things simply don't work that way, and where you can have something that is apparently chemically exactly the same which does not work the same as the original substance. There's a calcium extract taken from the middle layer of oyster shells which can be synthesized beautifully. There's not a thing different. Except that it doesn't work. And in standard medicine, digitalis can't be. They've tried it again and again. You read Goodman and Gilmore, and it reads like a seventeenth century herbal. Go out and collect the foxglove. This is 1960, and the text which recommended it was written in 1780: William Withering, An Account of the Foxglove; it's a beautiful book too. It's a strange thing. They're very very insistent that any doctor who's thinking of using digitalis use this book, and you know, it's never been reprinted. It's in medical libraries in the original edition; almost every medical library has it, and usually the copies are practically falling apart because doctors apparently do go and read it.

This tape was made in the winter-spring of 1970. The participants were Theodore Enslin and Richard Grossinger, with Lindy Hough and Allison Enslin joining in later. The tape was made in Somesville, on Mount Desert Island in Maine. The next day everyone went clam and mussel digging, and a piece written the following afternoon by Richard Grossinger has appeared in Caterpillar 13, October, 1970, Page 88. The tape was edited and reduced somewhat for transcription, the original version being too long. Because the transcription was made directly from the tape, there are quite possibly spelling errors in technical terms.

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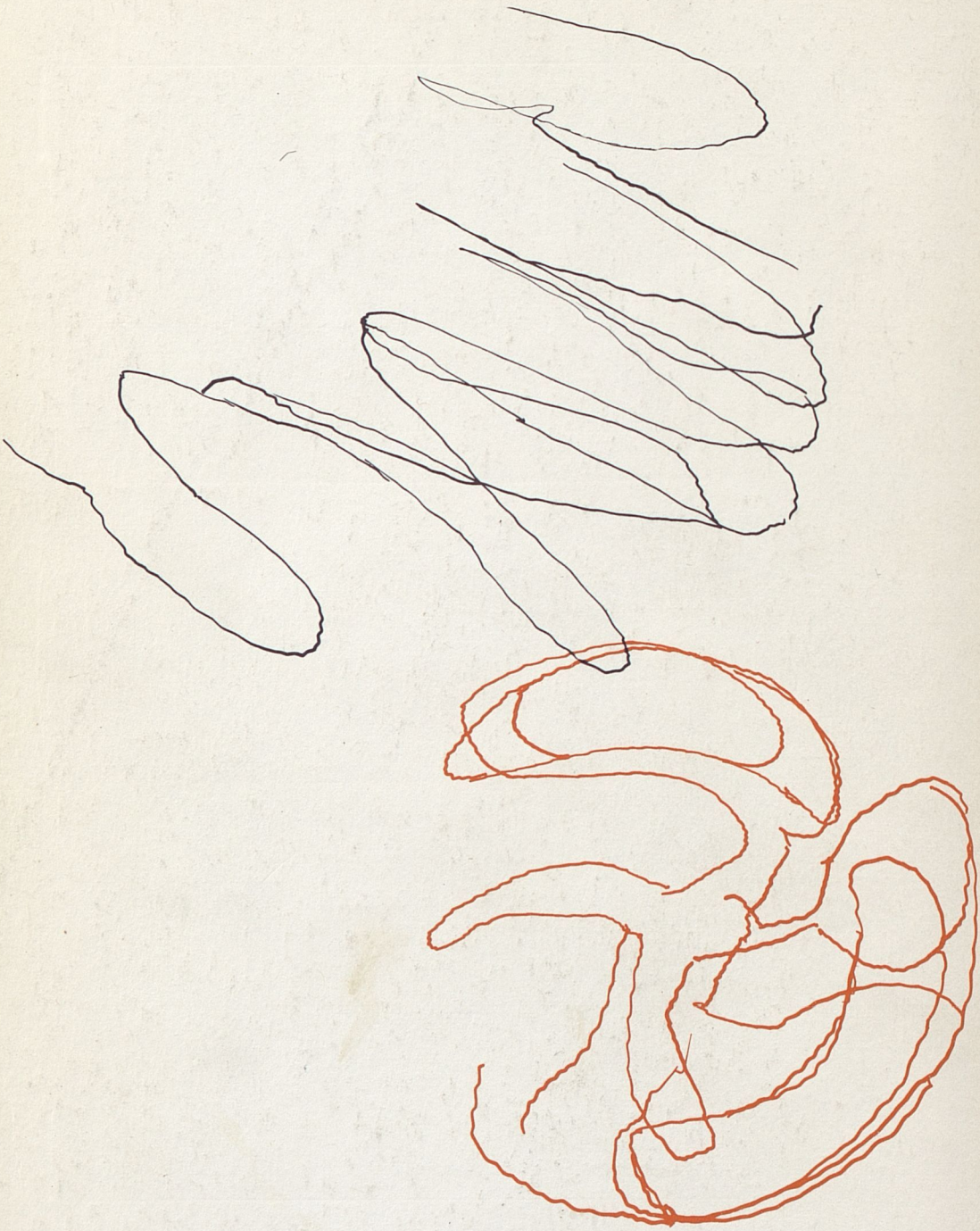

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